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THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER:

DEVOTED TO

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

AND

THE FINE ARTS.

Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu'au gré des vents.
Crebillon's Electre.

As we will, and not as the winds will.

VOL. I.

RICHMOND:
T. W. WHITE, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
1834–5.

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ERRATA

TO VOLUME I OF THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

Article—Mexican Journal.

Page 276,	column 2,	line 22,	*for*	Chapoltapec	read	Chapoltepec
"	"	27,	"	calrada	"	calzada
"	"	33,	"	lame	"	tame
"	"	39,	"	Tescaco	"	Tescuco
277,	1	7,	"	tetrontli	"	tetzontli
"	"	38,	"	plains	"	plain
"	"	57,	"	caston	"	custom
"	2	3,	"	bronse	"	bronze
"	"	12,	"	plara	"	plaza
"	"	13,	"	Artec	"	Aztec
"	"	15,	"	tetnontle	"	tetzontli
"	"	26,	"	bronse	"	bronze
"	"	32,	"	illumined	"	illuminated
"	"	52,	"	officers	"	offices
278,	1	9,	"	residue	"	residence
"	"	12,	"	Tacaba	"	Tacuba
"	"	26,	"	Chapoltepee	"	Chapoltepec
"	"	37,	"	Chapoltepee	"	Chapoltepec
"	"	56,	"	Chapoltapee	"	Chapoltepec
"	2	12,	"	Tescaco	"	Tescuco
"	"	39,	"	Tescaco	"	Tescuco
"	"	23,	"	Tacubaja	"	Tacubaya
"	"	43,	"	Tacubaja	"	Tacubaya
Page 278,	column 2,	line 57,	*for*	Tacubaja	read	Tacubaya
"	"	1,	"	Chapoltepee	"	Chapoltepec
"	"	7,	"	Chapoltepee	"	Chapoltepec
"	"	37,	"	Chapoltepee	"	Chapoltepec
"	"	56,	"	Chapoltepee	"	Chapoltepec
279,	1	5,	"	Chapoltepee	"	Chapoltepec
435,	2	42,	"	Pases	"	Paseo
"	"	50,	"	Pescua	"	Pascua
436,	"	4,	"	Pases	"	Paseo
"	"	64,	"	lapero	"	lepero
437,	1	17,	"	tertalias	"	tertulias
702,	"	36,	"	west	"	Great

Article—Translations—Horace

712,	1	14,	*dele*	in		
"	"	42,	*for*	seemest	"	shinest
"	2	36,	"	Arabas	"	Arabes
"	"	50,	"	spurn'st	"	spurn
"	"	57,	"	are	"	still
"	"	59,	"	these depart	"	then departs
"	"	62,	"	queen	"	quean
713,	1	16,	"	qualit	"	quatit
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"	"	60,	*after*	expressive	"	Translator
"	2	6,	*for*	exsul	"	exul

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. I.] RICHMOND, AUGUST, 1834. [No. 1.

T. W. WHITE, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR. FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

In issuing the first number of the "SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER," the publisher hopes to be excused for inserting a few passages from the letters of several eminent literary men which he has had the pleasure to receive, approving in very flattering terms, his proposed publication. Whilst the sentiments contained in these extracts illustrate the generous and enlightened spirit of their authors, they ought to stimulate the pride and genius of the south, and awaken from its long slumber the literary exertion of this portion of our country. The publisher confidently believes that such will be the effect. From the smiles of encouragement, and the liberal promises of support received from various quarters—which he takes this opportunity of acknowledging,—he is strongly imboldened to persevere, and devote his own humble labors to so good a cause. He is authorised to expect a speedy arrangement either with a competent editor or with regular contributors to his work,—but, in the mean time, respectfully solicits public patronage, as the only effectual means of ensuring complete success.

FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

"Your literary enterprise has my highest approbation and warmest good wishes. Strongly disposed as I always have been in favor of 'the south,' and especially attached to Virginia by early friendships and cherished recollections, I cannot but feel interested in the success of a work which is calculated to concentrate the talent and illustrate the high and generous character which pervade that part of the Union."

FROM J. K. PAULDING.

"It gives me great pleasure to find that you are about establishing a literary paper at Richmond,—and I earnestly hope the attempt will be successful. You have abundance of talent among you; and the situation of so many well educated men, placed above the necessity of laboring either manually or professionally, affords ample leisure for the cultivation of literature. Hitherto your writings have been principally political; and in that class you have had few rivals. The same talent, directed to other pursuits in literature, will, unquestionably, produce similar results,—and Virginia, in addition to her other high claims to the consideration of the world, may then easily aspire to the same distinction in other branches that she has attained in politics.

* * * * *

"Besides, the muses must certainly abide somewhere in the beautiful vallies, and on the banks of the clear streams of the mountains of Virginia. Solitude is the nurse of the imagination; and if there be any Virginia lass or lad that ever seeks, they will assuredly find inspiration, among the retired quiet beauties of her lonely retreats. Doubtless they only want a vehicle for their effusions,—and I cannot bring myself to believe that your contemplated paper will suffer from the absence of contributors or subscribers. * * * *

"If your young writers will consult their own taste and genius, and forget there ever were such writers as Scott, Byron, and Moore, I will be bound they produce something original; and a tolerable original is as much superior to a tolerable imitation, as a substance is to a shadow. Give us something new—something characteristic of yourselves, your country, and your native feelings, and I don't care what it is. I am somewhat tired of licentious love ditties, border legends, affected sorrows, and grumbling misanthropy. I want to see something wholesome, natural, and national. The best thing a young American writer can do, is to forget that any body ever wrote before him; and above all things, that there are such caterpillars as critics in this world."

FROM J. FENIMORE COOPER.

"The south is full of talent, and the leisure of its gentlemen ought to enable them to bring it freely into action. I made many acquaintances, in early youth, among your gentlemen, whom I have always esteemed for their manliness, frankness, and intelligence. If some, whom I could name, were to arouse from their lethargy, you would not be driven to apply to any one on this side the Potomac for assistance."

FROM J. P. KENNEDY.

"I have received your prospectus, along with your letter of the 1st instant. It gives me great pleasure to perceive so just an estimate of the value of literary enterprise as that indicated by your announcement of the 'Southern Literary Messenger.' A work of this kind is due to the talents of your noble state, and I doubt not will be received with a prompt encouragement."

FROM JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

"Your design is so laudable, that I would gladly contribute to its promotion; but the periodical literature of the country seems to be rather superabundant than scanty. The desideratum is of quality rather than quantity."

FROM PETER A. BROWNE.

"Although you could not have chosen one less able to assist you, owing to my numerous professional engagements, which deprive me of the pleasure of dipping into the other sciences, or literature, I am willing to contribute my mite, and sincerely wish you success."

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

It is understood that the first number of the "Messenger," will be sent forth by its Publisher, as a kind of pioneer, to spy out the land of literary promise, and to report whether the same be fruitful or barren, before he resolves upon future action. It would be a mortifying discovery, if instead of kindness and good will, he should be repulsed by the coldness and neglect of a Virginia public. Hundreds of similar publications thrive and prosper north of the Potomac, sustained as they are by the liberal hand of patronage. *Shall not one be supported in the whole south?* This is a question of great importance;—and one which ought to be answered with sober earnestness by all who set any value upon public character, or who are in the least degree jealous of that individual honor and dignity which is in some measure connected with the honor and dignity of the state. Are we to be doomed forever to a kind of vassalage to our northern neighbors—a dependance for our literary food upon our brethren, whose superiority in all the great points of character,—in valor—eloquence and patriotism, we are no wise disposed to admit? Is it not altogether extraordinary that in this extensive commonwealth, containing a white population of upwards of six hundred thousand souls—a vast deal of agricultural wealth, and innumerable persons of both sexes, who enjoy both leisure and affluence—there is not one solitary pe-

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riodical exclusively literary? What is the cause? We are not willing to borrow our political,—religious, or even our agricultural notions from the other side of Mason and Dixon's line, and we generously patronize various domestic journals devoted to those several subjects. Why should we consider the worthy descendants of the pilgrims—of the Hollanders of Manhattan, or the German adventurers of Pennsylvania, as exclusively entitled to cater for us in our choicest intellectual aliment? Shall it be said that the empire of literature has no geographical boundaries, and that local jealousies ought not to disturb its harmony? To this there is an obvious answer. If we continue to be *consumers* of northern productions, we shall never ourselves become *producers*. We may take from them the fabrics of their looms, and give in exchange without loss our agricultural products—but if we depend exclusively upon their *literary* supplies, it is certain that the spirit of invention among our own sons, will be damped, if not entirely extinguished. The value of a *domestic* publication of the kind, consists in its being at once accessible to all who choose to venture into the arena as rivals for renown. It imparts the same energy, and exercises the same influence upon mental improvement, that a rail road does upon agricultural labor, when passing by our doors and through our estates. The literary spirit which pervades some portions of New England and the northern cities, would never have existed, at least in the same degree, if the journals and repositories designed to cherish and promote it, had been derived exclusively from London and Edinburgh. In like manner, if we look entirely to Boston, New York or Philadelphia, for that delightful mental enjoyment and recreation, which such publications afford, we must content ourselves with being the readers and admirers of other men's thoughts, and lose all opportunity of stirring up our own minds, and breathing forth our own meditations. In other words, we must be satisfied to partake of the feast, as it is set before us by our more industrious and enterprising countrymen, and if peradventure, the cookery should not be altogether to our taste, we must, nevertheless, with our characteristic courtesy, be thankful,—and like honest Sancho, "bid God bless the giver."

It is not intended to be intimated that the aristarchy of the north and east, cherish any unkind feelings towards the literary claims of the south. Oh no! In truth, they have no cause whatsoever, either for unkindness or jealousy. If we only continue to patronize their multitudinous magazines, they will pocket our money and praise us as a very generous and chivalrous race; or if, perchance, some juvenile drama, or poem, or some graver duodecimo of southern manufacture, should find its way to the seats of learning and criticism beyond the Susquehanna, it is an even chance, that in order to preserve the monopoly of the southern market, they will dole out to us a modicum of praise, and render some faint tribute to rising merit. Without therefore intending any thing invidious, or without cherishing any unkind or unmanly sentiment towards our political confederates, we ought forthwith to buckle on our armour, and assert our mental independence. All their own lofty and generous spirits will approve the resolution, and be among the first to welcome the dawn of a brighter era in a region of comparative twilight. Their Irvings and Pauldings, their Everetts and Neals, their Coopers and Verplancks, their Kennedys and Flints, their Hallecks and Bryants, their Sedgewicks and Sigourneys, will rejoice in the emancipation of the south, from the shackles which either indolence, indifference, or the love of pleasure, have imposed upon us. We are too old, and ought to be too proud to lag behind even some of our younger sisters, in the cultivation of one of the most attractive departments of human knowledge. It is folly to boast of political ascendancy, of moral influence, of professional eminence, or unrivalled oratory, when, in all the Corinthian graces which adorn the structure of mind, we are lamentably deficient. It is worse than folly to talk of this "ancient and unterrified commonwealth"—if we suffer ourselves to be *terrified* at the idea of supporting one poor periodical, devoted to letters and mental improvement. It would be an indelible reproach to us, that whilst we waste so many thousands annually in luxury—whilst we squander our means in expensive tours of recreation and pleasure,—and even impoverish our resources in indulgences too gross to be mentioned—we should be unwilling to contribute a single mite towards building up a character of our own, and providing the means of imbodying and concentrating the neglected genius of our country. Let the hundreds of our gifted sons, therefore, who have talents and acquirements, come forth to this work of patriotism, with a firm resolution to persevere until victory is achieved. Let them dismiss their apprehensions,—that because as yet they are unpractised in composition—and the highway to literary eminence is already thronged with competitors—that, therefore, the most vigorous effort will be vanquished in the contest. In the race for political or professional distinction, who is influenced by such timid suggestions? In that noble strife, which animates southern bosoms to control by the magic of oratory the passions of the multitude, or in a more learned arena "the applause of listening senates to command"—who ever heard of discouragements and difficulties sufficient to chill their ardor, or restrain their aspirations? And yet is it less difficult to attain the prize of eloquence—to rival the fame of a Henry, or a Wirt, than to achieve the task of vigorous and graceful composition?

To our lovely and accomplished countrywomen, may not a successful appeal be also addressed, to lend their aid in this meritorious task. Their influence upon the happiness and destiny of society, is so extensively felt and acknowledged, that to dwell upon its various bearings and relations, would be altogether superfluous. It is to the watchful care of a mother's love, that those first principles of moral wisdom are implanted in childhood, which ripen into the blossoms and fruit of maturer years; and it is to the reproving virtues and refining tenderness of the sex, through all its mutations, from blooming sixteen to the matronly grace of forty—that man is indebted for all that is soft, and for much that is noble and wise, in his own character. It is true that there is another side to this picture. If a woman's education has itself been neglected; if she has been trained up in the paths of folly and vanity—and been taught to ornament the casket in preference to the celestial jewel which it contains,—she will neither be a fit companion for the sterner sex, nor be qualified to assume the divine responsibility of maternal instruction. To diffuse therefore not only the benefits of moral but intellectual culture, among those whom heaven has given to restore in part the blessings of a lost Eden—to withdraw their minds from vain and unprofitable pursuits—to teach them to emulate the distinguished names of their own sex, who have given lustre to literature, and scattered sweets in the paths of science—is a duty not only of paramount importance on our part, but claims the united and cordial support of the fair and interesting objects of our care.

Let no one therefore presume to disparage this humble effort to redeem our country's escutcheon from the reproach which has been cast upon it. Let the miser open his purse—the prodigal save a pittance from his health-wasting and mind-destroying expenditures—the lawyer and physician, spare a little from their fees—the merchant and mechanic, from their speculations and labor—and the man of fortune, devote a part, a very small part of his abundance, towards the creation of a new era in the annals of this blessed Old Dominion. It may possibly be the means of effecting a salutary reform in public taste and individual habits; of overcoming that tendency to mental repose and luxurious indulgence supposed to be peculiar to southern latitudes; and of awakening a spirit of inquiry and a zeal for improvement, which cannot fail ultimately to exalt and adorn society. H.

EXTRACT FROM A JOURNAL.

The following is from the unpublished journal of a gentleman of this state, who visited Europe some years since, with objects, we believe, exclusively literary and scientific. Though not at liberty to mention his name, if we mistake not, the time will come when his country will be proud to claim him as one whose fine natural genius has been adorned and improved by the treasures of learning. Though we do not present this sketch of a voyage over the great deep as having any peculiar claims to admiration, and are sure that the author himself would disclaim for it any such pretensions—yet we do not hesitate to recommend it to our readers as a sportive, graphic, and interesting delineation of the novelties and adventures of a sea trip.

On the 15th of June, 18—, the fine ship Edward Quesnel, E. Hawkins, master, one of the packets between New York and Havre, received her passengers on board at the former place, and dropped down to Sandy Hook Bay, where she anchored, awaiting a favorable wind.

Here she remained until the next morning, which however brought no change of wind, but rather an increase of that which was already blowing full in our teeth, together with a most disagreeable accompaniment in the shape of a misty rain, which caused us to confine ourselves below the deck.

The next morning came—and the next—but still all was dark and lowering, and still did the wind meet us from the ocean, or—what was equally unfavorable—remain hushed and calm. Day after day thus rolled by and found us quietly resting on the bosom of the waters; each morning hoping that

"The breeze would freshen when the day was done;"

and each evening retiring to rest, anxiously expecting to have our slumbers broken by the heaving up of the anchor.

Each day however, were our hopes disappointed, until the evening of the 24th, when the wind proving favorable, we moved from our station with as much pleasure as would animate the garrison of a besieged fortress, marching out after the departure of the besiegers. Our probation of nine days was succeeded by weather as bright as that had been gloomy. The sky was unclouded—

"The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew."

The pilot left us; and it was not until this last link which bound us to terra firma was separated, that I could realize to myself, that I was upon the pathless deep; of which I had heard, and read, and dreamed; but never had it entered my dreams, that I was one day to "wend my way" over its billows. The coast of America, rapidly receded from the view; and when I laid my head upon my pillow, I bade

"My native land good night!"

with a heaviness of heart, which I presume there is no one who has not felt, who sees fading from his sight, the land of his birth—the land which contains all for which he cares to live.

There is something indescribable in the feeling of being thus separated as it were, from the rest of the world. It seems as though our ship is of itself,

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a distinct and independent world, on which we wing our way, with

"All heaven above, all ocean around us;"

not knowing any, and unknown to all. Empires may fall—states be dissolved—whole nations swept from the earth; yet we pursue our course as profoundly ignorant of aught that has occurred, as are the inhabitants of another planet, of what is done upon our own.

After getting fairly upon the ocean, and being satisfied, that we were making the best of our way to our place of destination, I began to direct my attention to those with whom my lot had been cast, and with whom I was daily to associate, whether willing or otherwise. And surely, since the days of Noah, never was a more heterogeneous congregation deposited within the compass of a ship. Imprimis, there were three ladies—two of them French and one American. There were three Frenchmen, two Germans, one Italian, one Spaniard, one Austrian Baron, one Dutch Naval Officer, one Portuguese—two natives of Massachusetts, two Rhode Islanders, two Pennsylvanians, two Virginians and one Mississippian.

Of this number there were three, who from their peculiarities, merit a more particular notice, than the mere enumeration I have given; and who, should any chance inform them, that any one had been "takin notes" of this voyage, would never forgive the chronicler who should pass over in silence their multifarious merits;—for however different otherwise, they most harmoniously agreed in the one particular of placing a sufficiently exalted estimate upon their own qualities. One of these notable individuals was a Catholic Priest, a native of Gascony, whose character may at once be comprehended, by referring to the idea which one always conceives of the "Gascon;"—for he imbodied in an eminent degree, those peculiarities which I had hitherto supposed ridicule and satire, but which I now found that truth, assigned to his countrymen. Further, his tolerance towards the gentlemanly peccadilloes of gaming and intoxication, was most praiseworthy. His zeal, or rather wrath, in defence of the Catholic religion, was most edifying—and his admiration of Bishop Dubourg most profound.

Another of these worthies was a young gentleman of ———, from whose dissertations upon the subject, I learned more of the sublime science of cookery, than it had ever before fallen to my lot to acquire. He abused the viands which were every day set before us in profusion, and (as I most unscientifically imagined) of excellent quality, with most gentlemanly and connoisseurlike assurance; for the purpose I presume, of insinuating in that indirect and delicate manner, that he had been used to better things;—and verily his expedient was ingenious—since from no other part of his conduct could this conclusion have been derived. It would be unbecoming to omit to mention three articles which he excepted from the sweeping condemnation, and honored with his commendation. These were—1. Whiskey punch, whereof he occasionally illustrated the potency—2. A dish consisting of mustard, cayenne pepper and broiled ham, and in cuisinical nomenclature ycleped "a devil"—and 3. French mustard—of which the chief excellence seemed to consist in its containing something of almost every thing, save only the article whose name it bears: reminding me of the sermon of a priest who preached before Louis 16th, of whom the Monarch remarked, that had he but touched upon religion a little, he would have had a little of every thing.

The last of the trio was the aforesaid Portuguese—an old doctor—who was equally an epicure with the last named gentleman, but who extended his critical acumen to works of the votaries of the muses, as well as to the productions of the followers of "Le Sieur Louis Eustace Ude." He was indeed a man of extensive reading and various information, but his arrogance detracted from these advantages, as much as they would have been adorned by modesty. In short, this compound of Apicius, Petronius and Dennis, would have served admirably, as the original of Fadladeen, the chamberlain of the Harem in Lalla Rookh, "who was a judge of every thing, from the mixture of a conserve to the composition of an epic poem;" and of whom it is recorded, that "all the cooks and poets of Delhi, stood in awe of him."

The rest of my fellow voyagers were unfortunate enough to be remarkable for no peculiarities, and among them, I found some pleasant companions, who caused the time to pass with as little of irksomeness and inconvenience as can be expected on board a ship, where there is nothing of the beauty and variety of scenery which beguile the land traveller of weariness, and where every one is forced to turn to his companions as the only source which can afford amusement, or which can, for "one treacherous hour," obliterate the recollection that every wave which urges the vessel onward in her course, does but increase the distance between himself and his home.

For some time indeed, the situation of a voyager, who for the first time crosses the ocean, possesses sufficient novelty to interest him; nor is the scene around and above him, destitute of all that can attract the eye and excite admiration. The ship itself is an object worthy of attention. It is delightful to see

"How gloriously her gallant course she goes,
Her white wings flying;" ——— ———

to watch the billows which she spurns from her prow, chafed into foam as if enraged at the impotency of their attempts to resist the superiority which the genius of man asserts over their mighty

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waters. It is beautiful at night to see these billows rolled from the prow in sheets of flame, whilst all around, where the waters are agitated, their surface appears studded with stars, which shine as if to rival those which sparkle on high:—or when the moon arises, to behold the flood of mild radiance which she casts along the deep, which

"Sleeps in the night-beam beauteously."

Should a sail perchance cross this path of light, it seems a fairy visitant of this earth, and just about to take its departure from it for the bright world beneath which it seems suspended.

All this is scenery which can in no other situation be enjoyed, yet which like every thing else, soon palls upon the taste, as I can bear testimony both on my own behalf and on that of

"My comates and brothers in exile."

We soon became accustomed to "the wonders of the deep" and far from responding to the sentiment of Long Tom in "the Pilot," who declared that "the sight of land always made him feel uncomfortable;" rather agreed with Gonzalo in the Tempest, when he asseverated that he would "give a thousand furlongs of sea, for an acre of barren ground." Our taste became so perverted, that we heeded not the grandeur of the ocean or the beauties of the heavens, and sighed that we had

"No delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy our shadows in the sun,"

or engage in the most sage pastime of building castles in the clouds where,

"Sometime we'd see a cloud look dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't." ——— ———

In short, every thing which could divert for a while, was eagerly caught at, as a child pursues a butterfly. "A sail in sight," served as the event of a day; a porpoise or flying fish excited as much interest, as would on land be produced by the apparition of a gryphon, a winged dragon, or any other fabulous monster of romance; whilst the huge leviathan, heaving his vast bulk into view and spouting rivers to the skies, created as much sensation, as an earthquake or a revolution.

The graceful little nautilus too, spreading its transparent sail, and pursuing its dancing career over the waves, was ever hailed with acclamation; though as a faithful journalist, who would wish even in the slightest affairs to be considered "an honest chronicler," I am compelled to denounce them as unprofitable sailors, as they ever steer full in the "wind's eye."

A most remarkable event in our voyage was the celebration of the anniversary of our independence; which, happening about the middle of our course, was mirthfully kept by the Americans on board, aided by the representatives of the different nations there assembled. The celebration commenced with a prayer from the Rev. Mr. ——— of ——— ; and I wish I could say that it ended as appropriately; for soon after dinner it became quite apparent, that a certain young gentleman, and old doctor, of whom I have before spoken, however well fortified against mustard and cayenne, were not proof against champagne—so ——— they were put to bed.

On the evening of the 16th of July, we were first greeted by that sound of all others, the most grateful to the ears of those who have been for twenty tedious days, upon the unstable element. The deck was soon deserted by the younger portion of the passengers, who climbed to various heights, according to their proficiency, to behold the welcome prospect. The shore of "merry England" could then be seen; presenting to the eye however, nothing save a line faintly sketched, undulating a little above the horizon, so that many still remained in doubt

"———'till the light-house far blazed,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean."

Thus did we enter the English channel (almost the end of our voyage,) without having encountered any of those "dangers of the seas" of which we hear and read such appalling descriptions. I really felt almost mortified that I should have crossed the great Atlantic, without having beheld the waves running "mountain high," with bottomless abysses between; without having seen,

"——— the strained mast quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvass, fluttering strew the gale."

I cannot pretend to say however that this would at all have improved my idea of a sea voyage; towards which I cannot say that my experiment has impressed me very favorably. Indeed I cannot but wonder at the magnificent descriptions sometimes given, of an "excursion over the waters"—gentle Zephyrs swelling the sails—Tritons and Nereids sporting around, melodious with Conchs—Old Neptune calming the waves—and the gallant vessel gaily bounding

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,"

as if the whole were a fairy pageant. I can only give it as my opinion, that most of those who give such glowing representations of a sea voyage, have either, never tried one; or are guilty of the common littleness of imitation—imitation of the noble bard who "laid his hand on ocean's mane," and who exclaimed—"I have loved thee ocean!" because in reality he did.

For my own part, I can give no better idea of my opinion of a ship, than by quoting a definition of one, which struck me as peculiarly felicitous—viz. "a dirty prison with a good chance of being drowned."

On the 18th; our eyes when turned towards the east, no longer wandered over a drear expanse of

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waters, but the coast of "la belle France" offered itself to our view, and as we gradually approached, it assumed the appearance of tremendous cliffs, presenting their awful fronts full to the ocean.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

Amid the untiring efforts of the present age, to elevate the standard of female education, it is possible that the excellencies of a more ancient system, may be too much disregarded. In our zeal for reformation, we are in danger of discarding, or pronouncing obsolete, some requisitions of salutary tendency. The wider range both of intellect and accomplishment, which is now prescribed, seems to exclude some of those practical and homebred virtues, on which the true influence of woman depends.

There was a fine mixture of energy and dignity, in the character of females, of the higher ranks in our olden time. We of modern days, to whom languor and luxury are dear, allege that it was carried too far. We complain that it involved reserve and sternness. Perhaps, we are not sensible that we verge so palpably to the other extreme, as to retain in our style of manners scarcely the shadow of that power by which folly is checked and frivolity silenced.

The mother of Washington, has been pronounced a model of the true dignity of woman. She seemed to combine the Spartan simplicity and firmness, with the lofty characteristics of a Roman matron. With a heart of deep and purified affections, she blended that majesty which commanded the reverence of all. At the head of a large household, whose charge, by the death of her husband, devolved solely on her, the energy of her tireless superintendence preserved subordination and harmony. The undeviating integrity and unshaken self-command of her illustrious son, were developements of her own elements of character,—fruits from those germs which she planted in the soil of his infancy. To the inquiry, what course had been pursued in the early education of one, whom not only America, but the world, regarded with honor almost divine, she replied,—"*his first lesson was to obey.*" It was her dignity of manner, courteous, yet rejecting all ostentation, and content to array itself in the "plain and becoming garb of the ancient Virginian lady,"—that elicited from those accustomed to the pomp and gorgeous costume of European courts, the high praise, that "*it was no wonder that a country which produced such mothers, could boast such a man as Washington.*"

He therefore, who has been likened to Fabius,—to Cincinnatus, and to other heroes of antiquity, only to show how greatly he transcended them by being a christian,—he who has made the hallowed shades of Mount Vernon, as sacred to the patriot, as the shrine at Mecca, to the pilgrim,—shares his glory with her, who wrought among the rudiments of his being, with no careless or uncertain hand. The monument which now designates her last repose,—which her native clime should have hasted to erect,—but which private munificence exulted to rear,—speaks strongly and eloquently to her sex. It bids them impress the character of true greatness upon the next generation. It warns them to prepare by unslumbering effort, for this tremendous responsibility. It reminds them that in their appointed ministration, they stand but "a little lower than the angels." And let her who is disposed to indulge in lassitude, or to trifle away the brief season of her probation,—or to forget that she may stamp an indelible character either for good or evil, on some immortal mind,—go and renounce her errors, and deepen her energies,—and relumine her hopes, at the tomb of the *Mother of Washington.* L. H. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SERVILITY.

The most servile are frequently the most arrogant. The possessor of these qualities will display the one or the other according to the condition of the person whom he encounters. For an individual who in the estimation of society holds a rank above him, he will be ready to perform any office, however menial: while to another, whose situation in life is more humble, he will be in the highest degree haughty and assuming. No man of proper feeling can entertain the least respect for such a character. How very different from that of Urbanus. His manner always shows a consideration for those whose station in society may be less desirable than his own. He feels the disposition to oblige, and never fails to indulge it when a proper occasion is presented. Let any individual of correct deportment be in want of aid which Urbanus can give, and no matter how humble his condition, that aid will be extended. Not so, however, when the man who wishes his services assumes a superiority over him. A laudable pride and a proper self-respect will then forbid what otherwise might be done. Urbanus will be courteous and polite to all, but in a state of subjection to none. He will take a pleasure in yielding, of his own free will, to talents, attainments, and high character, their just due. But this must be the result of his own opinion as to what is right, and not the effect of base submission to another's will. C.

The communication which follows on the subject of that remarkable kind of "extemporaneous speaking" which has been long practised in some parts of Europe, but is entirely unknown in this country,—is entitled to the reader's attention not only on account of the source from which it is derived, but also from its intrinsic merit. An accomplished *improvvisatore* is certainly an intellectual phenomenon, of the existence of which we should be strongly inclined to doubt—if so many well attested facts did not establish it beyond all controversy. We hope that some one of our readers of taste and erudition will furnish a handsome translation of the Italian poetry which accompanies the article.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.

ASTONISHING as it may appear, there are men who can deliver extemporaneously, not only excellent orations and discourses, but also beautiful poems, tragedies and comedies. Exhibitions of this kind have been so frequent, that no deception can possibly exist. You may even specify the measure in which you desire the poetical production, and the verses, as if inspired, will flow from the lips of the *improvvisatore*, with ease, elegance, and beauty. When I was in Paris, Sgricci extemporized several tragedies in Italian.* Eugene Pradel delivered a poem on Columbus, and proposed to extemporize tragedies and operas in French. Manuel could at any time speak appropriately and eloquently without preparation. The number of *improvvisatori* is very great, and I might enumerate, if necessary, many of these distinguished men. Italy boasts of the names of several ladies who have acquired fame by their poetical extempore compositions, among whom I may mention the Bandettini, the Mazei and the Corilla. This fact being admitted, two questions arise—1st. Is it possible to acquire this wonderful talent? 2nd. What are the means to be employed in order to succeed in speaking extemporaneously?

To the first question, I answer affirmatively.—The talent of speaking extempore is always an acquired one: all good *improvvisatori* have followed a course of mental exercises. Illustrious men at first uttered a few words with stammering tongues, then spoke hesitatingly—and by proper combinations of their intellectual faculties, became the extraordinary *improvvisatori*, who excite wonder and admiration. Experience shows the truth of this assertion.

The second question is, what are the means to be employed in order to succeed in speaking extempore? They are numerous, and they must be pursued with that enthusiasm and perseverance, without which, a man can never reach the temple of fame: for he who feels the noble ambition of distinguishing himself from the crowd which surrounds him—he who wishes to leave traces of his passage on earth, and to raise a monument which ages shall not destroy—must be moved by an energetic spirit, and have the moral courage to banish mental indolence from his bosom—to shake off that apathy so fatal to intellectual improvement, and to imbibe that love of immortality, which will carry him triumphantly through his career. He will bear in mind meanwhile, that

"Aucun chemin de fleurs ne conduit à la gloire,"

and deeply impressed with this important truth, will display the energy necessary to overcome all difficulties. I will not say that it is easy—that it requires but little labor to become a good extempore speaker. Still less will I advance the false opinion, that some men are naturally so. You will perceive by what follows, that I am far from believing it. What are the preliminary acquirements of a good *improvvisatore?* He must embrace the whole circle of human knowledge. He must know the fundamental principles of nearly all the arts and sciences, (I do not mean by this, that it is necessary he should possess the details connected with them—that is above human strength)—he must be acquainted with all the revolutions in which human genius has been displayed—he must be familiar with all important discoveries, and with the deeds of great men, in all ages and countries. He must be a cosmopolite, that is to say, he must be acquainted with the customs

* It was in 1825 that Sgricci invited the literati of Paris to meet in a spacious hall, where he was to extemporize a tragedy. Every spectator was allowed to vote for the subject of the play, and the majority decided in favor of *the Death of Charles I.* A few moments afterwards, Sgricci explained the *dramatis personæ*, and began to deliver extempore a tragedy of about *fifteen hundred verses!* That production was printed, and many passages are full of poetical talent. Francisco Gianni extemporized, during one year, every morning and evening, two pieces of poetry under the title of *Saluto del Matino*, and *Saluto de la Sera.* In order that the lovers of Italian poetry may judge Gianni's skill in extemporising, I will quote as a specimen, one of his productions.

SALUTO DE LA SERA.

Poca favilla gran fiamma seconda.
Dant. Parad. cant. 1.

Or non più de' pianti miei
Violette inumidite,
Non andrete impietesite
A infiorar quel niveo petto,
Che diè funebre ricetto
Al più amabil degli Dei:
Chè li dove tomba avea,
Sorger vidilo in subito
E sorgendo sorridea
D'un tal riso, ch'io non dubito,
Per deludermi l'accorto,
Abbia finto d' esser morto.
E tu, bell' amica, in vano,
Tenti in van col tuo rigore
Di celarmi un tanto arcano;
Chè mal può celarsi amore.
Ben del suo risorgimento,
Ben m' avvidi nel momento
Che di lagrime e di fiori
Io gli offriva il don funebre;
Porche allor le tue palpebre
Un soave e chiare lume
Abbellivà di splendori;
E le guancie a poco a poco
Roseggiaro oltra il costume
D' una porpora di fuoco;
Et il tornito sen venusto,
Che balzando allor più gia
Lo spiraglio meno angusto
Fea del vel che lo copria:
Sin le caste violette
Che locate su quel seno,
Già languenti venian meno,
In sembianze lascivette
Arrossian sì graziose,
Che parean cangiate in rose.
Ma nel punto che più fiso
In te gli occhi disbramava,
Cui tra il velo già diviso
Agitato in sen balzava;
Ecce uscir con la facella
Da quel sen tra fiore e fiore,
Ecco uscir volando amore;
E col vento de le penne
Irritare così quella,
Che più fervida divenne
E una sua scintilla ardente
Nel mio cor passò repente:
Come fosca nube tetra,
Quando in Ciel risorgì il sole,
Se d' un raggio la penetra,
Arder tutta e splender suole.
Tale in esso quella immensa
Ed antica fiamma intensa
Che sembrava spenta affatto
Rallumavasi ad un tratto;
E più viva traboccarsi
Dal mio cor con dolce pena,
E veloce diramarsi
La sentii di vena in vena,
E di vena in vena errando,
Risalir più accesa al core,
Che tremando, va mancando
Di dolcezza a tanto ardore.
Onde più de' pianti miei
Violette inumidite,
Non andrete impietesite
A infiorar quel niveo petto,
Che diè funebre ricetto
Al più amabil degli Dei.

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and manners of every nation—and it is necessary he should put aside his prejudices, in order to understand the peculiarities which characterize the members of the great human family. The wonders of nature must be impressed on his mind, and above all, he must have read and meditated upon the works of the classical writers of all nations, and know perfectly the beauties and genius of his own language.

These are the materials of the *improvvisatore*,—but these acquirements, extensive as they are, will not give him the power of extemporizing. How often do we see men endowed with profound wisdom,—vast experience and learning,—unable to express and convey to others the result of their long meditations! The reason of this is obvious. How could the man who devotes the whole of his time to the acquisition of sciences, expect to express himself well, if he neglects to study the only art which can teach him the means of speaking fluently and extempore?

When a man has learned the arts and sciences of which I have spoken—when he has examined the political, religious and philosophical opinions which have governed the world from the remotest ages—he sees that the number of original ideas is not as great as one might suppose—he perceives that all mental faculties are connected—and that there is a chain which unites all thoughts—that they proceed from each other—that an idea must spring from a cause which gives rise to it. Thus he studies the laws of reasoning—thus by practice he learns to fix his attention on his sensations, and sometimes a single sensation, when properly analyzed, presents him the substance of a whole discourse: for a good discourse is nothing more than *a series of judgments* logically deduced from each other,—*it is a chain of ideas connected by a close analogy*. By training his mind to logical deductions, he acquires by degrees, the facility of combining ideas; and, guided by analogy, he reasons correctly without effort. Reasoning is learned like languages. At first, we hesitate in placing the words of a foreign tongue—we are obliged to recollect the rule which is to guide us in every part of speech; but when thoroughly versed in the genius of the language, we speak it fluently, without thinking about the arrangement of words. So it is with reasoning. A man who is equally versed in several languages, may express his ideas without knowing at the moment, in what idiom he imbodies his thoughts. A man who has trained his mind logically, reasons well, without thinking about the principles which guide him. It is well known that men have many ideas in common, and very often an author becomes popular and illustrious, only because he expresses with great superiority and beauty, that which every body thinks and feels. This is the very foundation of poetry and eloquence. It is this art which is called *nature*, and which gives immortality to literary productions. The work which does not awake our sympathy—which is not in harmony with the feelings of our nature—and which is not expressed in words best suited to its subject, can never acquire fame for its author. Hence the importance of the *improvvisatore's* studying mankind—hence the necessity of learning to imbody his ideas in appropriate language.—As each *passion* has its peculiar expression and style, the *improvvisatore* must engrave on his mind, the *association* of suitable expressions for every *feeling;* so, that every time he experiences or brings back to his memory a *sensation*, a *passion*, or an *idea*, he may also, simultaneously recall the words best suited to express them. He must acquire the faculty of bringing before his mind, all the scenes of nature—and the passions which spring from the heart of man; and, at the same time, possess language to convey them with eloquence. His imagination must be active, impetuous, or overwhelming, according to the objects which he intends to describe. The mind of the *improvvisatore* must be exercised to employ every style: the simple—the flowery—the majestic—the pathetic—the sublime—to combine ideas with the rapidity of lightning;—in a word, he must know all the springs of the human heart, in order to move it at his will, as if by enchantment.

Although it may seem paradoxical, it is seldom for want of ideas, that a man fails in being eloquent. Thought is always ready—always instantaneous. Learn to extemporize its expression. Where is the man who surrounded by an indignant people, breaking the chains of despotism, and defending their sacred rights with courage and patriotism—where is the man, I say, who, at the sight of such a spectacle, could remain unmoved? Where is the man who could not be eloquent, were his mind provided with expressions worthy of his thoughts? Where is the man who can be thoughtless at the view of a vessel beaten by the tempestuous billows in the midst of the ocean—when he perceives this frail nautic dwelling at war with infuriated storms—when on a sudden he sees the long agitated ship breaking asunder, and every human being which she contains scattered and struggling against death? In this frightful scene, where darting lightnings are shedding their vacillating light on the ghastly faces of expiring victims, and when the last beam of earthly hope is to be buried with them in the bosom of the deep,—can that spectator be unconcerned? No. His very soul shudders—his limbs are trembling, and his eyes filled with tears. Are not these feelings impressed in the bosom of every human being? If the witness of such a shipwreck could imbody faithfully in language his sensations at the moment he experiences them, could he fail to excite our sympathy? No—no—a man who has ready ex-

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pressions to convey his thoughts and feelings will always be eloquent. I need not mention Demosthenes and Cicero, Æschines and Hortensius, Isocrates, Lysias, Pericles, and a crowd of sophists who displayed, in former ages, great skill in the art of speaking. Their writings have been the mental food for those who studied antiquity. In modern times, lord Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Burke, Sheridan, Canning, have shone in the British House of Commons, and their fame is familiar to every American scholar. I will only name some of those illustrious men who displayed splendid abilities in the different political assemblies of France. Who has not heard of the astonishing oratorical powers of Mirabeau, Maury, Barnave and Vergniaud the pride of the Gironde? Manuel, Foy, Benjamin Constant, Lamarque, and several others have of late added a new lustre to French eloquence. All these eminent orators were distinguished for their improvisations. My intention now is not to discuss their peculiar merit as men of genius and extempore speakers; I merely quote them as models. I must not omit mentioning three orators now wandering in exile, after having displayed in their native land all the magic of eloquence, in order to restore liberty to their enslaved country. Though the efforts of Galiano, Argüelles and Martinez de la Rosa were not crowned with success, they will ever be the pride of Spain. These gifted patriots, struggling against adversity and preserving their noble independence, deserve the admiration of mankind.*

In concluding, I may say that the power of combining just and useful ideas, and expressing them extemporaneously in an appropriate language—the knowledge of man and of every thing which concerns him—a strong and well modulated voice, and dignified gestures, constitute what is called a *good improvvisatore*. Few succeed in all the multifarious qualifications of an extempore speaker—few are led by this unabated enthusiastic spirit resolved to meet and triumph over difficulties. This disposition of mind, however, must exist—for in mental contention as in war,

"A vaincre sans péril on triomphe sans gloire."

And every one that has witnessed the wonders of this art, will grant that if there be a talent by which the powers of man are exhibited in all their sublimity, it is undoubtedly that of the accomplished *improvvisatore*. J. H.

* Since this was written, the late political events of Spain have placed Martinez de la Rosa at the head of the ministry of the regent queen, Isabella. Supported by the count of Toreno, who is considered as the first statesman of his country, Gareli, who is known by his great talents, general Llander, minister of war, and Remisa, minister of finance, the Spanish government has at last published the *Estatuto Real*, which regulate the convocation of the *Cortes*.

Interesting Ruins on the Rappahannock.

If we do not err in the conjecture, our correspondent "Nugator" has frequently charmed the public by his writings both in prose and verse. But whether we are right or wrong, we can assure him that he will always find a ready demand for his "wares" at our "emporium." According to his request we have handed the inscription to a classical friend, whose elegant translation we also subjoin with the original.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Mr. White,—As I find you are about to establish a sort of Literary Emporium, to which every man, no matter how trifling his capital of ideas, may send his productions, I have resolved to transmit to you my small wares and merchandise. The relation I shall bear to your other correspondents, will be that, which the vender of trifles in a town bears to the wealthy merchant; and, therefore, I shall assume an appropriate title, and under this humble signature, shall consider myself at liberty to offer you any thing I may have, without order or method, and just as I can lay my hands upon it.—My head is somewhat like Dominie Sampson's, which as well as I remember, resembled a pawnbroker's shop where a goodly store of things were piled together, but in such confusion, he could never find what he wanted. When I get hold of any thing, however, I will send it to you, and if it be worth nothing, why just "martyr it by a pipe." Nugator.

"Here lived, so might it seem to Fancy's eye,
The lordly Barons of *our* feudal day;
On every side, lo! grandeur's relics lie
Scatter'd in ruin o'er their coffin'd clay.—
How vain for man, short-sighted man, to say
What course the tide of human things shall take!
How little dream'd the Founder, that decay
So soon his splendid edifice should shake,
And of its high pretence, a cruel mock'ry make."

There cannot be a more striking exemplification of the powerful influence of laws upon the state of society, than is exhibited on the banks of the rivers in the lower part of Virginia. How many spacious structures are seen there, hastening to decay, which were once the seats of grandeur and a magnificent hospitality! The barons of old were scarcely more despotic over their immediate demesnes, than were the proprietors of these noble mansions, with their long train of servants and dependents; their dicta were almost paramount to law throughout their extensive and princely possessions. But since the introduction of republican institutions, and the alteration in the laws respecting the descent of property, and more especially since the "docking of entails," a total change has been effected. Our castles are crumbling on every side—estates are subdivided into minuter portions, instead of being transmitted to the eldest son; and so complete is the revolution in sentiment, that he would be deemed a savage, who would now leave the greater part of his family destitute, for the sake of aggrandizing an individual. It is not unusual to find a son in possession of the once splendid establishment of his fathers, with scarcely paternal acres enough to afford him sustenance, and hardly wood enough to warm a single chamber of all his long suite of apartments. The old family coach, with his mother and sisters, lumbers along after a pair of superannuated skeletons; and some faithful domestic, like Caleb

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Balderstone, is put to the most desperate shifts to support the phantom of former grandeur. Debts are fast swallowing up the miserable remnant of what was once a principality, while some wealthy democrat of the neighborhood, who has accumulated large sums by despising an empty show, is ready to foreclose his mortgage, and send the wretched heir of Ravenswood to mingle with the Bucklaws and Craigengelts of the west. Many a story of deep interest might be written upon the old state of things in Virginia, if we possessed some indefatigable Jedidiah Cleishbotham to collect the traditions of our ancestors.

Those who took part in our revolutionary struggle were too much enlightened not to foresee these consequences, and therefore deserve immortal credit for their disinterested opposition to Great Britain. Had they been aristocrats instead of the purest republicans, they would surely have thrown their weight into the opposite scale. We do not estimate enough the merit of the rich men of that day. The danger is now past—the mighty guerdon won—the storm is gone over, and the sun beams brightly: but though bright our day, it was then a dark unknown—dark as the hidden path beyond the grave—and it was nobly dared to risk their all in defence of liberty. They knew that freedom spurned a vain parade, and would not bow in homage to high-born wealth; yet their splendid possessions were staked upon the desperate throw, and the glorious prize was won. Such were not the anticipations of the *founders* of these establishments; but such was surely the merit of their sons: and it is painful to think how few, of all who engaged in that noble struggle, have been handed down to fame. Many a one, whose name has been loudly sounded through the earth, would have shrunk from such a sacrifice, and clung to his paternal hearth; and yet these modern Curtii, who renounced the advantages of birth, and leaped into the gulf for their country's sake, have not won a single garland for their Roman worth.

There is a scene in the county of Lancaster, where these reflections pressed themselves very forcibly upon my mind. Imagine an ample estate on the margin of the Rappahannock—with its dilapidated mansion house—the ruins of an extensive wall, made to arrest the inroads of the waves, as if the proprietor felt himself a Canute, and able to stay the progress of the sea—a church of the olden time, beautiful in structure, and built of brick brought from England, then the home of our people. Like Old Mortality, I love to chisel out the moss covered letters of a tombstone; and below I send you the result of my labors, with a request that some of your correspondents will take the trouble to give you a faithful translation of the Latin inscription. The only difficulty consists in a want of knowledge of the names of the officers under the colonial government. The epitaph will show by whom the church was built, and the motive for its erection. In the yard are three tombstones conspicuous above the rest, beneath which repose the bones of the once lordly proprietor of the soil and his two wives. How vain are human efforts to perpetuate by monuments the memory of the great! The sepulchre of Osymandus is said by Diodorus to have been a mile and a quarter in circumference. It had this inscription: "*I am Osymandus, King of Kings. If any one is desirous to know how great I am and where I lie, let him surpass any of my works.*" With more propriety might he have said, *let him search out my works;* for we are left to conjecture the very site of his tomb. It would be easy to extend this narrative, but perhaps what struck me as interesting would be unworthy a place in your Literary Messenger.

THE EPITAPH.

H. S. E.

Vir honorabilis Robertus Carter, Armiger, qui genus honestum dotibus eximiis, moribus antiquis illustravit. Collegium Gulielmi et Mariæ temporibus difficilimis propugnavit.

Gubernator,

Senatus Rogator et Quæstor, sub serenissimis Principibus Gulielmo, Anna, Georgio 1 mo. et 2 do.

A publicis consiliis concilii per sexennium præses, plus annum Coloniæ Præfectus cum regiam dignitatem tam publicum libertatem æquali jure asseruit.

Opibus amplissimis bene partis instructus, ædem hanc sacram In Deum pietatis grande monumentum, propriis sumptibus extruxit

Locupletavit.

In omnes quos humaniter incepit, nec prodigus, nec parcus hospes. Liberalitatem insignem testantur debita munifice remissa.

Primo Judithum, Johannis Armistead Armigeri filiam, deinde Betty, generosa Landonorum stirpe oriundam sibi connubio junctas habuit. E quibus prolem numerosam suscepit.

In qua erudienda pecuniæ vim maximam insumpsit

Tandem honorum et dierum satur cum omnia vitæ munera egregiæ præstitisset obiit Pri. Non. Aug. An. Dom. 1732 Aet. 69.

Miseri solamen, viduæ præsidium, orbi patrem, ademptum lugent.

TRANSLATION.

HERE LIES

Robert Carter, Esquire; an honorable man, who exalted his high birth by noble endowments and pure morals. He sustained the College of William and Mary in the most trying times.

He was Governor,

Speaker of the House and Treasurer, under the most serene Princes William, Anne, George the 1st and 2d.

Elected Speaker by the Public Assembly for six years, and Governor for more than a year, he equally upheld the regal dignity and public freedom.

Possessed of ample wealth, honorably acquired, he built and endowed at his own expense this sacred edifice, a lasting monument of his piety to God.

Entertaining his friends with kindness, he was neither a prodigal nor a thrifty host.

His first wife was Judith, daughter of John Armistead, Esquire; his second Betty, a descendant of the noble family of the Landons, by whom he had many children—

On whose education he expended a considerable portion of his property.

At length, full of honors and years, having discharged all the duties of an exemplary life, he departed from this world on the 4th day of August, 1732, in the 69th year of his age.

The wretched, the widowed and the orphans, bereaved of their comfort, protector and father, alike lament his loss.

STORY FROM VOLTAIRE.

We hope to have the pleasure of delighting our readers frequently with the chaste and classic pen of our correspondent M. By a curious coincidence, about the time he was translating the subjoined story from Voltaire, a correspondent of the Richmond Compiler furnished the Editor of that paper with another version, which was published. Without disparagement to the latter however, the reader of taste will find no difficulty in awarding the preference to the one which we insert in our columns.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Below, is a neat and sportive little story of Voltaire's, never before translated into English, that I know of; though containing sufficient point and good sense to make it well worthy of that honor. No one who has ever sorrowed, can fail to acknowledge the justice of

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styling TIME the "Great Consoler." The balm he brings, has never failed sooner or later to heal any grief, which did not absolutely *derange* the mind of its victim. By one part of the tale, the reader will be reminded of the philosopher in Rasselas, who, the morning after he had eloquently and conclusively demonstrated the folly of grieving for any of the ills of life, was found weeping inconsolably, for the loss of his only daughter. Whether Dr. Johnson, or the French wit, first touched off this trait of human weakness, is not material: it may be set down as rather a coincidence than a plagiarism. So much of the region of thought is *common ground*, over which every active mind continually gambols, that it would be wonderful if different feet did not sometimes tread in identical foot prints. M.

From the French of Voltaire.

THE CONSOLED.

THE great philosopher, Citophilus, said one day to a justly disconsolate lady—"Madam, an English Queen, a daughter of the great Henry IV. was no less unhappy than you are. She was driven from her kingdom: she narrowly escaped death in a storm at sea: she beheld her royal husband perish on the scaffold." "I am sorry for her;" said the lady—and fell a weeping at her own misfortunes.

"But," said Citophilus, "remember Mary Stuart. She was very becomingly in love with a gallant musician, with a fine *tenor* voice. Her husband slew the musician before her face: and then her good friend and relation, Elizabeth, who called herself the Virgin Queen, had her beheaded on a scaffold hung with black, after an imprisonment of eighteen years." "That was very cruel," replied the lady—and she plunged again into sorrow.

"You have perhaps heard," said her comforter, "of the fair Jane of Naples, who was taken prisoner and strangled?" "I have a confused recollection of her," said the afflicted one.

"I must tell you," added the other, "the fate of a Queen, who, within my own time, was dethroned by night, and died in a desert island." "I know all that story," answered the lady.

"Well then, I will inform you of what befel a great princess, whom I taught philosophy. She had a lover, as all great and handsome princesses have. Her father once entering her chamber, surprised the lover, whose features were all on fire, and whose eye sparkled like a diamond: she, too, had a most lively complexion. The young gentleman's look so displeased the father, that he administered to him the most enormous box on the ear, ever given in that country. The lover seized a pair of tongs, and broke the old gentleman's head; which was cured with difficulty, and still carries the scar. The nymph, in despair, sprung through the window; and dislocated her foot in such a way, that she to this day limps perceptibly, though her mien is otherwise admirable. The lover was condemned to die, for having broken the head of a puissant monarch. You may judge the condition of the princess, when her lover was led forth to be hanged. I saw her, during her long imprisonment: she could speak of nothing but her afflictions."

"Then why would not you have me brood over mine?" said the lady. "Because," said the philosopher, "you *ought not* to brood over them; and because, so many great ladies having been so miserable, it ill becomes *you* to despair. Think of Hecuba—of Niobe." "Ah!" said the lady, if I had lived in their time, or in that of all your fine princesses, and you, to comfort them, had told them my misfortunes, do you think they would have listened to you?"

The next day, the philosopher lost his only son; and was on the point of dying with grief. The lady had a list prepared, of all the kings who had lost their children, and carried it to the philosopher: he read it, found it correct, and —— wept on, as much as ever. Three months after, they met again; and were surprised to find each other cheerful and gay. They caused a handsome statue to be reared to TIME, with this inscription:

"TO THE GREAT CONSOLER."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

I HAVE been permitted to copy the original verses which I send you, from a young lady's album. They were written by a gentleman of literary merit, whose modesty will probably be somewhat startled at seeing himself in print. I could not resist the opportunity however, of adorning the columns of your first number with so fine a specimen of native genius. According to my poor taste, and humble judgment in such matters, these lines are beautiful. They are tinged with the deep misanthropy of Byron, and yet have all the flowing smoothness and vivacity of Moore. Shall it be said after reading such poetry, that the muses are altogether neglected in the Ancient Dominion—that there is no genuine ore in our intellectual mines which with a little labor may be refined into pure gold? Shall it be longer contended that we are altogether a nation of talkers, and that politics, summer barbecues and horse-racing are our all engrossing and exclusive recreations. In truth, is not this the very land of poetry! Our colonial and revolutionary history is itself fruitful in the materials of song; and even our noble rivers—our lofty mountains—our vast and impenetrable forests—and our warm and prolific sun, are so many sublime sources of inspiration. With respect to the belle passion,—*that* has in all ages, climates and countries, constituted one of the strongest incitements to poetical genius. The imagination, warmed by impressions of feminine beauty and innocence, at once takes wing, and wanders through regions of thought and melancholy—investing the object of its idolatry with attributes and perfections which more properly belong to a purer state of being. Whether the philosophy of the subjoined stanzas is equal to their harmony, I leave to your readers to decide. The voluntary sacrifice

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of the heart at the shrine of prudence is doubtless heroic; but there are few lovers, and especially of the poetic temperament, who are willing to submit to "brokenness of heart" rather than encounter the hazard of sharing with a beloved object the "cup of sorrow." Whether, moreover, the ingenious author was actually breathing in eloquent earnestness his own "private griefs," or amusing himself only by the creations of fancy,—I am not prepared to determine. One thing I do know, however—that the charming nymph in whose album these lines were written, though not "too dear to love," possesses a heart both "warm and soft," and is in every respect worthy of all the admiration which the most romantic lover could bestow.

H.

Lines written in a Young Lady's Album.

Air—"The Bride."

I'd offer thee this heart of mine,
If I could love thee less;
But hearts as warm, as soft as thine,
Should never know distress.
My fortune is too hard for thee,
'Twould chill thy dearest joy:
I'd rather weep to see thee free,
Than win thee to destroy.

I leave thee in thy happiness,
As one too dear to love!
As one I'll think of but to bless,
Whilst wretchedly I rove.
But oh! when sorrow's cup I drink,
All bitter though it be,
How sweet to me 'twill be, to think
It holds no drop for thee.

Then fare thee well! An exile now,
Without a friend or home,
With anguish written on my brow,
About the world I'll roam.
For all my dreams are sadly o'er—
Fate bade them all depart,—
And I will leave my native shore,
In brokenness of heart.

S.

Our young correspondent "M'C." will perceive that his poem has been altered in some of its expressions, and perhaps not altogether to his liking. Our object has been, not to damp the aspirations of genius, but to prune its luxuriance. The ardour of youth too often betrays into extravagance, which can only be corrected by cultivation and experience. We hope that he will persevere in his invocations to the muse,—believing that the time will come when she will amply reward him by her smiles.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SERENADE.

Sweet lady, awake from thy downy pillow!
Moonlight is gleaming all bright on yon billow,
Night-flowers are blooming,—south winds are blowing
So gently, they stir not the smooth waters flowing.

Wake lady! wake from thy gentle slumber,
Heav'n's gems are all sparkling, uncounted in number,
How calm, yet how brilliant those beautiful skies,
Which the wave glances back like the beam of thine eyes.

Wake, dearest! wake thou, my heart's fond desire!
All trembling these fingers sweep over the lyre,
This bosom is heaving with love's tender throes,
And my song, like the swan's last, is wild at the close.

Yet thou wilt not list to me,—then lady, farewell!
My lyre shall be hush'd with this last mournful swell;
All lonely and desolate,—onward I roam;
My bosom is void!—the wide world is my home!

M'C.

It is with much pleasure that the publisher is enabled to present in the first number of the "Messenger" the following poetical contributions, not heretofore published, from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, of Hartford, Connecticut. There are few literary readers on either side of the Potomac, who are not familiar with some of the productions at least, of this accomplished authoress. The purity of her sentiments, and the strength and mellowness of her versification, will remind the reader of the highly gifted and almost unrivalled Hemans.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Columbus before the University of Salamanca.

"Columbus found, that in advocating the spherical figure of the earth, he was in danger of being convicted not merely of *error*,—but even of heterodoxy."—*Washington Irving.*

St. Stephen's cloister'd hall was proud
In learning's pomp that day;
For there, a rob'd and stately crowd
Press'd on, in long array.
A mariner, with simple chart
Confronts that conclave high,
While strong ambition stirs his heart,
And burning thoughts, in wonder part
From lip and sparkling eye.

What hath he said?—With frowning face,
In whisper'd tones they speak,
And lines upon their tablets trace,
That flush each ashen cheek:
The Inquisition's mystic doom
Sits on their brows severe,
And bursting forth in vision'd gloom,
Sad heresy from burning tomb,
Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, thou Genoese!—Old Time
Thy brilliant dream shall crown;
Yon western hemisphere sublime,
Where unshorn forests frown,
The awful Andes' cloud-wrapp'd brow,
The Indian hunter's bow,
Bold streams untam'd by helm or prow,
And rocks of gold and diamond, thou
To thankless Spain shalt show.

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Courage, world-finder!—Thou hast need!—
In fate's unfolding scroll,
Dark woes, and ingrate-wrongs I read,
That rack the noble soul.
On!—On!—Creation's secrets probe,
Then drink thy cup of scorn,
And wrapp'd in fallen Cesar's robe,
Sleep, like that master of the globe,
All glorious,—yet forlorn.

L. H. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

INTEMPERANCE.

Parent!—who with speechless feeling
O'er thy cradled treasure bent,
Every year, new claims revealing,
Yet thy wealth of love unspent,—
Hast thou seen that blossom blighted,
By a drear, untimely frost?
All thy labor unrequited?
Every glorious promise lost?

Wife!—with agony unspoken,
Shrinking from affliction's rod,
Is thy prop,—thine idol broken,—
Fondly trusted,—next to God?
Husband!—o'er thy hope a mourner,
Of thy chosen friend asham'd,
Hast thou to her burial borne her,
Unrepentant,—unreclaimed?

Child!—in tender weakness turning
To thy heaven-appointed guide,
Doth a lava-poison burning,
Tinge with gall, affection's tide?
Still that orphan-burden bearing,
Darker than the grave can show,
Dost thou bow thee down despairing,
To a heritage of woe?

Country!—on thy sons depending,
Strong in manhood, bright in bloom,
Hast thou seen thy pride descending
Shrouded,—to th' unhonor'd tomb?
Rise!—on eagle-pinion soaring,—
Rise!—like one of Godlike birth,—
And Jehovah's aid imploring,
Sweep the Spoiler from the earth.

L. H. S.

The following beautiful lines have been very generally ascribed to the pen of the Hon. R. H. Wilde, a member of the present House of Representatives from the State of Georgia. We do not know that Mr. W. has ever confessed the authorship, but we think that they would not discredit even their supposed origin. We have had the pleasure to read some of Mr. Wilde's brilliant speeches in Congress, and we are confident that they are the emanations of a mind deeply imbued with the spirit of poesy. Not that we thence necessarily infer that these lines are the genuine offspring of his muse—but merely allude to the character of his parliamentary efforts, in connexion with the common opinion that the poetry is from the same source. One of our present objects is to give what we conceive to be a correct version of these admired lines; for in almost all the copies we have seen, we have been struck with several gross errors, alike injurious to their sense and harmony. Not the least remarkable of these errors has been the uniform substitution of *Tempè* for some other word,—thereby imputing to the author the geographical blunder of converting the delightful and classic valley of Greece, into a desert shore or strand. We have no doubt that *Tampa* is the word originally written by the author, there being a bay of that name in Florida sometimes described on the maps as the bay of Espiritu Santo.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
And ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die;
Yet on that rose's humble bed
The softest dews of night are shed
As though she wept such waste to see,
But none shall drop one tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
Which trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless;—and soon to pass away:
Yet when that leaf shall fall and fade
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The wind bemoan the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the print, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand,
Soon as the rising tide shall beat
Their trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none shall thus lament for me.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER EVE.

By Mrs. D. P. Brown.

Fair little flow'r, may no rude storm
Impair thy early bloom,—
No cank'rous grief that smile deform,
Or antedate its doom.

In soul be ever as thou art
Mild, merciful, and kind,
Date all enjoyments from the heart,
All conquests from the mind.

The body is an empty thing,
Frail, worthless, weak, and vain;
The *mind* alone can pleasure bring,
Or soothe the bed of pain.

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What is the gaudy casket, when
The priceless jewel's gone?
Such to the eyes of noble men,
Is beauty's charm *alone*.

Fashion may decorate the brow,
Fortune the eye allure,
But nothing *worldly* can bestow
Those treasures which *endure*.

Then fix, my child, thy hopes above;
All earthly joys deceive:
Rest solely on a Saviour's love,
My gentle daughter *Eve*.

Philadelphia.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO MY CHILDREN—ON NEW-YEAR.

By Mrs. D. P. Brown.

Another year has wing'd its flight,
And left us where it found us,
In health, affection, and delight,
With every charm around us.

The overseeing Eye of Heaven
Has guided, guarded, cheer'd us,
Its bounteous hand has freely given,
Its bounteous love endeared us.

Time shall roll on, and still each year
Enhance our mutual pleasure,—
Tho' fortune frown on our career
The *heart* shall be our treasure:

And when at last stern Fate's decree
Our kindred souls shall sever,
In regions of eternity
They'll join in joy forever.

Philadelphia.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MUSINGS—*By the Author of Vyvyan.*

A patchwork of disjointed things—
Of grave and gay imaginings.—*The Visionary.*

My thoughts resemble scattered leaves,
Which Fancy, like the Sybil, weaves,
Just as may suit her wayward whim,
Into a many colored dream.

* * * * * *

A tablet resteth on my knee—
The gift of one most dear to me;
Upon its fair unwritten face
My pencil now and then may trace
The flitting visions of my mind,
Like cloud-forms varying in the wind—
Too incoherent, wild and roving,
To weave into a song of loving—
Such as might suit the gentle ear
Of one—I wish to heaven were here.

All things breathe loveliness—the sky
Looks on me like my lady's eye,
Clear—beautiful as crystal blue
And darkling in its own bright hue.
The faint air, sighing from the south,
Steals sweetly o'er my cheek and brow,
As late I felt and *fancy* now
The breath of her own rosy mouth
When, in her eagerness to look
Into the pages of my book
She stood by, o'er my shoulder leaning,
In innocent but simple meaning.

* * * * * *

Amid the voiceless wild
Of the ancestral forest,
I feel even as a child,
Whose pleasure is the surest
When most by wonderment beguiled.
A lovely lake before me sleeps,
Whose quiet on my spirit creeps—
Around and o'er me, solemn trees
Of the eternal forest, dart
Their wildly straggling boughs athwart
The sky—with their rich panoplies
Of varied foliage. Here and there
A withered trunk by storms laid bare,
Spectre like—whitening in the air,
Spreads wide and far its skeleton limbs,
Where, up the creeping verdure climbs,
And wreathes its draperies, ere they fall,
In festoons so fantastical.

* * * * * *

Here moves the Genius of Romance,
With lofty mien and eagle glance—
No plumed casque adorns his brow—
No glittering falchion does he wield—
Nor lance bears he, nor 'scutcheoned shield.
Nor among fallen columns low,
Behold him crouch and muse upon
The shattered forms of sculptured stone—
Fair classic marbles, which recall
The glories of an ancient time—
Its pride—its splendor and its fall—
Such things belong not to our clime.
The Genius of our Solitude
Stalks forth in hunter's garb arrayed,
A child of nature—wild and rude—
Yet not averse to gentle mood:
The same high spirit, undismayed,
Amid the stormy battles roar,
As when he wooes his dusky maid,
Beside some dim lake's lonely shore;
Or paddles his skiff at eventide,
O'er Niagara's waters wide.

* * * * * *

'Tis sweet to sit alone, and muse
In such a spot as this—
Thus imperceptibly to lose
In dim, imagined bliss,
The vulgar thoughts and cares that shroud
The spirits of the busy crowd—
That chain their grovelling minds to earth
And wretched things of little worth.
Years seem not many, since a child,
I loved to haunt this pathless wild,
And wearied lay me down to rest
Upon some broad rock's mossy breast,
Lulled by a dreamy listless thought,
From loneliness and quiet caught—

Or, prying with most curious eye
Into dark hollows, to descry
Some robber haunt or hidden grot,
Where haply it might be my lot,
Like Alla-Ad-Deen, to find a treasure
Of gems and jewels without measure.
But what a change is wrought since then!
I've mingled with the world and men,
Who scoff at boyhood's guiltless joys,
Yet scorn them but for *greater* toys.
Well—let them mar their health for fame,
And waste their days, to gain a name,
Built on the rabble's wretched praise,
Whose voice awhile may sink or raise,
But cannot rescue from the lot
Old Time, the despot, hath assigned
Impartially to all earth's kind.
Such record vain I envy not,
Nor burn with mightier men to mate--
The followers of a fiercer fate,
Who trample on all human good
To win awards least understood.
Such is renown reaped with the sword—
Such glory! Empty, fatal word,
That lures men on through fire and flood—
Through scenes of rapine, crime and blood,
To write in history's page, a tale,
O'er which their fellow man grows pale.
Could half the tears they cause to flow
Bedew that page—how few could read
The blotted record of each deed,
Which laid the brave by thousands low
And broke more living hearts with wo,
That ONE might be what good men hate,
And fools and knaves miscal "THE GREAT."

ORIGINAL LITERARY NOTICES.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS, DELIVERED BY THE REV. STEPHEN OLIN, President of Randolph-Macon College, on the occasion of his induction into office, 5th March, 1834. *Richmond: Nesbitt & Walker.*

RANDOLPH-MACON College is a new institution, in Mecklenburg county, Virginia; and President Olin, we believe, is a late comer into the state: at least we are so ignorant as not to have heard of him before. If we are permitted to judge from the "inaugural address," we congratulate the commonwealth upon the acquisition of an instructor of solid endowments, sound practical views, and elegant taste. He treats the subject of education like one who had thoroughly mastered the philosophy upon which it is founded—and who evidently prefers to be guided by the safe lights of experience, rather than by the specious but uncertain theories which acquire a transient popularity—but which cannot bear the test of sound investigation and analysis. President Olin, we think, combats with effect a very popular error, to wit: that education ought to be so directed as to subserve a particular profession or pursuit; in other words, that the profession or pursuit of a young man ought to be previously selected, and the course of instruction made to conform accordingly. Now nothing, in our view, can be more preposterous; and we concur entirely with the President in the opinion, that *one of the objects of education is to develop the intellectual aptitudes and moral qualities*, and that these when developed, should entirely control the preference or choice of a profession. Not that if these aptitudes and qualities when manifested, should point in an evil direction, they should therefore be indulged. By no means. The primary object of education should be—the highest development of morals and intellect. In the pursuit of this great object however, if the course of instruction is rightly ordered, the predominant aptitudes and qualities will appear—and then is the time for the judicious parent or guardian to co-operate with the wise indications of nature.

In conformity to this view of the subject, the President urges the choice of such studies in a collegiate course, as have a tendency to *enlarge*, *invigorate* and *discipline* the mind. To the mathematics he assigns a high rank. "They habituate the mind to protracted and difficult efforts of attention, and to clear and lively perception of truth, and at the same time furnish it with principles and facts of inestimable value in many of the departments of useful industry and philosophical research."

Nor does he attach less importance to the study of the Greek and Roman languages. In the opinion of President Olin they "give useful employment to the intellectual faculties at a period when they are incompetent to more abstract and severe occupations. They call up the attention to such short and easy, but repeated efforts, as are best calculated to correct its wanderings and increase its energies. The mind is accustomed to analysis and comparison, and its powers of discrimination are improved by frequent exercises in declension, inflexion and derivation, and by the constant necessity that is imposed upon it, of deciding between the claims of rival definitions. The memory is engaged in the performance of such tasks as are precisely fitted for its development, and the judgment and other reasoning faculties find ample and invigorating employment in the application of grammatical rules, and the investigation of philological principles." We wish we had space for the whole of Mr. Olin's remarks upon classical learning. He considers the growing scepticism in reference to its utility and importance as an evil omen.

Next to pure and mixed mathematics and the learned languages, the President is inclined to give a place to intellectual philosophy. "It familiarises the student with the laws and the phenomena of mind, and with such efforts of subtle analysis and difficult combination as are best fitted to enlarge and fill the grasp of the highest intellectual capacities." He also recommends as subordinate, but highly important studies—composition and eloquence—moral and natural philosophy—chemistry—the French language—and geology and mineralogy.

Mr. Olin opposes with much force the excessive multiplication of studies without a correspondent prolongation of the collegiate term. "The industry which was profitably directed to a few, may be divided amongst a multitude of objects; but it will incur the inevitable penalty of fitful and dissipated intellectual exertion—superficial attainments and vicious intellectual habits." In what is denominated the art of educa-

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tion, the President is not inclined to set as high a value upon the lecture system as upon the mode of frequent recitations from well digested text books. From the history of the two universities, and of the literature of Scotland and England for the last century, he is led to draw the conclusion that the "lecture system is more favorable to the improvement of the professor, and the reputation of the university—whilst the opposite method has been more productive of thorough and accomplished scholars."

Upon the subject of moral restraint and college discipline, Mr. Olin is forcible and interesting. With a mind well organized for the clear perception of truth, we take the President to be fearless in proclaiming his convictions, without stopping to calculate the strength of opposing prejudices and opinions. He does not hesitate to come up boldly to the mark, and to advocate the only rational system by which our erring nature, and especially our youthful nature, can be brought to a just sense of what is due to its own interests, as well as to the requirements of society. Upon this subject, however, we prefer that the President should speak for himself.

"In proportion as virtue is more valuable than knowledge, pure and enlightened morality will be regarded by every considerate father the highest recommendation of a literary institution. The youth is withdrawn from the salutary restraints of parental influence and authority, and committed to other guardians, at a time of life most decisive of his prospects and destinies. The period devoted to education usually impresses its own character upon all his future history. Vigilant supervision, employment, and seclusion from all facilities and temptations to vice, are the ordinary and essential securities which every institution of learning is bound to provide for the sacred interests which are committed to its charge. But safeguards and negative provisions are not sufficient. The tendencies of our nature are retrograde, and they call for the interposition of positive remedial influences. The most perfect human society speedily degenerates, if the active agencies which were employed in its elevation are once withdrawn or suspended. What then can be expected of inexperienced youth, sent forth from the pure atmosphere of domestic piety, and left to the single support of its own untested and unsettled principles, in the midst of circumstances which often prove fatal to the most practised virtue! I frankly confess that I see no safety but in the preaching of the cross, and in a clear and unfaltering exhibition of the doctrines and sanctions of christianity. The beauty and excellence of virtue are excusable topics, though they must ever be inefficient motives, with those who reject the authority of revelation; but in a christian land, morality divorced from religion, is the emptiest of all the empty names by which a deceitful philosophy has blinded and corrupted the world. I venture to affirm, that this generation has not given birth to another absurdity so monstrous, as that which would exclude from our seminaries of learning the open and vigorous inculcation of the religious faith which is acknowledged by our whole population, and which pervades every one of our free institutions. Our governors and legislators, and all the depositaries of honor and trust, are prohibited from exercising their humblest functions till they have pledged their fidelity to the country upon the holy gospels. The most inconsiderable pecuniary interest is regarded too sacred to be entrusted to the most upright judge or juror, or to the most unsuspected witness, till their integrity has been fortified by an appeal to the high sanctions of christianity. Even the exercise of the elective franchise is usually suspended upon the same condition. The interesting moralities of the domestic relations—the laws of marriage and divorce—the mutual obligations of parents and children—are all borrowed from the christian scriptures. The fears of the vicious and the hopes of the upright—the profane ribaldry of the profligate, no less than the humble thanksgiving of the morning and evening sacrifice, do homage to the gospel as the religion of the American people. Our eloquence and our poetry—our periodical and popular literature in all their varieties—the novel, the tale, the ballad, the play, all make their appeal to the deep sentiments of religion that pervade the popular bosom. Christianity is our birthright. It is the richest inheritance bequeathed us by our noble fathers. It is mingled in our hearts with all the fountains of sentiment and of faith. And are the guardians of public education alone 'halting between two opinions?' Do they think that in fact, and for practical purposes, the truth of christianity is still a debateable question? Is it still a question whether the generations yet to rise up and occupy the wide domains of this great empire—to be the representatives of our name, our freedom and our glory, before the nations of the earth, shall be a christian or an infidel people? Can wise and practical men who are engaged in rearing up a temple of learning to form the character and destinies of their posterity, for a moment hesitate to make 'Jesus Christ the chief corner stone?'"

It is not to be supposed, however, that Mr. Olin is in favor of subjecting our public seminaries to the control of any particular religious denomination, or that the faith of the student is either to be influenced or regulated by sectarian views. On the contrary, he considers that such a course would be a manifest violation of the principles of free government. His remarks upon the internal discipline of a college are sound and excellent. He is decidedly opposed to that "multitude of vexatious enactments," and those frivolous and arbitrary regulations which too often disgrace our seats of learning. In the administration of such wise and salutary laws, however, as experience has proved to be necessary, President Olin refers to the co-operation of parents and guardians as absolutely essential. We wish that conviction on this subject was more general than it is, and that all who are in any wise responsible for the intellectual and moral training of youth, whether at colleges, academies, or private schools, would consider the importance of sustaining, by parental authority, the just and wholesome government of the teacher. A weak or capricious parent, who from false tenderness, countenances the wayward inclinations of a child in opposition to school authority, is not only inflicting upon it irreparable mischief, but is doing equal injury to others by the encouragement of a bad example.

A Discourse on the Life and Character of Wm. Wirt, late Attorney General of the United States; pronounced at the request of the Baltimore Bar before the Citizens of Baltimore, on the 20th of May, 1834, by John P. Kennedy. *Baltimore: Wm. & Joseph Neal.* 1834.

Mr. Kennedy is favorably known as an eloquent lawyer and literary writer of distinction. The task therefore of delineating the character and genius of Mr. Wirt, could not have been confided to abler hands. We have read his oration with great pleasure; a pleasure it is true, alloyed by the reflection that the country has sustained a bereavement so afflicting and irreparable. There is a mournful satisfaction in recalling the eminent

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virtues, and matchless accomplishments of the deceased,—in dwelling upon his bright example, and retracing the incomparable graces and excellencies which adorned his public and private character. Mr. Kennedy has touched with the hand of a master, the sad but brilliant theme, and has poured forth in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn"—a most eloquent tribute to the memory of one of the brightest and purest spirits of the age. Mr. Wirt, though a native of Maryland, was in truth a Virginian, by all the endearing ties of social and domestic life. He spent the prime of his youth and manhood among us, and it was here in the Metropolis of the Old Dominion, that he reared that enduring fabric of illustrious talent and virtue which placed him first among his equals--and which will long be embalmed in the recollection of his contemporaries. Hundreds in this city, still remember those surpassing triumphs of his genius as an orator and advocate, achieved in the celebrated trial of Burr;—how he depicted in colors glowing and beautiful the enchanting island of Blennerhassett—the misery of his disconsolate wife—and the wiles of that evil genius who entered the Paradise of the Ohio, and withered forever its enjoyments. Hundreds here and elsewhere have hung with ecstasy over the rich pages of the "British Spy" and "Old Batchelor"--have listened to the magic of his voice both in public and colloquial discourse—and have been constant eyewitnesses of the "daily beauty" and sublime morality of his life. Proudly and sacredly however as his native and adopted states ought to cherish his memory—the fame of such a man as Wirt, must be regarded as the property of the whole nation. His great and commanding genius illustrated and adorned the age and country in which he lived, and thousands and tens of thousands of American bosoms have exulted at the thought that *he was their countryman.*

In one respect especially, Mr. Wirt was an uncommon man. Most persons distinguished for their moral and intellectual qualities, have at some time or other, been the objects of illiberal censure. Greatness is almost invariably the mark of envy, and envy gives birth to detraction. The deceased however, it is believed, lived and died without an enemy. His manners were so bland and gentle—his purposes so pure—and his life so blameless—that even malice had no nourishment left whereon to feed. In the language of Mr. Kennedy "he possessed, in a remarkable degree, that trait which has been called simplicity of heart—it was single mindedness, straight forward candor. His manners had the wayward playfulness of a boy, that won upon, and infected with their own buoyancy every class of his associates, from the youngest to the oldest—from the humblest retainer about his person, or casual stranger, to the most eminent and most intimate."

In analyzing the intellectual qualities of the deceased, Mr. Kennedy is inclined to the opinion, that powerful as was his legal acumen, and almost unsurpassed his eloquence, yet, that if circumstances had permitted an exclusive devotion to literary pursuits, his fame might have become still more brilliant. We cannot forbear to extract from the oration, the whole passage which illustrates this idea.

"In taking this survey of the chief productions of Mr. Wirt's pen, I am tempted to pause for a moment, to express my regret that the pursuits of his life had not been more decidedly applied to literary labors, than either circumstances or his own choice seem to have permitted. He was remarkably qualified by the character of his mind, and, I think I am warranted in saying, by his inclination, to attain great distinction in these pursuits. A career, in a larger degree, directed to this end would certainly have been not less honorable to himself, nor less useful to his country, and, I would fain persuade myself, not less profitable,—although the consideration of gain be but an unworthy stimulant to the glorious rewards which should interest the ambition of genius. He had, however, a large family around him who depended upon him for protection; and it may be that, surveying the sad history of the gifted spirits who have lighted the path of mankind with the lamps of their own minds and made their race rich with the treasures of wisdom and science, he has turned distrustfully from the yearnings of his ambition, and followed the broader and more certain track that led to professional fame and wealth. I can excuse him for the choice, whilst I lament over the dispensation of human rule by which the latter pursuits should have such an advantage.

"As a literary man he would have acquired a more permanent renown than the nature of professional occupation or the exercises of the forum are capable of conferring upon their votaries. The pen of genius erects its own everlasting monument; but the triumphs of the speaker's eloquence, vivid, brilliant and splendid as they are, live but in the history of their uncertain effects and in the intoxicating applause of the day:—to incredulous posterity they are distrusted tradition, the extravagant boasting of an elder age prone by its nature to disparage the present by the narrated glories of the past. So has it, even now, befallen the name of Patrick Henry, whom not all his affectionate biographer's learned zeal has rescued from the unbelieving smile of but a second generation. The glory of Cicero lives more conspicuously in his written philosophy than even in his speeches, which, although transmitted by his own elaborate and polished hand, may rather be assigned to his literary than to his forensic fame.

"Mr. Wirt had many inducements to the cultivation of letters. He might have entered upon the field, in this country, almost without a rival. Our nation, young in the career of liberal arts, had but few names to reckon when asked, as she has sometimes been in derision, where were the evidences of her scholarship. Her pride would have pointed to a man like William Wirt with a peculiar complacency. His comprehensive and philosophical mind, acute and clear-sighted, was well adapted to master the truths of science: it was fruitful and imaginative and full of beautiful illustration. He had wit and humor of the highest flavor, combined with a quick and accurate observation of character: his taste, sensitive and refined, delighted in the harmony and truth of nature: his full memory furnished him abundant stores of learning: his style, rich and clear, like a fountain of sparkling waters played along a channel of golden sands and bright crystals and through meads begirt with flowers. Above all, the tendency of his mind was to usefulness: he indited no thought that did not serve to inculcate virtuous sentiments, noble pursuits, love of country, the value of generous and laudable ambition, trust in Heaven, or earnest attachment to duty. He has embellished and vivified the grave experience of age with all the warm enthusiasm of youth, and has taught his countrymen the most severe and self-denying devotion to purposes of good, in lessons of so amiable a tone, as to win many a young champion to virtue by the kindness of his persuasion. His sketches of character are pleasantly graphic, and leave us room to believe that, either, in the drama or in that species of fictitious history which the great enchanter of this age has made so popular a vehicle for profound philosophy, he would have attained to an exalted fame. In short, there are

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but few amongst us who, in scholarship, learning, observation or facility and beauty of expression, may claim to be ranked with William Wirt."

Our readers must not be denied the pleasure of another quotation in which Mr. Wirt's powers of oratory are sketched with a graphic pencil.

"He was a powerful orator, and had the art to sway courts and juries with a master's spirit. The principal traits of his eloquence were great clearness and force in laying the foundations of an argument, and the steady pursuit of it through the track of logical deduction. He was ingenious in choosing his position, and, that once taken, his hearers were borne to his conclusion upon a tide almost as irresistible as that which wafts the idle skiff upon the Potomac, downward from the mountains to the last cataract that meets the ebb and flood of the sea. In this train of earnest argumentation the attention of his auditory was kept alive by a vivid display of classic allusion, by flashes of wit and merriment, and by the familiar imagery which was called in aid to give point to his demonstrations, or light to what the subject rendered obscure to the common apprehension. He sometimes indulged in satire and invective, and, where the subject called for it, in stern denunciation. Many have felt with what indignant power these weapons have been wielded in his hand. His utterance, in early life, was said to have been confused and ungraceful. Practice had conquered these defects, and no man spoke with a more full, effortless and unobstructed fluency. His diction was scrupulously neat, and might have often deceived an audience into the opinion that his speeches were prepared in the closet. His manner was remarkably impressive. Endowed with a commanding figure, a singularly graceful carriage and with a countenance of manly and thoughtful beauty, that struck an instant sense of respect into all that looked upon him, he was pre-eminent in that most significant trait of an orator, action. We can all remember the rich and flowing music of that voice which was wont to stir the inmost souls of our tribunals and bring down the loud applause of delighted bystanders; the dignity with which we have seen his majestic person dilate itself before the judgment seat; the ineffable grace that beamed upon the broad expanse of his brow, and the kindled transport of his fine face, in those wrapt moments when his mind was all in a blaze with the inspirations of his own eloquence. These were the rare gifts that imparted a charm to his oratory, which often wrought more powerfully for the success of his cause than even the efficacy of 'right words set in order.'"

We shall conclude with one more passage, in which the man who filled so large a space in the public eye—whose eloquence placed him on the highest pedestal of fame, and whose writings have charmed by their richness and beauty so many thousand readers—is exhibited in a light more attractive and enduring than the highest human attainments are able to bestow. Mr. Wirt looked far beyond the narrow bounds of earth for his reward. He saw that neither wealth, nor power, nor fame, could satisfy the immortal cravings of the mind—and he lifted up his thoughtful eye to another and more permanent state of being.

"Lastly, he was a zealous and faithful christian. In such a mind as his, so inquiring, so masterly, so discriminating, religion was the child of his judgment, not the creation of his passion. It was an earnest, abiding sense of truth, and showed itself in daily exercise and constant acknowledgment. With the sublime system of revelation resting ever in his thoughts, the christian law hung like a tablet upon his breast, and duty ever pointed her finger to the sculptured commands that were graven there to serve him as a manual of practice. He loved old forms and old opinions, and, with something like a patriarch's reverence, he headed his little family flock on their Sunday walks to church: morning and evening he gathered them together, and on bended knee, invoked his Father's blessing on his household; and at the daily meal bowed his calm and prophet-like figure over the family repast, to ask that grace of the Deity, on which his heart rested with its liveliest hope, and to express that thankfulness which filled and engrossed his soul. Such was this man in the retirement of his domestic hearth, and thus did his affections, in that little precinct, bloom with the daily increasing virtues of love of family, of friends, of his country and of his God."

We hope that Mr. Kennedy's discourse will be extensively circulated and read. We confess that we rose from its perusal much wiser, better, and happier than before. It not only gave play to the imagination, but it distilled precious dews of thought and feeling, the memory of which is still delightful.

A Letter to his Countrymen. By J. Fenimore Cooper.—*New York: John Wiley.* 1834.

Mr. Cooper's letter is partly private and controversial, and partly political, and therefore any thing like an extended notice or review of it does not fall within the range which has been prescribed for the "Southern Literary Messenger." We cannot but express our regret, however, that Mr. Cooper should have suffered himself to be seduced into the arena of party politics. Upon that theatre he will meet with many distinguished rivals—whereas he had none or few to contend with on his favorite ground of romantic fiction. Is it possible that Mr. Cooper will suffer himself to be driven from the field on which he has earned so many enduring laurels, by the criticisms or even illnature of a few newspaper editors? Why, if we had been fortunate enough to write the "Red Rover," or even the "Bravo," we would have good humoredly defied the whole fraternity from Maine to New Orleans. Mr. Cooper forgets that there are thousands, who form their own opinions of literary works, without ever once thinking to turn over the pages of a daily or semi-weekly instructor in order to learn its opinion. What if some of his finest romances have been criticised? Is there any human production which can be said to be perfect? Even Walter Scott acknowledged that his "Monastery" and probably some of his other works were total failures. We hope to spend many a long winter night yet in reading some of Mr. Cooper's new novels.

Diary of an Ennuyee. *Boston: Lilly, Wait, Colman & Holden.* 1833.

We opened this book, we confess, with some reluctance. The reading world has been so completely surfeited, especially in late years, by works of the same description,—by the diaries and letters of travellers and tourists,—and many of them have been so obviously designed to encourage the art of *book making*, rather than to impart solid instruction or intellectual pleasure, that we had almost resolved to proscribe altogether that branch of literature. France, Switzerland and Italy, have, moreover, been so often described, that neither the theatre of Napoleon's glory, nor the sub-

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limities of Alpine scenery—nor the classical antiquities of the "Eternal City"—could impart any longer, it was supposed, the grace or freshness of novelty to the sketches of a new adventurer. Fortunately for us, however, we did not carry our resolution into effect, until we looked into the charming volume whose title is at the head of this article. For rich and powerful thought,—for glowing and beautiful description,—for chaste composition and elegance of taste, we have seldom or never seen it surpassed. It is, too, the production of a lady,—an English woman of rank and fortune, who seems to have visited the sunny clime of Italy in order to restore a constitution wasted by disease, and if possible, alleviate some secret misery which was "feeding on her damask cheek" and withering her heart.—Notwithstanding her efforts to conceal her wretchedness, enough is told to excite the reader's sympathy and impart a melancholy interest to the narrative. She finally fell a victim to her sufferings, and found at the age of twenty-six, a premature grave at Autun, in France, on her return to her native England.

In the course of her pilgrimage she visited Paris, Geneva, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Genoa, and various other cities. All the wonders of art and glories of nature in Italy's elysian land, seem to have borrowed additional splendor and beauty from the touches of her magic pencil—and in her reflections upon men and manners there is a purity of sentiment which could neither be sullied by the temptations of wealth and fashion, nor by the prevalence of licentious customs in that voluptuous climate.

We cannot deny to our readers the pleasure of a few extracts, which will fully justify the estimate we have placed upon this delightful volume.

The frivolous extravagance which in many things characterises the French people, and especially the Parisian circles, is thus described:

"*La mode* at Paris is a spell of wondrous power: it is most like what we should call in England a rage, a mania, a torrent sweeping down the bounds between good and evil, sense and nonsense, upon whose surface straws and egg-shells float into notoriety, while the gold and the marble are buried and hidden till its force be spent. The rage for cashmeres and little dogs, has lately given way to a rage for Le Solitaire, a Romance written, I believe, by a certain vicomte d'Arlincourt. Le Solitaire rules the imagination, the taste, the dress of half Paris: if you go to the theatre, it is to see the 'Solitaire;' either as tragedy, opera, or melodrame: the men dress their hair and throw their cloaks about them *à la Solitaire;* bonnets and caps, flounces and ribbons are all *à la Solitaire;* the print shops are full of scenes from Le Solitaire; it is on every toilette, on every work table;—ladies carry it about in their reticules to show each other that they are à la mode; and the men—what can they do but humble their understandings and be *extasiés*, when beautiful eyes sparkle in its defence, and glisten in its praise, and ruby lips pronounce it, divine, delicious, 'quelle sublimité dans les descriptions, quelle force dans les caractères! quelle âme! quel feu! quelle chaleur! quelle verve! quelle originalité! quelle passion!' &c.

"'Vous n'avez pas lu le Solitaire?' said Madame M. yesterday; 'eh mon dieu! est-il donc possible! vous? mais, ma chère, vous êtes perdue de reputation, et pour jamais!'

"To retrieve my lost reputation, I sat down to read Le Solitaire, and as I read, my amazement grew, and I did in 'gaping wonderment abound,' to think that fashion, like the insane root of old, had power to drive a whole city mad with nonsense; for such a tissue of abominable absurdities, bombast, and blasphemy, bad taste and bad language, was never surely indited by any madman, in or out of Bedlam: not Maturin himself, that king of fustian,

> '—— ever wrote or borrowed,
> Any horror half so horrid!'

and this is the book which has turned the brains of half Paris, which has gone through fifteen editions in a few weeks, which not to admire is '*pitoyable*,' and not to have read '*quelque chose d'inouïe*.'"

Again,

"This is the place to live in for the merry poor man, or the melancholy rich one; for those who have too much money, and those who have too little; for those who only wish like the Irishman, 'to live all the days of their life,'—*prendre en légère monnoie la somme des plaisirs*—but to the thinking, the feeling, the domestic man, who only exists, enjoys, suffers through his affections—

> 'Who is retired as noontide dew,
> Or fountain in a noonday grove —'

to such a one, Paris must be nothing better than a vast frippery shop, an ever varying galanty show, an eternal vanity fair, a vortex of folly, a pandemonium of vice."

At Milan the fair invalid was induced to visit the Scala, where she saw the *Didone Abandonnato*, a ballet by Vigano. This piece was founded upon the loves of Dido and Eneas, and the celebrated cavern scene in the 4th book of Virgil was copied *almost* to the life. A noble English family just arrived at Milan, was present at the performance, and the effect upon one of its members is thus described:

"In the front of the box sat a beautiful girl, apparently not fifteen, with laughing lips and dimpled cheeks, the very personification of blooming, innocent, *English* loveliness. I watched her, (I could not help it, when my interest was once awakened,) through the whole scene. I marked her increased agitation: I saw her cheeks flush, her eyes glisten, her bosom flutter, as if with sighs I could not overhear, till at length, overpowered with emotion, she turned away her head, and covered her eyes with her hand. Mothers!—English mothers! who bring your daughters abroad to finish their education—do ye well to expose them to scenes like these, and *force* the young bud of early feeling in such a precious hotbed as this?——Can a finer finger on the piano,—a finer taste in painting, or any possible improvement in foreign arts, and foreign graces, compensate for one taint on that moral purity, which has ever been, (and may it ever be!) the boast, the charm of Englishwomen? But what have I to do with all this?—I came here to be amused and to forget:—not to moralize, or to criticise."

The picture of Venice, "throned on her hundred isles," is vivid and beautiful.

"The morning we left Padua was bright, lovely and cloudless. Our drive along the shores of the Brenta crowned with innumerable villas and gay gardens was delightful; and the moment of our arrival at Fusina, where we left our carriages to embark in gondolas, was the most auspicious that could possibly have been chosen. It was about four o'clock: the sun was just declining towards the west; the whole surface of the *lagune* smooth as a mirror, appeared as if paved with fire;—and Venice with her towers and domes, indistinctly glittering in the distance, rose before us like a gorgeous exhalation from the bosom of the ocean. It is farther from the shore than I expected. As we approached, the splendor faded: but the interest and the

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wonder grew. I can conceive nothing more beautiful, more singular, more astonishing, than the first appearance of Venice, and sad indeed will be the hour when she sinks, (as the poet prophecies) 'into the slime of her own canals.'

"The moment we had disembarked our luggage at the inn, we hired gondolas and rowed to the Piazza di San Marco. Had I seen the church of St. Mark any where else, I should have exclaimed against the bad taste which every where prevails in it: but Venice is the proper region of the fantastic, and the Church of St. Mark, with its four hundred pillars of every different order, color, and material; its oriental cupolas, and glittering vanes, and gilding and mosaics, assimilates with all around it: and the kind of pleasure it gives is suitable to the place and people.

"After dinner I had a chair placed on the balcony of our inn, and sat for some time contemplating a scene altogether new and delightful. The arch of the Rialto, just gleamed through the deepening twilight; long lines of palaces, at first partially illuminated, faded away at length into gloomy and formless masses of architecture; the gondolas glided to and fro, their glancing lights reflected on the water. There was a stillness all around me, solemn and strange in the heart of a great city. No rattling carriages shook the streets, no trampling of horses echoed along the pavement:—the silence was broken only by the melancholy cry of the gondoliers, and the dash of their oars; by the low murmur of human voices, by the chime of the vesper bells, borne over the water, and the sounds of music raised at intervals along the canals. The poetry, the romance of the scene stole upon me unawares. I fell into a reverie, in which visionary forms and recollections gave way to dearer and sadder realities, and my mind seemed no longer in my own power. I called upon the lost, the absent, to share the present with me—I called upon past feelings to enhance that moment's delight. I did wrong—and memory avenged herself as usual. I quitted my seat on the balcony, with despair at my heart, and drawing to the table took out my books and work. So passed our first evening at Venice."

At Florence she met with the poet Rogers, who seems to have been a familiar acquaintance:

"Samuel Rogers paid us a long visit this morning. He does not look as if the suns of Italy had *revivified* him—but he is as *amiable* and amusing as ever. He talked long, *et avec beaucoup d'onction*, of ortolans and figs; till methought it was the very poetry of epicurism; and put me in mind of his own suppers—

> 'Where blushing fruits through scatter'd leaves invite,
> Still clad in bloom and veil'd in azure light.
> The wine as rich in years as Horace sings;'

and the rest of his description worthy of a poetical Apicius.

"Rogers may be seen every day about eleven or twelve, in the Tribune, seated opposite to the Venus, which appears to be the exclusive object of his adoration; and gazing, as if he hoped, like another Pygmalion, to animate the statue: or rather, perhaps, that the statue might animate *him*. A young Englishman of fashion, with as much talent as espiéglerie, placed an epistle in verse between the fingers of the statue, addressed to Rogers; in which the Goddess entreats him not to come there *ogling* her every day;—for though 'partial friends might deem him still alive,' she knew by his looks he had come from the other side of the Styx; and retained her *antique* abhorrence of the spectral dead, &c. &c. She concluded by beseeching him, if he could not desist from haunting her with his *ghostly* presence, at least to spare her the added misfortune of being be-rhymed by his Muse.

"Rogers with equal good nature and good sense, neither noticed these lines, nor withdrew his friendship and intimacy from the writer."

The fine arts which are cultivated with so much distinction in the "Etrurian Athens," attracted the particular attention of our accomplished traveller. Referring to the Dutch school and the Salle des Portraits,—she says,

"The Dutch and Flemish painters (in spite of their exquisite pots and pans, and cabbages and carrots, their birch brooms, in which you can count every twig, and their carpets in which you can reckon every thread) do not interest me; their landscapes too, however natural, are mere Dutch nature (with some brilliant exceptions,) fat cattle, clipped trees, boors and wind-mills. Of course I am not speaking of Vandyke, nor of Rubens, he that 'in the colors of the rainbow lived,' nor of Rembrandt, that king of clouds and shadows; but for mine own part, I would give up all that Mieris, Netscher, Teniers and Gerard Duow ever produced, for one of Claude's Eden-like creations, or one of Guido's lovely heads—or merely for the pleasure of looking at Titian's Flora once a day, I would give a whole gallery of Dutchmen, if I had them."

The following *coup-d'œil* of Florence is distinct and impressive:

"We then ascended the Campanile or Belfry Tower to see the view from its summit. Florence lay at our feet, diminished to a model of itself, with its walls and gates, its streets and bridges, palaces and churches, all and each distinctly visible; and beyond, the Val d'Arno with its amphitheatre of hills, villas, and its vineyards —classical Fiesole, with its ruined castle, and Monte Ulivetto, with its diadem of cypresses; luxuriant nature and graceful art, blending into one glorious picture, which no smoky vapors, no damp exhalations, blotted and discolored; but all was serenely bright and fair, gay with moving life, and rich with redundant fertility."

But it was in Rome, "the city of the soul," that the spirit of the authoress revelled amidst the magnificent trophies of art, and was refreshed in spite of pain and despondency, by the reviving beauties of nature.

"The weather is cold here during the prevalence of the tramontana: but I enjoy the brilliant skies, and the delicious purity of the air, which leaves the eye free to wander over a vast extent of space. Looking from the gallery of the Belvedere at sun-set this evening, I clearly saw Tivoli, Albano, and Frascati, although all Rome, and part of the Campagna lay between me and those towns. The outlines of every building, ruin, hill and wood, were so distinctly marked, and *stood out* so brightly to the eye! and the full round moon, magnified through the purple vapor which floated over the Appenines, rose just over Tivoli, adding to the beauty of the scene. O Italy! How I wish I could transport hither all I love! how I wish I were well enough, happy enough to enjoy all the lovely things I see! but pain is mingled with all I behold, all I feel: a cloud seems for ever before my eyes, a weight for ever presses down my heart. I know it is wrong to repine; and that I ought rather to be thankful for the pleasurable sensations yet spared to me, than lament that they are so few. When I take up my pen to record the impressions of the day, I sometimes turn within myself, and wonder how it is possible, that amid the strife of feelings not all subdued, and the desponding of the heart, the mind should still retain its faculties unobscured, and the imagination all its vivacity, and its susceptibility to pleasure,—like the beautiful sun-bow I saw at the falls of Terni, bending so bright and so calm over the verge of the abyss, which toiled and raged below."

Having visited and examined in detail, with the feelings of an amateur, almost every thing worthy of note

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in the ancient city—the sublime architecture of St. Peter's—the treasures of the Vatican and the Capitol—the numberless galleries of painting and sculpture—and having loitered with the spirit of an antiquary amidst the ruins of tombs and temples, our fair tourist describes the rapid *survey* which she made with a view to generalize the whole.

"For this purpose, making the Capitol a central point, I drove first slowly through the Forum, and made the circuit of the Palatine hill, then by the arch of Janus (which by a late decision of the antiquarians has no more to do with Janus than with Jupiter,) and the temple of Vesta, back again over the site of the Circus Maximus, between the Palatine and the Aventine (the scene of the Rape of the Sabines,) to the baths of Caracalla, where I spent an hour, musing, sketching, and poetizing; thence to the Church of San Stefano Rotundo, once a temple dedicated to Claudius by Agrippina; over the Celian hill, covered with masses of ruins, to the Church of St. John and St. Paul, a small but beautiful edifice: then to the neighboring church of San Gregorio, from the steps of which there is such a noble view. Thence I returned by the arch of Constantine, and the Coliseum, which frowned on me in black masses through the soft and deepening twilight, through the street now called the Suburra, but formerly the Via Scelerata, where Tullia trampled over the dead body of her father, and so over the Quirinal, home.

"My excursion was altogether delightful, and gave me the most magnificent, and I had almost said, the most *bewildering* ideas of the grandeur and extent of ancient Rome: every step was classic ground; illustrious names, and splendid recollections crowded upon the fancy—

'And trailing clouds of glory did they come.'

On the Palatine Hill were the houses of Cicero and the Gracchi: Horace, Virgil, and Ovid resided on the Aventine; and Mecænas and Pliny on the Æsquiline. If one little fragment of a wall remained, which could with any shadow of probability be pointed out as belonging to the residence of Cicero, Horace, or Virgil, how much dearer, how much more sanctified to memory would it be than all the magnificent ruins of the fabrics of the Cæsars! But no—all has passed away. I have heard the remains of Rome coarsely ridiculed, because after the researches of centuries, so little is comparatively known, because of the endless disputes of antiquarians, and the night and ignorance in which all is involved. But to the imagination there is something singularly striking in this mysterious veil which hangs like a cloud upon the objects around us. I trod to-day over shapeless masses of building, extending in every direction as far as the eye could reach. Who had inhabited the edifices I trampled under my feet? What hearts had burned—what heads had thought—what spirits had kindled *there*, where nothing was seen but a wilderness and waste, and heaps of ruins, to which antiquaries—even Nibby himself, dare not give a name? All swept away—buried beneath an ocean of oblivion, above which rise a few great and glorious names, like rocks, over which the billows of time break in vain."

Her journey from Rome to Naples was short and delightful. The following is one among innumerable descriptive passages in her diary:

"In some of the scenes of to-day—at Terracina particularly, there was a beauty beyond what I ever beheld or imagined: the scenery of Switzerland is of a different character, and on a different scale; it is beyond comparison grander, more gigantic, more overpowering, but it is not so poetical. Switzerland is not Italy—is not the enchanting *south*. This soft balmy air, these myrtles, orange groves, palm trees; these cloudless skies, this bright blue sea, and sunny hills, all breathe of an enchanted land; 'a land of Faery.'"

At Naples our traveller was fortunate enough to witness a brilliant eruption of Mount Vesuvius—and overcoming the natural timidity of her sex, she resolved to ascend the mountain at midnight attended by chosen guides and companions. Her account of the terrible spectacle is too graphic to withhold from our readers.

"Before eleven o'clock we reached the Hermitage, situated between Vesuvius and the Somma, and the highest habitation on the mountain. A great number of men were assembled within, and guides, lazzaroni, servants, and soldiers were lounging round. I alighted, for I was benumbed and tired, but did not like to venture among those people, and it was proposed that we should wait for the rest of our party a little farther on. We accordingly left our donkeys and walked forward upon a kind of high ridge, which serves to fortify the Hermitage and its environs, against the lava. From this path as we slowly ascended, we had a glorious view of the eruption, and the whole scene around us, in its romantic interest and terrible magnificence, mocked all power of description. There were, at this time, five distinct torrents of lava rolling down like streams of molten lead; one of which extended above two miles below us, and was flowing towards Portici. The showers of red hot stones flew up like thousands of sky rockets; many of them being shot up perpendicularly, fell back into the crater, others falling on the outside, bounded down the side of the mountain, with a velocity which would have distanced a horse at full speed: these stones were of every size, from two to ten or twelve feet in diameter.

"My ears were by this time wearied and stunned by the unceasing roaring and hissing of the flames, while my eyes were dazzled by the glare of the red, fierce light: now and then I turned them for relief, to other features of the picture, to the black shadowy masses of the landscape stretched beneath us, and speckled with little shining lights, which showed how many were up and watching that night; and often to the calm vaulted sky above our heads, where thousands of stars (not twinkling, as through our hazy or frosty atmosphere, but shining out of 'heaven's profoundest azure,' with that soft steady brilliance, peculiar to a highly rarified medium) looked down upon this frightful turmoil, in all their bright and placid loveliness. Nor should I forget one other feature of a scene, on which I looked with a painter's eye. Great numbers of the Austrian forces, now occupying Naples, were on the mountain, assembled in groups, some standing, some sitting, some stretched on the ground and wrapped in their cloaks, in various attitudes of amazement and admiration; and as the shadowy glare fell on their tall martial figures and glittering accoutrements, I thought I had never beheld any thing so wildly picturesque."

After spending the day with a select party of friends amidst the ruins of Pompeii, she draws the following picture of the celebrated environs of Naples.

"Of all the heavenly days we have had since we came to Naples, this has been the most heavenly; and of all the lovely scenes I have beheld in Italy, what I saw to-day has most enchanted my senses and imagination. The view from the eminence on which the old temple stood, and which was anciently the public promenade, was splendidly beautiful: the whole landscape was at one time overflowed with light and sunshine; and appeared as if seen through an impalpable but dazzling veil. Towards evening, the outlines became more distinct: the little white towns perched upon the hills, the gentle sea, the fairy island of Rivegliano with its old tower, the smoking crater of Vesuvius, the bold forms of Mount Lactarius and Cape Minerva, stood out full and clear under the cloudless sky; and as we returned, I saw the sun sink behind Capri,

which appeared by some optical illusion, like a glorious crimson transparency suspended above the horizon: the sky, the earth, the sea, were flushed with the richest rose color, which gradually softened and darkened into purple: the short twilight faded away, and the full moon, rising over Vesuvius, lighted up the scenery with a softer radiance."

We intended to have quoted other passages, in which our fair authoress sketches with striking eloquence, the exhibitions of *Sestine*, one of that extraordinary race called *Improvvisatori*—a race which seems to be almost peculiar to Italy; and which, far from being extinct, are still to be found in almost every town from Florence to Naples. Her description too of a splendid illumination at St. Peter's, and her just observations upon the works of the great masters, particularly of the *Divine Raffaelle*, are worthy of particular designation; but it would be an almost endless task to select passages from a work, which from beginning to end, and through almost every page, is a volume of thrilling interest. We shall content ourselves with one or two beautiful extracts distinguished for their deep moral tone, and somewhat connected, as we suppose, with that all-engrossing and mysterious source of melancholy which seems to have imbittered the peace and hastened the dissolution of this interesting female.

"It is sorrow which makes our experience; it is sorrow which teaches us to feel properly for ourselves and for others. We must feel deeply before we can think rightly. It is not in the tempest and storm of passions, we can reflect—but afterwards, when *the waters have gone over our soul;* and like the precious gems and the rich merchandise which the wild wave casts on the shore out of the wreck it has made—such are the thoughts left by retiring passions."

Again; what can be more affecting than her final adieu to Naples.

"When we turned into the Strada Chiaja, and I gave a last glance at the magnificent bay and the shores all resplendent with golden light; I could almost have exclaimed like Eve, 'must I then leave thee, Paradise!' and dropt a few natural tears—tears of weakness, rather than of grief: for what do I leave behind me worthy one emotion of regret? Even at Naples, even in this all-lovely land, 'fit haunt for gods,' has it not been with me as it has been elsewhere? as long as the excitement of change and novelty lasts, my heart can turn from itself 'to luxuriate with indifferent things:' but it cannot last long; and when it is over, I suffer, I am ill: the past returns with tenfold gloom; interposing like a dark shade between me and every object: an evil power seems to reside in every thing I see, to torment me with painful associations, to perplex my faculties, to irritate and mock me with the perception of what is lost to me: the very sunshine sickens me, and I am forced to confess myself weak and miserable as ever. O time! how slowly you move! how little you can do for me! and how bitter is that sorrow which has no relief to hope but from time alone!"

We shall quote only one of the many interesting specimens of poetry with which the volume is interspersed. It is an extempore translation of a beautiful sonnet of Zappi, an Italian poet.

"Love, by my fair one's side is ever seen,
He hovers round her steps, where'er she strays,
Breathes in her voice, and in her silence speaks,
Around her lives and lends her all his arms.

"Love is in every glance—Love taught her song;
And if she weep, or scorn contract her brow,
Still Love departs not from her, but is seen
Even in her lovely anger and her tears.

"When, in the mazy dance she glides along,
Still Love is near to poise each graceful step:
So breathes the zephyr o'er the yielding flower.

"Love in her brow is throned, plays in her hair,
Darts from her eye and glows upon her lip,
But oh! he never yet approached her heart!"

Upon the whole we earnestly recommend this book to the attention of the public, and especially to our fair countrywomen, whose pride and curiosity will be gratified in so rich an example of the taste and intellectual power of their own sex.

THE MAGDALEN AND OTHER TALES. By Jas. Sheridan Knowles, author of Virginius, The Hunchback, The Wife, &c. *Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.* 1833.

SKETCHES, by Mrs. Sigourney. *Philadelphia: Key & Biddle.* 1834.

BOTH these volumes are by writers of distinction; the first a gentleman well known to the British public, and the last an American lady who devotes her delightful seclusion, near Hartford, Connecticut, to the cultivation of the muses and to the moral improvement of society. Though both are excellent in their way, each is adapted to a distinct class of readers. Mr. Knowles will be particularly acceptable to those who think that the happiness of reading consists in *amusement.* He depicts with a graphic pencil, and his pictures will be highly attractive to the young, the ardent and romantic. Mrs. Sigourney takes a loftier aim. Though highly gifted with the powers of imagination, and of course capable of exciting that faculty in others, her object seems to be rather to touch the springs of the heart and awaken the moral feelings of our nature. Her spirit is not only imbued with poetry but religion. In all her productions that we have seen, there is a direct tendency to improve as well as to delight. She is an example altogether worthy of imitation among the professors of literature, in enlisting all its allurements in the great cause of human virtue.

Mr. Knowles' book consists of various interesting tales, one of which, "Love and Authorship," we have selected for publication as a fair specimen of the rest, It is a genuine love story, and of course will have its admirers. From Mrs. Sigourney's volume, we have transferred to our own pages the story of the "Patriarch," in which the fair authoress personates, in the narrator of the tale, a minister of the gospel. The scene is laid in the state of North Carolina; and the few remarks in allusion to Bishop Ravenscroft will strike many of our readers as faithful notices of the eloquence and piety of that distinguished and lamented champion of the cross.

LOVE AND AUTHORSHIP.

"WILL you remember me, Rosalie?"
"Yes!"
"Will you keep your hand for me for a year?"
"Yes!"
"Will you answer me when I write to you?"
"Yes!"
"One request more—O Rosalie, reflect that my life depends upon your acquiescence—should I succeed, will you marry me in spite of your uncle?"

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"Yes," answered Rosalie. There was no pause—reply followed question, as if it were a dialogue which they had got by heart—and by heart *indeed* they had got it—but I leave you to guess the book they had conned it from.

'Twas in a green lane, on a summer's evening, about nine o'clock, when the west, like a gate of gold, had shut upon the retiring sun, that Rosalie and her lover, hand in hand, walked up and down. His arm was the girdle of her waist; hers formed a collar for his neck, which a knight of the garter—ay, the owner of the sword that dubbed him—might have been proud to wear. Their gait was slow, and face was turned to face; near were their lips while they spoke; and much of what they said never came to the ear, though their souls caught up every word of it.

Rosalie was upwards of five years the junior of her lover. She had known him since she was a little girl in her twelfth year. He was almost eighteen then, and when she thought far more about a doll than a husband, he would set her upon his knee, and call her his little wife. One, two, three years passed on, and still, whenever he came from college, and as usual went to pay his first visit at her father's, before he had been five minutes in the parlor, the door was flung open, and in bounded Rosalie, and claimed her accustomed seat. The fact was, till she was fifteen, she was a child of a very slow growth, and looked the girl when many a companion of hers of the same age had begun to appear the woman.

When another vacation however came round and Theodore paid his customary call, and was expecting his little wife as usual, the door opened slowly, and a tall young lady entered, and curtseying, colored, and walked to a seat next the lady of the house. The visitor stood up and bowed, and sat down again, without knowing that it was Rosalie.

"Don't you know Rosalie," exclaimed her father.

"Rosalie!" replied Theodore in an accent of surprise; and approached his little wife of old who rose and half gave him her hand, and curtseying, colored again; and sat down again without having interchanged a word with him. No wonder—she was four inches taller than when he had last seen her, and her bulk had expanded correspondingly; while her features, that half a year before gave one the idea of a sylph that would bound after a butterfly, had now mellowed in their expression, into the sentiment, the softness, and the reserve of the woman.

Theodore felt absolutely disappointed. Five minutes before, he was all volubility. No sooner was one question answered than he proposed another—and he had so many capital stories for Rosalie, when she came down—and yet, when Rosalie did come down, he sat as though he had not a word to say for himself. In short, every thing and every body in the house seemed to have changed along with its young mistress; he felt no longer at home in it, as he was wont; and in less than a quarter of an hour he made his bow and departed.

Now this was exceedingly strange; for Rosalie, from a pretty little girl, had turned into a lovely young woman. If a heart looked out of her eyes before, a soul looked out of them now; her arm, which formerly the sun had been allowed to salute when he liked, and which used to bear the trace of many a kiss that he had given it, now shone white through a sleeve of muslin, like snow behind a veil of haze; her bosom had enlarged its wavy curve, and leaving her waist little more than the span it used to be, sat proudly heaving above it; and the rest of her form which, only six months ago, looked trim and airy in her short and close-fitting frock now lengthening and throwing out its flowing line, stood stately in the folds of a long and ample drapery. Yet could not all this make up for the want of the little wife that used to come and take her seat upon Theodore's knee.

To be sure there was another way of accounting for the young man's chagrin. He might have been disappointed that Rosalie, when five feet four, should be a little more reserved than when she was only five feet nothing. Romantic young men, too, are apt to fancy odd things. Theodore was a very romantic young man; and having, perhaps traced for himself the woman in the child—as one will anticipate, in looking at a peach that is just knit, the hue, and form, and flavor of the consummate fruit—he might have set Rosalie down in his mind as his wife in earnest, when he appeared to call her so only in jest.

Such was the case. Theodore never calculated that Rosalie knew nothing about his dreams—that she had no such vision herself; he never anticipated that the frankness of girlhood would vanish, as soon as the diffidence of young womanhood began its blushing reign; the thought never occurred to him that the day would come when Rosalie would scruple to sit on his knee—ay, even though Rosalie should then begin to think upon him, as for many a year before he had thought upon her. He returned from college the fifth time; he found that the woman which he imagined in a year or two she would become, was surpassed by the woman that she already was; he remarked the withdrawal of confidence, the limitation of familiarity—the penalty which he must inevitably pay for her maturing—and he felt repelled and chilled, and utterly disheartened by it.

For a whole week he never returned to the house. Three days of a second week elapsed, and still he kept away. He had been invited, however to a ball which was to be given there the day following; and, much as he was inclined to absent himself, being a little more inclined to go—he went.

Full three hours was he in the room without once setting his eyes upon Rosalie. He saw her mother and her father, and talked with them; he saw 'squire this and doctor that, and attorney such-a-one, and had fifty things to say to each of them; he had eyes and tongue for every body, but Rosalie—not a look, or a word did he exchange with her; yet he was here and there and every where! In short he was all communicativeness and vivacity, so that every one remarked how bright he had become since his last visit to college!

At last, however, his fine spirits all at once seemed to forsake him, and he withdrew to the library, which was lighted up for the occasion as an anti-room, and taking a volume out of the book-case, threw himself into a chair and began to turn over the leaves.

"Have you forgotten your little wife," said a soft voice near him—'twas Rosalie's—"if you *have*," she added as he started from his seat, "she has not forgotten you."

She wore a carnation in her hair—the hue of the flower was not deeper than that of her cheek as she stood and extended her hands to Theodore who, the moment he rose, had held forth both of his.

"Rosalie!"

"Theodore!"—He led her to a sofa, which stood in a recess on the opposite side of the room, and for five minutes not another word did they exchange.

At length she gently withdrew her hand from his—she had suffered him to hold it all that time—"We shall be observed," said she.

"Ah Rosalie," replied he, "nine months since you sat upon my knee, and they observed us, yet you did not mind it!"

"You know I am a woman now," rejoined Rosalie, hanging her head, "and—and—will you lead off the next dance with me?" cried she, suddenly changing the subject. "There now; I have asked you," added she, "which is more than you deserve!"—Of course Theodore was not at all happy to accept the challenge of the metamorphosed Rosalie.

One might suppose that the young lady's heart was interested, and that Theodore was a far happier man than he imagined himself to be. The fact was neither more nor less. Little Rosalie was proud of being called Theodore's wife, because she heard every body else speak in praise of him. Many a marriageable young lady had she heard declare—not minding to speak before a child—that Theodore was the finest young man

in B———; that she hoped Theodore would be at such or such a house where she was going to dine, or spend the evening; nay, that she would like to have a sweetheart like Theodore. Then would Rosalie interpose, and with a saucy toss of her head exclaim, nobody should have Theodore but Rosalie, for Rosalie was his little wife, 'twas thus she learned to admire the face and person of Theodore, who more than once paid for her acquired estimation of them; for sometimes before a whole room full of company she would march up to him, and scanning him from head to foot, with folded arms, at length declare aloud, that he *was* the handsomest young man in B———. Then Theodore was so kind to her, and thought so much of any thing she did, and took such notice of her! Often, at a dance, he would make her his partner for the whole evening; and there was Miss Willoughby, perhaps, or Miss Miller, sitting down, either of whom would have given her eyes to stand up if only in a reel with Theodore.

But when the summer of her seventeenth year beheld her bursting into womanhood; when her expanding thoughts, from a bounding, fitful, rill-like current, began to run a deep, a broad, and steady stream; when she found that she was almost arrived at the threshold of the world, and reflected that the step which marks a female's first entrance into it is generally taken in the hand of a partner—the thought of who that partner might be, recalled Theodore to her mind—and her heart fluttered as she asked herself the question—should she ever be indeed his wife? when, this time, he paid his first visit, Rosalie was as much mortified as he was. Her vexation was increased when she saw that he absented himself; she resolved, if possible, to ascertain the cause; and persuaded her mother to give a ball, and specially invite the young gentleman. He came: she watched him, observed that he neither inquired after her nor sought for her; and marked the excellent terms that he was upon with twenty people, about whom she knew him to be perfectly indifferent. Women have a perception of the workings of the heart, far more quick and subtle than we have. She was convinced that all his fine spirits were forced—that he was acting a part. She suspected that while he appeared to be occupied with every body but Rosalie—Rosalie was the only body that was running in his thoughts. She saw him withdraw to the library; she followed him; found him sitting down with a book in his hand; perceived, from his manner of turning over the leaves, that he was intent on any thing but reading.—She was satisfied that he was thinking of nothing but Rosalie. The thought that Rosalie might one day become indeed his wife, now occurred to her for the thousandth time, and a thousand times stronger than ever; a spirit diffused itself through her heart which had never been breathed into it before; and filling it with hope and happiness, and unutterable contentment, irresistibly drew *it* towards him. She approached him, accosted him, and in a moment was seated with him, hand in hand, upon the sofa!

As soon as the dance was done,—"Rosalie," said Theodore, "'tis almost as warm in the air as in the room! will you be afraid to take a turn with me in the garden?"

"I will get my shawl in a minute," said Rosalie, "and meet you there;" and the maiden was there almost as soon as he.

They proceeded, arm-in-arm, to the farthest part of the garden; and there they walked up and down without either seeming inclined to speak, as though their hearts could discourse through their hands, which were locked in one another.

"Rosalie!" at last breathed Theodore. "Rosalie!" breathed he a second time, before the expecting girl could summon courage to say "Well!" "I cannot go home to-night," resumed he, "without speaking to you." Yet Theodore seemed to be in no hurry to speak; for there he stopped, and continued silent so long that Rosalie began to doubt whether he would open his lips again.

"Had we not better go in?" said Rosalie, "I think I hear them breaking up."

"Not yet," replied Theodore.

"They'll miss us," said Rosalie.

"What of that?" rejoined Theodore.

"Nay," resumed the maid, "we have remained long enough, and at least allow me to go in."

"Stop but another minute, dear Rosalie!" imploringly exclaimed the youth.

"For what!" was the maid's reply.

"Rosalie," without a pause resumed Theodore, "you used to sit upon my knee, and let me call you wife. Are those times passed forever? dear Rosalie!—will you never let me take you on my knee and call you wife again?"

"When we have done with our girlhood, we have done with our plays," said Rosalie.

"I do not mean in *play*, dear Rosalie," cried Theodore. "It is not playing at man and wife to walk, as such, out of church. Will you marry me, Rosalie?"

Rosalie was silent.

"Will you marry me?" repeated he.

Not a word would Rosalie speak.

"Hear me?" cried Theodore. "The first day, Rosalie, I took you upon my knee, and called you my wife, jest as it seemed to be, my heart was never more in earnest. That day I wedded you in my soul; for though you were a child, I saw the future woman in you, rich in the richest attractions of your sex. Nay, do me justice; recal what you yourself have known of me; inquire of others. To whom did I play the suitor from that day? To none but you, although to you I did not seem to play it. Rosalie! was I not always with you? Recollect now! did a day pass, when I was at home, without my coming to your father's house! When there were parties there, whom did I sit beside, but you? Whom did I stand behind at the piano forte, but you? Nay for a whole night, whom have I danced with, but you? Whatever you might have thought *then*, can you believe *now*, that it was merely a playful child that could so have engrossed me? No, Rosalie! it was the virtuous, generous, lovely, loving woman, that I saw in the playful child. Rosalie! for five years have I loved you, though I never declared it to you till now. Do you think I am worthy of you? Will you give yourself to me? Will you marry me? Will you sit upon my knee again, and let me call you wife?"

Three or four times Rosalie made an effort to speak; but desisted, as if she knew not what to say, or was unable to say what she wished; Theodore still holding her hand. At last, "Ask my father's consent!" she exclaimed, and tried to get away; but before she could effect it she was clapsed to the bosom of Theodore, nor released until the interchange of the first pledge of love had been forced from her bashful lips!——She did not appear, that night, in the drawing-room again.

Theodore's addresses were sanctioned by the parents of Rosalie. The wedding day was fixed; it wanted but a fortnight to it, when a malignant fever made its appearance in the town; Rosalie's parents were the first victims. She was left an orphan at eighteen, and her uncle, by her mother's side, who had been nominated her guardian in a will, made several years, having followed his brother-in-law and sister's remains to the grave, took up his residence at B———.

Rosalie's sole consolation now was such as she received from the society of Theodore; but Theodore soon wanted consolation himself. His father was attacked by the fever and died, leaving his affairs, to the astonishment of every one, in a state of the most inextricable embarrassment; for he had been looked upon as one of the wealthiest inhabitants of B——. This was a double blow to Theodore, but he was not aware of the weight of it till, after the interment of his father, he repaired, for the first time to resume his visits to his Rosalie.

He was stepping up without ceremony to the drawing-room, when the servant begged his pardon for stopping him, telling him, at the same time, that he had re-

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ceived instructions from his master to shew Theodore into the parlor when he should call.

"Was Miss Wilford there?"

"No." Theodore was shewn into the parlor. Of all savage brutes, the human brute is the most pernicious and revolting, because he unites to the evil properties of the inferior animal the mental faculties of the superior one; and then he is at large. A vicious tempered dog you can muzzle and render innocuous; but there is no preventing the human dog that bites from fleshing his tooth; he is sure to have it in somebody. And then the infliction is so immeasurably more severe!—the quick of the mind is so much more extensive than that of the body! Besides, the savage that runs upon four legs is so inferior in performance to him that walks upon two? 'Tis he that knows how to gnaw! I have often thought it a pity and a sin that the man who plays the dog should be protected from dying the death of one. He should hang, and the other go free.

"Well, young gentleman!" was the salutation which Theodore received when he entered the parlor; "and pray what brings you here?"

Theodore was struck dumb; and no wonder.

"Your father, I understand, has died a beggar! Do you think to marry my niece?" If Theodore respired with difficulty before, his breath was utterly taken away at this. He was a young man of spirit, but who can keep up his heart, when his ship, all at once, is going down.

The human dog went on. "Young gentleman, I shall be plain with you, for I am a straightforward man; young women should mate with their matches—you are no match for my niece; so a good morning to you!" How more in place to have wished him a good halter! saying this, the straightforward savage walked out of the room, leaving the door wide open, that Theodore might have room for egress; and steadily walked up stairs.

It was several minutes before he could recover his self-recollection. When he did so he rang the bell.

"Tell your master I wish to speak to him," said Theodore to the servant who answered it. The servant went up stairs after his master, and returned.

"I am sorry, sir," said he, "to be the bearer of such an errand; but my master desires you instantly to quit the house; and has commanded me to tell you that he has given me orders not to admit you again."

"I must see Miss Wilford!" exclaimed Theodore.

"You cannot, sir!" respectfully remarked the servant, "for she is locked in her room; but you can send a message to her," added he in a whisper, "and I will be the bearer of it. There is not a servant in the house, Mr. Theodore, but is sorry for you to the soul."

This was so much in season, and was so evidently spoken from the heart, that Theodore could not help catching the honest fellow by the hand. Here the drawing-room bell was rung violently.

"I must go, sir," said the servant; "what message to my mistress?"

"Tell her to give me a meeting, and to apprize me of the time and place," said Theodore; and the next moment the hall door was shut upon him.

One may easily imagine the state of the young fellow's mind. To be driven with insult and barbarity from the house in which he had been received a thousand times with courtesy and kindness—which he looked upon as his own! Then, what was to be done? Rosalie's uncle, after all, had told him nothing but the truth. His father had died a beggar! Dear as Rosalie was to Theodore, his own pride recoiled at the idea of offering her a hand which was not the master of a shilling! Yet was not Theodore portionless. His education was finished; that term he had completed his collegiate studies. If his father had not left him a fortune, he had provided him with the means of making one himself—at all events, of commanding a competency. He had the credit of being a young man of decided genius, too. "I will not offer Rosalie a beggar's hand!" exclaimed Theodore; "I shall ask her to remain true to me for a year; and I'll go to London, and maintain myself by my pen. It may acquire me fame as well as fortune; and then I may marry Rosalie?"

This was a great deal of work to be done in a year; but if Theodore was not a man of genius, he possessed a mind of that sanguine temperament, which is usually an accompaniment of the richer gift. Before the hour of dinner all his plans were laid, and he was ready to start for London. He waited for nothing but a message from Rosalie, and as soon as the sweet girl could send it, it came to him. It appointed him to meet her in the green lane after sunset; the sun had scarcely set when he was there; and there, too, was Rosalie. He found that she was Rosalie still. Fate had stripped him of fortune; but she could not persuade Rosalie to refuse him her hand, or her lip; when, half-way down the lane, she heard a light quick step behind her, and, turning, beheld Theodore.

Theodore's wishes, as I stated before, were granted soon as communicated: and now nothing remained but to say good by—perhaps the hardest thing to two young lovers. Rosalie stood passive in the arms of Theodore, as he took the farewell kiss, which appeared as if it would join his lips to hers for ever, instead of tearing them away. She heard her name called from a short distance, and in half-suppressed voice; she started and turned towards the direction whence the pre-concerted warning came; she heard it again; she had stopped till the last moment! She had half withdrawn herself from Theodore's arms; she looked at him; flung her own around him, and burst into tears upon his neck!—In another minute there was nobody in the lane.

London is a glorious place for a man of talent to make his way in—provided he has extraordinary good luck. Nothing but merit can get on there; nothing is sterling that is not of its coinage. Our provincial towns won't believe that gold is gold unless it has been minted in London. There is no trickery there; no treating, no canvassing, no intrigue, no coalition! there, worth has only to show itself if it wishes to be killed with kindness! London tells the truth! You may swear to what it says—whatsoever may be proved to the contrary. The cause—the cause is every thing in London! Shew but your craft, and straight your brethren come crowding around you, and if they find you worthy, why you shall be brought into notice—even though they should tell a lie for it and damn you. Never trouble yourself about getting on by interest in London! Get on by yourself. Posts are filled there by merit: or if the man suits not the office, why the office is made to adapt itself to the man, and so there is unity after all! What a happy fellow was Theodore to find himself in such a place as London!

He was certainly happy in one thing: the coach in which he came set him down at a friend's whose circumstances were narrow, but whose heart was large—a curate of the Church of England. Strange that, with all the appurtenances of hospitality at its command, abundance should allow it to be said, that the kindest welcome which adversity usually meets with, is that which it receives from adversity! If Theodore found that the house was a cold one to what he had been accustomed, the warmth of the greeting made up for it. "They breakfasted at nine, dined at four, and, if he could sleep upon the sofa, why there was a bed for him!" In a day he was settled, and at his work.

And upon what did Theodore found his hopes of making a fortune, and rising to fame in London?—Upon writing a play. At an early period he had discovered, as his friends imagined, a talent for dramatic composition; and having rather sedulously cultivated that branch of literature, he thought he would now try his hand in one bold effort, the success of which should determine him as to his future course in life. The play was written, presented, and accepted; the performers were ready in their parts; the evening of representation came on, and Theodore, seated in the pit beside his friend, at last, with a throbbing heart, beheld the cur-

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tain rise. The first and second acts went off smoothly, and with applause.

Two gentlemen were placed immediately in front of Theodore. "What do you think of it?" said the one to the other.

"Rather tame," was the reply.

"Will it succeed?"

"Doubtful."

The third act, however, decided the fate of the play; the interest of the audience became so intense, that, at one particular stage of the action, numbers in the second and third rows of the side boxes stood up, and the clapping of hands was universal, intermingled with cries of "bravo!" from every part of the theatre. "'Twill do," was now the remark, and Theodore breathed a little more freely than he had done some ten minutes ago. Not to be tedious, the curtain fell amidst shouts of approbation, unmingled with the slightest demonstration of displeasure, and the author had not twenty friends in the house.

If Theodore did not sleep that night, it was not from inquietude of mind—contentment was his repose. His most sanguine hopes had been surpassed; the fiat of a London audience had stamped him a dramatist; the way to fortune was open and clear, and Rosalie would be his.

Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Theodore and his friend repaired to the coffee-room. "We must see what the critics say," remarked the latter. Theodore, with prideful confidence,—the offspring of fair success,—took up the first morning print that came to his hand. *Theatre Royal* met his eye. "Happy is the successful dramatist!" exclaimed Theodore to himself; "at night he is greeted by the applause of admiring thousands, and in the morning they are repeated, and echoed all over the kingdom through the medium of the press! What will Rosalie say when her eye falls upon this!"—And what, indeed, would Rosalie say when she read the utter damnation of her lover's drama, which the critic denounced from the beginning to the end, without presenting his readers with a single quotation to justify the severity of his strictures!

"'Tis very odd!" said Theodore.

"'Tis very odd, indeed!" rejoined his friend, repeating his words. "You told me this play was your own, and here I find that you have copied it from half a dozen others that have been founded upon the same story."

"Where?" inquired Theodore, reaching for the paper.

"There!" said his friend, pointing to the paragraph.

"And is this London," exclaimed Theodore. "I never read a play, nor the line of a play upon the same subject. Why does not the writer prove the plagiarism?"

"Because he does not know whether it is or is not a plagiarism," rejoined the other. "He is aware that several other authors have constructed dramas upon the same passage in history; and—to draw the most charitable inference, for you would not suspect him of telling a deliberate lie—he thinks you have seen them, and have availed yourself of them."

"Is it not the next thing to a falsehood," indignantly exclaimed Theodore, "to advance a charge, of the justness of which you have not assured yourself?"

"I know not that," rejoined his friend; "but it certainly indicates a rather superficial reverence for truth; and a disposition to censure, which excludes from all claim to ingenuousness the individual who indulges it."

"And this will go the round of the whole kingdom?"

"Yes."

"Should I not contradict it?"

"No."

"Why?",

"'Tis beneath you; besides, the stamp of malignancy is so strong upon it, that, except to the utterly ignorant, it is harmless; and even these, when they witness your play themselves, as sometime or another they will, will remember the libel, to the cost of its author and to your advantage. I see you have been almost as hardly treated by this gentleman," continued he, glancing over the paper which Theodore had taken up when he entered the room. "Are you acquainted with any of the gentlemen of the press?"

"No; and is it not therefore strange that I should have enemies among them!"

"Not at all."

"Why?"

"Because you have succeeded. Look over the rest of the journals," continued his friend; "you may find salve, perhaps, for these scratches."

Theodore did so; and in one or two instances salve, indeed, he found; but upon the whole he was in little danger of being spoiled through the praises of the press. "Why," exclaimed Theodore, "why do not letters enlarge the soul, while they expand the mind? Why do they not make men generous and honest? Why is not every literary man an illustration of Juvenal's axiom?"

"Teach a dog what you may," rejoined his friend, "can you alter his nature, so that the brute shall not predominate?"

"No," replied Theodore.

"You are answered," said his friend.

The play had what is called a run, but not a decided one. Night after night it was received with the same enthusiastic applauses; but the audiences did not increase. It was a victory without the acquisition of spoils or territory. "What can be the meaning of this?" exclaimed Theodore; "we seem to be moving, and yet do not advance an inch?"

"They should paragraph the play as they do a pantomime," remarked his friend. "But then a pantomime is an expensive thing; they will lay out a thousand pounds upon one, and they must get their money back. The same is the case with their melo-dramas; so, if you want to succeed to the height, as a play-wright, you know what to do."

"What?" inquired Theodore.

"Write melo-dramas and pantomimes!"

Six months had now elapsed, and Theodore's purse, with all his success, was rather lighter than when he first pulled it out in London. However, in a week two bills which he had taken from his publisher would fall due, and he would run down to B———, and perhaps obtain an interview with Rosalie. At the expiration of the week his bills were presented, and dishonored! He repaired to his publisher's for an explanation: the house had stopped! Poor Theodore! They were in the gazette that very day! Theodore turned into the first coffee room to look at a paper: there were, indeed, the names of the firm! "I defy fortune to serve me a scurvier trick!" exclaimed Theodore, the tears half starting into his eyes. He little knew the lady whose ingenuity he was braving.

He looked now at one side of the paper, and now at the other, thinking all the while of nothing but the bills and the bankrupt's list. *Splendid Fete* at B——— met his eye, and soon his thoughts were occupied with nothing but B———; for there he read that the young lord of the manor, having just come of age, had given a ball and supper, the former of which he opened with the lovely and accomplished Miss Rosalie ——. The grace of the fair couple was expatiated upon; and the editor took occasion to hint, that a pair so formed by nature for each other, might probably, before long, take hands in another, a longer, and more momentous dance. What did Theodore think of fortune now?

"O that it were but a stride to B———!" he exclaimed, as he laid down the paper, and his hand dropped nerveless at his side. He left the coffee-house, and dreamed his way back to his friend's. Gigs, carriages, carts rolled by him unheeded; the foot path was crowded, but he saw not a soul in the street. He was in the ball room at B———, and looking on while the young lord of the manor handed out Rosalie to lead her down the dance, through every figure of which Theodore followed them with his eyes with scrutinizing glance, scanning the countenance of his mistress. Then the set was over, and he saw them walking arm-in-arm

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up and down the room, and presently they were dancing again; and now the ball was over, and he followed them to the supper room, where he saw the young lord of the manor place Rosalie beside him. Then fancy changed the scene from the supper room to the church, at the altar of which stood Rosalie with his happy rival; and he heard the questions and responses which forge the mystic chain that binds for life; and he saw the ring put on, and heard the blessing which announces that the nuptial sacrament is complete! His hands were clenched; his cheek was in a flame; a wish was rising in his throat—"Good news for you," said some one clapping him on the back: "a letter from Rosalie lies for you at home. Why are you passing the house?" 'Twas his friend.

"A letter from Rosalie!" exclaimed Theodore.—Quickly he retraced his steps, and there on his table lay, indeed, the dear missive of his Rosalie.

"Welcome, sweet comforter!" ejaculated Theodore, as he kissed the cyphers which his Rosalie's hand had traced, and the wax which bore the impress of her seal. "Welcome, O Welcome! you come in time: you bring an ample solace for disappointment, mortification, poverty—whatever my evil destiny can inflict! You have come to assure me that they cannot deprive me of my Rosalie!"

Bright was his eye, and glistening while he spoke; but when he opened the fair folds that conveyed to him thoughts of his mistress, its radiancy was gone!

"THEODORE,

"I am aware of the utter frustration of your hopes; I am convinced that at the end of a year you will not be a step nearer to fortune than you are now; why then keep my hand for you? What I say briefly, you will interpret fully. You are now the guardian of my happiness; as such I address you. Thursday, so you consent, will be my wedding day. ROSALIE."

Such was the letter, upon the address and seal of which Theodore had imprinted a score of kisses before he opened it. "Fortune is in the mood," said Theodore with a sigh, so deeply drawn, that any one who had heard it would have imagined he had breathed his spirit out along with it—"Fortune is in the mood, and let her have her humor out! I shall answer the letter; my reply to her shall convey what she desires—nothing more! she is incapable of entering into my feelings, and unworthy of being made acquainted with them; I shall not condescend even to complain!"

"ROSALIE,

"You are free! THEODORE."

Such was the answer which Theodore despatched to Rosalie. O the enviable restlessness of the mind upon the first shock of thwarted affection! How it turns every way for the solace which it feels it can no more meet with, except in the perfect extinction of consciousness. Find it an anodyne!—you cannot. A drug may close the eye for a time, but the soul will not sleep a wink: it lies broad awake, to agony distinct, palpable, immediate;—howsoever memory may be cheated to lose for the present the traces of the cause. Then for the start, the spasm, the groan which, while the body lies free, attest the presence and activity of the mental rack! Better walk than go to sleep! A heath, without a soul but yourself upon it!—an ink-black sky, pouring down torrents—wind, lightning, thunder, as though the vault above was crackling and disparting into fragments!—any thing to mount above the pitch of your own solitude, and darkness, and tempest; and overcome them, or attract and divert your contemplation from them, or threaten every moment to put an end to them and you!

Theodore's friend scarcely knew him the next morning. He glanced at him, and took no further notice. 'Twas the best way, though people there are who imagine that it rests with a man in a fever, at his own option to remain in it, or to become convalescent.

Theodore's feelings were more insupportable to him the second day than the first. He went here and there and every where; and nowhere could he remain for two minutes at a time at rest. Then he was so abstracted. Crossing a street he was nearly run over by a vehicle and four. This for a moment awakened him. He saw London and B——— upon the pannels of the coach. The box seat was empty; he asked if it was engaged. "No." He sprung up upon it and away they drove. "I'll see her once more," exclaimed Theodore, "it can but drive me mad or break my heart."

Within a mile of B——— a splendid barouch passed them. "Whose is that?" inquired Theodore.

"The young lord of the manor's," answered the driver, "Did you see the lady in it?"

"No."

"I caught a glimpse of her dress," said the driver. "I'll warrant she's a dashing one! The young squire, they say, has a capital taste!" Theodore looked after the carriage. There was nothing but the road. The vehicle drove at a rapid pace, and was soon out of sight. Theodore's heart turned sick.

The moment the coach stopped he alighted, and with a misgiving mind he stood at the door which had often admitted him to his Rosalie. It was opened by a domestic whom he had never seen before. "Was Miss Wilford within?" "No." "When would she return?" "Never. She had gone that morning to London to be married!" Theodore made no further inquiries, neither did he offer to go, but stood glaring upon the man more like a spectre than a human being.

"Any thing more?" said the man retreating into the house, and gradually closing the door, through which now only a portion of his face could be seen. "Any thing more?" Theodore made no reply: in fact he had lost all consciousness. At last, the shutting of the door, which half from panic, half from anger the man pushed violently to, aroused him. "I shall knock at you no more!" said he, and departed, pressing his heart with his hand, and moving his limbs as if he cared not how, or whither they bore him. A gate suddenly stopped his progress; 'twas the entrance to the green lane. He stepped over the stile—he was on the spot where he had parted last from Rosalie—where she had flung her arms about his neck, and wept upon it. His heart began to melt, for the first time since he had received her letter: a sense of suffocation came over him, till he felt as if he would choke. The name of Rosalie was on his tongue: twice he attempted to articulate it, but could not. At last it got vent in a convulsive sob, which was followed by a torrent of tears. He threw himself upon the ground—he wept on—he made no effort to check the flood, but let it flow till forgetfulness stopped it.

He rose with a sensation of intense cold.

'Twas morning! He had slept! "Would he had slept on!" He turned from the sun, as it rose without a cloud, upon the wedding morn of Rosalie. 'Twas Thursday. He repassed the stile; and, in a few minutes, was on his road to London, which he entered about eleven o'clock at night, and straight proceeded to his friend's. They were gone to bed.

"Give me a light," said Theodore, "I'll go to bed."

"Your bed is occupied, sir," replied his servant.

"Is it?" said Theodore; "Well, I can sleep upon the carpet." He turned into the parlor, drew a chair towards the table, upon which the servant had placed a light, and sat down. All was quiet for a time. Presently he heard a foot upon the stair; it was his friend's who was descending, and now entered the parlor.

"I thought you were abed," said Theodore.

"So I was," replied his friend, "but hearing your voice in the hall, I rose and came down to you." He drew a chair opposite to Theodore. Both were silent for a time; at length Theodore spoke.

"Rosalie is married," said he.

"I don't believe it."

"She is going to be married to the young lord of the manor."

"I don't believe it."

"She came to town with him yesterday."

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"I don't believe it."

Theodore pushed back his chair, and stared at his friend.

"What do you mean?" said Theodore.

"I mean that I entertain some doubts as to the accuracy of your grounds for concluding that Rosalie is inconstant to you."

"Did I not read the proof of it in the public papers?"

"The statement may have been erroneous."

"Did not her own letter assure me of it?"

"You may have misunderstood it."

"I tell you I have been at B———; I have been at her house. I inquired for her, and was told she had gone up to London to be married! Oh, my friend," continued he, covering his eyes with his handkerchief,—"'tis useless to deceive ourselves I am a ruined man! You can see to what she has reduced me. I shall never be myself again! Myself! I tell you I existed in *her* being more than in my own. She was the soul of all I thought, and felt, and did; the primal vivifying principle! She has murdered me! I breathe it is true, and the blood is in my veins and circulates; but every thing else about me is death—hopes! wishes! interests! there is no pulse, no respiration there! I should not be sorry were there none any where else! Feel my hand," added he, reaching his hand across the table, without removing his handkerchief from his eyes; for the sense of his desolation had utterly unmanned him, and his tears continued to flow. "Feel my hand. Does it not burn. A hearty fever, now would be a friend," continued he, "and I think I have done my best to merit a call from such a visitor. The whole of the night before last I slept out in the open air. Guess where I took my bed. In the green lane—the spot where I parted last from Rosalie!"—He felt a tear drop upon the hand which he had extended—the tear was followed by the pressure of a lip. He uncovered his eyes, and turning them in wonderment to look upon his friend—beheld Rosalie sitting opposite to him!

For a moment or two he questioned the evidence of his senses—but soon was he convinced that it was indeed reality; for Rosalie, quitting her seat, approached him, and breathing his name with an accent that infused ecstasy into his soul, threw herself into his arms, that doubtingly opened to receive her. * * * * * * * * *

Looking over her father's papers, Rosalie had found a more recent will, in which her union with Theodore had been fully sanctioned, and he himself constituted her guardian until it should take place. She was aware that his success in London had been doubtful; the generous girl determined that he should no longer be subjected to incertitude and disappointment; and she playfully wrote the letter which was a source of such distraction to her lover. From his answer she saw that he had totally misinterpreted her: she resolved in person to disabuse him of the error; and by offering to become his wife, at once to give him the most convincing proof of her sincerity and constancy. She arrived in London. His friend, who had known her from her infancy, received her as his daughter; and he and his wife listened with delight to the unfolding of her plans and intentions, which she freely confided to them. Late they sat up for Theodore that night, and when all hopes of his coming home were abandoned, Rosalie became the occupant of his bed. The next night, in a state of the most distressing anxiety, in consequence of his continued absence, she had just retired to her apartment, when a knock at the street door made her bound from her couch, upon which she had at that moment thrown herself, and presently she heard her lover's voice at the foot of the stair. Scarcely knowing what she did, she attired herself, descended, opened the parlor door unperceived by Theodore, and took the place of their friendly host, who, the moment he saw her, beckoned her, and resigning his chair to her, withdrew.

The next evening a select party were assembled in the curate's little drawing-room, and Theodore and Rosalie were there. The lady of the house motioned the latter to approach her, she rose and was crossing Theodore, when he caught her by the hand, and drew her upon his knee.

"Theodore!" exclaimed the fair one, coloring.

"My wife," was his reply, while he imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

They had been married that morning.

THE PATRIARCH.

> "Gently on him, had gentle Nature laid
> The weight of years.—All passions that disturb
> Had passed away."— *Southey.*

Soon after my entrance upon clerical duties, in the state of North Carolina, I was informed of an isolated settlement, at a considerable distance from the place of my residence. Its original elements were emigrants from New England; a father, and his five sons, who, with their wives and little children, had about thirty years before become sojourners in the heart of one of the deepest Carolinian solitudes. They purchased a tract of wild, swamp-encircled land. This they subjected to cultivation, and by unremitting industry, rendered adequate to their subsistence and comfort. The sons, and the sons' sons, had in their turn become the fathers of families; so, that the population of this singular spot comprised five generations. They were described as constituting a peaceful and virtuous community, with a government purely patriarchal. Secluded from the privileges of public worship, it was said that a sense of religion, influencing the heart and conduct, had been preserved by statedly assembling on the sabbath, and reading the scriptures, with the Liturgy of the Church of England. The pious ancestor of the colony, whose years now surpassed four-score, had, at at their removal to this hermitage, established his eldest son in the office of lay-reader. This simple ministration, aided by holy example, had so shared the blessing of heaven, that all the members of this miniature commonwealth held fast the faith and hope of the gospel.

I was desirous of visiting this peculiar people, and of ascertaining whether such precious fruits might derive nutriment from so simple a root. A journey into that section of the country afforded me an opportunity. I resolved to be the witness of their Sunday devotions, and with the earliest dawn of that consecrated day, I left the house of a friend, where I had lodged, and who furnished the requisite directions for my solitary and circuitous route.

The brightness and heat of summer began to glow oppressively, ere I turned from the haunts of men, and plunged into the recesses of the forest. Towering amidst shades which almost excluded the light of heaven, rose the majestic pines, the glory and the wealth of North Carolina. Some, like the palms, those princes of the East, reared a proud column of fifty feet, ere the branches shot forth their heavenward cone. With their dark verdure, mingled the pale and beautiful efflorescence of the wild poplar, like the light interlacing of sculpture, in some ancient awe-inspiring temple, while thousands of birds from those dark cool arches, poured their anthems of praise to the Divine Architect.

The sun was high in the heavens when I arrived at the morass, the bulwark thrown by Nature around this little city of the desert. Alighting, I led my horse over the rude bridges of logs, which surmounted the pools and ravines, until our footing rested upon firm earth. Soon, an expanse of arable land became visible, and wreaths of smoke came lightly curling through the trees, as if to welcome the stranger. Then, a cluster of cottages cheered the eye. They were so contiguous, that the blast of a horn, or even the call of a shrill voice, might convene all their inhabitants. To the central and the largest building, I directed my steps. Approaching the open window, I heard a distinct manly voice, pronouncing the solemn invocation,—"By thine agony, and bloody sweat,—by thy cross and passion,—

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by thy precious death and burial,—by thy glorious resurrection and ascension,—and by the coming of the Holy Ghost." The response arose, fully and devoutly, in the deep accents of manhood, and the softer tones of the mother and her children.

Standing motionless, that I might not disturb the worshippers, I had a fair view of the lay-reader. He was a man of six feet in height, muscular and well proportioned, with a head beautifully symmetrical, from whose crown time had begun to shred the luxuriance of its raven locks. Unconscious of the presence of a stranger, he supposed that no eye regarded him, save that of his God. Kneeling around him, were his "brethren according to the flesh," a numerous and attentive congregation. At his right hand was the Patriarch—tall, somewhat emaciated, yet not bowed with years, his white hair combed smoothly over his temples, and slightly curling on his neck. Gathered near him, were his children, and his children's children. His blood was in the veins of almost every worshipper. Mingling with forms that evinced the ravages of time and toil, were the bright locks of youth, and the rosy brow of childhood, bowed low in supplication. Even the infant, with hushed lip, regarded a scene where was no wandering glance. Involuntarily, my heart said,—"*Shall not this be a family in Heaven?*" In the closing aspirations, "O Lamb of God! that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us!"—the voice of the Patriarch was heard, with strong and affecting emphasis. After a pause of silent devotion, all arose from their knees, and I entered the circle.

"I am a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I come to bless you in the name of the Lord."

The ancient Patriarch, grasping my hand, gazed on me with intense earnestness. A welcome, such as words have never uttered, was written on his brow.

"Thirty-and-two years has my dwelling been in this forest. Hitherto, no man of God hath visited us. Praised be his name, who hath put it into thy heart, to seek out these few sheep in the wilderness. Secluded as we are, from the privilege of worshipping God in his temple, we thus assemble every Sabbath, to read his holy Book, and to pray unto him in the words of our liturgy. Thus have we been preserved from 'forgetting the Lord who bought us, and lightly esteeming the Rock of our Salvation.'"

The exercises of that day are indelibly engraven on my memory. Are they not written in the record of the Most High? Surely a blessing entered into my own soul, as I beheld the faith, and strengthened the hope of those true-hearted and devout disciples. Like him, whose slumbers at Bethel were visited by the white-winged company of heaven, I was constrained to say,—"Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

At the request of the Patriarch, I administered the ordinance of baptism. It was received with affecting demonstrations of solemnity and gratitude. The sacred services were protracted until the setting of the sun. Still they seemed reluctant to depart. It was to them a high and rare festival. When about to separate, the venerable Patriarch introduced me to all his posterity. Each seemed anxious to press my hand; and even the children expressed, by affectionate glances, their reverence and love for him who ministered at the altar of God.

"The Almighty," said the ancient man, "hath smiled on these babes, born in the desert. I came hither with my sons and their companions, and their blessed mother, who hath gone to rest. God hath given us families as a flock. We earn our bread with toil and in patience. For the intervals of labor we have a school, where our little ones gain the rudiments of knowledge. Our only books of instruction, are the bible and prayer-book."

At a signal they rose and sang, when about departing to their separate abodes,—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, and good will towards men." Never, by the pomp of measured melody, was my spirit so stirred within me, as when that rustic, yet tuneful choir, surrounding the white-haired father of them all, breathed out in their forest sanctuary, "Thou, that takest away the sins of the *world*, have mercy upon *us*."

The following morning, I called on every family, and was delighted with the domestic order, economy, and concord, that prevailed. Careful improvement of time, and moderated desires, seemed uniformly to produce among them, the fruits of a blameless life and conversation. They conducted me to their school. Its teacher was a grand-daughter of the lay-reader. She possessed a sweet countenance, and gentle manners, and with characteristic simplicity, employed herself at the spinning-wheel, when not absorbed in the labors of instruction. Most of her pupils read intelligibly, and replied with readiness to questions from Scripture History. Writing and arithmetic were well exemplified by the elder ones; but those works of science, with which our libraries are so lavishly supplied, had not found their way to this retreat. But among the learners was visible, what does not always distinguish better endowed seminaries; docility, subordination, and profound attention to every precept and illustration. Habits of application and a desire for knowledge were infused into all. So trained up were they in industry, that even the boys, in the intervals of their lessons, were busily engaged in the knitting of stockings for winter. To the simple monitions which I addressed to them, they reverently listened; and ere they received the parting blessing, rose, and repeated a few passages from the inspired volume, and lifted up their accordant voices, chanting, "blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people."

Whatever I beheld in this singular spot, served to awaken curiosity, or to interest feeling. All my inquiries were satisfied with the utmost frankness. Evidently, there was nothing which required concealment. The heartless theories of fashion, with their subterfuges and vices, had not penetrated to this hermetically sealed abode. The Patriarch, at his entrance upon his territory, had divided it into six equal portions, reserving one for himself, and bestowing another on each of his five sons. As the children of the colony advanced to maturity, they, with scarcely an exception, contracted marriages among each other, striking root, like the branches of the banian, around their parent tree. The domicile of every family was originally a rude cabin of logs, serving simply the purpose of shelter. In front of this, a house of larger dimensions was commenced, and so constructed, that the ancient abode might become the kitchen, when the whole was completed. To the occupation of building they attended as they were able to command time and materials. "We keep it," said one of the colonists, "for *handy-work*, when there is no farming, or turpentine-gathering, or tar-making." Several abodes were at that time, in different stages of progress, marking the links of gradation between the rude cottage, and what they styled the "framed house." When finished, though devoid of architectural elegance, they exhibited capabilities of comfort, equal to the sober expectations of a primitive people. A field for corn, and a garden abounding with vegetables, were appendages to each habitation. Cows grazed quietly around, and sheep dotted like snow-flakes, the distant green pastures. The softer sex participated in the business of horticulture, and when necessary, in the labors of harvest, thus obtaining that vigor and muscular energy which distinguish the peasantry of Europe, from their effeminate sisters of the nobility and gentry. Each household produced or manufactured within its own domain, most of the materials which were essential to its comfort; and for such articles as their plantations could not supply, or their ingenuity construct, the pitch-pine was their medium of purchase. When the season arrived for collecting its hidden treasures, an aperture was made in its bark, and a box inserted, into which the turpentine continually oozed. Care was required to preserve this orifice free from the induration of glutinous matter. Thus, it must be frequently reopened, or carried gradually upward on the trunk of the

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tree; sometimes, to such a height, that a small knife affixed to the extremity of a long pole, is used for that purpose. Large trees sustain several boxes at the same time, though it is required that the continuity of bark be preserved, or the tree, thus shedding its life-blood at the will of man, must perish. Though the laborers in this department are exceedingly industrious and vigilant, there will still be a considerable deposit adhering to the body of the tree. These portions, called "turpentine facings," are carefully separated, and laid in a cone-like form, until they attain the size of a formidable mound. This is covered with earth, and when the cool season commences, is ignited; and the liquid tar, flowing into a reservoir prepared for it, readily obtains a market among the dealers in naval stores.

Shall I be forgiven for such minuteness of detail? So strongly did this simple and interesting people excite my affectionate solicitude, that not even their slightest concerns seemed unworthy of attention. By merchants of the distant town, who were in habits of traffic with them, I was afterwards informed that they were distinguished for integrity and uprightness, and that the simple affirmation of these "Bible and Liturgy men," as they were styled, possessed the sacredness of an oath. The lay-reader remarked to me, that he had never known among his people, a single instance of either intemperance or profanity.

"Our young men have no temptations, and the old set an uniformly sober example. Still, I cannot but think our freedom from vice is chiefly owing to a sense of religious obligation, cherished by God's blessing upon our humble worship."

"Are there no quarrels or strifes among you?"

"For what should we contend? We have no prospect of wealth, nor motive of ambition. We are too busy to dispute about words. Are not these the sources of most of the 'wars and fightings' among mankind? Beside, we are all of one blood. Seldom does any variance arise, which the force of brotherhood may not quell. Strict obedience is early taught in families. Children who learn thoroughly the Bible-lesson to obey and honor their parents, are not apt to be contentious in society, or irreverent to their Father in Heaven. Laws so simple would be inefficient in a mixed and turbulent community. Neither could they be effectual here, without the aid of that gospel which speaketh peace, and prayer for his assistance, who 'turneth the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.'"

Is it surprising that I should take my leave, with an overflowing heart, of the pious Patriarch and his posterity?—that I should earnestly desire another opportunity of visiting their isolated domain?

Soon after this period, a circumstance took place, which they numbered among the most interesting eras of their history. A small chapel was erected in the village nearest to their settlement. Though at the distance of many miles, they anticipated its completion with delight. At its consecration by the late Bishop Ravenscroft, as many of the colonists as found it possible to leave home, determined to be present. Few of the younger ones had ever entered a building set apart solely for the worship of God; and the days were anxiously counted, until they should receive permission to tread his courts.

The appointed period arrived. Just before the commencement of the sacred services of dedication, a procession of singular aspect was seen to wind along amid interposing shades. It consisted of persons of both sexes, and of every age, clad in a primitive style, and advancing with solemn order. I recognized my hermit friends, and hastened onward to meet them. Scarcely could the ancient Jews, when from distant regions they made pilgrimage to their glorious hill of Zion, have testified more touching emotion, than these guileless worshippers, in passing the threshold of this humble temple to Jehovah. When the sweet tones of a small organ, mingling with the voices of a select choir, gave "glory to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end," the young children of the forest started from their seats in wondering joy, while the changing color, or quivering lip of the elders, evinced that the hallowed music awoke the cherished echoes of memory.

But with what breathless attention did they hang on every word of Bishop Ravenscroft, as with his own peculiar combination of zeal and tenderness, he illustrated the inspired passage which he had chosen, or with a sudden rush of strong and stormy eloquence broke up the fountains of the soul! Listening and weeping, they gathered up the manna, which an audience satiated with the bread of heaven, and prodigal of angels' food, might have suffered to perish. With the hoary Patriarch, a throng of his descendants, who had been duly prepared for that holy vow and profession, knelt around the altar, in commemoration of their crucified Redeemer.

At the close of the communion service, when about to depart to his home, the white-haired man drew near to the Bishop. Gratitude for the high privileges in which he had participated; reverence for the father in God, whom he had that day for the first time beheld; conviction that his aged eyes could but a little longer look on the things of time; consciousness that he might scarcely expect again to stand amid these his children, to "behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple," overwhelmed his spirit. Pressing the hand of the Bishop, and raising his eyes heavenward, he said,—"Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Bishop Ravenscroft fixed on him one of those piercing glances which seemed to read the soul; and then tears, like large rain-drops stood upon his cheeks. Recovering from his emotion, he pronounced, with affectionate dignity, the benediction, "the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

The Patriarch, bowing down a head, heavy with the snows of more than fourscore winters, breathed a thanksgiving to God, and turned homeward, followed by all his kindred. Summer had glided away ere it was in my power again to visit the "lodge in the wilderness." As I was taking in the autumn twilight my lonely walk for meditation, a boy of rustic appearance, approaching with hasty steps, accosted me.

"Our white-haired father, the father of us all, lies stretched upon his bed. He takes no bread or water, and he asks for you. Man of God, will you come to him?"

Scarcely had I signified assent, ere he vanished. With the light of the early morning, I commenced my journey. Autumn had infused chilliness into the atmosphere, and somewhat of tender melancholy into the heart. Nature seems to regard with sadness the passing away of the glories of summer, and to robe herself as if for humiliation.

As the sun increased in power, more of cheerfulness overspread the landscape. The pines were busily disseminating their winged seeds. Like insects, with a floating motion, they spread around for miles. Large droves of swine made their repast upon this half ethereal food. How mindful is Nature of even her humblest pensioners!

As I approached the cluster of cottages, which now assumed the appearance of a village, the eldest son advanced to meet me. His head declined like one struggling with a grief which he would fain subdue. Taking my hand in both of his, he raised it to his lips. Neither of us spoke a word. It was written clearly on his countenance, "Come quickly, ere he die."

Together we entered the apartment of the good Patriarch. One glance convinced me that he was not long to be of our company. His posterity were gathered around him in sorrow;

> "For drooping,—sickening,—dying, they began,
> Whom they ador'd as *God*, to mourn as *man*."

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He was fearfully emaciated, but as I spake of the Saviour, who "went not up to joy, until he first suffered pain," his brow again lighted with the calmness of one, whose "way to eternal joy was to suffer with Christ, whose door to eternal life gladly to die with him."

Greatly comforted by prayer, he desired that the holy communion might be once more administered to him, and his children. There was a separation around his bed. Those who had been accustomed to partake with him, drew near, and knelt around the dying. Fixing his eye on the others, he said, with an energy of tone which we thought had forsaken him,—"*Will ye thus be divided, at the last day?*" A burst of wailing grief was the reply.

Never will that scene be effaced from my remembrance: the expressive features, and thrilling responses of the Patriarch, into whose expiring body the soul returned with power, that it might leave this last testimony of faith and hope to those whom he loved, are among the unfading imagery of my existence. The spirit seemed to rekindle more and more, in its last lingerings around the threshold of time. In a tone, whose clearness and emphasis surprised us, the departing saint breathed forth a blessing on those who surrounded him, "in the name of that God, whose peace passeth all understanding."

There was an interval, during which he seemed to slumber. Whispers of hope were heard around his couch, that he might wake and be refreshed. At length, his eyes slowly unclosed. They were glazed and deeply sunken in their sockets. Their glance was long and kind upon those who hung over his pillow. His lips moved, but not audibly. Bowing my ear more closely, I found that he was speaking of Him who is the "resurrection and the life." A slight shuddering passed over his frame, and he was at rest, for ever.

A voice of weeping arose from among the children, who had been summoned to the bed of death. Ere I had attempted consolation, the lay-reader with an unfaltering tone pronounced, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: *blessed be the name of the Lord.*"

Deep silence ensued. It seemed as if every heart was installing him who spake, in the place of the father and the governor who had departed. It was a spontaneous acknowledgment of the right of primogeniture, which no politician could condemn. He stood among them, in the simple majesty of his birthright, a ruler and priest to guide his people in the way everlasting. It was as if the mantle of an arisen prophet had descended upon him, as if those ashen lips had broken the seal of death to utter "behold my servant whom I have chosen." Every eye fixed upon him its expression of fealty and love. Gradually the families retired to their respective habitations. Each individual paused at the pillow of the Patriarch, to take a silent farewell; and some of the little ones climbed up to kiss the marble face.

I was left alone with the lay-reader, and with the dead. The enthusiasm of the scene had fled, and the feelings of a son triumphed. Past years rushed like a tide over his memory. The distant, but undimmed impressions of infancy and childhood,—the planting of that once wild waste,—the changes of those years which had sprinkled his temples with gray hairs,—all, with their sorrows and their joys, came back, associated with the lifeless image of his beloved sire. In the bitterness of bereavement, he covered his face, and wept. That iron frame which had borne the hardening of more than half a century, shook, like the breast of an infant, when it sobbed out its sorrows. I waited until the first shock of grief had subsided. Then, passing my arm gently within his, I repeated, "I heard a voice from heaven saying,—Write, from henceforth, blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord." Instantly raising himself upright, he responded in a voice whose deep inflections sank into my soul, "Even so, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

I remained to attend the funeral obsequies of the Patriarch. In the heart of their territory was a shady dell, sacred to the dead. It was surrounded by a neat enclosure, and planted with trees. The drooping branches of a willow, swept the grave of the mother of the colony. Near her, slumbered her youngest son. Several other mounds swelled around them, most of which, by their small size, told of the smitten flowers of infancy. To this goodly company, we bore him, who had been revered as the father and exemplar of all. With solemn steps, his descendants, two and two, followed the corpse. I heard a convulsive and suppressed breathing, among the more tender of the train; but when the burial service commenced, all was hushed. And never have I more fully realised its surpassing pathos and power, than when from the centre of that deep solitude, on the brink of that waiting grave, it poured forth its consolation.

"Man, that is born of woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower. He fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. In the midst of life, we are in death. Of whom may we seek succor but of thee, Oh Lord!—who for our sins art justly displeased? Yet, O Lord God most holy--O God most mighty,—O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death. Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts, shut not thy most merciful ears to our prayers, but spare us, O Lord most holy,—O God most mighty,—O holy and merciful Saviour,—suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death to fall from thee."

Circumstances compelled me to leave this mourning community immediately after committing the dust of their pious ancestor to the earth. They accompanied me to some distance on my journey, and our parting was with mutual tears. Turning to view them, as their forms mingled with the dark green of the forest, I heard the faint echo of a clear voice. It was the lay-reader, speaking of the hope of the resurrection: "If we believe that Christ died and rose again, even so them also, that sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him."

Full of thought, I pursued my homeward way. I inquired, is Devotion never encumbered, or impeded by the splendor that surrounds her? Amid the lofty cathedral,--the throng of rich-stoled worshippers,--the melody of the solemn organ,—does that incense never spend itself upon the earth, that should rise to heaven? On the very beauty and glory of its ordinances, may not the spirit proudly rest, and go no more forth to the work of benevolence, nor spread its wing at the call of faith?

Yet surely, *there is a reality in religion*, though man may foolishly cheat himself with the shadow. Here I have beheld it in simplicity, disrobed of "all pomp and circumstance," yet with power to soothe the passions into harmony, to maintain the virtues in daily and vigorous exercise, and to give victory to the soul, when death vanquishes the body. So, I took the lesson to my heart, and when it has languished or grown cold, I have warmed it by the remembrance of the ever-living faith, of those "few sheep in the wilderness."

MEMORY AND HOPE.

The following beautiful apologue, copied from the New York Mirror, is from the pen of J. K. Paulding. We hope often to enrich our pages with his productions. His style is a model of simplicity, vigor and ease, which we should like to see more generally imitated by our Literary writers.

Hope is the leading-string of youth—memory the staff of age. Yet for a long time they were at variance, and scarcely ever associated together. Memory was almost always grave, nay sad and melancholy. She delighted in silence and repose, amid rocks and waterfalls; and whenever she raised her eyes from the ground it was only to look back over her shoulder. Hope was a smiling, dancing, rosy boy, with sparkling eyes, and it was impossible to look upon him without being inspired by his gay and sprightly buoyancy. Wherever he went he diffused

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around him gladness and joy; the eyes of the young sparkled brighter than ever at his approach; old age as it cast its dim glances at the blue vault of heaven, seemed inspired with new vigor; the flowers looked more gay, the grass more green, the birds sung more cheerily, and all nature seemed to sympathize in his gladness. Memory was of mortal birth, but Hope partook of immortality.

One day they chanced to meet, and Memory reproached Hope with being a deceiver. She charged him with deluding mankind with visionary, impracticable schemes, and exciting expectations that only led to disappointment and regret; with being the *ignis fatuus* of youth, and the scourge of old age. But Hope cast back upon her the charge of deceit, and maintained that the pictures of the past were as much exaggerated by Memory, as were the anticipations of Hope. He declared that she looked at objects at a great distance in the past, he in the future, and that this distance magnified every thing. "Let us make the circuit of the world," said he, "and try the experiment." Memory consented, reluctantly, and they went their way together.

The first person they met was a schoolboy, lounging lazily along, and stopping every moment to gaze around, as if unwilling to proceed on his way. By and by he sat down and burst into tears.

"Whither so *fast*, my good lad?" asked Hope, jeeringly.

"I am going to school," replied the lad, "to study, when I had rather a thousand times be at play; and sit on a bench with a book in my hand while I long to be sporting in the fields. But never mind, I shall be a man soon, and then I shall be free as the air." Saying this, he skipped away merrily, in the hope of soon being a man.

"It is thus you play upon the inexperience of youth," said Memory, reproachfully.

Passing onward, they met a beautiful girl, pacing slow and melancholy behind a party of gay young men and maidens, who walked arm in arm with each other, and were flirting and exchanging all those little harmless courtesies, which nature prompts on such occasions. They were all gaily dressed in silks and ribbons; but the little girl had on a simple frock, a homely apron, and clumsy thick-soled shoes.

"Why don't you join yonder group," asked Hope, "and partake in their gaiety, my pretty little girl?"

"Alas!" replied she, "they take no notice of me. They call me a child. But I shall soon be a woman, and then I shall be so happy!" Inspired by this hope, she quickened her pace, and soon was seen dancing along merrily with the rest.

In this manner they wended their way, from nation to nation, and clime to clime, until they had made the circuit of the universe. Wherever they came, they found the human race, which at this time was all young—it being not many years since the first creation of mankind—repining at the present, and looking forward to a riper age for happiness. All anticipated some future good, and Memory had scarce any thing to do but cast looks of reproach at her young companion. "Let us return home," said she, "to that delightful spot where I first drew my breath. I long to repose among its beautiful bowers; to listen to the brooks that murmured a thousand times more musically; to the birds that sung a thousand times sweeter; and to the echoes that were softer than any I have since heard. Ah! there is nothing on earth so enchanting as the scenes of my earliest youth."

Hope indulged himself in a sly, significant smile, and they proceeded on their return home. As they journeyed but slowly, many years elapsed ere they approached the spot whence they had departed. It so happened one day they met an old man, bending under the weight of years, and walking with trembling steps, leaning on his staff. Memory at once recognized him as the youth they had seen going to school, on their first outset in the tour of the world. As they came nearer, the old man reclined on his staff, and looking at Hope, who, being immortal, was still a blithe young boy, sighed as if his heart was breaking.

"What aileth thee, old man?" asked the youth.

"What aileth me," he replied, in a feeble, faltering voice—"What should ail me, but old age. I have outlived my health and strength; I have survived all that was near and dear; I have seen all I loved, or that loved me, struck down to the earth like dead leaves in autumn, and now I stand like an old tree withering alone in the world, without roots, without branches and without verdure. I have only just enough of sensation to know that I am miserable, and the recollection of the happiness of my youthful days, when careless and full of blissful anticipations, I was a laughing, merry boy, only adds to the miseries I now endure."

"Behold!" said Memory, "the consequence of thy deceptions," and she looked reproachfully at her companion.

"Behold!" replied Hope, "the deception practised by thyself. Thou persuadest him that he was happy in his youth. Dost thou remember the boy we met when we first set out together, who was weeping on his way to school, and sighing to be a man?"

Memory cast down her eyes and was silent.

A little way onward, they came to a miserable cottage, at the door of which was an aged woman, meanly clad, and shaking with palsy. She sat all alone, her head resting on her bosom, and as the pair approached, vainly tried to raise it up to look at them.

"Good-morrow, old lady—and all happiness to you," cried Hope, gaily, and the old woman thought it was a long time since she had heard such a cheering salutation.

"Happiness!" said she, in a voice that quivered with weakness and infirmity. "Happiness! I have not known it since I was a little girl, without care or sorrow. O, I remember those delightful days, when I thought of nothing but the present moment, nor cared for the future or the past. When I laughed and played and sung, from morning till night, and envied no one, or wished to be any other than I was. But those happy times are past, never to return. O, if I could only once more return to the days of my childhood!"

The old woman sunk back on her seat, and the tears flowed from her hollow eyes.

Memory again reproached her companion, but he only asked her if she recollected the little girl they had met a long time ago, who was so miserable because she was so young? Memory knew it well enough, and said not another word.

They now approached their home, and Memory was on tiptoe with the thought of once more enjoying the unequalled beauties of those scenes from which she had been so long separated. But, some how or other, it seemed they were sadly changed. Neither the grass was so green, the flowers so sweet and lovely, nor did the brooks murmur, the echoes answer, or the birds sing half so enchantingly, as she remembered them in long time past.

"Alas!" she exclaimed, "how changed is every thing! I alone am the same."

"Every thing is the same, and thou alone art changed," answered Hope. "Thou hast deceived thyself in the past just as much as I deceive others in the future."

"What is it you are disputing about?" asked an old man, whom they had not observed before, though he was standing close by them. "I have lived almost four-score and ten years, and my experience may perhaps enable me to decide between you."

They told him the occasion of their disagreement, and related the history of their journey round the earth. The old man smiled, and for a few moments sat buried in thought. He then said to them:

"I, too, have lived to see all the hopes of my youth turn into shadows, clouds and darkness, and vanish into nothing. I, too, have survived my fortune, my friends, my children—the hilarity of youth and the blessing of health."

"And dost thou not despair?" said Memory.

"No, I have still one hope left me."

"And what is that?"

"The hope of heaven!"

Memory turned towards Hope, threw herself into his arms, which opened to receive her, and burst into tears, exclaiming—"Forgive me, I have done thee injustice. Let us never again separate from each other."

"With all my heart," said Hope, and they continued for ever after to travel together hand and hand, through the world.

☞ The publisher has received the prospectus of the "*Southern Magazine, or Journal of Literature, Arts and Sciences*," to be published at Charleston, S. Carolina, and edited by James Haig. This work "will consist entirely of original matter in prose and verse, embracing all subjects of general interest, and exclusive of controversial divinity and party politics, accompanied with criticisms upon the productions of the day, and notices of the most important passing events." It is strongly recommended to public patronage by the Literary and Philosophical Society of South Carolina—and subscriptions to it will be cheerfully received at the office of the "Southern Literary Messenger." The South is awakening!

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. I.] RICHMOND, OCTOBER 15, 1834. [No. 2.

T. W. WHITE, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR. FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

TO THE PUBLIC,

AND ESPECIALLY THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTHERN STATES

THE favorable reception of the first number of the Messenger has been a source of no small gratification. Letters have been received by the publisher from various quarters, approving the plan of the publication, and strongly commendatory of the work. The appeal to the citizens of the south for support of a substantial kind, was not in vain. Already enough have come forward as subscribers, to defray the necessary expense of publication; and contributions to the columns of the paper have been liberally offered from different quarters. The publisher doubts not that with his present support, he will be enabled to furnish a periodical replete with matter of an acceptable kind. The useful and agreeable—the grave and gay—will be mingled in each number, so as to give it a pleasing variety, and enable every reader to find something to his taste. Thus will the paper become a source of innocent amusement, and at the same time a vehicle of valuable information.

That such a paper is to be desired in the southern states no one will controvert, and all must be sensible that an increase of public patronage will furnish the most effectual means of having what is wanted. An enlarged subscription list would put it in the power of the publisher to cater in the literary world on a more liberal scale; and the extended circulation of the paper, which would be a consequence of that subscription, would furnish a yet stronger inducement to many to make valuable contributions.

The publisher also makes his grateful acknowledgements for the friendly and liberal support received from various gentlemen residing in the states north of the Potomac. Many in that quarter, of literary and professional distinction, have kindly extended their patronage.

Already the number of contributions received, has greatly exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the publisher. Still he would earnestly invite the gifted pens of the country to repeat their favors, and unite in extending the INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE.

Letter from Mr. Wirt to a Law Student.

THE countrymen of WILLIAM WIRT hold his memory in respect, not more for his mental powers than for his pure morality. Every thing which comes to light in regard to him, tends to show that his character has not been too highly appreciated. The letter which occupies a portion of this number, and which is now for the first time published, exhibits him in a way strongly calculated to arrest attention. A young gentleman who is about to leave the walls of a university, and looks to the law as his profession, who is not related to or connected with Mr. Wirt, nor even acquainted with him, and knows him only as an ornament to his profession and his country, is induced by the high estimate which he has formed of his character, and the great confidence that might be reposed in any advice that he would give, to ask at his hands some instruction as to the course of study best to be pursued. Mr. Wirt, with constant occupation even at ordinary times, is, at the period when this letter is received, busily employed in preparing for the supreme court of the confederacy, then shortly to commence its session. Yet notwithstanding the extent of his engagements, he hastily prepares a long letter replete with advice, and of a nature to excite the student to reach, if possible, the very pinnacle of his profession. What can be better calculated to increase our esteem for those who have attained the highest distinction themselves, than to see them submit to personal trouble and inconvenience, for the purpose of encouraging the young to come forward and cope with them? It would seem as if there were something in the profession of the law which tends to produce such liberality of feeling. We find strong evidence of this, if we look to the course of the two men who are generally regarded as at the head of the Virginia bar. How utterly destitute are they of that close and narrow feeling which, in other pursuits of life, not unfrequently leads the successful man to depress others that his own advantages may with greater certainty be retained.

A few remarks will now be made upon the contents of the letter. The student, says Mr. Wirt, must cultivate most assiduously the habits of reading, observing, above all of thinking: must make himself a master in every branch of the science that belongs to the profession; acquire a mastery of his own language, and when he comes to the bar speak to the purpose and to the point. He is not merely to make himself a great lawyer. General science must not be overlooked. History and politics, statistics and political economy, are all to receive a share of attention.

Much of this advice may well be followed by minds of every description, but some portion of it seems better fitted for an intellect of the highest order than for the great mass of those who come to the bar. Lord *Mansfield* could be a statesman and a jurist, an orator of persuasive eloquence and acute reasoning, and a judge "whose opinions may be studied as models." And Sir *William Jones* has shown that it was possible for the same individual to be a most extensive linguist, an historian of great research, a person of information upon matters the most varied, an author in poetry as well as prose, and a writer of equal elegance upon legal and miscellaneous subjects.

But these were men whose extraordinary endowments have caused the world to admire their strength of understanding and their great attainments. Mr. Wirt seems to think it best to open a field the whole extent of which could only be reached by such minds as these, and excite others to occupy as large a portion of it as practicable, by inculcating the belief that "to unceasing diligence there is scarcely any thing impossible."

That much may be effected by labor and perseverance, no one will controvert. Mr. Butler is an example. He states, in his reminiscences, that he was enabled to accomplish what he did, by never allowing himself to be unemployed for a moment; rising early; dividing his time systematically; and abstaining in a great degree from company and other amusements. Yet while

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the student is exhorted thus to persevere, some caution may be requisite lest his time be lost amid the variety of subjects that are laid before him in the extensive course which Mr. Wirt has prescribed.

Generally speaking, the student of law will fail to attain the highest point in his profession, unless the principal portion of his time be given to that profession. While travelling the road to professional distinction, he may, without greatly impeding his course, for the sake of variety, occasionally wander to the right or to the left, provided he will speedily return to his proper track. But if he open to himself a variety of paths, walking alternately in them, and spending in one as much time as in another, he will find that he can never travel far in any. In *England* the lawyer commonly devotes himself with great constancy to his profession, and suffers his attention to be diverted from it by nothing else. In our country, and especially in the southern states, more politicians than lawyers are to be found at the bar.—Hence the English lawyers are generally, as lawyers, more able and more learned than those of our country. There, as well as here, the lawyer who devotes a large portion of his life to politics, will become less fit for his peculiar vocation.

Lord *Brougham* is mentioned by Mr. Wirt, but he constitutes no exception to this remark. He was, it is true, at the same time an extensive practitioner at the bar, and a leading member of the House of Commons. He kept pace with the literature of the day, and contributed largely to the periodical press. The wonder was how he could do all this and go into society so much as he did; how *he* could do it, when so many able men found the profession of the law as much as they could master. But his fellow practitioners could, to some extent, solve the problem. The truth was, that Lord *Brougham* was more remarkable as an ingenious advocate than as an able lawyer, and made a much better leader of the opposition than he has since made a Lord Chancellor. There are many abler lawyers now presiding at his bar, and the decrees of his master of the rolls are more respected than his own.

In our country every one must, to some extent, be informed on the subject of politics, that he may be enabled to discharge his duty as a citizen; and history and general literature should certainly receive from all a due share of attention. But if the student of law remember what has oft been said of his profession, that the studies of even twenty years will leave much behind that is yet to be grappled with and mastered, he will perceive the necessity, if he desire to become a profound jurist, of making all general studies ancillary and subordinate to that which is his especial object. If he would know to what extent his attention may be divided, he may take Mr. Wirt himself as an example. In him extensive legal attainments were happily blended with general knowledge; powers of argument and eloquence were well combined; and in the forcible speaker was seen the accomplished gentleman. His good taste and sense of propriety would never allow him to descend to that low personality which has now become so common a fault among the debaters of the day.

A word to the gentleman who forwarded the letter. His reasons for transmitting it are not inserted, because it is believed that no relative or friend of Mr. Wirt can possibly object to the publication of *such* a letter. C.

BALTIMORE, DECEMBER 20, 1833.

My dear sir:

Your letter, dated "University of ———, December 12," was received on yesterday morning—and although it finds me extremely busy in preparing for the Supreme Court of the United States, I am so much pleased with its spirit, that I cannot reconcile it to myself to let it pass unanswered. If I were ever so well qualified to advise you, to which I do not pretend, but little good could be done by a single letter, and I have not time for more. Knowing nothing of the peculiarities of your mental character, I can give no advice adapted to your peculiar case. I am persuaded that education may be so directed by a sagacious and skilful teacher, as to prune and repress those faculties of the pupil which are too prone to luxuriance, and to train and invigorate those which are disproportionately weak or slow; so as to create a just balance among the powers, and enable the mind to act with the highest effect of which it is capable. But it requires a previous acquaintance with the student, to ascertain the natural condition of his various powers, in order to know which requires the spur and which the rein. In some minds, imagination overpowers and smothers all the other faculties: in others, reason, like a sturdy oak, throws all the rest into a sickly shade. Some men have a morbid passion for the study of poetry—others, of mathematics, &c. &c. All this may be corrected by discipline, so far as it may be judicious to correct it. But the physician must understand the disease, and become acquainted with all the idiosyncracies of the patient, before he can prescribe. I have no advantage of this kind with regard to you; and to prescribe by conjecture, would require me to conjecture every possible case that *may* be yours, and to prescribe for each, which would call for a ponderous volume, instead of a letter. I believe that in all sound minds, the germ of all the faculties exists, and may, by skilful management, be wooed into expansion: but they exist, naturally, in different degrees of health and strength, and as this matter is generally left to the impulses of nature in each individual, the healthiest and strongest germs get the start—give impulse and direction to the efforts of each mind—stamp its character and shape its destiny. As education, therefore, now stands among us, each man must be his own preceptor in this respect, and by turning in his eyes upon himself, and descrying the comparative action of his own powers, discover which of them requires more tone—which, if any, less. We must take care, however, not to make an erroneous estimate of the relative value of the faculties, and thus commit the sad mistake of cultivating the showy at the expense of the solid. With these preliminary remarks, by way of explaining why I cannot be more particular in regard to your case, permit me, instead of chalking out a course of study by furnishing you with lists of books and the order in which they should be read, (and no list of books and course of study would be equally proper for all minds,) to close this letter with a few general remarks.

If your *spirit* be as stout and pure as your letter indicates, you require little advice beyond that which you will find within the walls of your University. A brave and pure spirit is more than "*half the battle*," not only in preparing for life, but in all its conflicts. *Take*

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it for granted, that there is no excellence without great labor. No mere aspirations for eminence, however ardent, will do the business. Wishing, and sighing, and imagining, and dreaming of greatness, will never make you great. If you would get to the mountain's top on which the temple of fame stands, it will not do *to stand still*, looking, admiring, and wishing you were there. You must gird up your loins, and go to work with all the indomitable energy of Hannibal scaling the Alps. Laborious study, and diligent observation of the world, are both indispensable to the attainment of eminence. By the former, you must make yourself master of all that is known of science and letters; by the latter, you must know *man*, at large, and particularly the character and genius of your own countrymen. You must cultivate assiduously the habits of *reading, thinking*, and *observing*. Understand your own language grammatically, critically, thoroughly: learn its origin, or rather its various origins, which you may learn from Johnson's and Webster's prefaces to their large dictionaries. Learn all that is delicate and beautiful, as well as strong, in the language, and master all its stores of opulence. You will find a rich mine of instruction in the splendid language of Burke. His diction is frequently magnificent; sometimes too gorgeous, I think, for a chaste and correct taste; but he will show you all the wealth of your language. You must, by ardent study and practice, acquire for yourself a *mastery* of the language, and be able both to speak and to write it, promptly, easily, elegantly, and with that variety of style which different subjects, different hearers, and different readers are continually requiring. You must have such a command of it as to be able to adapt yourself, with intuitive quickness and ease, to every situation in which you may chance to be placed—and you will find no great difficulty in this, if you have the *copia verborum* and a correct taste. With this study of the language you must take care to unite the habits already mentioned—the diligent observation of all that is passing around you; and *active, close* and *useful thinking*. If you have access to Franklin's works, read them carefully, particularly his third volume, and you will know what I mean by *the habits of observing and thinking*. We cannot all be *Franklins*, it is true; but, by imitating his mental habits and unwearied industry, we may reach an eminence we should never otherwise attain. Nor would he have been *the Franklin* he was, if he had permitted himself to be discouraged by the reflection that we cannot all be *Newtons*. It is our business to make the most of our own talents and opportunities, and instead of discouraging ourselves by comparisons and imaginary impossibilities, to believe all things possible—as indeed almost all things are, to a spirit bravely and firmly resolved. Franklin was a fine model of *a practical man* as contradistinguished from a *visionary theorist*, as men of genius are very apt to be. He was great in that greatest of all good qualities, *sound, strong, common sense*. A mere book-worm is a miserable driveller; and a mere genius, a thing of gossamer fit only for the winds to sport with. Direct your intellectual efforts, principally, to the cultivation of the strong, masculine qualities of the mind. Learn (I repeat it) *to think—to think deeply, comprehensively, powerfully*—and learn the simple, nervous language which is appropriate to that kind of thinking. Read the legal and political arguments of Chief Justice Marshall, and those of Alexander Hamilton, which are coming out. Read them, *study them;* and observe with what an omnipotent sweep of thought they range over the whole field of every subject they take in hand—and *that* with a scythe so ample, and so keen, that not a straw is left standing behind them. Brace yourself up to these great efforts. Strike for this giant character of mind, and leave prettiness and frivolity for triflers. There is nothing in your letter that suggests the necessity of this admonition; I make it merely with reference to that tendency to efflorescence which I have occasionally heard charged to southern genius. It is perfectly consistent with these herculean habits of thinking, to be a laborious student, and to know all that books can teach. This extensive acquisition is necessary, not only to teach you how far science has advanced in every direction, and where the *terra incognita* begins, into which genius is to direct its future discoveries, but to teach you also the strength and the weakness of the human intellect—how far it is permitted us to go, and where the penetration of man is forced, by its own impotence and the nature of the subject, to give up the pursuit;—and when you have mastered all the past conquests of science, you will understand what Socrates meant by saying, that he knew only enough to be sure that *he knew nothing—nothing, compared with that illimitable tract that lies beyond the reach of our faculties.* You must never be satisfied with the surface of things: probe them to the bottom, and let nothing go 'till you understand it as thoroughly as your powers will enable you. Seize the moment of excited curiosity on any subject to solve your doubts; for if you let it pass, the desire may never return, and you may remain in ignorance. The habits which I have been recommending are not merely for college, but for life. Franklin's habits of constant and deep excogitation clung to him to his latest hour. Form these habits now: learn all that may be learned at your University, and bring all your acquisitions and your habits to the study of the law, which you say is to be your profession;—and when you come to this study, come resolved to master it—not to play in its shallows, but to sound all its depths. There is no knowing what a mind greatly and firmly resolved, may achieve in this department of science, as well as every other. Resolve to be the first lawyer of your age, in the depth, extent, variety and accuracy of your legal learning. Master the science of pleading—master Coke upon Littleton—and Coke's and Plowden's Reports—master Fearne on Contingent Remainders and Executory Devises, 'till you can sport and play familiarly with its most subtle distinctions. Lay your foundation deep, and broad, and strong, and you will find the superstructure comparatively light work. It is not by shrinking from the difficult parts of the science, but by courting them, grappling with them, and overcoming them, that a man rises to professional greatness. There is a great deal of law learning that is dry, dark, cold, revolting—but it is an old feudal castle, in perfect preservation, which the legal architect, who aspires to the first honors of his profession, will delight to explore, and learn all the uses to which its various parts used to be put: and he will the better understand, enjoy and relish the progressive improvements of the science in modern times.

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You must be a master in every branch of the science that belongs to your profession—the law of nature and of nations, the civil law, the law merchant, the maritime law, &c. the chart and outline of all which you will see in Blackstone's Commentaries. Thus covered with the panoply of professional learning, a master of the pleadings, practice and cases, and at the same time a *great constitutional and philosophic lawyer*, you must keep way, also, with the march of general science. Do you think this requiring too much? Look at Brougham, and see what man can do if well armed and well resolved. With a load of *professional duties* that would, *of themselves*, have been appalling to the most of *our* countrymen, he *stood, nevertheless, at the head of his party in the House of Commons*, and, *at the same time, set in motion and superintended various primary schools and various periodical works, the most instructive and useful that ever issued from the British press, to which he furnished, with his own pen, some of the most masterly contributions*, and yet found time *not only to keep pace* with the progress of the *arts and sciences*, but *to keep at the head of those whose peculiar and exclusive occupations these arts and sciences were. There* is a model of *industry and usefulness* worthy of all your emulation. You must, indeed, be a great lawyer; but it will not do to be a mere lawyer—more especially as you are very properly turning your mind, also, to the political service of your country, and to the study and practice of eloquence. You must, therefore, be a political lawyer and historian; thoroughly versed in the constitution and laws of your country, and fully acquainted with *all its statistics*, and the history of all the leading measures which have distinguished the several administrations. You must study the debates in congress, and observe what have been the actual effects upon the country of the various measures that have been most strenuously contested in their origin. You must be a master of the science of political economy, and especially of *financiering*, of which so few of our young countrymen know any thing. The habit of observing all that is passing, and thinking closely and deeply upon them, demands pre-eminently an attention to the political course of your country. But it is time to close this letter. You ask for instructions adapted to improvement in eloquence. This is a subject for a treatise, not for a letter. Cicero, however, has summed up the whole art in a few words: it is—"*apte—distincte—ornate dicere*"—to speak *to the purpose*—to speak *clearly and distinctly*—to speak *gracefully*:—to be able *to speak to the purpose*, you must understand your subject and all that belongs to it:—and then your *thoughts and method* must be *clear in themselves* and *clearly and distinctly enunciated*:—and lastly, your voice, style, delivery and gesture, must be *graceful and delightfully impressive*. In relation to this subject, I would strenuously advise you to two things: *Compose much, and often, and carefully, with reference to this same rule of apte, distincte, ornate*; and let your *conversation* have reference to the same objects. I do not mean that you should be *elaborate and formal* in your ordinary conversation. Let it be *perfectly simple and natural*, but *always, in good time*, (to speak as the musician) and well enunciated.

With regard to the style of eloquence that you shall adopt, that must depend very much on your own taste and genius. You are not disposed, I presume, to be an humble imitator of any man? If you are, you may bid farewell to the hope of eminence in this walk. None are mere imitators to whom nature has given original powers. The ape alone is content with mere imitation. If nature has bestowed such a portion of the spirit of oratory as can advance you to a high rank in this walk, your manner *will be* your own. In what style of eloquence you are best fitted to excel, you, yourself, if destined to excellence, are the best judge. I can only tell you that the *florid and Asiatic style* is not the taste of the age. The *strong*, and even the *rugged and abrupt*, are far more successful. Bold propositions, boldly and briefly expressed—pithy sentences—nervous common sense—strong phrases—the *felicite audax* both in language and conception—well compacted periods—sudden and strong masses of light—an apt adage in English or Latin—a keen sarcasm—a merciless personality—a mortal thrust—these are the beauties and deformities that now make a speaker the most interesting. A gentleman and a christian will conform to the reigning taste so far only as his principles and habits of *decorum* will permit. The florid and Asiatic was never a good style either for a European or an American taste. We require that a man should *speak to the purpose* and *come to the point*—that he should *instruct and convince*. To do this, his mind must move with great strength and power: reason should be manifestly his master faculty—argument should predominate throughout; but these great points secured, wit and fancy may cast their lights around his path, provided the wit be courteous as well as brilliant, and the fancy chaste and modest. But they must be kept well in the back ground, for they are dangerous allies; and a man had better be without them, than to show them in front, or to show them too often.

But I am wearying you, my dear sir, as well as myself. If these few imperfect hints, on subjects so extended and diversified, can be of any service to you, I shall be gratified. They may, at least, convince you that your letter has interested me in your behalf, and that I shall be happy to hear of your future fame and prosperity. I offer you my respects, and tender the compliments of the season.

WM. WIRT.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MISFORTUNE AND GENIUS:

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

"You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day: Those happy smiles
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd."—*King Lear.*

In a late excursion through the western districts of Virginia, having been detained at the picturesque village of F——, I took a seat in the stage coach, intending to visit some of the neighboring springs. The usually delightful temperature and clear sky of the mountain summer, had been suddenly changed into a cold misty atmosphere; and as I stept into the coach, the curtains of which had been let down for greater comfort, I found a solitary female passenger sitting in one corner of the carriage, and apparently absorbed in deep contemplation. She was plainly but genteely

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dressed, in a suit of mourning; and there was something in her whole appearance, which would have immediately struck the eye of the most careless observer. Her face, and such parts of her head as were unconcealed by her bonnet, seemed to me, at a single glance, to present a fine study for the disciples of Lavater and Spurzheim—or at least to furnish a model which a painter would have loved to transfer to his canvass. Her features were not what are usually termed beautiful; that is, there was not that exquisite symmetry in them, nor that brilliant contrast between the delicate white skin and raven hair, or between the coral lip and the lustrous dark eye, which with some constitute the perfection of female beauty; but there was something beyond and superior to all these:—There was a fine intellectual expression which could not be mistaken. I do not even recollect the color of her eyes: I only remember that those "windows of the soul" revealed a whole volume of thought and feeling—and that there was cast over her countenance an inexpressible veil of sadness, which instantly seized upon my sympathies. As the stage drove off, the crack of the coachman's whip, and the lumbering of the wheels, seemed to rouse her from her reverie, and I remarked a deeper tinge of melancholy pass over her features. It was to her like the sound of a funeral knell! She was about to bid adieu, perhaps forever, to the scenes of her infancy—to scenes which were endeared by the remembrance of departed joys, and even consecrated by bitter inconsolable sorrows!

After the customary salutation, I determined to engage my interesting fellow-traveller in conversation; and I at once perceived by the modest blush which suffused her cheek, and by the timid responses she made to my inquiries, that she was conscious of appearing in the somewhat embarrassing situation of an unattended and unprotected female. I studied therefore to put her mind at ease, by a delicate pledge of my protection as far as my journey extended. Words of kindness and respect seemed to fall upon her ear, as if she had been unused to them. Her countenance, which had sunk in gloom, was lighted up by a mild expression of tranquillity. I saw that I had somewhat won upon her confidence, and I determined to improve the advantage, by affording her an opportunity of narrating her story—a story which I was curious to know, and which I had already half learned in her care-worn visage, her garments of woe, and her apparently forlorn and unbefriended condition.

Such are the mysterious sympathies of our nature, that whilst the sorrowing heart experiences a transient relief in pouring its griefs into another's ear, there is a no less melancholy pleasure in listening to the tale of misfortune, and participating in the misery of its victim. My companion did not hesitate, in her own peculiar and artless manner, to relate her story. It was brief, simple and affecting.

Maria (for that was her name,) was now in her sixteenth year, and was one of several children, born not to affluence, but to comparative independence. A doating grandmother adopted her, when not two years old, with the free consent of her parents. They had other offspring to provide for; and their residence was not so remote, but that occasional visits might preserve unbroken the ties of filial and parental love. The venerable grandmother devoted her humble means to the maintenance and education of her charge. Her aged bosom rejoiced in beholding herself, as it were, perpetuated in this blooming scion from her own stock. She spared neither pains nor expense, consistent with her limited fortune, in preparing her young descendant for a life of usefulness, piety and virtue. In truth, her dutiful grandchild was so "garnered up in her heart," that she became the only worldly hope of her declining years. Maria was her earthly solace—the tie which bound her to life when all its charms had faded—the being who made it desirable to linger yet a little longer on the confines of the grave. But how fleeting and unsubstantial is human hope! Scarcely a fortnight had elapsed since this venerated lady had been called to realize another state of being. When Maria touched upon this part of her narrative, I could perceive the agony of her soul. I could see the tearful and uplifted eye as she exclaimed, "Yes, sir! it has pleased Providence to deprive me of my only earthly benefactress!"

I was troubled at the misery I had occasioned, and I hastened, if possible, to administer such consolation as seemed to me proper. "But you have parents," I replied, "who will take you to their home, and gladly receive you in their arms?" Little did I think that the wound which I thus attempted to heal, would bleed afresh at my remark. The afflicted girl appeared to be deprived, for a moment, of utterance. Her heart seemed to swell almost to bursting, with the strength and intensity of her feelings. "My friend," she at length replied, in a tone of comparative calmness, "for by that name permit me to call you, even on so short an acquaintance,—you have touched a theme upon which I would gladly have avoided explanation. The interest you have already shown, however, in my unhappy story, entitles you to still more of my confidence. You shall know the whole of my cruel fortune. Though my father and mother are both still living, they are no longer parents to me. My father *might have been* all which a friendless and unprotected daughter could desire; but alas! for years and years past, he has lost the "moral image" which God originally stamped upon his nature. The DEMON OF INTEMPERANCE has long—long possessed him. His feelings and affections are no longer those of an intelligent and rational creature. He scarcely knows me as his offspring; but turns from me with sullen indifference, if not disgust. My mother!"——

At the mention of that hallowed name, the fair narrator seemed to be almost choked by the violence of her emotions. She stopped an instant as if to respire more freely.

"My mother," she continued, "cannot extend to me her arm. She is herself broken-hearted and friendless; she is wasting away under the chastening rod of Providence!"——

"Heavens!" I inwardly exclaimed, "what havoc—what torture have I not inflicted upon this innocent bosom! Why did I officiously intermeddle in things which did not concern me—things too, which I could only know by tearing open the yet unhealed wounds of an anguished heart." I was at the point of offering some atonement for the mischief I had done. I saw the whole picture of wretchedness as it was presented to Maria's mind. I even shared, or thought that I shared, in the sorrows which overwhelmed her. My imagination conjured up before me the churlish and miserable

wretch who was then wallowing in the stye of brutal sensuality—and in whose bosom all holy and natural affection had been drowned by the fatal Circean cup. I beheld his pale and neglected partner, writhing under that immedicable sickness of the heart—not of hope deferred, but of dark, absolute despair. I turned to the object before me. I saw how those affections which clung around her beloved protectress, as the tendrils of the vine cling around the aged tree, were in one evil hour withered forever. She, an unprotected destitute orphan—worse than an orphan—thrown upon the wide, cold and unfeeling world—perhaps seeking an asylum in the house of some half welcoming and distant relative. What a throng of perplexing—might I not say, distracting reflections, at that moment rushed upon me! I endeavored to change the subject, but at first without success. I experienced some relief, however, by being assured, that the relative to whose house she was now hastening, had offered his aid and protection, in the spirit of kindness and sincerity.

The most wonderful part of my story is yet to be told. When Maria was sufficiently composed, I resolved to divert the conversation into more agreeable channels. I was struck with the delicacy and propriety of her speech—with the simple, correct, and even elegant language which she used. Another and a quite unexpected source of admiration was yet in reserve for me. I touched upon the topic of her education—upon the books she had learned—the seminaries she had attended—and the teachers by whom she was instructed. Even here methought I might be officious and imprudent. What could be expected from a girl of sixteen—from one who had been born to humble fortune—from one who had had no one at home except an unlettered grandmother, to stir up within her the noble spirit of emulation, and to fan the divine sparks of genius and knowledge. Might she not suppose that I intended to deride the ignorance of youth, and expose the deficiency of her acquirements! Not so! At the bare mention of her books and instructers, I saw for the first time, the clouds which had gathered around her brow begin to disperse. There was evidently something like a smile which played upon her features. It looked like the rainbow of peace, which denoted that the storm of passion was passing away. Oh, how eloquently did she discourse upon the beauties and delights of learning! Next to the star of Bethlehem, which gilded her sorrowing path, and which for two years had attracted her devotional spirit,—knowledge was the luminary which she worshipped with more than Persian idolatry. The reader shall judge of my surprise and admiration, when he is informed, that this artless girl of sixteen—this youthful prodigy—had already amassed a richer intellectual treasure, than often falls to the lot of men of superior minds, even at the age of maturity. The great masters of Roman and classical antiquity she had read in their original tongue—the Georgics and Æneid of Virgil—the Commentaries of Cæsar—Selections from Horace—and the matchless orations of Tully, were as familiar to her, as household words. She was also conversant with the French, and thoroughly grounded in her own vernacular. Besides the usual elements of mathematics, she had even encountered the forbidding subtleties of algebra; and although mistress of the pleasing study of geography, there was nothing which had so filled her mind with delight as the sublime researches of astronomy. She loved to contemplate the harmony and beauty of the planetary system,—and to soar still further on the wings of thought, into that vast and illimitable firmament where each twinkling luminary is itself the centre of a similar system. She had watched too the fiery and eccentric track of the comet, "brandishing its crystal tresses in the sky;" and from all the wonderful movements and harmonious action of the heavenly bodies, she had realized the impressive sentiment of Young, that

"An undevout astronomer is mad."

From the marvellous works of creation as revealed in that most sublime of all human sciences, her soul had been transported to the Creator himself, whom she worshipped in adoring humility.

But why enumerate—why speak of her varied and almost numberless acquirements? There was scarcely a branch of learning with which she did not manifest at least some acquaintance. Even the popular and somewhat pleasing science of phrenology had not escaped her attention. In the theories and conclusions of its ardent disciples however, she was reluctant to concur. The moral and intellectual character did not, in her opinion, depend on the position of the brain, or the conformation of the skull. It squinted at the hateful doctrine of materialism; at least she thought so, and until better satisfied, she would not believe. Though closely engaged for years in her regular scholastic studies, this extraordinary female had found leisure to stray occasionally into the paths of polite and elegant literature. She had culled from the most illustrious of the British bards, some of their choicest and sweetest flowers; and the beautiful fictions of Scott were faithfully stored in her memory.

Deeply interested as I felt in this young and highly gifted girl, the hour of separation was at hand. The journey before her was comparatively long and tedious; mine would speedily terminate. When about to bid her adieu, I fancied that I saw regret painted in her countenance. Her solitude would bring back some of those gloomy reflections, which society and conversation had in some measure dissipated. I handed her a literary work which I had with me, to beguile the loneliness and misery of her journey. She accepted it with eagerness and gratitude. A new current of joy sprung up in her bosom. Commending her to the protection of heaven, I pressed her hand, and left my seat in the coach.

My sensations, when the vehicle swiftly departed, were of a mixed character. There was a strange combination of pleasure and pain. Poor Maria, I thought, we may never again meet in this world of sorrow; but if ever a pure aspiration was breathed for thy happiness, it is that which I now offer. I know that there is something within me which borders on romance; and perhaps many will suppose that my imagination has thrown over this adventure an illusive coloring. It may be so; but even after an interval of composed reflection, I have not been able to discover any thing in the foregoing sketch which does not substantially conform to truth. I have often moralized on Maria's story, and in my blind distrust of the dealings of an all wise Providence, have wished that human blessings could be sometimes more equally distributed. I have thought of

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the hundreds and thousands of the gay, simple, fluttering insects, dignified with the name of fashionable belles,—born and reared in the lap of luxury,—reposing in moral and intellectual sloth, and quaffing the delicious but fatal poison of adulation,—how inferior, how immeasurably inferior, most, if not all of them were, to this poor, neglected, deserted orphan. I have thought how hard was that decree, by which the light, trifling and glittering things of creation should be buoyed up to the surface by their own levity—whilst modest merit and suffering virtue were doomed to sink into obscurity, and perhaps into wretchedness. On the other hand, I have loved to look at the sunny smiles which Hope, in spite of us, will sprinkle over the chequered landscape of life. It is impossible! I have exclaimed, that one so young, yet so unfortunate—so highly improved by moral and mental culture—so worthy of admiration and esteem, should live and die unknown and unregretted. She surely was not

> ——————"born to blush unseen,
> And waste her sweetness in the desert air"—

at least such is my hope, and such is doubtless the prayer of every generous reader.

H.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EXAMPLE IS BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

I NEVER read Jeremy Bentham's 'Book of Fallacies:' it is known to me only through the Edinburgh Review. I am uncertain whether it *gibbets* the above saying, or not; but no fallacy of them all better deserves to be hung up on high, for the admonition of mankind. There is none more mischievous, in the best filled pack of the largest wholesale proverb-pedler.

"*Example is better than precept!*"—is the constant plea, the invariable subterfuge, of those who do not want to follow good counsel. Be the counsel ever so sage—be the propriety and expediency of following it ever so manifest—if it perchance do not square to a T with the adviser's own practice, he is twitted with this sapient apothegm; and the advised party wends his way of folly as completely self-satisfied, as if he had demonstrated it to be the way of wisdom by an argument clearly pertinent, and mathematically unanswerable. Yet how is his argument more to the purpose—how is he more rational—than if he should refuse to take a road pointed out by a sign-board, because the board itself did not run along before him? May I not correctly show to others a way, which it is not convenient or agreeable for me to travel myself?

I could fill a book with the instances I have known, of people who have deluded themselves to their own hurt, by relying upon this same proverb.

For years, I have been a little given to drinking: not to excess, 'tis true—but more than is good for me. A sprightly younker, whose thirst appeared likely to become inordinate, being counselled by me to abstain altogether from strong waters, as the only sure resource of those afflicted with that propensity—told me, "*example was better than precept*," and refused to heed the one, because he could not have the other also. He has since died a sot. The last three years of his existence were, to his wife, years of shame, terror, and misery, from which widowhood and the poor-house were a welcome refuge. His children are schooled and maintained by the parish.

My appetite is better than ordinary. It is, in truth, too much indulged, and not a few head-aches and nightmares have been the consequence. Venturing once, on the score of my woful experience, to admonish a young friend whom I saw entering the habit in which I was confirmed, he confuted me with the accustomed logical reply—"*example*," and so forth. Seven years afterwards saw him tottering on the grave's brink, with an incurable *dyspepsia*, the fruit of gluttony, and of gluttony's usual attendant, indolence.

When a boy, I was a famous *climber*. Perched in a cherry tree one day, I saw a lad, clumsier than I was, going far out upon a slender branch. I cautioned him that it would break. "Did'nt I see you on it just now?" said he: "and there you are now, further out on a smaller limb! *Example's better*"—but before he could end the saying, his bough snapped, and he fell twenty feet, breaking a leg and dislocating a shoulder by the fall.

Another time, as I and a smaller boy were hunting, he walked over a creek upon a log, which he saw was just able to bear his weight, through rottenness. "You had better not venture," said he to me. But I said, I had always heard, *example was better than precept*, and following him, was soused by the breaking of the log, in six feet water. Being a good swimmer, I escaped with a ducking, (it was near Christmas,) and with wetting my gun, lock, priming, and all: so that it cost me a full hour to refit for sport.

It is not, however, commonly, either *immediate* or *bodily* harm that we incur by means of this Jack-o'lantern proverb. Our faith in it is not sufficient to lead us into instant and obvious danger: it is in general the opiate with which we lull ourselves, only when the evil we are warned against is of the *moral* kind, or likely to occur at a remote period.

In my youth, I read novels to a pernicious excess. They enfeebled my memory; unfixed my power of attention and my habits of thought; blunted my zest for history; dimmed my perception of reasoning; gave me the most illusory ideas of human life and character; and filled my brain with fantastic visions. A passion for learning, and the timely counsels of a sensible friend, subsequently won me so far from this career of dissipation, that I surmounted in some degree its evil effects, and acquired a moderate stock of solid knowledge: but to my dying day I shall feel its cloying, *unhinging*, debilitating influence upon my mental constitution. Still, even latterly, I have continued to indulge myself with the best novels, as they appeared. My weakness in this respect unluckily became known to a young girl, who seemed to be exactly treading in my footsteps; and whom I earnestly warned of the dangers besetting that path. "Now, cousin L., how can you talk so, when I have seen you *devouring* the *Antiquary*, and *Guy Mannering*, and *Patronage*, and I don't know how many besides! You need not preach to me: *example is better than precept*." *Therefore*—for the reasoning seemed to her as conclusive as Euclids—*therefore* she went on, with undistinguishing voracity, through all the spawn of the novel press: and there is not now a sadder instance of the effects of novel-reading. After rejecting with dis-

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dain three suitors every way her equals, (and in real merit her superiors,) because they were so unlike her favorite novel heroes—did not woo on their knees or in blank verse—and had 'such shocking, vulgar names'—she, at three and twenty, married a coxcomb, formed precisely after the model upon which her 'mind's eye' had so long dwelt. He was gaudy, flippant, and specious; knew a dozen of Moore's Melodies by rote; could softly discourse of *the heart* and its *affections*, as if he really possessed the one, and had actually felt the other; and, most irresistible of all, his name was EDWIN MORTIMER FITZGERALD. The result may be imagined. The society of such a being could not long please. Their conversation was a routine of insipid frivolity and angry disputes. With no definite principles of economy or of morals, he wasted his fortune and wrecked his health over the bottle and at cards—excitements, the usual resource of a weak, ill-cultivated understanding. She is now a widow, scantily endowed, at the age of twenty-seven. Her mind, too much engrossed by her darling pursuit to have learned, even in the impressive school of adversity, is nearly a blank as to all useful knowledge: imagination, paramount there over every other faculty, is prolific of innumerable fooleries; she can do no work beyond crimping a ruff or making a frill: and her nerves, *shattered* by tea, late hours, and sentimental emotion at fictitious scenes, threaten a disordered intellect and a premature grave.

To this impertinent adage, about *example* and *precept*, is it chiefly owing that I am at this moment a bachelor, aged fifty. I used it to parry the repeated instances made me by a friendly senior bachelor, to be "up and a doing," in the journey towards matrimony. As the proverb commonly silenced him, it appeared to me at last, as it does to most people, a satisfactory answer; it was the lullaby, with which I hushed into repose every transient qualm that his expostulations excited. My friend at length, in reasonable time, took me at my word, and added example to precept: he married, well and happily. But one obstacle or other, real or imaginary, had by this time confirmed me in my inactivity. Business occupied my time: chimerical visions of female excellence, in spite of my better reason, haunted me from the regions of romance, and made me hard to be pleased, even by merits which I was obliged to confess were superior to my own: courtship, by being long in view yet long deferred, came at length to appear clothed in embarrassment and terror: a failure, resulting (as vanity whispered,) purely from the awkwardness produced by embarrassment and terror, finally crushed all matrimonial aspirations: and, as it is now absurd to hope for a *love-match*, (a genuine novel-reader can brook no other) I am e'en trying to resign myself to the doom of perpetual celibacy.

'Twere needless to multiply examples. These suffice to shew, not only how absurd in reasoning, but how hurtful often in practice it is, to consider advice as at all the *less good*, for not being enforced by the giver's example. That proverb has done as much harm in the world as the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility, or of the divine right of kings; or as the silly saying, "*stuff a cold, and starve a fever;*" or, as (by its perversion) that unfortunate one, "*spare the rod, and spoil the child.*"

Yet, after all, the maxim I have been exposing is not *untrue*. *Example* IS better than *precept*: DOES more effectually shew *the right way*. But it is *fallacious*, and *mischievous*, by being misapplied. Instead of being regarded merely as a rebuke to the adviser, it is absurdly taken by the *advised* as a justication to himself in persisting in error. In most cases it is not even a *just* rebuke to the *adviser*: because ten to one there is *some dissimilarity of situation or of circumstances*, which makes it not expedient or proper for him to do what he nevertheless *properly* recommends to another. While I shew you your road—and shew it with perfect correctness—my own duty or pleasure may call me another way, or may bid me remain where I am. But the adage is *never* an apology for the advised party's neglect of advice: and whensoever he attempts to use it as such, his plea, though abstractly true, is impertinent—is nothing to the purpose. M.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the "days of Herod the King, behold there came wise men from the "east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born king of the "Jews? for we have seen his star in the east and have come to "worship him."

PLEASURE! thou cheat of a world's dim night,
What shadows pass over thy disk of light!
To follow thy flitting and quivering flame,
Is to die in the depths of despair and shame;
'Tis to perish afar on a lone wild moor,
Or the wreck of a ship on a hopeless shore.
Come listen, ye gay! I will tell of a star
Whose beaming is brighter and steadier far;
It rose in the East, and the wise men came
To see if its light were indeed the same
Which their old books said would be seen to rest
On Bethlehem's plains, in its silver vest,
To point to the spot where a Saviour lay,
Who would gather his flock, all gone astray;
Would frighten the wolf from his helpless fold,
And loosen the grasp of his demon hold;
And lead them away to his pastures green,
Where all is so verdant and fadeless seen,
Where the river of life is a ceaseless stream,
And the light of his love is the sweetest beam
That ever shone out on benighted eyes,
And brighter the face of those lovely skies,
Than ever was seen in the softest sleep
When the senses are hushed in calmness deep;
And spirits are thought, with their gentle breath,
To breathe on the lids of a seeming death,
And whisper such things in the ear of wo,
As the waking sinner must never know.
Oh, what doth he ask in return for this,
The light of his love, and such draughts of bliss?
What doth he ask for the boon thus given?—
FAITH in the blood of the Son of Heaven.

A cry was heard in Rama!—and so wild—
'Twas Rachel weeping for her murder'd child:—
She would not be consoled—her youngest pride
Was torn in terror from her sheltering side;
At one dread blow her infant joy was gone
To glut the rage of Herod's heart of stone;
What drave the tyrant in his wrathful mood,
To bathe her lovely innocents in blood?
Why stoop'd the savage from his kingly throne,

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To fill Judea with a mother's moan?—
Weak wretch! he idly sought in his alarm,
To stay the purpose of Jehovah's arm;
The creature, crawling on his kindred dust,
Would stay the bolt, descending on his lust;
The crafty counsel of his finite mind
Would thwart the God, who rides upon the wind;
Yea, "rides upon a Cherub," and doth fly,
Scatt'ring his lightnings through the lurid sky. . .
Vain hope! the purpose of his heart, foreknown,
Ere yet the falcon swoops, the prey is flown;
On Egypt's all unconscious breast is laid
Another babe, like him whom erst the maid
Daughter of Pharaoh on the wave espied
In bark of bulrush, floating o'er the tide
Where 'twas her wont her virgin limbs to lave,
And snatched in pity from a watery grave;
True to the chord that wakes in woman's heart,
True to the pulse which bids her promptly start
To shield defenceless childhood in her arms,
And hush the plaining of its young alarms.

Infant adored! I dare not here essay
To paint the lustre of thy glorious way:—
Let earth attend, while holy tongues recount
Thy hallow'd lessons from the Olive Mount,
While Heaven proclaims its messenger of love
On Jordan's banks descending as a dove,
While grateful multitudes in plaudits vie,
And Zion shouts hosannah to the High!
O'er famed Gethsemane, I must not tread.
Sad o'er its memory let tears be shed;
From bloody Calvary, the soul recoils
From impious murderers, sharing in thy spoils;
From thy dread agony, and bosom wrung,
A world in awful darkness, sably hung,
When earth was shook, the vail was rent in twain
And yawning graves gave forth their dead again.

From theme too great, too sad, I turn away,
From strain too lofty for a feeble lay—
They sought to quench in blood thy hallow'd light,
To stay, the foolish ones! thy stayless flight;
They did indeed thy breast of meekness wring,
Which would have gathered them beneath its wing;
Infuriate Jacob trampled on thy cross,
Thy loved ones mourned in bitterness, thy loss,
When suddenly is heard the earthquake shock,
The sepulchre repels its closing rock,
The grave is tenantless!—the body gone,
The trembling guards in speechless terror thrown;
Th' attending angel comes with lightning brow
And raiment whiter than the dazzling snow,
Comes to attest with his eternal breath,
Our God triumphant over sin and death.

Here let me pause and fix my ardent gaze—
Faith is my star, whose ever-during rays
Can guide my steps through life's surrounding gloom
And cheer the paths which lie beyond the tomb;
How was I lost in earth's bewildering vale
When first I turned and saw that silver sail
Above my dim horizon, breaking slow,
When all of peace for me seem'd gone below;
My world was sad and comfortless and drear
Or cross'd by lights that glance and disappear;
Look back, my soul, on scenes which long have passed,
Think on the thousand phantoms I have chased;
Count o'er the bubbles whose delusive dyes
Have danced in emptiness before mine eyes;
How were they followed,—won—and heedless clasp'd
How fled their hues! evanished as I grasp'd!—
That last and loveliest one, whose rainbow light
Will break at times on memory so bright,
How did it fleet with all its fairy fires,
Fanned by the breath of young and soft desires!
Caught by its tinsel shine, deceptive shed,
I flew, with throbbing heart and dizzied head,
A giddy round, where all beneath were flowers,
Where sped, with "flying feet," the laughing hours:
Dissolved the charm—dispelled the brilliant dream—
Why changed to baleful shadow did it seem?
What roused the madman from his trance, and left
His heart a waste—of love—of joy bereft?
What woke the foolish one?--unmanned his heart?
Death, mid the treach'rous scene, did sudden start,
And o'er my light of love his breath expires,
It pales—it fades—extinguish'd are its fires!

But now, how blest the change! there is a power
Can foil e'en death—can rob his only hour
Of half its sting—can even deck with charms
The cold embrace of his sepulchral arms:
'Tis but the transient sinful passport this,
To "joys unspeakable and full of bliss;"
'Tis but a short,--convulsive,—fitful thrill,—
A momentary pang,—a sudden chill;—
When free, the disembodied spirit flies
Where, incorruptible, it never dies;
To scenes the Patmos prophet, glowing paints,
Where near the jasper seat adore the saints,
Where bow of emerald circles round a throne
In glory brighter than the sardine stone!
Yet hold!—nor thus as if in scorn my soul
Still break from earth and spurn its dull control;
Why wilt thou bound away through paths of ether,
Swift as "young roes upon thy mountains, Bether?"
Turn—turn to earth, the blinded vision fails,—
We must not look beyond those sapphire veils,
Which mercy spreads in beauty o'er the skies,
To spare the weakness of unhallow'd eyes;
Oh, check the thought which soars, presumptuous man!
Nor dare the heights that thou must never scan.

But though shut out from that all radiant goal
While "this corruptible" enchains the soul,
He whom a gracious God hath given to see
Yon light which burst on darkened Galilee,
Will find a charm in that clear steady ray
Which sweetens life and sanctifies decay;
All changed the face of this dark prison, earth,
It seems to spring as from a second birth;
Chaos is gone,—as first it fled the sight
Of Him who spake, and sudden there was light!
Sweet flowers now spring upon the pris'ners path,
Where once but thorns beset the child of wrath;
A balm for wounds that once could rack the frame,
Such monitory thoughts the fondest wish to tame.
Such hope to cheer and stay the sinking breast,
A prize so noble,--and so calm a rest!

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Such alter'd views!—new heavens!—and other skies!
Some veil before was bound upon his eyes,
Thus sudden loosed, as if angelic hands,
Invisible, unbound his fettering bands.
Where now the cold and soul revolting gloom
That hung its shadows o'er the yawning tomb?
Where gone the grief that with o'erwhelming load
Press'd down the heart and crush'd it on its road?
Lost in the hope of those prospective joys
Where sorrow enters not, nor death annoys. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

The Sweet Springs of Virginia, and the Valley which contains them.

BY W. BYRD POWELL, M. D.

Mr. Jefferson has said, and we admit it, that a sight of the Natural Bridge is worth a trip across the Atlantic. But as this does not preclude the possibility of greater curiosities existing, we are allowed the privilege of expressing the belief, that the Sweet Springs, inclusive of the entire valley which contains them, present to a philosophical mind, a scene of incalculably greater interest. The bridge, by one mental effort, is comprehended, and speculation put at rest. Not so with this valley; but like the bridge, the first impressions produced by it create amazement, but as soon as this state of feeling is displaced by further observation, a train of thought succeeds, of unceasing interest, upon the character and variety of the causes which could have produced such a pleasing variety of effects.

In the first place, the several springs, bubbling forth immense volumes of water, highly charged with lime, carbonic acid gas, free caloric, and in some instances iron, are objects of peculiar interest to the philosopher, and so they will remain, more especially, until more facts in relation to them are discovered, and the laws of chemical affinity are better understood.

In the second place, the great fertility of the valley, even to a common observer, will be remarked as a matter of very uncommon occurrence.

In the third place, those elevations which cross the Valley, five in number, popularly known as the Beaver Dams, are marvellous matters, transcending even the Natural Bridge; and that they were constructed by beavers, cannot admit of a doubt. But then the mind is lost in amazement at the probable number of the animals that inhabited the valley, and the immensity of their labor.

The valley is bounded by high hills, perhaps mountains, and the one that terminates its lower extremity consists of slate, and is separated from the lateral ones by a stream of small magnitude above its junction with the valley branch, which is made up measurably of the mineral waters. The lateral mountains, at their lower extremity are slate; at the other, sandstone; and in the middle, limestone.

From the upper spring, or the one now in use, to the junction of its branch with the mountain stream above treated of, is three miles, and the fall in that distance was originally about one hundred and fifty feet. Then there was between these lateral hills no valley or flat land—this has been produced by the Beaver Dams which divided the original declination into five perpendicular *falls*, measuring each from twenty to thirty-eight feet—thus producing out of one mountain gutter, five beautiful tables of the richest soil in the world. And this too, simply by retaining the *debris* from the surrounding hills, as it was annually washed in, and also the lime from the mineral waters, which, since the production of the fountains has been constantly depositing. It is furthermore evident that no one of these dams was the work of one season, but of many, just as the necessity for elevation was produced by the filling up of the artificial basin.

As a description of one of those dams will serve for all, we will take the largest, and the one which bounds the lower extremity of the valley.

This dam constitutes one bank of the stream which receives the valley waters, and is about thirty-eight feet high, and half a mile in length; the elevation, however, gradually diminishes from the centre to the extremities. The mineral waters of the valley contain, as we have intimated, an immense quantity of lime, which is deposited with astonishing rapidity in the state of a simple carbonate, (especially in those places where the water has much motion,) producing those mineral forms called *stalactites* and *stalagmites*. With this knowledge it is easy to comprehend how these imperishable monuments of beaver labor and economy were produced.—For instance, these animals, according to their manner of building, felled trees across the mouth of the branch, and filled smaller interstices with brush, which would cause motion in the water and serve as nuclei for its mineral depositions. Consequently, in this dam may be seen immense incrustations of logs, brush, roots and moss. In many instances, the ligneous matter, not being able to resist the decomposing effects of time and moisture, is entirely removed, leaving petrous tubes, resembling, in the larger specimens, cannon barrels. These calcareous deposites not only cemented the timber together, but secured the entire work against the smallest percolation, prevented the escape of mountain *debris*, and rendered permanent a labor, which under other circumstances, would little more than have survived the duration of the timber, or the life of the industrious artificer.

The outside of the dam is stalactical in its whole length, which resulted from the beaver's keeping its summit level, and thus causing the water to flow over every point of it. This circumstance, in connexion with the stream that washes its outer base, has caused large and over hanging projections of the stalactical deposites, and cavernous excavations; attached to the roofs of which is to be seen a great variety of small and beautiful spars. At the point over which the water at present is precipitated, the dam, is a bold and interesting spectacle. Add to this a large descending column of white spray, into which the water is converted by obstacles opposing its march over the dam, and the scene is rendered truly sublime.

The soil of the several basins seems to rest on stalagmite, and the channel of the branch is worn out of it.

In many places, far above the present level of the basins or dams, may be seen large rocks of this stalagmite: thus proving incontestibly, that this water occupied a position, two hundred feet at least above what it did at the time the beavers commenced their labor, and before the deep excavation was effected between the mountains.

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Finally, we deem it proper to make a few more remarks upon the first topic we introduced,—namely, the waters themselves. As to the agents concerned, and the play of affinities between them, it is useless for us to hazard an opinion, more especially as we have not made ourselves analytically acquainted with them. Let it suffice to point out the several springs, and those sensible properties and qualities which will necessarily be observed by every visiter; and first of the spring now in use.

As soon as this beautiful fountain is brought within the compass of vision, attention will be arrested by the constant and copious escape of fixed air, and the boldness of the stream. As soon as it is introduced to the mouth, its sweetish taste and warmth are discovered—and then its stimulating effect upon the system will be perceived; and finally, if the visiter will walk below the spring, five or six rods, he will discover the stalagmitic rocks of limestone which have been formed by successive depositions from this water.

The next spring below, is popularly called the Red Spring. It is characterized by a red deposite, which we regard as the carbonate of iron, by a strong sweetish calybiate taste, by its warmth, by the boldness of the stream, and by the absence of any fixed air escaping.

The two springs below this, resemble the first in every respect, so far as the unaided senses can discover. We feel called upon to add, that no one should venture a free use, as a drink, of the Red Spring water, unadvised by an intelligent physician. It is a powerful water, and can never prove an indifferent agent in any constitution.

And finally, we beg leave to advise every visiter, whose soul is warmed by a scientific love of natural phenomena, not to leave the ground till he shall have seen the major part, at least, of what we have feebly attempted to describe.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

RECOLLECTIONS OF "CHOTANK."

Olim meminisse juvabit.—VIRGIL.

BLESSED, yea thrice blessed, be the hills and flats, the "forests" and swamps of Old Chotank! Prosperous, yea doubly prosperous be their generous cultivators—worthy descendants of worthy sires—VIRGINIANS all over, in heart and feeling, soul and body. From the Paspatansy swells to the Neck levels, may they have peace and happiness in "all their borders."

How often do I turn over memory's volume and linger upon the page which tells of my first visits to "Chotank"—so full of almost unalloyed pleasure. The recollection steals upon the mind like soft strains of music over the senses, giving the same chastened satisfaction.

Can I ever forget the happy days and nights there spent: The ardent fox hunt with whoop and hallo and winding horn: And would even TEMPERANCE blush to look, after the fatigues of the chase, at the old family bowl of mint julep, with its tuft of green peering above the inspiring liquid—an emerald isle in a sea of amber—the dewy drops, cool and sparkling, standing out upon its sides—all, all balmy and inviting? And then, the morning over and the noon passed, the business of the day accomplished, the social board is spread, loaded with flesh and fowl and the products of the garden and the orchard! Come let us regale the now lively senses and satisfy the excited appetite! What care we for ragouts and fricassee's, and olla podrida's, and all the foreign flummery that fashion and folly have brought into use? The juicy ham, the rich surloin, the fat saddle, make the *substantials* of a VIRGINIA dinner, and "lily-livered" he, who would want a better. But when friends and strangers come—and welcome are they always! nature's watery store house is at hand, and windy must be the day indeed, when the Potomac cannot furnish a dish of chowder or crabs, to be added to the feast. How I have luxuriated at a Chotank dinner! Nor let pleasures of the table in this intellectual age be despised? Goddess of Hospitality forbid it! And well may I address thee in the *feminine* gender, thou dispenser of heart-felt mirth! 'Tis WOMAN's smile enlivens the feast—'tis WOMAN's handy care that has so well provided it—'tis WOMAN's kind encouragement that adds a charm to all you see around you.

And now let us loll in the cool portico, shaded with the Lombardy poplar—the proper tree, let them say what they will, to surround a gentleman's mansion—so tall and stately, and therefore so appropriate. How delightful is the breeze on this height! See the white sails of the vessels, through the trees on the bank of the river, spread out to catch it, and how gracefully and even majestically they glide along. You can trace them up and down as far as the eye can reach, following their quiet courses. The beautiful slopes of the fields in Maryland, cultivated to the water's edge, fill up a picture surpassingly beautiful—not grand, but beautiful; for what can please more than the calm sunshine shed upon upland and lowland, with the glad waters glistening in its rays, and just enough of man's works on both "flood and field" to give life and motion to the scene! Surrounded with such a prospect as this, let the old folks discuss their crops, talk of their wheat and corn, and prognosticate the changes of the weather—or, as times now go, settle first the affairs of the county, then of the state, and lastly of the nation, while we steal away to the parlor.

DAUGHTERS OF VIRGINIA! always fair, always lovely, how much fairer and lovelier than ever, do you appear in your own homes, surrounded by your fathers, your brothers and your kinsmen. How it has delighted me to watch the overflowings of your innocent hearts, to enjoy your winning smiles--to listen to the music of your voices! I see in you no hypocrisy and deceit, the moral contagious diseases caught by intercourse with corrupt society—I find no "town-bred" arts, mocking the modesty of nature—I discover no cunning devices to attract that attention which merit alone ought to command. May this be written of you always! May the land which produces noble, generous sons, ever have for its boast and pride, THE MOST VIRTUOUS DAUGHTERS.

And now having seen the young men *fairly* "paired," if not matched, let us leave them with a blessing, and look after our more aged friends.

Politics have run high since we left them, but the "cool of the evening" is cooling the blood, and "a drink" settles the controversy. Friends and neighbors cannot afford to quarrel even about what concerns themselves, much less about things so far off as at Washington. With Virginia gentlemen there is always a courtesy and kindness even in heated argument which precludes the possibility of offence.

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Ah! did I not see a sly wink? And is there not a touch of the elbow, and then a low whisper, and by and by a buzz—and then an open proposal for a sociable game at CARDS. Presently, presently, good friends, we will have our tea and biscuit, and then for loo or whist!

Let not starched propriety look prim, nor prudery shake her head, nor jealous caution hold up her finger. Our fathers did the same before us, and "be we wiser or better than they?" Call in the "womankind," as Oldbuck of Monkbarns ungallantly styled the better part of creation, and let us have fair friends and foes to join us round the table. Trim the lights, roll from your purses just enough of silver to give an interest to our play. Avaunt! spirits of gaming and avarice from this circle—and here's at you till weariness or inclination calls us to seek

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

And thus ends a day in Chotank: A day!—yes many, many days. In these "our latter times," and this "our age of improvement," all this may be thought wrong! Perhaps it is so. I will not dispute with stern morality and strict philosophy. Their counsels are doubtless more worthy to be followed than the maxim which

"Holds it one of the wisest things
To drive dull care away."

But for "my single self" I can say that after a day spent in Chotank I never had reason to exclaim, following the fashion of the Roman Emperor, "*Diem Perdidi!*"

But Chotank, like many other parts of the Old Dominion, is not now in its "high and palmy state." Some fifteen or twenty years ago it obtained that celebrity which makes it famous now. The ancient seats of generous hospitality are still there, but their *former* possessors, so free of heart, so liberal, and blessed withal with the means of being free and liberal, where are *they?* "And echo alone answers, where are they." Their sons can only hope to keep alive the old spirit by the exercise of more prudence and economy than their fathers possessed. Otherwise here too, as alas! in some cases is too true, the families that once and now own the soil, are destined to be rudely pushed from their places by grasping money lenders! Altered as the times are however, and changed as is the condition of many of the inhabitants, the life that I have attempted faintly to sketch, is the life yet led by the merry Chotankers. With the remembrance of the "olden time" strongly impressed on their minds, and tradition to strengthen the ideas formed by their own recollections, they *will* have their fun and their frolics—their barbecues and their fish frys. There are fewer "roystering blades" than there used to be, and much less drinking than formerly—but the court house now and then brings up a round dozen of "good men and true," who will not disgrace their ancestors: men who will make the "welkin ring" again with uproarious mirth, and part as they met in all that high flow of spirits which results from good eating and drinking, and freedom, at least for the present, from care.

Let us, however, close. There is that in the place and the people of whom I am writing to induce me to continue: but enough for this "Recollection." If the eye of a Chotanker should meet this page and read what is written, he will know without looking at the signature that he has met with a FRIEND to him and 'all his neighborhood.'

Alexandria, D. C., Sept. 13, 1834. E. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Important Law Case in a Sister State, involving Questions of Science.

[Communicated by P. A. Browne, Esq. of Philadelphia.]

ON the Easterly side of the beautiful river Schuylkill, about seven miles north of the city of Philadelphia, stands the flourishing town of MANYUNK. Only a few years ago there was not a house to be seen there, and nothing disturbed the stillness of nature but the singing of the birds, the lowing of the herds, and the gentle ripling of the river as its waters glided towards the ocean; but now it has become the habitation of thousands of human beings, the seat of numerous manufactories, and a striking example of the rapid improvements in American industry and the arts. The whole of this change has been wrought by improving the navigation of the Schuylkill: by raising the Fairmount and other dams, sufficient water has been provided, not only for all the purposes of canaling and watering the city of Philadelphia, but the company, incorporated by law for that purpose, have found at their disposal an immense water power, which they sell and rent to the best advantage.

Among the number of enterprising citizens who availed themselves of these advantages was Mr. Mark Richards, a gentleman advantageously known and esteemed in the mercantile as well as the manufacturing world.

On the 1st of February, 1830, the Schuylkill navigation company made a deed to John Moore, in which it was recited that on the 3d day of November, 1827, Mark Richards had agreed with the company for the purchase of a lot of ground at Manyunk therein described; that on the 25th of January, 1828, he, the said Mark, had agreed to purchase of the company 100 *inches of water power* at flat-rock canal, at the annual rent of $6 per inch; and on the 13th of March, 1828, 200 inches of water power at the same rate, which water power was to be granted on the *usual conditions*, and subject to the former grants by the company of water power. That on the 4th of June, 1830, Richards and wife had granted the said lot and "*the aforesaid water power* of 300 *inches of water*" to Moore. It further recited that Richards had requested the grant of the company to be made to Moore, he Richards having paid the whole rent, amounting to $1840 per annum up to that time. Then follows the grant of the lot, together with the privilege of drawing from the canal through the forebay, at all times thereafter forever, "SO MUCH WATER AS CAN PASS through two metalic apertures, one of 50, and the other of 250 square inches, under a head of three feet." To have and to hold "the quantity of 300 SQUARE INCHES of WATER," in manner aforesaid. Moore covenanted at his expense to erect and support the two metalic apertures, one of 50, and the other of 250 *square inches*, through which the said 300 *inches* of *water*, under a three feet head, "*is to pass.*" The company reserving to themselves the right to enter upon the premises for the purpose of examining "the *size* of the apertures."

Mr. Moore having ascertained that by applying two plain simple metalic apertures of the given sizes, he was not able to draw the same quantity in square inches of water, but only 65 and ¾d per cent. of the amount, he therefore applied the adjutages described by Pro-

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fessor Venturi; and for these applications, which were alleged to be a breach of the contract, an action was instituted in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

It will be perceived that this case involved not only important principles of law, but interesting inquiries in hydrodynamics, to aid in the discussion of which, large draughts were made upon the scientific attainments of the accomplished bar of Philadelphia. For the plaintiff were engaged John Sergeant and Horace Binney, Esquires; but the absence of the latter gentleman at Congress, occasioned the retaining of C. Chauncey, Esquire; for the defendants were Joseph R. Ingersol and Peter A. Browne, Esquires.

The cause occupied several days, during which time the court house was continually crowded with an intelligent audience.

The questions were, first, whether the granter was confined to the use of *simple* apertures of the dimensions mentioned in the deed, when it was apparent from the opinions of men of science, and from the experiments made before the jury, that through such openings it was not possible for him to draw more than 65 and ¾d per cent. of the water contracted for, (it being a law of nature that when a fluid is drawn from a simple aperture or opening, the stream or vein is contracted so as to form the figure of a cone;) or whether the grantee was entitled, at all events, to his 300 inches of water, and had a right to affix adjutages to overcome this law of nature, and restore things to the state they were supposed to be in by the parties, if, when they contracted, they were ignorant of this principle. Second. The defendant having contracted for as much water as "*can pass*" through metalic apertures of given sizes, whether he was entitled, provided he did not increase the size of the openings, nor increase the head, so to adjust the adjutages as to draw *more* water than 300 square inches; for it was proved by another set of experiments that, by reason of the adjutages at the defendant's mill, he had contrived, not only to overcome the *vena contracta* or contracted vein, but to draw off more water than would have passed through a plain opening if the vena contracta did not exist.

When a vessel is filled with a homogeneous fluid, and it is in equilibrium, all the particles of the fluid are pressed equally in all directions. This law was known to Archimedes, and its knowledge enabled him to detect the fraud committed by the gold smith upon Hiero, King of Syracuse. The first regular work upon Hisdrodynamics was written by Sextus Julius Frentinus, inspector of the public fountains at Rome under the Emperors Nerva and Trajan. He laid down the law, that water which flows in a given time, from a given orifice, does not depend *merely* upon the magnitude of the orifice, but upon the *head* or height of the fluid in the vessel. From that period until the 17th century none of the principles upon which this cause depends, were much studied, nor the doctrine of fluids much known. At length Gallileo the astronomer, by his discovery of the uniform acceleration of gravity, paved the way for a rapid improvement in hydrodynamics. Gallileo was acquainted with the fact that water could not be made to rise more than a certain height in a common pump; but he was entirely unacquainted with the reason. His pupil, Torricelli, and his friend, Viviani, discovered that it was owing to the pressure of the external air, and thus the problem was solved. Mariotte, who introduced experimental philosophy into France, was the first who announced that fluids suffer a retardation from the friction of their particles against the sides of tubes; and he shewed that this was the case even though the tubes were made of the *smoothest glass*. From his works, which were published after his death, in 1684, it appears that though he was thus acquainted with the principle upon which it is explained, he was unacquainted with the *vena contracta*. About that time this subject began to be much more studied in Italy. Dominic Guglielmini, a celebrated engineer, in 1697, published a very learned work upon the friction and resistance of fluids; and from that period to this the learned of all nations have admitted, that this resistance and retardation of fluids, owing to their friction, did take place in a moving fluid. This work, as connected with the motion of rivers and water in open canals, is one of deep interest in natural philosophy; and it is one, which in this age of improvements, should not be neglected in this country. Sir Isaac Newton, whose capacious mind grasped at every kind of knowledge, struggled hard to detect the reason of this resistance. In his 2nd book of his "Principia," propositions 51, 52 and 53, he lays down certain hypotheses, from which it results, that the filaments (as he calls them,) of a fluid, in a pipe, will be kept back by their adhesion to the sides of the tube, and that the next filaments will be kept back, though in a less degree, by their adhesion to the first filaments, and so on, until the velocity of the fluid will be greatest at the centre. Now if we apply this principle to the discharge of a fluid through a plain aperture, we will perceive that the parts of the water next to the sides of the opening, being liable to the greatest friction, will be the most retarded; and that those in the centre, being liable to the least friction, will be most in advance; and that the friction decreasing gradually from the extremities to the centre, the water will be always flowing in the form of a cone, with the smallest end in advance. This is the exact form of the vena contracta or contracted vein!

When the pipes are very small, this attraction of the sides of the pipes to the fluid operates so as to suspend the whole mass, when it is called capillary attraction. This appears to be the extent to which Newton was acquainted with the laws that govern the vena contracta, at the time he published the first edition of his Principia; but in his second edition, published in 1714, he discloses the doctrine of the contracted vein with his usual intelligence.

Every body is acquainted with the splendid experiments of the Abbe Bossut, which were published successively in 1771, 1786 and 1796, and any one desirous of examining this interesting subject will consult them at large.

Poleni first discovered, that by applying an additional cylindrical pipe to the orifice, of the same diameter, the *expenditure* of the fluid was increased. This discovery was followed up, first, by Mr. Vince; secondly, by Doctor Matthew Young; and lastly, by Venturi. This last named gentleman published his work on hydraulics in 1798; it was immediately translated and published in Nicholson's Journal of Natural Philosophy, where all the different adjutages, including the one used by the defendant in this action, are accurately

drawn and described. They are also noticed, though not in as ample a manner, in Gregory's Mechanics, pages 438, 445 and 447.

From all which it was contended, that every one making a contract, must be *presumed* to be acquainted with the principles of the vena contracta, and of the methods used to overcome it, and that this party had a right to use these adjutages without incurring the risk of a suit.

[We understand that the suit, the foregoing interesting sketch of which has been obligingly furnished by one of the counsel, is still, in the language of the lawyers, *sub judice;* the jury having found a verdict subject to the opinion of the court. We are promised a full report of the trial and decision, for a subsequent number.]—Ed.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Mr. White,—The following sketch was given me by one of those mail stage story-tellers, who abound on our roads, and enliven the drowsy passengers by their narratives. It is founded on fact, and may not be unacceptable to such of your readers as are fond of the delineation of human character in all its variety of phases. Nugator.

SALLY SINGLETON.

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,
With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed?—*Byron.*

A horseman passed us at full speed, whose wild and haggard look arrested the attention of my friend. In the name of all that is singular, said he, who can that be, and whither is he posting with such rapidity? His garb seems of the last century, and his grizzled locks stream on the wind like those of some ancient bard.

That man, replied I, is a lover, and is hurrying away to pay his devoirs to his mistress, who married another, and has been dead for many years.

Indeed! you surprize me, he rejoined. He has, it is true, the "*lean look*" of Shakspeare's lover; the "*blue eye and sunken;*" the "*unquestionable spirit,*" and "every thing about him demonstrates a careless desolation"—yet I should have imagined, that the snows of so many winters had extinguished all the fires of that frosty carcase; but tell me who he is, and what is his story.

His name is Wilson; and that of the lady whom he loved, was Sally Singleton. I would that I had the graphic power of Scott to sketch a tale of so much interest. If Sir Walter has immortalized an old man, mounted on his white pony, and going in quest of the tombstomes, how much is it to be regretted that the same master hand cannot be employed to perpetuate the memory of yonder eccentric being, whose love lives on, after the lapse of twenty years, in spite of the marriage and death of his mistress—in spite of the evidence of his own senses, and notwithstanding every human effort to dispel his delusion. Regularly every morning, for the last twenty years, no matter what the state of the weather, (alike to him the hail, the rain, and the sunshine,) has he mounted his horse, and travelled a distance of ten miles, to see his beloved Sally Singleton. His custom is, to ride directly up to the window of her former apartment, and in a courteous manner, to bow to his mistress in token of his continued attachment. Having performed this act of gallantry, he waves with his hand a fond adieu, and immediately gallops back with a triumphant air, as if perfectly satisfied with having set his enemies at defiance. "The course of true love never did run smooth," and in this case, whether "*misgrafted in respect of years,*" or "*different in blood,*" or "*standing on the choice of friends,*" is not exactly known; but the lady was wedded to another, and died soon after. Her lover would never believe in her marriage or her death. His mind unhinged by the severity of his disappointment, seems to have retained nothing but the single image of her he loved, shut up in that apartment; and he resolved to brave every difficulty, to testify his unchanging devotion. Obstacles were purposely built across his path—the bridges were broken down—the idle boys would gather around him, and assail him in their cruel folly—guns even, were fired at him,—all in vain! The elements could not quench the fervor of his love—obstacles were overleaped—he swam the rivers—the boys were disregarded—balls could not harm him. He held a charmed life; like young Lochinvar,

> "He staid not for brake,
> And he stop'd not for stone;"

but dashed onward to his beloved window, and then, contented with this public attestation of his unalterable love, returned with a look of triumphant satisfaction, to his joyless home. As a last effort to remove the veil from his eyes, a suit was instituted, in which he was made a party, and proof of the lady's marriage and death was purposely introduced to undeceive him. He listened with cold incredulity to the witnesses; smiled derisively at that part of their testimony which regarded her marriage and death; and the next morning was seen mounted as usual, and bowing beneath the window of his adored Sally Singleton.

From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

EXTRACT FROM A NOVEL

THAT NEVER WILL BE PUBLISHED.

We had all assembled round the cheerful fire, that cracked and blazed in the wide old-fashioned hearth. The labor of the day was over. My father, snugly placed in his great easy chair, with his spectacles on his nose, had been for some time studying the last long winded and very patriotic speech of our representative in Congress, until his senses, gradually yielding to its soothing eloquence, had sunk into a calm slumber.—My mother sat in the corner knitting with all her might, and every now and then expressing her wonder (for she always wondered) how Patsy Woods could marry such a lazy, poor, good-for-nothing fellow as Henry Pate. Sister was leaning with both elbows on the table, devouring, as she termed it, the last most exquisite romance. Puss was squatted on Mother's cricket, licking her paws with indefatigable industry; and old Carlo, the pointer, lay grunting on the hearth rug, sadly incommoded by the heat of the fire, but much too lazy to remove from before it. And where was I? Oh! there was another corner to the fire place. In its extremest nook sat cousin Caroline, and next to her,—always next to her when I could get there, was I. Now this was what I call a right comfortable family party; and not the least comfortable of that party was myself.

Cousin Caroline; dear, dear cousin! Many a year has rolled over me since the scene I describe; many a cold blast of the world's breath has blown on my heart and chilled, one by one, the spring flowers of hope that grew there; but the blossoms of love thy image nurtured, were gathered into a garland to hang on thy tomb, and the tears of memory have preserved its freshness. Cousin Caroline!—she was the loveliest creature on whom beauty ever set its seal. Reader, my feeling towards her was not what is called love; at least, not what I have since felt for another. My judgment of her excellence was not biassed by passion. She was most beautiful. I cannot describe her.

> "Who has not proved how feebly words essay,
> To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray."

It were vain to talk of her "hyacinthine curls," her "ruby lips," her "pearly teeth," her "gazelle eye." These, and all the etceteras of description, define not beauty. It belongs to the pencil and not to the pen, to give us a faint idea of its living richness. But had your eyes glanced round a crowded room, crowded with beauty too, they would have rested in amazement there; amazement, that one so lovely should be on earth, and breathe among the creatures of common clay. Alas! it could not be so long. No, I did not love her in manhood's sense of love; for, at the time I speak of, I was but fourteen, and Caroline was in her eighteenth year; but I loved her as all created things that could love, loved her; from the highest to the lowest, she was the darling of the household. The servants, indoor and outdoor, young and old, and the crossest of the old, loved her. None so crabbed her smile would not soften; none so stern her mildness would not subdue. Oh, what a creature she was. I never saw Caroline angry, though I have seen her repel, with dignity, intrusion or impertinence. I never saw her cross. But this theme will lead me too far; and, perhaps the reader thinks I might sum up my estimate of her qualities in one word—perfection. Not so; but as near to it as the Creator ever suffered his creature to attain. Well, we were sitting round the fire in the manner I have described. Caroline was amusing me with a description of the pleasures of the town, for she had just returned from a visit to a relation residing in the city of ———, when the sound was heard of a carriage coming up the avenue. What a bustle! Father bounced up, dropping the paper and his spectacles; Mother stopped wondering about Patsy Woods, to wonder still more who this could be. Pussy remained quiet, but Carlo prevailed upon himself to stretch and yawn, and totter to the door, to satisfy his curiosity. Sister looked up. Caroline looked down; and then sister looked at her very archly, though I could not tell why, and said, "go brother Harry, ask the gentleman in."

"Why do you know who it is, my dear, that is coming to see us at this late hour?" said my father. It was but eight o'clock; but remember we were in the country. I went out of the room, and did not hear the answer. I was met at the hall door by a gentleman, whom I ushered in. My father accosted him, and was very proud and very happy to see Col. H—d. He was then introduced to the members of the family; "and this lady I think you are already acquainted with," continued my father, as he presented cousin Caroline, who had hung back. The Colonel smiled,—Caroline blushed, but she smiled too. What is all this about, thought I. "Come, sir, be seated," quoth my father. The Colonel bowed, thanked him, and placed himself forthwith in my chair, right beside Caroline. Now it is true Caroline had two sides, and her left side was as dear to me as her right; but then that side was next to the wall, and she sat so near to it that there was no edging a chair in without incommoding her. So I was fain to look out for other quarters, and found them next to my mother, whence I looked the colonel right in the face. He was not a handsome man, but a very noble looking one. He was rather above the common height, somewhat thin, but his carriage very erect. His complexion was dark, but ruddy dark, the hue of health and manliness; his forehead broad; so much so as to make the lower part of his visage appear contracted, and rather long. The expression of his features when at rest, was stern, and even haughty; perhaps from the habit of command, for his *had* been a soldier's life, and his title was won on the battle field; but when in conversation, there was an air of great good nature over his whole countenance, and his smile was very winning. Cousin Caroline thought it so.

"The road to your farm is rather intricate, my good sir," said the colonel, as he took his seat, "and though I had a pretty good chart of the country, (here he looked at Caroline and smiled one of those winning smiles, but Caroline did not, or would not see him,) I was so stupid as to miss the way, for when I reached the cross roads, instead of taking the right I directed the servant to the left, and moved on some time in the wrong direction without meeting a human being of whom to make inquiry. At length I had the good fortune to encounter a gentleman on horseback, who corrected my error, adding the satisfactory assurance, that I had gone at least four miles in the opposite direction to that which I desired to go; so that, though I set out betimes, it was thus late before I reached here."

"Well, I wonder!" cried my mother.

"Then colonel you must be sadly in want of refreshment," said my father. "My dear"—

"Not at all so, my dear sir. I beg you will give yourselves no trouble on my account. I assure you"—

"Sit still, colonel, I beg of you," interrupted my father, as the former rose to urge his remonstrance.—"Sit still, sir; trouble indeed; we'll have supper directly, and I don't care if I nibble a little myself."

So the colonel gave up the contest, but when he reseated himself, he perceived Caroline was gone; she had slipped out of the room with my mother. The colonel had a very nice supper that night, and he did it justice. Who prepared it, think you? my mother? No, for she returned to the room in two minutes after she left it. I knew who prepared it, and so did the colonel, or he made a shrewd guess; for, when Caroline returned, he gave her a look that spoke volumes of thankfulness, and of such exquisite fondness that it made the blood mount to her very forehead.

A week passed away, and colonel H—d remained a constant guest at my father's; and though I could not but like and admire him, his conduct was a source of great annoyance to me, for no sooner did Caroline make her appearance in the breakfast room in the morning

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than he posted himself next to her; and then they took such long walks together, and would spend so many hours in riding about the country, and they never asked me to accompany them, so that Caroline had as well have been in town again, for the opportunity I had of conversing with her. The result of all this is, of course, plain to the reader; and it was soon formally announced that on the third day of the succeeding month Caroline was to become the bride of the wealthy and gallant Colonel H—d, and accompany him forthwith to his distant home, for his residence was in the state of Georgia. I wept bitter tears, and sobbed as if my heart would break as I laid all lonely in my bed that night on which this latter piece of intelligence had been communicated by my father, until sleep, the comforter of the wretched, extended to me the bliss of oblivion. "Blessings on the man who invented sleep," says friend Sancho—blessings, aye blessings indeed, on all bountiful nature who, while she gives rest to the wearied body bestows consolation on the grieving heart, lulls into gentle calm the storm of the passions, plucks from power its ability and even its wish to oppress, and hushes in poverty the sense of its weakness and its degradation. My fate has not been more adverse than that of the generality of men, but "take it all in all," the happiest portion of my existence has been spent in sleep. Why did I weep? The being whom I loved best on earth was about to be wedded to the worthy object of her choice,—a choice that affection sanctioned and reason might well approve; and even to my young observation it was apparent that while she gave, she was enjoying happiness. There was pleasure in the beaming of her sparkling eyes, there was joy in the dimples of her rosy smile. The very earth on which she trod seemed springing to her step, and the air she breathed to be pure and balmy. Could she be happy and I feel miserable? and that misery growing too, out of the very source of her happiness. Yes; even so unmixed, so absorbing was my selfishness. *My* selfishness! the selfishness of humanity; for even as the rest of my fellow men so was, and so am I. I thought of the many hours of delight I had enjoyed in her presence, of the thousand daily kindnesses I had experienced at her hand. She alone was wont to partake of my youthful joys, to sympathize with my boyish griefs; it was her praise that urged me to exertion, the fear of her censure that restrained me from mischief. And all this was to pass away, and to pass with her presence too. Never more was my heart to drink in the sweet light of her eyes; never more would her soft voice breathe its music in my ear. I felt that I dwelt no longer in her thoughts; I believed my very image would soon perish from her memory. Such were the bitter thoughts that weighed down my mind.

I go on spinning out this portion of my tale, no doubt very tediously, and my readers will perhaps despair of my ever arriving at the end; but patience, I shall get there by and by. "Bear with me yet a little while." It is that I shrink from what I have undertaken to narrate, that I wander into digression; for whatever effect it may have on others, whose only interest in it will arise from momentary excitement, on me the fearful casualty I shall describe, has imposed "the grief of years." Many a pang has my heart experienced in my pilgrimage through this weary world, and some grievous enough to sustain; time and occupation, however, have afforded their accustomed remedy, and scars only are left to mark where the wounds have been. But this, though inflicted in boyhood's springy days, is festering now; aye now, when the very autumn of manhood is passed, and the winter of age is congealing the sources of feeling and of life.

The wedding day was drawing nigh. One little week remained of the appointed time; and a joyous man, no doubt, was colonel H—, as hour after hour winged its flight, and each diminished the space that lay betwixt him and his assured felicity. Poor weak creatures that we are, whose brief history is but a record of hope and disappointment, ever deceived by the mirage of happiness that glitters afar in the desert of life, and recedes from before us as we pursue, till outworn, we sink into death with our thirst unslaked, our desires ungratified. One little week remained. What matters the brevity of time when a moment is fraught with power to destroy. Behold the gallant ship with tightened cordage and outspread sails, dashing from her prow the glittering spray as she dances on the leaping wave to the music of the breeze; cheerful faces crowd her deck, for she is homeward bound from a distant land; and now her port is almost reached, a hidden rock has pierced her side, the eternal sea rolls over the sunken wreck. The warrior has charged and broken the foe; the shout of victory rings in his ears, and fancy twines the laurel round his brow; but treachery lurks in his armed array, and the clarion of conquest sounds the note of defeat. The mighty city with its thousand domes, its marble palaces, and its crowded marts, over which ages have urged their onward flight, and still it grew in wealth and strength, has felt the earthquake's shock. Black mouldering ruins and a sullen sulphurous lake are left to mark the spot where once its "splendors shone." And the heart, the human heart, with its high aspirations, and its treacherous whisperings of unmixed joys, its blindness of trust in coming events, its strange forgetfulness of the hours gone by, its sunny morning of boundless hope, its stormy night of dark despair.

My father's house was situated on an elevated spot, commanding an extensive view of the broad Potomac; from its front to the bank of the river, a distance of some hundred yards, the ground descended in a gentle slope terminating in a sheer precipice, and down, down "a fearful depth below," rolled on the rapid waters. The bank was composed of vast masses of rock, between the crevices of which pushed forth gnarled and jagged trees of various kinds, shooting their moss-covered branches in every direction, and hugged in strict and stifling embrace by huge vines, that looked like the monster boas, of a preadamate world. The summit was lined with a dense growth of underwood, that hid from the passer by the awful chasm upon whose very margin he might be unconciously standing. As the main road (which ran parallel to the course of the river) laid upwards of a mile from the rear of the dwelling house, and was, besides being generally in very bad order, very uninteresting in its character, we were in the habit of using for the purpose of visiting some of our neighbors, a path that ran along and was dangerously near to the verge of the precipice, but which had been travelled so long and so often without accident, that we

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had ceased to think of even the possibility of any occurring. It was a bright sunshiny morning, the blue sky studded with those massy rolling clouds whose purple shades give such strong relief to the fleecy white, and cheat the fancy into portraying a thousand resemblances; ancient castles with frowning battlements, mighty ships resting beneath their crowded canvass, bright fairy isles, where a poet's soul would delight to wander, dark yawning caverns, in whose undreamt of depths the pent up spirits of the damned might be "imagined howling." Pardon, pardon! but sea and sky have always set me raving. It was at the breakfast table that I informed my father I would ride over to aunt Diana's and see if they were all well.—"The weather is so fine, and I have not seen our good aunt for some time I will ride with you; that is, if you'll let me, cousin Harry," said Caroline, as if it were not a delight to me to have her company. The colonel, too, proposed to join us, and we went to get ourselves in readiness. We were soon on the road, and away we cantered, full of health and youth and spirits. The breeze came fresh and soft from the surface of the waters, and played among Caroline's curls and revelled on her cheek, as if to gather the odors of the rose, where its beauteous hue was so richly spread. We paid our visit, partook of aunt Diana's good things, and set off on our return, amid her protestations against our hurry. Caroline was riding on a nice little mare that had been bred on the farm, and had always been the pet of the family; as gentle and as playful as a lamb, but at the same time full of spirit. We had arrived at a part of the road where the precipice (now on our right hand) was highest. I was in front, Caroline next to and behind me; a hare crossed my path: "take care my boy," cried Colonel H—d, "that, you know, is said to be a bad omen." Scarcely had he spoken when my horse started, and wheeled short round; the mare partook of his fright, swerved half to the left, and reared bolt upright. "Slack your rein and seize the mane, Caroline," I screamed in agony. It was too late; the mare struggled, and fell backwards. Oh, God! A shriek, a rushing sound * * * *

I entered the chamber where innocence and beauty had been wont to repose; around me were the trappings of the grave; the cold white curtains with their black crape knots, the shrouded mirror, the scattered herbs—and stretched upon the bed motionless, lay a form—the form of her whose living excellence was unsurpassed. My father came in; he took my hand, led me to the bed, and gently removed the sheet from the marble face. Oh, death, thou art indeed a conqueror!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE BLUE RIDGE IN VIRGINIA.

Gigantic sov'reign of this mountain-chain,
Proud Otter Peak! as gazing on thee now
I mark the sun its parting splendor throw
Athwart thy summit hoar—I sigh with pain
To think thus soon I needs must turn again
And seek man's bustling haunts! What if my brow
No longer wear the signs of sorrow's plough,
Doth not my heart its traces still retain,
And I still hate the crowd?—Yes! it is so,
And scenes alone such as surround me here—
These deep'ning shades—thy torrents loud and clear—
Yon half-hid cot—the cattle's plaintive low—
The raven's cry, and the soft whispering breeze,
Have now the pow'r this aching breast to please.

* * *

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN AT THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA.

With spirits like the slacken'd strings
Of some neglected instrument—
Or rather like the wearied wings
Of a lone bird by travel spent;
Ah! how should I expect to find
Midst scenes of constant revelry,
A solace for a troubled mind,
A cure for my despondency?—

There was a time when mirth's glad tone
And pleasure's smile had charms for me—
But disappointment had not strown
My pathway then with misery:
Health then was mine—and friends sincere—
Requited love—and prospects bright—
Nor dreamt I that a day so clear
Could ever set in such a night! * * *

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO —— —— OF THE U. S. NAVY.

Tell me—for thou hast stood on classic ground,
If there the waters flow more bright and clear,
And if the trees with thicker foliage crowned,
Are lovelier far than those which blossom here?

Say is it true, in green unfading bowers,
That there the wild bird sings her sweetest lay?
And that a light, more beautiful than ours,
Lends richer glories to expiring day?

Wooed by Italian airs, does woman's cheek
With purer color glow, than in our land?
Or does her eye more eloquently speak,
Or with a softer grace her form expand?

Does music there, with power to us unknown,
Breathe o'er the heart a far diviner spell?
And with a sweeter, more entrancing tone,
The thrilling strains of love and glory swell?

Tell me if thou in thought didst dearer prize
Thy home, than all that Italy could give?
Didst thou regret that her resplendent skies
Should smile on men as slaves content to live?

Didst thou, when straying in her cities fair,
Or in her groves of bloom, regret that here
No perfumes mingle with the passing air?
And was thine own, thy native land, less dear?

Or didst thou turn where proudly in the breeze
America's star-spangled flag was flying?
The flag that o'er thee waved on the high seas;
With conscious heart exultingly replying,

"No slothful land of dreaming ease is ours,
Her soil is only trodden by the free—
Less rich in music, poetry, and flowers,
Still, still she is the land of all for me!" E. A. S.

Lombardy, Va.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MUSINGS II—*By the Author of Vyryan.*

The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets
Ebbing and flowing. ——————— *Rogers.*

I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water columns from the sea.
Childe Harold, Canto IV. Stanza xviii.

THERE is, far in a foreign clime,
Alas! no longer free—
A city famed in olden time
As queen of all the sea;
Still fair but fallen from her prime—
For such is destiny.

There motley masque and princely ball
Make gay the merry carnival,
And all the night some serenade
Steals sweetly from the calm Lagune,
While many a dark eyed loving maid
Is wooed in secret neath the moon.

And swiftly o'er the noiseless tide
Gondolas dark, like spectres, glide
Neath archways deep and bridges fair,
Temples and marble palaces,
Adorned with jutting balconies,
And dim arcades of beauty rare.

There's naught that meets the wondering eye,
From the wave that kisses the landing stair
To the sculptured range in the azure sky,*
But wears a wild unearthly air,
And every voice that echoes among
Those phantomlike halls, breathes the spell of song.

The rudest Barcarolli's cry,
Heard faint and far o'er Adria's waves,
Might cheat the listener of a sigh—
So sad the farewell which it leaves,
When sinking on the ear it dies
Along the borders of the skies.

Oh! Venice! Venice! couldst thou be
Still wond'rous fair and even as free!
How peerless were thy regal halls!—
How glorious were thy seagirt walls!—
But foreign banners flaunt thy tide,
And chains have tamed thy lion's pride.

Thy flag is furled upon the sea,
Thy sceptre shivered on the land,
And many a spirit mourns for thee
Beyond the Lido's barren strand:
Better thy towers were sunk below
The level of Old Ocean's flow.

Fair city of the fairest clime,
Sad change hath come o'er thee—
The spirit voice of olden time
Is wailing o'er thy sea;
And matin bell and vesper chime
Seem knelling for the free
Who reared thy standard o'er the wave
And spurned the chains that now enslave.

* The tops of many of the buildings are ornamented with a range of statues.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

The Genius of Columbia to her Native Muse.

A PARENT's eye, sweet mountain maid,
Hath seen thee rise in Sylvan shade;
And patient, lent attentive ear
Thy first, wild minstrelsy to hear:
And thou hast breathed some artless lays,
That well deserve the meed of praise;
For, nursed by spirits bold and free,
Thy notes should breathe of Liberty.
Yet some who scan thy numbers wild,
Inquire if thou art Fancy's child,
Or some impostor, duly taught
To weave with skill the borrow'd thought.
Then list, my child! Experience sage
May well direct thy guileless age.

Breathe not thy notes with spirit tame,
Nor pilfer, from an honor'd name,
The praise that crowns the sons of fame.
Be not by imitation taught,
To blend with thine, the vagrant thought,
From Britain's polish'd minstrels caught.
Full oft my mountain echoes tell,
How Byron's genius fram'd a spell,
Which reason vainly seeks to quell:
Did not his spirit cast a gloom
On all who shared his adverse doom,
E'en from the cradle to the tomb?
With intellectual treasures bless'd,
With misanthropic thoughts possess'd,
Their sway alternate fired his breast.
He pour'd the lava stream alone,
In torrents from that burning zone,
Which girt his bosom's fiery throne.
Enough! on his untimely bier
Affection shed no hallow'd tear—
He claim'd no love—he own'd no fear.

And she,* whose light poetic tread
Scarce sways the dewdrop newly shed
Upon the rose-bud's infant head;
Most meet to be the tender nurse
Of virtue, wounded by the curse
Of passion's fierce and lawless verse,
Whose dulcet strain, with soothing pow'r,
Can calm the soul in sorrow's hour,
And scatter many a thornless flow'r:
The thoughts that breathe in each soft line,
Seem spirits from a purer shrine
Than earth can in her realms confine.
Yet mayst thou not, in mimic lay,
Such lofty arts of verse essay?
'Twere but a vain and weak display.
Be Freedom's bold, unfetter'd child,
And roam thy native forests wild,
Where, on thy birth, all nature smil'd;
Dwell on the mountain's sylvan crest,
Where fair Hygeia roams confest,
Bright Fancy's ever honor'd guest:
Mark the proud streams that onward sweep,
And to old Ocean's bosom leap—
Majestic offspring of the deep.
Their inspiration shall be thine,
And nature, from that mighty shrine,

* Mrs. Hemans.

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Shall prompt thee with a voice divine!
When thy free spirit is reveal'd,
The spells within its depths conceal'd
Will soon a golden tribute yield.
In numbers free, by nature taught,
Breathe forth the wild poetic thought,
And let thy strains be Fancy fraught.

Enough! my child! a parent's voice
Would fain direct thy youthful choice
To themes, majestic and sublime,
The fruits of Freedom's favor'd clime.
Enough! For thee has nature thrown
O'er the wild stream a curb of stone,
Whose pendant arch in verdure dress'd,
Binds the tall mountain's cloven crest.*
For thee the volum'd waters sweep
Through riven mountains to the deep.†
For thee the mighty cataract pours
In thunder, through opposing shores;
And rushing with delirious leap,
Bursts the full fountains of the deep;
A billowy phlegethon—whose waves
Rend the strong walls of Ocean's caves. C.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

DEATH AMONG THE TREES.

Death walketh in the forest. The tall Pines
Do woo the lightning-flash,—and thro' their veins
The fire-cup darting, leaves their blacken'd trunks
A tablet, where Ambition's sons may read
Their destiny. The Oak that centuries spar'd,
Grows grey at last, and like some time-scath'd man
Stretching out palsied arms, doth feebly cope
With the destroyer, while its gnarled roots
Betray their trust. The towering Elm turns pale,
And faintly strews the sere and yellow leaf,
While from its dead arms falls the wedded vine.
The Sycamore uplifts a beacon-brow,
Denuded of its honors,—while the blast
That sways the wither'd Willow, rudely asks
For its lost grace, and for its tissued leaf
Of silvery hue.

I knew that blight might check
The sapling, ere kind nature's hand could weave
Its first spring-coronal, and that the worm
Coiling itself amid our garden-plants
Did make their unborn buds its sepulchre.
And well I knew, how wild and wrecking winds
May take the forest-monarchs by the crown,
And lay them with the lowliest vassal-herb;
And that the axe, with its sharp ministry,
Might in one hour, such revolution work,
That all earth's boasted power could never hope
To reinstate. And I had seen the flame
Go crackling up, amid yon verdant boughs,
And with a tyrant's insolence dissolve
Their interlacing,—and I felt that man
For sordid gain, would make the forest's pomp
Its heaven-rear'd arch, and living tracery
A funeral pyre. But yet I did not deem
That pale disease amid those shades would steal
As to a sickly maiden's cheek, and waste
The plenitude of those majestic ranks,
Which in their peerage and nobility,
Unrivall'd and unchronicled, had reign'd.
And then I said, if in this world of knells,
And open graves, there lingereth one, whose dream
Is of aught permanent below the skies,
Even let him come, and muse among the trees,
For they shall be his teachers,—they shall bow
To their meek lessons his forgetful ear,
And by the whispering of their faded leaves,
Soften to his sad heart, the thought of death.

Hartford, Con. Sept. 10, 1834. L. H. S.

* The Natural Bridge. † Harper's Ferry.

ORIGINAL LITERARY NOTICES.

Amir Khan, and other poems: the remains of Lucretia Maria Davidson, who died at Plattsburg, N. Y. August 27, 1825, aged 16 years and 11 months. With a Biographical Sketch, by Samuel F. B. Morse, A. M. *New York: G. & C. & H. Carvill*—1829.

We believe that this little volume, although published several years since, has but recently found its way to this side of the Potomac. Our attention has been attracted towards it by some notice of its contents in the Richmond Enquirer, whose principal editor we will do him the justice to say, has always manifested a lively interest in the productions of American genius. Mr. Ritchie is entitled to the more praise for his efforts in behalf of domestic literature, not only on account of his active and absorbing labors as a political writer, but because, also, we are sorry to add, the subject is one in which southern taste and intelligence have, for the most part, evinced but little concern. It is but too common for our leading men, professional as well as others, to affect something like a sneer at every native attempt in the walks of polite literature. Their example, we fear, has imparted a tone to the reading circles generally, and has served to beget that inordinate appetite for every thing *foreign* which has either obtained a fashionable currency abroad—or occasioned some *excitement* in that busy, noisy, gossipping class of society, whose merit is so vastly disproportioned to its influence. We have often known the sentimental trash and profane ribaldry of some popular Englishman eagerly sought after, and as eagerly devoured, whilst the pure and genuine productions of native genius have remained neglected on the bookseller's shelf, and quietly surrendered to oblivion. That this does, in some measure, proceed from an unenlightened and uncultivated public taste, we do not doubt; but it is much more the fruit of a slavish and inglorious dependence upon accidental circumstances,—a spiritless, and we might add, a cowardly apprehension of appearing *singular*—that is, of not chiming in with the shallow, vain and heartless tittle-tattle of the self-styled *beau monde* and *corps elite* of society. It is not the fault of the bookseller. The undertaker, who prepares the coffin and shroud, has as little participation in the death of the person for whom they are intended. The bookseller is but the caterer of the public palate; and if that palate is diseased, he is no more answerable for it, than the milliners and mantuamakers who are busily occupied in deforming the fairest part of creation, are censurable for the false taste of their customers.

We did not intend by the foregoing observations, to bespeak any extraordinary share of public favor to-

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wards the poems of Miss Davidson. What we have said in relation to the neglect of American talent, was designed to have a general and not particular application. Nothwithstanding we hear that the poems before us have been extravagantly praised beyond the Atlantic, we are not so intoxicated by a little foreign flattery as to believe that they are destined to immortality. Some may console themselves, if they please, for the whole ocean of obloquy and contempt cast upon us from the British press, by regarding with favorable eyes this little rivulet of praise bestowed upon the juvenile efforts of a lovely and interesting girl. We are not of that number; we shall endeavor to decide upon the work before us, unbiassed by trans-atlantic opinion—and we shall render precisely that judgment which we would have done if that opinion had been pronounced in the usual tone of British arrogance and contumely.

Regarding the volume before us as a literary production merely, and supposing it to have been the offspring of a matured mind, we do not think that it possesses any considerable merit. Estimating its contents, however, as the first lispings of a child of genius,—as furnishing proofs of the existence of that ethereal spark which, under favorable circumstances, might have been kindled into a brilliant flame, we do consider it as altogether extraordinary. We do not say that these poems are equal to the early productions of Chatterton, Henry Kirke White, or Dermody, those prodigies of precocious talent,—but we entertain not a shadow of doubt if Miss Davidson had lived, that she would have ranked among the highest of her own sex in poetical excellence. In forming a correct judgment upon the offspring of her muse, her youth is not alone to be considered. She had also to contend with those remorseless enemies of mental effort,—poverty, sorrow, and ill health; and it is, perhaps, a circumstance in her history not unworthy of notice, that possessing a high degree of personal beauty, and being on that account the object of much admiration and attention, she did not suffer herself to be withdrawn from the purer sources of intellectual enjoyment. Love indeed, seems to have found no permanent lodgment in her heart. It might have stolen to the threshold and infused some of its gentle influences, but she seems to have been resolved to cast off the silken cord before it was too firmly bound around her. Thus in the piece which bears the title of *Cupid's Bower*, written in her fifteenth year.

"Am I in fairy land?—or tell me, pray,
To what love-lighted bower I've found my way?
Sure luckless wight was never more beguiled
In woodland maze, or closely-tangled wild.

And is this Cupid's realm?—if so, good by!
Cupid, and Cupid's votaries, I fly;
No offering to his altar do I bring,
No bleeding heart—or hymeneal ring."

The longest, most elaborate, and perhaps best of her poems, is that which gives the principal title to the volume. *Amir Khan* is a simple oriental tale, written in her sixteenth year, and is worked up with surprising power of imagery for one so young. The most fastidious and critical reader could not fail to be struck with its resemblance to the gorgeous magnificence of Lalla Rookh; a resemblance, to be sure, which no more implies equality of merit than does the brilliancy of the mock diamond establish its value with that of the real gem. We give the opening passage from the poem as a fair specimen of the rest, and from which the reader may form a correct opinion of the style and composition.

"Brightly o'er spire, and dome, and tower,
The pale moon shone at midnight hour,
While all beneath her smile of light
Was resting there in calm delight;
Evening with robe of stars appears,
Bright as repentant Peri's tears,
And o'er her turban's fleecy fold
Night's crescent streamed its rays of gold,
While every chrystal cloud of heaven,
Bowed as it passed the queen of even.
Beneath—calm Cashmere's lovely vale
Breathed perfumes to the sighing gale;
The amaranth and tuberose,
Convolvulus in deep repose,
Bent to each breeze which swept their bed,
Or scarcely kissed the dew and fled;
The bulbul, with his lay of love;
Sang mid the stillness of the grove;
The gulnare blushed a deeper hue,
And trembling shed a shower of dew,
Which perfumed e'er it kiss'd the ground,
Each zephyr's pinion hovering round.
The lofty plane-tree's haughty brow
Glitter'd beneath the moon's pale glow;
And wide the plantain's arms were spread,
The guardian of its native bed."

We venture to assert that if Thomas Moore had written Amir Khan at the age of sixteen, there are thousands by whom it would be read and admired who would hardly condescend to open Miss Davidson's volume; and that too, without being able to assign any other or better reason than that Moore is a distinguished and popular British bard, whereas the other was an obscure country girl, who lived and died in the state of New York.

The lines to the memory of Henry Kirk White, which were composed at thirteen, are much superior to many elegiac stanzas written by poets of some reputation at twenty-five or thirty. Of all her minor pieces however, those which were written at fifteen seem to us to possess the greatest merit, if we except the *Coquette*, a very spirited production in imitation of the Scottish dialect, composed in her fourteenth year. The following are the two first stanzas:

"I hae nae sleep, I hae nae rest,
My Ellen's lost for aye;
My heart is sair and much distressed,
I surely soon must die.

I canna think o' wark at a',
My eyes still wander far,
I see her neck like driven snaw,
I see her flaxen hair."

The image of the snowy neck and flaxen hair of the beautiful but unkind fair one, presented so strongly to the rejected lover, as to prevent his performing his daily work, strikes us as highly poetical and true to nature, as we doubt not all genuine lovers will testify. Burns wrote many, very many verses, which were much superior, but Burns wrote some also, which were not so good. *Ruth's answer to Naomi*, must be allowed, we think, to be a good paraphrase of that most affecting passage of scripture. We must give the whole to the reader.

"Entreat me not, I must not hear,
Mark but this sorrow-beaming tear;
Thy answer's written deeply now
On this warm cheek and clouded brow;

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'Tis gleaming o'er this eye of sadness
Which only near *thee* sparkles gladness.

The hearts *most* dear to us are gone,
And *thou* and *I* are left alone;
Where'er thou wanderest, I will go,
I'll follow thee through joy or wo;
Shouldst thou to other countries fly,
Where'er thou lodgest, there will I.

Thy people shall my people be,
And to thy God, I'll bend the knee;
Whither thou fliest, will I fly,
And where thou diest, I will die;
And the same sod which pillows thee
Shall freshly, sweetly bloom for me."*

We present an extract from a piece called "*Woman's Love*," as a specimen of Miss Davidson's management of blank verse, a form of poetic diction which Montgomery thinks the most unmanageable of any. The fair authoress might not herself have experienced that holy passion, but she certainly knew how deep and imperishable it is when once planted in the female bosom.

"Love is
A beautiful feeling in a woman's heart,
When felt, as only woman love *can* feel!
Pure, as the snow-fall, when its latest shower
Sinks on spring-flowers; deep, as a cave-locked fountain;
And changeless as the cypress' green leaves;
And like them, sad!—She nourished
Fond hopes and sweet anxieties, and fed
A passion unconfessed, till he she loved
Was wedded to another. Then she grew
Moody and melancholy; one alone
Had power to soothe her in her wanderings,
Her gentle sister;—but that sister died,
And the unhappy girl was left alone,
A *maniac*. She would wander far, and shunned
Her own accustomed dwelling; and her haunt
Was that dead sister's grave: and that to her
Was as a home."

We have italicised such of the lines as we think breathe the air and spirit of genuine poetry. The snow flake has often been used as the emblem of purity; but the snow flake reposing on beds of vernal blossoms, is to us original as well as highly poetical. The "cave-locked fountain" too, with its lone, deep, and quiet waters, seems to us to express with force that profound and melancholy sentiment which the writer intended to illustrate.

We shall conclude our selections with the one addressed *to a lady whose singing resembled that of an absent sister.*

"Oh! touch the chord yet once again,
Nor chide me, though I weep the while;
Believe me, that deep, seraph strain
Bore with it memory's moonlight smile.

It murmured of an absent friend;
The voice, the air, 'twas all her own;
And hers those wild, sweet notes, which blend
In one mild, murmuring, touching tone.

And days and months have darkly passed,
Since last I listened to her lay;
And sorrow's cloud its shade hath cast,
Since then, across my weary way.

Yet still the strain comes sweet and clear,
Like seraph-whispers, lightly breathing;
Hush, busy memory,—sorrow's tear
Will blight the garland thou art wreathing.

'Tis sweet, though sad—yes, I will stay,
I cannot tear myself away.
I thank thee, lady, for the strain,
The tempest of my soul is still;
Then touch the chord yet once again,
For thou canst calm the storm at will."

We beg the reader to bear it in mind that these are the productions of a young, inexperienced, and almost uneducated girl, and that they are not to be tried by the tests which are usually applied to more matured efforts. In conclusion, we will say in the language of Dr. Morse, her biographer, "that her defects will be perceived to be those of youth and inexperience, while in invention, and in that mysterious power of exciting deep interest, of enchaining the attention, and keeping it alive to the end of the story; in that adaptation of the measure to the sentiment, and in the sudden change of measure to suit a sudden change of sentiment, in wild and romantic description, and in the congruity of the accompaniments to her characters, all conceived with great purity and delicacy, she will be allowed to have discovered uncommon maturity of mind; and her friends to have been warranted in forming very high expectations of her future distinction."

We are pleased to learn that it is in contemplation by Miss Davidson's friends, to publish a new and improved edition of her works, with various additions from her unpublished manuscripts.

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* We subjoin the passage of scripture paraphrased by Miss Davidson, and also another paraphrase which has been ascribed to the Hon. R. H. Wilde of Georgia. Our readers can compare and decide between them.

"And Ruth said, entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried."

Nay, do not ask!—entreat not—no!
O no! I will not leave thy side,
Whither thou goest—I will go—
Where thou abidest—I'll abide.

Through life—in death—my soul to thine
Shall cleave as fond, as first it clave—
Thy home—thy people—shall be mine—
Thy God my God—thy grave my grave.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE; by the author of Pelham, Eugene Aram, &c. *New York: Published by Harper & Brothers*—1834.

MR. BULWER's novels have acquired no inconsiderable degree of popularity in the circles of fashionable literature. Whether they are destined to survive the temporary admiration bestowed on them, is at this time a subject of speculation; but in the next generation, will become matter of fact. We are among those who think that they will quietly glide into that oblivious ocean, which is destined to receive a large proportion of the ever multiplying productions of this prolific age. We do not say this either, in disparagement of many of those labors of the mind which even intrinsic excellence cannot save from perishing. Great and valuable as some of them undoubtedly are, such is the onward march of intellect, and such the endless creations which fancy and genius are continually rearing for man's gratification and improvement,—to say nothing of the almost illimitable progress of science, that posterity will find no room for the thousandth part of our present stock of literature. We do not anticipate that

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Mr. Bulwer's writings will be among the select few which will outlive the general wreck; because, unless we are much mistaken, he is one of those authors who write more for present than permanent fame. This is emphatically the age of great moral and mental excitability. It is a period of incessant restlessness and activity; and he who would expect to command much attention, must seek to gratify the appetite for novelty and variety, even at the expense of good sense, sound morality and correct taste. We incline to the opinion that Mr. Bulwer has forgotten, that society in the aggregate, frequently resembles the individual man; and that whilst it often experiences paroxysms of unnatural excitement, there are long lucid intervals of returning reason and sober simplicity. The volume before us is not calculated, we think, to leave any lasting impression, either of good or evil. Whilst it certainly abounds in felicitous language, and contains passages of fine sentiment, it is grossly defective both in plot and machinery; and if it were worth while to descend to minute criticism, it would be easy to point out many examples of false morality as well as false taste. Mr. Bulwer seems to have been aware, in his preface, that he was making a bold experiment upon popular favor, and accordingly he claims the reader's "indulgence for the superstitions he has incorporated with his tale—for the floridity of his style, and the redundance of his descriptions." As if somewhat apprehensive, however, that that indulgence might not possibly be granted, he assures the public that "various reasons have conspired to make this the work, above all others that he has written, which has given him the most delight (though not unmixed with melancholy,) in producing, and in which his mind, for the time, has been the most completely absorbed." A popular writer, thus bespeaking the public approbation in advance, by stamping his last production with his own decided preference, could not expect to be treated uncourteously by his readers. In the first sentence of the second chapter too, the author declares as follows: "I wish only for such readers as give themselves heart and soul up to me: if they begin to cavil, I have done with them; their fancy should put itself entirely under my management." Now whether it proceeded from a spirit of perverseness or not, we cannot tell; but we resolved when we read this passage, neither to surrender our heart, fancy or judgment to Mr. Bulwer's guidance. On the contrary, we determined to read the book and decide on its merits, in the spirit of perfect impartiality and entire independence. The story upon which the work is founded—at least that part of it which treats of mortal affairs, consists of the simplest materials. Trevylyan, a gentleman of "a wild, resolute and active nature, who had been thrown upon the world at the age of sixteen, and had passed his youth in alternate pleasure, travel and solitary study," falls in love with Gertrude Vane, a young girl, described as "the loveliest person that ever dawned upon a poet's vision." A fatal disease, "consumption in its most beautiful shape," had set its seal upon her, and yet Trevylyan loved with an irresistible passion. With the consent, rather than by the advice of the faculty and her friends, the young and interesting invalid, attended by her father and lover, goes upon a pilgrimage up the beautiful and romantic Rhine. From that pilgrimage she never returned; but in one of those wild and legendary spots which impart such interest to that celebrated stream—a spot selected by herself as her last grassy couch, she breathed out her gentle spirit, and quietly sunk to her lasting repose. Such is the simple thread upon which Mr. Bulwer has contrived to weave a variety of German legends and fairy fictions, having no necessary connection with the main story, except that the principal episodes were suggested by some remarkable scenery or some castellated ruin on the banks of the Rhine. The *underplot*, if it may be so called, or the adventures of Nymphalin, queen of the fairies, and her Elfin court, is altogether unworthy of Mr. Bulwer's genius. It is rather a bungling attempt to revive the exploded machinery of supernatural agency; and we moreover do not perceive any possible connection or sympathy between these imaginary beings and the principal personages of the tale. Apart from other considerations, the actions and conversations of these roving elves are destitute of all interest and attraction; and nothing in our eyes appears more preposterous than the introduction of the Lord Treasurer into Queen Nymphalin's train. We always thought that the fairies were mischievous spirits—sometimes a little wicked, and often very benevolent; but never before did we suspect that this ideal population of the world of fancy, manifested any concern in the dry subject of finance, or in the *unfairy-like* establishment of a regular exchequer. The story of "The Wooing of Master Fox," related for the amusement of Queen Nymphalin, making every allowance for the author's design in introducing it, is to our taste unutterably disgusting and ridiculous.

We have no objection to the occasional use of the fairy superstition in tales of fancy; no more than we have to the frequent classical allusions to heathen mythology which distinguish the best writers. They are pleasing and beautiful illustrations, when happily introduced. But we do protest against lifting the veil from the world of imagination, and investing its shadowy beings with the common place attributes, the vulgar actions and frivolous dialogue of mere mortals. It is in truth dispelling the illusion in which the spirit of poetry delights to indulge. It takes away the most powerful charm from the cool and sequestered grotto, the shady grove or moonlit bower. It vulgarises the world of romance, and reduces the region of mind to a level with brute sense, or even coarser matter.

Condemning as we do, in perfect good faith, these exceptionable portions of Mr. Bulwer's volume, we take pleasure in awarding due praise to some of the legends and stories introduced into the work, and which are for the most part related by Trevylyan for the amusement of Gertrude. Of these, we give the decided preference to "The Brothers" and "The Maid of Malines." The latter indeed, strikes us as so finished an illustration of some of the noble qualities of woman kind, that we have determined to present it entire for the benefit of our readers.

THE MAID OF MALINES.

It was noonday in the town of Malines, or Mechlin, as the English usually term it: the Sabbath bell had summoned the inhabitants to divine worship; and the crowd that had loitered round the Church of St. Rembauld, had gradually emptied itself within the spacious aisles of the sacred edifice.

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A young man was standing in the street, with his eyes bent on the ground, and apparently listening for some sound; for, without raising his looks from the rude pavement, he turned to every corner of it with an intent and anxious expression of countenance; he held in one hand a staff, in the other a long slender cord, the end of which trailed on the ground; every now and then he called, with a plaintive voice, "Fido, Fido, come back! Why hast thou deserted me?" Fido returned not: the dog, wearied of confinement, had slipped from the string, and was at play with his kind in a distant quarter of the town, leaving the blind man to seek his way as he might to his solitary inn.

By and by a light step passed through the street, and the young stranger's face brightened—

"Pardon me," said he, turning to the spot where his quick ear had caught the sound, "and direct me, if you are not by chance much pressed for a few moment's time, to the hotel *Mortier d'or*."

It was a young woman, whose dress betokened that she belonged to the middling class of life, whom he thus addressed. "It is some distance hence, sir," said she, "but if you continue your way straight on for about a hundred yards, and then take the second turn to your right hand—"

"Alas!" interrupted the stranger, with a melancholy smile, "your direction will avail me little; my dog has deserted me, and I am blind!"

There was something in these words, and in the stranger's voice, which went irresistibly to the heart of the young woman. "Pray forgive me," she said, almost with tears in her eyes, "I did not perceive your—" misfortune, she was about to say, but she checked herself with an instinctive delicacy. "Lean upon me, I will conduct you to the door; nay, sir," observing that he hesitated, "I have time enough to spare, I assure you."

The stranger placed his hand on the young woman's arm, and though Lucille was naturally so bashful that even her mother would laughingly reproach her for the excess of a maiden virtue, she felt not the least pang of shame, as she found herself thus suddenly walking through the streets of Malines, alone with a young stranger, whose dress and air betokened him of a rank superior to her own.

"Your voice is very gentle," said he, after a pause, "and that," he added, with a slight sigh, "is the criterion by which I only know the young and the beautiful." Lucille now blushed, and with a slight mixture of pain in the blush, for she knew well that to beauty she had no pretension. "Are you a native of this town?" continued he. "Yes, sir; my father holds a small office in the customs, and my mother and I eke out his salary by making lace. We are called poor, but we do not feel it, sir."

"You are fortunate: there is no wealth like the heart's wealth, content," answered the blind man mournfully.

"And Monsieur," said Lucille, feeling angry with herself that she had awakened a natural envy in the stranger's mind, and anxious to change the subject—"and Monsieur, has he been long at Malines?"

"But yesterday. I am passing through the Low Countries on a tour; perhaps you smile at the tour of a blind man—but it is wearisome even to the blind to rest always in the same place. I thought during church time, when the streets were empty, that I might, by the help of my dog, enjoy safely, at least the air, if not the sight of the town; but there are some persons, methinks, who cannot even have a dog for a friend."

The blind man spoke bitterly,—the desertion of his dog had touched him to the core. Lucille wiped her eyes. "And does Monsieur travel then alone?" said she; and looking at his face more attentively than she had yet ventured to do, she saw that he was scarcely above two-and-twenty. "His father, his *mother*," she added, with an emphasis on the last word, "are they not with him?"

"I am an orphan," answered the stranger; "and I have neither brother nor sister."

The desolate condition of the blind man quite melted Lucille; never had she been so strongly affected. She felt a strange flutter at the heart—a secret and earnest sympathy, that attracted her at once towards him. She wished that heaven had suffered her to be his sister.

The contrast between the youth and the form of the stranger, and the affliction which took hope from the one, and activity from the other, increased the compassion he excited. His features were remarkably regular, and had a certain nobleness in their outline; and his frame was gracefully and firmly knit, though he moved cautiously and with no cheerful step.

They had now passed into a narrow street leading towards the hotel, when they heard behind them the clatter of hoofs; and Lucille, looking hastily back, saw that a troop of the Belgian horse was passing thro' town.

She drew her charge close by the wall, and trembling with fear for him, she stationed herself by his side. The troop passed at a full trot through the street; and at the sound of their clanging arms, and the ringing hoofs of their heavy chargers, Lucille might have seen, had she looked at the blind man's face, that its sad features kindled with enthusiasm, and his head was raised proudly from its wonted and melancholy bend. "Thank heaven," she said, as the troop had nearly passed them, "the danger is over!" Not so. One of the last two soldiers who rode abreast, was unfortunately mounted on a young and unmanageable horse. The rider's oaths and digging spur only increased the fire and impatience of the charger; he plunged from side to side of the narrow street.

"*Gardez vous*," cried the horseman, as he was borne on to the place where Lucille and the stranger stood against the wall; "are ye mad—why do you not run?"

"For heaven's sake, for mercy sake, he is blind!" cried Lucille, clinging to the stranger's side.

"Save yourself, my kind guide!" said the stranger. But Lucille dreamt not of such desertion. The trooper wrested the horse's head from the spot where they stood; with a snort, as he felt the spur, the enraged animal lashed out with its hind legs; and Lucille, unable to save *both*, threw herself before the blind man, and received the shock directed against him; her slight and delicate arm fell shattered by her side—the horseman was borne onward. "Thank God, *you* are saved!" was poor Lucille's exclamation; and she fell, overcome with pain and terror, into the arms which the stranger mechanically opened to receive her.

"My guide, my friend!" cried he, "you are hurt, you—"

"No, sir," interrupted Lucille, faintly, "I am better, I am well. *This* arm, if you please—we are not far from your hotel now."

But the stranger's ear, tutored to every inflection of voice, told him at once of the pain she suffered; he drew from her by degrees the confession of the injury she had sustained; but the generous girl did not tell him it had been incurred solely in his protection. He now insisted on reversing their duties, and accompanying *her* to her home; and Lucille, almost fainting with pain, and hardly able to move, was forced to consent. But a few steps down the next turning stood the humble mansion of her father—they reached it—and Lucille scarcely crossed the threshhold, before she sank down, and for some minutes was insensible to pain. It was left to the stranger to explain, and to beseech them immediately to send for a surgeon, "the most skilful—the most practised in town," said he. "See, I am rich, and this is the least I can do to atone to your generous daughter for not forsaking even a stranger in peril."

He held out his purse as he spoke, but the father refused the offer; and it saved the blind man some shame that he could not see the blush of honest resentment with which so poor a species of remuneration was put aside.

The young man staid till the surgeon arrived, till the arm was set; nor did he depart until he had obtained a promise from the mother, that he should learn the next morning how the sufferer had passed the night.

The next morning, indeed, he had intended to quit a

town that offers but little temptation to the traveller; but he tarried day after day, until Lucille herself accompanied her mother to assure him of her recovery.

You know, or at least I do, dearest Gertrude, that there *is* such a thing as love at the first meeting—a secret and unaccountable affinity between persons (strangers before,) which draws them irresistibly together. If there were truth in Plato's beautiful phantasy, that our souls were a portion of the stars, it might be, that spirits thus attracted to each other, have drawn their original light from the same orb; and they thus but yearn for a renewal of their former union. Yet, without recurring to such ideal solutions of a daily mystery, it was but natural that one in the forlorn and desolate condition of Eugene St. Amand, should have felt a certain tenderness for a person who had so generously suffered for his sake.

The darkness to which he was condemned did not shut from his mind's eye the haunting images of ideal beauty; rather, on the contrary, in his perpetual and unoccupied solitude, he fed the reveries of an imagination naturally warm, and a heart eager for sympathy.

He had said rightly that his only test of beauty was in the melody of voice; and never had a softer or a more thrilling tone than that of the young maiden touched upon his ear. Her exclamation, so beautifully denying self, so devoted in its charity, "Thank God, *you* are saved!" uttered too, in the moment of her own suffering, rang constantly upon his soul, and he yielded, without precisely defining their nature, to vague and delicious sentiments, that his youth had never awakened to till then. And Lucille—the very accident that had happened to her on his behalf, only deepened the interest she had already conceived for one who, in the first flush of youth, was thus cut off from the glad objects of life, and left to a night of years, desolate and alone. There is, to your beautiful and kindly sex, a perpetual and gushing *lovingness to protect*. This makes them the angels of sickness, the comforters of age, the fosterers of childhood; and this feeling, in Lucille peculiarly developed, had already inexpressibly linked her compassionate nature to the lot of the unfortunate traveller. With ardent affections, and with thoughts beyond her station and her years, she was not without that modest vanity which made her painfully susceptible to her own deficiencies in beauty. Instinctively conscious of how deeply she herself could love, she believed it impossible that she could ever be so loved in return. This stranger, so superior in her eyes to all she had yet seen, was the first out of her own household who had ever addressed her in that voice, which by tones, not words, speaks that admiration most dear to a woman's heart. To *him* she was beautiful, and her lovely mind spoke out undimmed by the imperfections of her face. Not, indeed, that Lucille was wholly without personal attraction; her light step and graceful form were elastic with the freshness of youth, and her mouth and smile had so gentle and tender an expression, that there were moments when it would not have been the blind only who would have mistaken her to be beautiful. Her early childhood had indeed given the promise of attractions, which the small-pox, that then fearful malady, had inexorably marred. It had not only seared the smooth skin and the brilliant hues, but utterly changed even the character of the features. It so happened that Lucille's family were celebrated for beauty, and vain of that celebrity; and so bitterly had her parents deplored the effects of the cruel malady, that poor Lucille had been early taught to consider them far more grievous than they really were, and to exaggerate the advantages of that beauty, the loss of which was considered by her parents so heavy a misfortune. Lucille too, had a cousin named Julie, who was the wonder of all Malines for her personal perfections; and as the cousins were much together, the contrast was too striking not to occasion frequent mortification to Lucille. But every misfortune has something of a counterpoise; and the consciousness of personal inferiority, had meekened, without souring, her temper—had given gentleness to a spirit that otherwise might have been too high, and humility to a mind that was naturally strong, impassioned, and energetic.

And yet Lucille had long conquered the one disadvantage she most dreaded in the want of beauty. Lucille was never known but to be loved. Wherever came her presence, her bright and soft mind diffused a certain inexpressible charm; and where she was not, a something was missing from the scene which not even Julie's beauty could replace.

"I propose," said St. Amand to Madame le Tisseur, Lucille's mother, as he sat in her little salon,—for he had already contracted that acquaintance with the family which permitted him to be led to their house, to return the visits Madame le Tisseur had made him, and his dog, once more returned a penitent to his master, always conducted his steps to the humble abode, and stopped instinctively at the door,—"I propose," said St. Amand, after a pause, and with some embarrassment, "to stay a little while longer at Malines; the air agrees with me, and I like the quiet of the place; but you are aware, Madame, that at a hotel among strangers, I feel my situation somewhat cheerless. I have been thinking"—St. Amand paused again—"I have been thinking that if I could persuade some agreeable family to receive me as a lodger, I would fix myself here for some weeks. I am easily pleased."

"Doubtless there are many in Malines who would be too happy to receive such a lodger."

"Will you receive me?" said St. Amand, abruptly. "It was of your family I thought."

"Of us? Monsieur is too flattering, but we have scarcely a room good enough for you."

"What difference between one room and another can there be to me? That is the best apartment to my choice in which the human voice sounds most kindly."

The arrangement was made, and St. Amand came now to reside beneath the same roof as Lucille. And was she not happy that *he* wanted so constant an attendance? was she not happy that she was ever of use? St. Amand was passionately fond of music: he played himself with a skill that was only surpassed by the exquisite melody of his voice; and was not Lucille happy when she sat mute and listening to such sounds as at Malines were never heard before? Was she not happy in gazing on a face to whose melancholy aspect her voice instantly summoned the smile? Was she not happy when the music ceased, and St. Amand called "Lucille?" Did not her own name uttered by that voice, seem to her even sweeter than the music? Was she not happy when they walked out in the still evenings of summer, and her arm thrilled beneath the light touch of one to whom she was so necessary? Was she not proud in her happiness, and was there not something like worship in the gratitude she felt to him, for raising her humble spirit to the luxury of feeling herself loved?

St. Amand's parents were French; they had resided in the neighborhood of Amiens, where they had inherited a competent property, to which he had succeeded about two years previous to the date of my story.

He had been blind from the age of three years. "I know not," said he, as he related these particulars to Lucille one evening when they were alone; "I know not what the earth may be like, or the heaven, or the rivers whose voice at least I can hear, for I have no recollection beyond that of a confused, but delicious blending of a thousand glorious colors—a bright and quick sense of joy—A VISIBLE MUSIC. But it is only since my childhood closed that I have mourned, as I now unceasingly mourn, for the light of day. My boyhood passed in a quiet cheerfulness; the least trifle then could please and occupy the vacancies of my mind; but it was as I took delight in being read to,—as I listened to the vivid descriptions of poetry,—as I glowed at the recital of great deeds,—as I was made acquainted by books, with the energy, the action, the heat, the fervor, the

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pomp, the enthusiasm of life, that I gradually opened to the sense of all I was forever denied. I felt that I existed, not lived; and that, in the midst of the Universal Liberty, I was sentenced to a prison, from whose blank walls there was no escape. Still, however, while my parents lived, I had something of consolation; at least I was not alone. They died, and a sudden and dread solitude—a vast and empty dreariness settled upon my dungeon. One old servant only, who had nursed me from my childhood, who had known me in my short privilege of light, by whose recollections my mind could grope back its way through the dark and narrow passages of memory, to faint glimpses of the sun, was all that remained to me of human sympathies. It did not suffice, however, to content me with a home where my father and my mother's kind voice were *not*. A restless impatience, an anxiety to move, possessed me; and I set out from my home, journeying whither I cared not, so that at least I could change an air that weighed upon me like a palpable burthen. I took only this old attendant as my companion; he too died three months since at Bruxelles, worn out with years. Alas! I had forgotten that he was old, for I saw not his progress to decay; and now, save my faithless dog, I was utterly alone, till I came hither and found *thee*."

Lucille stooped down to caress the dog; she blest the desertion that had led to a friend who never could desert.

But however much and however gratefully St. Amand loved Lucille, her power availed not to chase the melancholy from his brow, and to reconcile him to his forlorn condition.

"Ah, would that I could see thee! Would that I could look upon a face that my heart vainly endeavors to delineate."

"If thou couldst," sighed Lucille, "thou wouldst cease to love me."

"Impossible!" cried St. Amand, passionately; "however the world may find thee, *thou* wouldst become my standard of beauty, and I should judge not of thee by others, but of others by thee."

He loved to hear Lucille read to him; and mostly he loved the descriptions of war, of travel, of wild adventure, and yet they occasioned him the most pain. Often she paused from the page as she heard him sigh, and felt that she would even have renounced the bliss of being loved by him, if she could have restored to him that blessing, the desire for which haunted him as a spectre.

Lucille's family were Catholic, and, like most in their station, they possessed the superstitions, as well as the devotion of the faith. Sometimes they amused themselves of an evening by the various legends and imaginary miracles of their calendar: and once, as they were thus conversing with two or three of their neighbors, "The Tomb of the Three Kings of Cologne" became the main topic of their wandering recitals. However strong was the sense of Lucille, she was, as you will readily conceive, naturally influenced by the belief of those with whom she had been brought up from her cradle, and she listened to tale after tale of the miracles wrought at the consecrated tomb, as earnestly and undoubtingly as the rest.

And the Kings of the East were no ordinary saints; to the relics of the Three Magi, who followed the Star of Bethlehem, and were the first potentates of the earth who adored its Saviour, well might the pious Catholic suppose that a peculiar power and a healing sanctity would belong. Each of the circle (St. Amand, who had been more than usually silent, and even gloomy during the day, had retired to his apartment, for there were some moments, when in the sadness of his thoughts, he sought that solitude which he so impatiently fled from at others)—each of the circle had some story to relate equally veracious and indisputable, of an infirmity cured, or a prayer accorded, or a sin atoned for at the foot of the holy tomb. One story peculiarly affected Lucille; the narrator, a venerable old man with gray locks, solemnly declared himself a witness of its truth.

A woman at Anvers had given birth to a son, the offspring of an illicit connexion, who came into the world deaf and dumb. The unfortunate mother believed the calamity a punishment for her own sin. "Ah, would," said she, "that the affliction had fallen only upon me! Wretch that I am, my innocent child is punished for my offence!" This idea haunted her night and day: she pined and could not be comforted. As the child grew up, and wound himself more and more round her heart, its caresses added new pangs to her remorse; and at length (continued the narrator) hearing perpetually of the holy fame of the Tomb of Cologne, she resolved upon a pilgrimage barefoot to the shrine. "God is merciful," said she, "and he who called Magdaline his sister, may take the mother's curse from the child." She then went to Cologne; she poured her tears, her penitence, and her prayers, at the sacred tomb. When she returned to her native town, what was her dismay as she approached her cottage to behold it a heap of ruins!—its blackened rafters and yawning casements betokened the ravages of fire. The poor woman sunk upon the ground utterly overpowered. Had her son perished? At that moment she heard the cry of a child's voice, and, lo! her child rushed to her arms, and called her "mother!"

He had been saved from the fire which had broken out seven days before; but in the terror he had suffered, the string that tied his tongue had been loosened; he had uttered articulate sounds of distress; the curse was removed, and one word at least the kind neighbors had already taught him, to welcome his mother's return. What cared she now that her substance was gone, that her roof was ashes; she bowed in grateful submission to so mild a stroke; her prayer had been heard, and the sin of the mother was visited no longer on the child.

I have said, dear Gertrude, that this story made a deep impression upon Lucille. A misfortune so nearly akin to that of St. Amand, removed by the prayer of another, filled her with devoted thoughts, and a beautiful hope. "Is not the tomb still standing?" thought she; "is not God still in heaven? He who heard the guilty, may he not hear the guiltless? Is he not the God of love? Are not the affections the offerings that please him best? and what though the child's mediator was his mother, can even a mother love her child more tenderly than I love Eugene? But if, Lucille, thy prayer be granted, if he recover his sight, *thy* charm is gone, he will love thee no longer. No matter! be it so; I shall at least have made him happy!"

Such were the thoughts that filled the mind of Lucille; she cherished them till they settled into resolution, and she secretly vowed to perform her pilgrimage of love. She told neither St. Amand nor her parents of her intention; she knew the obstacles such an annunciation would create. Fortunately, she had an aunt settled at Bruxelles, to whom she had been accustomed, once in every year, to pay a month's visit, and at that time she generally took with her the work of a twelve-month's industry, which found a readier sale at Bruxelles than Malines. Lucille and St. Amand were already betrothed; their wedding was shortly to take place; and the custom of the country leading parents, however poor, to nourish the honorable ambition of giving some dowry with their daughters, Lucille found it easy to hide the object of her departure, under the pretence of taking the lace to Bruxelles, which had been the year's labor of her mother and herself; it would sell for sufficient at least to defray the preparations for the wedding.

"Thou art ever right, child," said Madame Le Tisseur; "the richer St. Amand is, why the less oughtest thou to go a beggar to his house."

In fact, the honest ambition of the good people was excited; their pride had been hurt by the envy of the town and the current congratulations on so advantageous a marriage; and they employed themselves in counting up the fortune they should be able to give to their only child, and flattering their pardonable vanity with the notion that there would be no such great

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disproportion in the connexion after all. They were right, but not in their own view of the estimate; the wealth that Lucille brought was what fate could not lessen,—reverse could not reach,—the ungracious seasons could not blight its sweet harvest,—imprudence could not dissipate,—fraud could not steal one grain from its abundant coffers! Like the purse in the fairy tale, its use was hourly, its treasure inexhaustible!

St. Amand alone was not to be won to her departure; he chafed at the notion of a dowry: he was not appeased even by Lucille's representation, that it was only to gratify and not to impoverish her parents. "And *thou*, too, canst leave me!" he said, in that plaintive voice which had made his first charm to Lucille's heart. "It is a second blindness."

"But for a few days; a fortnight at most, dearest Eugene!"

"A fortnight! you do not reckon time as the blind do," said St. Amand, bitterly.

"But listen, listen, dear Eugene," said Lucille, weeping. The sound of her sobs restored him to a sense of his ingratitude. Alas, he knew not how much he had to be grateful for. He held out his arms to her; "Forgive me," said he. "Those who can see nature know not how terrible it is to be alone."

"But my mother will not leave you."

"She is not you!"

"And Julie," said Lucille, hesitatingly.

"What is Julie to me?"

"Ah, you are the only one, save my parents, who could think of me in her presence."

"And why, Lucille?"

"Why! She is more beautiful than a dream."

"Say not so. Would I could see, that I might prove to the world how much more beautiful thou art. There is no music in *her* voice."

The evening before Lucille departed, she sat up late with St. Amand and her mother. They conversed on the future; they made plans; in the wide sterility of the world, they laid out the garden of household love, and filled it with flowers, forgetful of the wind that scatters and the frost that kills. And when, leaning on Lucille's arm, St. Amand sought his chamber, and they parted at his door, which closed upon her, she fell down on her knees at the threshhold, and poured out the fulness of her heart in a prayer for his safety, and the fulfilment of her timid hope.

At daybreak she was consigned to the conveyance that performed the short journey from Malines to Bruxelles. When she entered the town, instead of seeking her aunt, she rested at an auberge in the suburbs, and confiding her little basket of lace to the care of its hostess, she set out alone, and on foot, upon the errand of her heart's lovely superstition. And erring though it was, her faith redeemed its weakness—her affection made it even sacred. And well may we believe, that the eye which reads all secrets scarce looked reprovingly on that fanaticism, whose only infirmity was love.

So fearful was she, lest, by rendering the task too easy, she might impair the effect, that she scarcely allowed herself rest or food. Sometimes, in the heat of noon, she wandered a little from the road-side, and under the spreading lime-tree surrendered her mind to its sweet and bitter thoughts; but ever the restlessness of her enterprise urged her on, and faint, weary, and with bleeding feet, she started up and continued her way. At length she reached the ancient city, where a holier age has scarce worn from the habits and aspects of men the Roman trace. She prostrated herself at the tomb of the Magi: she proffered her ardent but humble prayer to Him before whose son those fleshless heads (yet to faith at least preserved) had, nearly eighteen centuries ago, bowed in adoration. Twice every day, for a whole week, she sought the same spot, and poured forth the same prayer. The last day an old priest, who, hovering in the church, had observed her constantly at devotion, with that fatherly interest which the better ministers of the Catholic sect (that sect which has covered the earth with the mansions of charity) feel for the unhappy, approached her as she was retiring with moist and downcast eyes, and saluting her, assumed the privilege of his order, to inquire if there was aught in which his advice or aid could serve. There was something in the venerable air of the old man which encouraged Lucille; she opened her heart to him; she told him all. The good priest was much moved by her simplicity and earnestness. He questioned her minutely as to the peculiar species of blindness with which St. Amand was afflicted; and after musing a little while, he said, "Daughter, God is great and merciful, we must trust in his power, but we must not forget that he mostly works by mortal agents. As you pass through Louvain in your way home, fail not to see there a certain physician, named Le Kain. He is celebrated through Flanders for the cures he has wrought among the blind, and his advice is sought by all classes from far and near. He lives hard by the Hotel de Ville, but any one will inform you of his residence. Stay, my child, you shall take him a note from me; he is a benevolent and kindly man, and you shall tell him exactly the same story (and with the same voice) you have told to me."

So saying the priest made Lucille accompany him to his home, and forcing her to refresh herself less sparingly than she had yet done since she had left Malines, he gave her his blessing, and a letter to Le Kain, which he rightly judged would insure her a patient hearing from the physician. Well known among all men of science was the name of the priest, and a word of recommendation from him went farther, where virtue and wisdom were honored, than the longest letter from the haughtiest Sieur in Flanders.

With a patient and hopeful spirit, the young pilgrim turned her back on the Roman Cologne, and now about to rejoin St. Amand, she felt neither the heat of the sun nor the weariness of the road. It was one day at noon that she again passed through Louvain, and she soon found herself by the noble edifice of the Hotel de Ville. Proud rose its Gothic spires against the sky, and the sun shone bright on its rich tracery and Gothic casements; the broad open street was crowded with persons of all classes, and it was with some modest alarm that Lucille lowered her veil and mingled with the throng. It was easy, as the priest had said, to find the house of Le Kain; she bade the servant take the priest's letter to his master, and she was not long kept waiting before she was admitted to the physician's presence. He was a spare, tall man, with a bald front, and a calm and friendly countenance. He was not less touched than the priest had been by the manner in which she narrated her story, described the affliction of her betrothed, and the hope that had inspired the pilgrimage she had just made.

"Well," said he, encouragingly, "we must see our patient. You can bring him hither to me."

"Ah, sir, I had hoped—" Lucille stopped suddenly.

"What, my young friend?"

"That I might have had the triumph of bringing you to Malines. I know, sir, what you are about to say; and I know, sir, your time must be very valuable; but I am not so poor as I seem, and Eugene, that is Monsieur St. Amand, is very rich, and—and I have at Bruxelles what I am sure is a large sum; it was to have provided for the wedding, but it is most heartily at your service, sir."

Le Kain smiled; he was one of those men who love to read the human heart when its leaves are fair and undefiled; and, in the benevolence of science, he would have gone a longer journey than from Louvain to Malines to give sight to the blind, even had St. Amand been a beggar.

"Well, well," said he, "but you forget that Monsieur St. Amand is not the only one in the world who wants me. I must look at my note-book, and see if I can be spared for a day or two."

So saying he glanced at his memoranda; every thing

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smiled on Lucille: he had no engagements that his partner could not fulfil, for some days; he consented to accompany Lucille to Malines.

Meanwhile cheerless and dull had passed the time to St. Amand; he was perpetually asking Madame Le Tisseur what hour it was; it was almost his only question. There seemed to him no sun in the heavens, no freshness in the air, and he even forbore his favorite music; the instrument had lost its sweetness since Lucille was not by to listen.

It was natural that the gossips of Malines should feel some envy at the marriage Lucille was about to make with one whose competence report had exaggerated into prodigal wealth, whose birth had been elevated from the respectable to the noble, and whose handsome person was clothed, by the interest excited by his misfortune, with the beauty of Antinous. Even that misfortune, which ought to have levelled all distinctions, was not sufficient to check the general envy; perhaps to some of the dames of Malines blindness in a husband was indeed not the least agreeable of all qualifications! But there was one in whom this envy rankled with a peculiar sting; it was the beautiful, the all-conquering Julie. That the humble, the neglected Lucille should be preferred to her; that Lucille, whose existence was well-nigh forgot beside Julie's, should become thus suddenly of importance; that there should be one person in the world, and that person young, rich, handsome, to whom she was less than nothing, when weighed in the balance with Lucille, mortified to the quick a vanity that had never till then received a wound. "It is well," she would say, with a bitter jest, "that Lucille's lover is blind. To be the one it is necessary to be the other!"

During Lucille's absence she had been constantly in Madame Le Tisseur's house—indeed Lucille had prayed her to be so. She had sought, with an industry that astonished herself, to supply Lucille's place, and among the strange contradictions of human nature, she had learned, during her efforts to please, to love the object of those efforts,—as much at least as she was capable of loving.

She conceived a positive hatred to Lucille; she persisted in imagining that nothing but the accident of first acquaintance had deprived her of a conquest with which she persuaded herself her happiness had become connected. Had St. Amand never loved Lucille, and proposed to Julie, his misfortune would have made her reject him, despite his wealth and his youth; but to be Lucille's lover, and a conquest to be won from Lucille, raised him instantly to an importance not his own. Safe, however, in his affliction, the arts and beauty of Julie fell harmless on the fidelity of St. Amand. Nay, he liked her less than ever, for it seemed an impertinence in any one to counterfeit the anxiety and watchfulness of Lucille.

"It is time, surely it is time, Madame Le Tisseur, that Lucille should return. She might have sold all the lace in Malines by this time," said St. Amand one day, peevishly.

"Patience, my dear friend; patience, perhaps she may return to-morrow."

"To-morrow! let me see, it is only six o'clock, only six, you are sure?"

"Just five, dear Eugene shall I read to you? this is a new book from Paris, it has made a great noise," said Julie.

"You are very kind, but I will not trouble you."

"It is any thing but trouble."

"In a word, then, I would rather not."

"Oh! that he could see," thought Julie; "would I not punish him for this!"

"I hear carriage-wheels; who can be passing this way? Surely it is the voiturier from Bruxelles," said St. Amand, starting up, "it is his day, his hour, too. No, no, it is a lighter vehicle," and he sank down listlessly on his seat.

Nearer and nearer rolled the wheels; they turned the corner; they stopped at the lowly door; and—overcome,—overjoyed, Lucille was clasped to the bosom of St. Amand.

"Stay," said she, blushing, as she recovered her self-possession, and turned to Le Kain, "pray pardon me, sir. Dear Eugene, I have brought with me one who, by God's blessing, may yet restore you to sight."

"We must not be sanguine, my child," said Le Kain; "any thing is better than disappointment."

To close this part of my story, dear Gertrude, Le Kain examined St. Amand, and the result of the examination was a confident belief in the probability of a cure. St. Amand gladly consented to the experiment of an operation; it succeeded—the blind man saw! Oh! what were Lucille's feelings, what her emotion, what her joy, when she found the object of her pilgrimage—of her prayers—fulfilled! That joy was so intense, that in the eternal alterations of human life she might have foretold from its excess how bitter the sorrows fated to ensue.

As soon as by degrees the patient's new sense became reconciled to the light, his first, his only demand was for Lucille. "No, let me not see her alone, let me see her in the midst of you all, that I may convince you that the heart never is mistaken in its instincts." With a fearful, a sinking presentiment, Lucille yielded to the request to which the impetuous St. Amand would hear indeed no denial. The father, the mother, Julie, Lucille, Julie's younger sisters assembled in the little parlor; the door opened, and St. Amand stood hesitating on the threshold. One look around sufficed to him; his face brightened, he uttered a cry of joy. "Lucille! Lucille!" he exclaimed, "It is you, I know it, *you* only!" He sprang forward, *and fell at the feet of Julie!*

Flushed, elated, triumphant, Julie bent upon him her sparkling eyes; *she* did not undeceive him.

"You are wrong, you mistake," said Madame Le Tisseur, in confusion; "that is her cousin Julie, this is your Lucille."

St. Amand rose, turned, saw Lucille, and at that moment she wished herself in her grave. Surprise, mortification, disappointment, almost dismay, were depicted in his gaze. He had been haunting his prison-house with dreams, and, now set free, he felt how unlike they were to the truth. Too new to observation to read the wo, the despair, the lapse and shrinking of the whole frame, that his look occasioned Lucille, he yet felt, when the first shock of his surprise was over, that it was not thus he should thank her who had restored him to sight. He hastened to redeem his error; ah! how could it be redeemed?

From that hour all Lucille's happiness was at an end; her fairy palace was shattered in the dust; the magician's wand was broken up; the Ariel was given to the winds; and the bright enchantment no longer distinguished the land she lived in from the rest of the barren world. It was true that St. Amand's words were kind; it is true that he remembered with the deepest gratitude all she had done in his behalf; it is true that he forced himself again and again to say, "She is my betrothed—my benefactress!" and he cursed himself to think that the feelings he had entertained for her were fled. Where was the passion of his words? where the ardor of his tone? where that play and light of countenance which her step, *her* voice could formerly call forth? When they were alone he was embarrassed and constrained, and almost cold; his hand no longer sought hers; his soul no longer missed her if she was absent a moment from his side. When in their household circle, he seemed visibly more at ease; but did his eyes fasten upon her who had opened them to the day? did they not wander at every interval with a too eloquent admiration to the blushing and radiant face of the exulting Julie? This was not, you will believe, suddenly perceptible in one day or one week, but every day it was perceptible more and more. Yet still!—bewitched, ensnared as St. Amand was—he never perhaps would have been guilty of an infidelity that he strove with the keenest remorse to wrestle against, had it not been for the fatal contrast, at the first moment of his gushing enthusiasm,

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which Julie had presented to Lucille; but for that he would have formed no previous idea of real and living beauty to aid the disappointment of his imaginings and his dreams. He would have seen Lucille young and graceful, and with eyes beaming affection, contrasted only by the wrinkled countenance and bended frame of her parents, and she would have completed her conquest over him before he had discovered that she was less beautiful than others; nay more—that infidelity never could have lasted above the first few days, if the vain and heartless object of it had not exerted every art, all the power and witchery of her beauty, to cement and continue it. The unfortunate Lucille—so susceptible to the slightest change in those she loved, so diffident of herself, so proud too in that diffidence—no longer necessary, no longer missed, no longer loved—could not bear to endure the galling comparison of the past and present. She fled uncomplainingly to her chamber to indulge her tears, and thus, unhappily, absent as her father generally was during the day, and busied as her mother was either at work or in household matters, she left Julie a thousand opportunities to complete the power she had begun to wield over—no, not the heart!—the *senses* of St. Amand! Yet, still not suspecting, in the open generosity of her mind, the whole extent of her affliction, poor Lucille buoyed herself at times with the hope that when once married, when once in that intimacy of friendship, the unspeakable love she felt for him could disclose itself with less restraint than at present,—she should perhaps regain a heart which had been so devotedly hers, that she could not think that without a fault it was irrevocably gone: on that hope she anchored all the little happiness that remained to her. And still St. Amand pressed their marriage, but in what different tones! In fact, he wished to preclude from himself the possibility of a deeper ingratitude than that which he had incurred already. He vainly thought that the broken reed of love might be bound up and strengthened by the ties of duty; and at least he was anxious that his hand, his fortune, his esteem, his gratitude, should give to Lucille the only recompense it was now in his power to bestow. Meanwhile, left alone so often with Julie, and Julie bent on achieving the last triumph over his heart, St. Amand was gradually preparing a far different reward, a far different return for her to whom he owed so incalculable a debt.

There was a garden behind the house, in which there was a small arbor, where often in the summer evenings Eugene and Lucille had sat together—hours never to return! One day she heard from her own chamber, where she sat mourning, the sound of St. Amand's flute swelling gently from that beloved and consecrated bower. She wept as she heard it, and the memories that the music bore softening and endearing his image, she began to reproach herself that she had yielded so often to the impulse of her wounded feelings; that, chilled by *his* coldness, she had left him so often to himself, and had not sufficiently dared to tell him of that affection which, in her modest self-depreciation, constituted her only pretension to his love. "Perhaps he is alone now," she thought; "the tune too is one which he knew that I loved:" and with her heart on her step, she stole from the house and sought the arbor. She had scarce turned from her chamber when the flute ceased; as she neared the arbor she heard voices—Julie's voice in grief, St. Amand's in consolation. A dread foreboding seized her; her feet clung rooted to the earth.

"Yes, marry her—forget me," said Julie; "in a few days you will be another's and I, I—forgive me, Eugene, forgive me that I have disturbed your happiness. I am punished sufficiently—my heart will break, but it will break loving you"—sobs choked Julie's voice.

"Oh, speak not thus," said St. Amand. "I, *I* only am to blame; I, false to both, to both ungrateful. Oh, from the hour that these eyes opened upon you I drank in a new life; the sun itself to me was less wonderful than your beauty. But—but—let me forget that hour. What do I not owe to Lucille? I shall be wretched—I shall deserve to be so; for shall I not think, Julie, that I have imbittered our life with your ill-fated love? But all that I can give—my hand—my home—my plighted faith—must be hers. Nay, Julie, nay—why that look? could I act otherwise? can I dream otherwise? Whatever the sacrifice, *must* I not render it? Ah, what do I owe to Lucille, were it only for the thought that but for her I might never have seen thee."

Lucille staid to hear no more; with the same soft step as that which had borne her within hearing of these fatal words, she turned back once more to her desolate chamber.

That evening, as St. Amand was sitting alone in his apartment, he heard a gentle knock at the door. "Come in," he said, and Lucille entered. He started in some confusion, and would have taken her hand, but she gently repulsed him. She took a seat opposite to him, and looking down, thus addressed him:—

"My dear Eugene, that is, Monsieur St. Amand, I have something on my mind that I think it better to speak at once; and if I do not exactly express what I would wish to say, you must not be offended at Lucille; it is not an easy matter to put into words what one feels deeply." Coloring, and suspecting something of the truth, St. Amand would have broken in upon her here; but she, with a gentle impatience, waved him to be silent, and continued:—

"You know that when you once loved me, I used to tell you, that you would cease to do so, could you see how undeserving I was of your attachment? I did not deceive myself, Eugene; I always felt assured that such would be the case, that your love for me necessarily rested on your affliction: but, for all that, I never at least had a dream, or a desire, but for your happiness; and God knows, that if again, by walking bare-footed, not to Cologne, but to Rome—to the end of the world, I could save you from a much less misfortune than that of blindness, I would cheerfully do it; yes, even though I might foretel all the while that, on my return, you would speak to me coldly, think of me lightly, and that the penalty to me would—would be—what it has been!" Here Lucille wiped a few natural tears from her eyes; St. Amand, struck to the heart, covered his face with his hands, without the courage to interrupt her. Lucille continued:—

"That which I foresaw has come to pass: I am no longer to you what I once was, when you could clothe this poor form and this homely face with a beauty they did not possess; you would wed me still, it is true; but I am proud, Eugene, and cannot stoop to gratitude where I once had love. I am not so unjust as to blame you; the change was natural, was inevitable. I should have steeled myself more against it; but I am now resigned; we must part; you love Julie—that too is natural—and *she* loves you; ah! what also more probable in the course of events? Julie loves you, not yet, perhaps, so much as I did, but then she has not known you as I have, and she, whose whole life has been triumph, cannot feel the gratitude I felt at fancying myself loved; but this will come; God grant it! Farewell, then, for ever, dear Eugene; I leave you when you no longer want me; you are now independent of Lucille; wherever you go, a thousand hereafter can supply my place;—farewell!"

She rose, as she said this, to leave the room; but St. Amand seizing her hand, which she in vain endeavored to withdraw from his clasp, poured forth incoherently, passionately, his reproaches on himself, his eloquent persuasions against her resolution.

"I confess," said he, "that I have been allured for a moment; I confess that Julie's beauty made me less sensible to your stronger, your holier, oh! far, far holier title to my love! But forgive me, dearest Lucille; already I return to you, to all I once felt for you; make me not curse the blessing of sight that I owe to you. You must not leave me; never can we two part; try me, only try me, and if ever, hereafter, my heart

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wander from you, *then*, Lucille, leave me to my remorse!"

Even at that moment Lucille did not yield; she felt that his prayer was but the enthusiasm of the hour; she felt that there was a virtue in her pride; that to leave him was a duty to herself. In vain he pleaded; in vain were his embraces, his prayers; in vain he reminded her of their plighted troth, of her aged parents, whose happiness had become wrapped in her union with him; "How, even were it as you wrongly believe, how in honor to them can I desert you, can I wed another?"

"Trust that, trust all to me," answered Lucille; "your honor shall be my care, none shall blame you; only do not let your marriage with Julie be celebrated here before their eyes; that is all I ask, all they can expect. God bless you! do not fancy I shall be unhappy, for whatever happiness the world gives you, shall I not have contributed to bestow it?—and with that thought, I am above compassion."

She glided from his arms, and left him to a solitude more bitter even than that of blindness; that very night Lucille sought her mother; to her she confided all. I pass over the reasons she urged, the arguments she overcame; she conquered rather than convinced, and leaving to Madame Le Tisseur the painful task of breaking to her father her unalterable resolution, she quitted Malines the next morning, and with a heart too honest to be utterly without comfort, paid that visit to her aunt which had been so long deferred.

The pride of Lucille's parents prevented them from reproaching St. Amand. He did not bear, however, their cold and altered looks; he left their house; and though for several days he would not even see Julie, yet her beauty and her art gradually resumed their empire over him. They were married at Courtroi, and, to the joy of the vain Julie, departed to the gay metropolis of France. But before their departure, before his marriage, St. Amand endeavored to appease his conscience, by purchasing for Monsieur Le Tisseur, a much more lucrative and honorable office than that he now held. Rightly judging that Malines could no longer be a pleasant residence for them, and much less for Lucille, the duties of the post were to be fulfilled in another town; and knowing that Monsieur Le Tisseur's delicacy would revolt at receiving such a favor from his hands, he kept the nature of his negociation a close secret, and suffered the honest citizen to believe that his own merits alone had entitled him to so unexpected a promotion.

Time went on. This quiet and simple history of humble affections took its date in a stormy epoch of the world—the dawning Revolution of France. The family of Lucille had been little more than a year settled in their new residence, when Dumouriez led his army into the Netherlands. But how meanwhile had that year passed for Lucille? I have said that her spirit was naturally high; that, though so tender, she was not weak; her very pilgrimage to Cologne alone, and at the timid age of seventeen, proved that there was a strength in her nature no less than a devotion in her love. The sacrifice she had made brought its own reward. She believed St. Amand was happy, and she would not give way to the selfishness of grief; she had still duties to perform; she could still comfort her parents, and cheer their age; she could still be all the world to them; she felt this, and was consoled. Only once during the year had she heard of Julie; she had been seen by a mutual friend at Paris, gay, brilliant, courted, and admired; of St. Amand she heard nothing.

My tale, dear Gertrude, does not lead me through the harsh scenes of war. I do not tell you of the slaughter and the siege, and the blood that inundated those fair lands, the great battle-field of Europe. The people of the Netherlands in general were with the cause of Dumouriez, but the town in which Le Tisseur dwelt offered some faint resistance to his arms. Le Tisseur himself, despite his age, girded on his sword; the town was carried, and the fierce and licentious troops of the conqueror poured, flushed with their easy victory, through its streets. Le Tisseur's house was filled with drunken and rude troopers; Lucille herself trembled in the fierce gripe of one of those dissolute soldiers, more bandit than soldier, whom the subtle Dumouriez had united to his army, and by whose blood he so often saved that of his nobler band; her shrieks, her cries were vain, when suddenly the reeking troopers gave way; "the Captain! brave Captain!" was shouted forth; the insolent soldier, felled by a powerful arm, sank senseless at the feet of Lucille; and a glorious form, towering above its fellows, even through its glittering garb, even in that dreadful hour remembered at a glance by Lucille, stood at her side; her protector, her guardian! thus once more she beheld St. Amand!

The house was cleared in an instant, the door barred. Shouts, groans, wild snatches of exulting song, the clang of arms, the tramp of horses, the hurrying footsteps, the deep music, sounded loud, and blended terribly without; Lucille heard them not; she was on that breast which never should have deserted her.

Effectually to protect his friends, St. Amand took up his quarters at their house; and for two days he was once more under the same roof as Lucille. He never recurred voluntarily to Julie; he answered Lucille's timid inquiry after her health briefly, and with coldness, but he spoke with all the enthusiasm of a long pent and ardent spirit of the new profession he had embraced. Glory seemed now to be his only mistress, and the vivid delusion of the first bright dreams of the revolution filled his mind, broke from his tongue, and lighted up those dark eyes which Lucille had redeemed to day.

She saw him depart at the head of his troop; she saw his proud crest glancing in the sun; she saw that his last glance reverted to her, where she stood at the door; and as he waved his adieu, she fancied that there was on his face that look of deep and grateful tenderness which reminded her of the one bright epoch of her life.

She was right; St. Amand had long since in bitterness repented of a transient infatuation, had long since discovered the true Florimel from the false, and felt that, in Julie, Lucille's wrongs were avenged. But in the hurry and heat of war he plunged that regret—the keenest of all—which imbodies the bitter words, "TOO LATE!"

Years passed away, and in the resumed tranquillity of Lucille's life the brilliant apparition of St. Amand appeared as something dreamt of, not seen. The star of Napoleon had risen above the horizon; the romance of his early career had commenced; and the campaign of Egypt had been the herald of those brilliant and meteoric successes which flashed forth from the gloom of the Revolution of France.

You are aware, dear Gertrude, how many in the French as well as the English troops returned home from Egypt, blinded with the ophthalmia of that arid soil. Some of the young men in Lucille's town, who had joined Napoleon's army, came back, darkened by that fearful affliction, and Lucille's alms, and Lucille's aid, and Lucille's sweet voice were ever at hand for those poor sufferers, whose common misfortune touched so thrilling a cord of her heart.

Her father was now dead, and she had only her mother to cheer amid the ills of age. As one evening they sat at work together, Madame Le Tisseur said, after a pause—

"I wish, dear Lucille, thou couldst be persuaded to marry Justin; he loves thee well, and now that thou art yet young, and hast many years before thee, thou shouldst remember that when I die thou wilt be alone."

"Ah cease, dearest mother, I never can marry now, and as for love—once taught in the bitter school in which I have learned the knowledge of myself—I cannot be deceived again."

"My Lucille, you do not know yourself; never was

woman loved, if Justin does not love you; and never did lover feel with more real warmth how worthily he loved."

And this was true; and not of Justin alone, for Lucille's modest virtues, her kindly temper, and a certain undulating and feminine grace, which accompanied all her movements, had secured her as many conquests as if she had been beautiful. She had rejected all offers of marriage with a shudder; without even the throb of a flattered vanity. One memory, sadder, was also dearer to her than all things; and something sacred in its recollections made her deem it even a crime to think of effacing the past by a new affection.

"I believe," continued Madame Le Tisseur, angrily, "that thou still thinkest fondly of him from whom only in the world thou couldst have experienced ingratitude."

"Nay mother," said Lucille, with a blush and a slight sigh, "Eugene is married to another."

While thus conversing, they heard a gentle and timid knock at the door—the latch was lifted. "This" said the rough voice of a commissaire of the town—"this, monsieur, is the house of *Madame Le Tisseur*, and—*voila mademoiselle!*" A tall figure, with a shade over his eyes, and wrapped in a long military cloak, stood in the room. A thrill shot across Lucille's heart. He stretched out his arms; "Lucille," said that melancholy voice, which had made the music of her first youth—"where art thou, Lucille; alas! she does not recognize St. Amand."

Thus was it, indeed. By a singular fatality, the burning suns and the sharp dust of the plains of Egypt had smitten the young soldier, in the flush of his career, with a second—and this time, with an irremediable—blindness! He had returned to France to find his hearth lonely; Julie was no more—a sudden fever had cut her off in the midst of youth; and he had sought his way to Lucille's house, to see if one hope yet remained to him in the world!

And when, days afterward, humbly and sadly he renewed a former suit, did Lucille shut her heart to its prayer? Did her pride remember its wound—did she revert to his desertion—did she say to the whisper of her yearning love—"*thou hast been before forsaken!*" That voice and those darkened eyes pleaded to her with a pathos not to be resisted; "I am once more necessary to him," was all her thought—"if I reject him, who will tend him?" In that thought was the motive of her conduct; in that thought gushed back upon her soul all the springs of checked, but unconquered, unconquerable love! In that thought she stood beside him at the altar, and pledged, with a yet holier devotion than she might have felt of yore, the vow of her imperishable truth.

And Lucille found, in the future, a reward which the common world could never comprehend. With his blindness returned all the feelings she had first awakened in St. Amand's solitary heart; again he yearned for her step—again he missed even a moment's absence from his side—again her voice chased the shadow from his brow—and in her presence was a sense of shelter and of sunshine. He no longer sighed for the blessing he had lost; he reconciled himself to fate, and entered into that serenity of mood which mostly characterizes the blind. Perhaps, after we have seen the actual world, and experienced its hollow pleasures, we can resign ourselves the better to its exclusion; and as the cloister which repels the ardor of our hope is sweet to our remembrance, so the darkness loses its terror when experience has wearied us with the glare and travail of the day. It was something, too, as they advanced in life, to feel the chains that bound him to Lucille strengthening daily, and to cherish in his overflowing heart the sweetness of increasing gratitude; it was something that he could not see years wrinkle that open brow, or dim the tenderness of that touching smile; it was something that to him she was beyond the reach of time, and preserved to the verge of a grave (which received them both within a few days of each other,) in all the bloom of her unwithering affection—in all the freshness of a heart that never could grow old!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SONG—*By the Author of Vyryan.*

On the brow of the mountain
The grey mists darkle—
On the wave of the fountain
Star images sparkle—
Wild lights o'er the meadow
Are fitfully gleaming—
In the hill's dark shadow
A spirit is dreaming.
The birds and the flowers
With closed eyes are sleeping,
All hushed are the bowers
Where glow-worms are creeping—
There's quiet in heaven,
There's peace to the billow—
A blessing seems given
To all—save my pillow.
Alas! do I wonder
I too cannot sleep,
Like the calm waves yonder,
And dream all as deep?—
There's beauty beside me,
A love-heaving breast—
Ah! my very joys chide me,
And rob me of rest.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Lines on finding a billet from an early friend among some old papers.

I gaze on this discolored sheet
Which time has tinged with many a stain,
And sigh to think his course should bring
To nought, that friendship nursed in vain.
Here in your well known hand I see
My name, with terms endearing traced,
And vows of firm fidelity,
Which other objects soon effaced.
Strange does it seem, that in these words
A dead affection I should find,
As if some early buried friend
Resumed his place among his kind.
Yes—after many a chilling year
Of coldness and of alter'd feeling,
This tatter'd messenger is here,
Worlds of forgotten thought revealing.
As once my faith was purely thine,
For thee my blood I would have pour'd
As freely as the rich red wine
We pledged around the jovial board.
It seem'd that thou wert thus to me,
Loyal and true as thou didst swear:
I knew not then, as now I know,
That oaths are but impassion'd air.
And even now, a doubt that they
Were falsehoods all, will cross my brain:
That thought alone I seek to quell,
That thought alone could give me pain.
To be forgotten has no sting—
For friendships every day grow cold;
But 'tis a wounding thought, that I
Have purchased dross, and paid in gold.
Tho' thou hast changed, as worldlings change
Amid the haunts of sordid men,
I cannot bid my feelings range—
But cling to what I deem'd thee *then*. S.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE CEMETERY.—*From the Russian.*

FIRST VOICE.

How sad, how frightful the abode,
How dread the silence of the tomb!
There all surrounding objects speak
The haunt of terror and of gloom—
And nought but tempests' horrid howl we hear,
And bones together rattling on the bier!

SECOND VOICE.

How peaceful, tranquil is the tomb!
How calm, how deep is its repose!
There flow'rets wild more sweetly bloom,
There zephyr's breath more softly flows;
And there the nightingale and turtle-dove
Their notes pour forth of happiness and love.

FIRST VOICE.

Against that dark sepulchral mound,
Funereal crows their pinions beat;
There dens of ravenous wolves are found,
And there the vulture's foul retreat;
The earth around with greedy claws they tear,
Whilst serpents hiss and poison all the air.

SECOND VOICE.

There, when the shades of evening fall,
The sportive hares their gambols keep;
Or, fearless of the huntsman's call,
Upon the verdant herbage sleep;
While midst the foliage of the o'erhanging boughs
The feathered tribe in slumbers soft repose.

FIRST VOICE.

Around that dank and humid spot
A noisome vapor ever clings,
Exhaled from heaps which there to rot
Death with untiring labor brings;
Devoid of leaves the trees their branches spread,
And every plant seems withering, or dead.

SECOND VOICE.

In what soft accents whispers there
The evening breeze about the tomb,
Diffusing through the balmy air
Of countless flowers the rich perfume,
And speaking of a place of peace and rest,
Where e'er mid breathing fragrance dwell the blessed!

FIRST VOICE.

When to this dismal vale of tears,
The pilgrim comes with weary pace,
O'erpowered by appalling fears,
In vain his steps he would retrace;
Urged onwards by a hand unseen, unknown,
He's headlong in the wreck-strewed torrent thrown.

SECOND VOICE.

Worn out by life's sad pilgrimage,
Man here at length his staff lays down—
Here feels no more the tempest's rage,
Nor dreads the heav'ns impending frown—
Reposes from his toil in slumbers deep,
And sleeps of ages the eternal sleep!

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

We flatter ourselves that our patrons will not be displeased with the feast which we have set before them in the present number of the Messenger. We have not commenced with the egg and ended with the apple, (*ab ovo usque ad malum,*) according to the ancient custom; nor placed the substantials before the dessert, as in modern entertainments; but have rather chosen to mingle them without order or arrangement,—that our guests may partake as their respective tastes and inclinations may dictate. The scientific reader will be attracted by the communications of Dr. Powell, and Peter A. Browne, Esq. of Philadelphia. By the former gentleman, who is now actively engaged in geological and antiquarian researches in the western country, we are kindly promised occasional aid; and, to the latter distinguished individual, we owe our thanks for the warm interest he has evinced in our infant enterprize.

Of Mr. Wirt's letter, it would be superfluous to speak, more especially as it is accompanied by some excellent remarks by a highly intelligent friend,—himself destined to become an ornament to the profession of which he speaks.

The general reader cannot fail to be pleased with many, if not all the communications which are inserted. In the article headed "*Example is better than Precept,*" he will recognize an elegant and vigorous pen;—and, in the "*Recollections of Cholank,*" it will not be difficult to perceive that the hand employed in describing the generous customs and proverbial hospitality of that ancient portion of our state,—is one of uncommon skill in the art and beauty of composition. The article from the Petersburg Intelligencer, entitled an "*Extract from a Novel that never will be published,*" (but which we hope *will* be published)—though not expressly written for the "Messenger," will be new to most of our readers. If we mistake not, the writer has furnished strong evidence of talent in a particular department of literature, which needs only to be cultivated in order to attain a high degree of success.

The poetical contributions, which are entirely *original* in the present number, whilst they do not need our eulogy, we cannot permit to pass without some special notice at our hands. The "*Power of Faith*" will not fail to attract the lover of genuine poetry, especially if his heart be warmed with christian zeal. It is written by a gentleman whose modesty is as great as his merit; and whose writings, both in prose and verse, will do honor to his native state. The sprightly effusion among the prose articles which is headed "*Sally Singleton,*" is from the same hand. Of "*Death among the Trees,*" it would be unnecessary to speak, as it will be readily recognized and admired, as the production of a distinguished female writer already known to fame. We take pleasure in placing in the same company two other charming effusions, by writers of the same gentle sex, whose assistance in our literary labors we shall always be proud to receive. We allude to the "*Address of the Genius of Columbia to her Native Muse,*" and the "*Lines to an Officer of the United States Navy, by E. A. S.*" The "*Sonnet, written on the Blue Ridge,*" and the "*Stanzas, composed at the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia,*" are both the productions of the same superior mind. There is not only decided power, but a most attractive pathos and bewitching melancholy in the two

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productions referred to. We hope that the author will continue to adorn our columns with the offspring of his gifted muse. The author of "*Lines on a Billet from an Early Friend,*" will always be a welcome guest at our literary table. We know him as a gentleman of fine taste and varied endowments. The "*Cemetery*" is from the pen of a young Philadelphian of fine talents. He need not at any time apprehend exclusion from our columns.

If we have chosen to speak last of the author of "*Musings,*" it is not because he is least in our estimation. On the contrary, we sincerely esteem him as among the favored few, to whom it is given,--if they themselves will it,—to reach the highest honors, and the most enduring rewards, in the empire of poesy. The beautiful and graceful picture of Venice, presented in our present number,—of Venice despoiled of her ancient glory—yet still glorious in ruin,—will command, if we mistake not, general admiration. Successful as the author always is, in his light and fugitive pieces, he gives evidence of a power to grasp the highest themes, and to sport with familiar ease in the least accessible regions of fancy. Why does he not seize the lyre at once, and pour forth a song which shall add to his country's honor, and insure for himself a chaplet of renown? Why does he not at once take rank with the HALLECKS, the BRYANTS and PERCIVALS, of a colder clime? He is every way qualified to do it.

To our numerous correspondents and contributors, whose favors have not yet appeared in print,—we owe our acknowledgments, and in some instances an apology. Our space is exceedingly disproportioned to the quantity of matter which we have on hand; and, of course, we are driven to the painful, and rather invidious task of selection. We have many articles actually in type, which we are necessarily obliged to exclude from the present number. Among them may be enumerated "*A Scene in Genoa, by an American Tourist,*" the "*Grave Seekers,*" and other fine specimens of poetry. The "*Reporter's Story, or the Importance of a Syllable,*" "*The Cottage in the Glen,*"—the poems from Louisa and Pittsylvania, and from various other quarters, shall all receive the earliest possible attention. The high claims of our correspondents in Mobile and Tuscaloosa in the state of Alabama, shall also be attended to; and, we hope that others in distant states, will not deem themselves slighted if not now particularly enumerated.

The "*Eulogy on Lafayette,*" transmitted from France, and handed over to us by a friend, shall appear in the next number.

We have read with pleasure, the love tale composed by an accomplished young lady in one of the upper counties; and, whilst we do not hesitate to render a just tribute to the delicacy of sentiment and glowing fancy which distinguish her pages, candor compels us to urge one objection, which we fear is insurmountable. The story is wrought up with materials derived from English character and manners; and, we have too many thousands of similar fictions issuing from the British press, to authorize the belief that another of the same class will be interesting to an American reader. We should like to see our own writers confine their efforts to native subjects—to throw aside the trammels of foreign reading, and to select their themes from the copious materials which every where abound in our own magnificent country.

For a similar reason, our friend from Caroline must excuse us for declining to insert his sketches. We have no "*dilapidated castles,*" nor any "*last heirs of Ardendale,*" in our plain republican land.

Neither can we insert in our pages (though we should like to oblige our Essex correspondent,) any thing which bears the slightest resemblance to a *fairy tale.* We prefer treading upon earthly ground, and dealing with mortal personages.

To our highly respected correspondent, who addressed a letter to the publisher in June last, from Prince Edward, we take this opportunity to say, that our columns shall be freely open to discussions in behalf of the interests of education. We conceive that the cause of literature is intimately connected with it; and we have it in contemplation to present ere long, to the public, some candid views, in regard to the policy heretofore pursued in the Councils of our State, on this interesting subject. We are enemies to every system founded upon favoritism and monopoly; and we are advocates for the equal application of those pecuniary resources which the bounty of the state has dedicated to the cause of education. We have no idea that the Literary Fund, the common property of us all, ought to be so managed as to defeat the purposes of its founders; in other words, that it should be so wrested from the original design of its creation, as to benefit only two classes of society—the highest and the lowest,—the extremes of wealth and indigence,—whilst the great mass of the community are excluded from all advantages to be derived from it. This system may suit particular individuals, and may subserve particular ends; but it is at war with the best interests of the state, and ought to be exposed, so far as the honorable weapons of truth and justice shall be able to expose it.

The suggestions of our highly intelligent friend from South Carolina, who we presume is a temporary resident in one of the northern states, are entitled to much respect and consideration. We quote the following just sentiments from his letter:

"American literature, although increasing, is still at an immense distance in rear of that of England, and Germany and France. And why? It is owing entirely to the *divided attention* of our literary characters. However profound and capacious their minds—and however great their powers of thought, and brilliant and forcible those of expression, it is impossible for them to succeed, at the same time, in every department of knowledge. No man can distinguish himself in any one pursuit, when his mind is applied to a dozen. Let him bend his faculties upon a single object; and with industry and perseverance, he will assuredly secure its attainment. Among us, we have no professed students, whose lives are devoted to the acquisition and development of learning. All men of talents rush early into the absorbing pursuits of politics; and together with providing the means of support, continue in them for life. So long as this is the case, it cannot be expected of us to present eminent men, in any way calculated to compete with those of the Old World.

"It would be a useful and an ennobling task for some one, well qualified to examine the subject in all its bearings, to offer an expose of the various causes for the low ebb at which our national literature now stands, and the means by which they might be subverted."

We should be much gratified if some one of our many intelligent subscribers would furnish us an essay upon this interesting subject. None would be more likely to present it, in some of its strongest lights, than the writer of the letter from which we have quoted.

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

Vol. I.] RICHMOND, NOVEMBER 1834. [No. 3.

T. W. WHITE, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR. FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

☞ The *Publisher and Proprietor*, has made such arrangements for the management of the *Editorial Department*, as he hopes will be satisfactory to his patrons. If the circulation of the "Messenger" continues to increase, he has it in contemplation not only to secure regular able contributions, but also to embellish some of his monthly numbers with handsome lithographic drawings and engravings; but the cost cannot be prudently incurred without an enlargement of his list. He therefore hopes that such of his friends as feel an interest in the successful prosecution of this first serious attempt to establish a literary periodical south of the Potomac, will aid him in extending its circulation—as the best means of ensuring its continuance and utility. *If each of his subscribers would only procure an additional one*, the work would not only be *firmly established* but greatly *increased in value*. The Publisher avails himself of this opportunity to inform the correspondent of the Portland Advertiser that the latter is mistaken in respect to the place of his nativity. The Publisher did once reside in the city of Boston, and can freely bear testimony to the high character, the generous feelings and the noble accomplishments of its citizens—but he was only a sojourner among them; having been born, and for the most part reared in the Ancient Dominion. If he were not a full blooded Tuckahoe Virginian, he would like to be a Bostonian.

All communications of every kind must be addressed to T. W. White, *Publisher and Proprietor.*

☞ The issuing of the present number has been delayed in consequence of the change to a *monthly* instead of a semi-monthly publication. The Publisher hopes that the change will be agreeable to his patrons. He is firmly persuaded of its expediency in various respects.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

And Present Condition of Tripoli, with some accounts of the other Barbary States.

No. I.

Washington City, November, 1834.

Agreeably to my promise, I send you the sheets containing *Sketches of the History and present condition of Tripoli, with some account of the other States of Barbary* which may perhaps be found worthy of insertion in the "Southern Literary Messenger." They are the fruits of researches made for my amusement, into the history of those countries, and to which I was led by information accidentally obtained respecting the present condition of affairs in Tripoli.

The north of Africa has so long remained in comparative obscurity, exercising little or no influence in the grand game of national contests, which forms the subject of our most interesting modern histories, that works relating to it are few in number, and generally bear unequivocal marks of the ignorance or prejudice of the writers. For this reason, it is difficult to obtain a correct statement of facts, and almost always impossible to arrive at motives; persons therefore who estimate the propriety of labor, by calculating the value of its produce, would easily be diverted from such researches, although they might not object to profit by their results.

I have endeavored to arrange into a regular series, the facts thus collected, passing lightly over those which are the most generally known, and introducing occasionally a few observations, which will not I hope be considered obtrusive. Yet I fear that I shall not succeed in communicating any interest to the pages of your periodical; the details of selfish intrigue, murder and treachery, never relieved by incidents springing from generous motives, which constitute the history of the north African nations, are, I must confess, more likely to excite disgust than pleasurable emotions; still they exhibit man as he is, without the light of civilization, or the restraints of moral duty; and may serve to attach us still more strongly to those social and political institutions, without which a similar state of things might exist among ourselves.

I am, sir, &c. R. G.

The countries lying on the southern shore of the Mediterranean, and usually denominated the Barbary States, have for many ages been almost forgotten by the christian world, or only remembered as the abode of pirates and ruffians. The maritime powers of Europe seem however at length to have recollected, that at a short distance from them, are territories of great extent and fertility, capable of producing most of the articles now obtained, by means of long and dangerous voyages, from the East and West Indies, and offering every facility for commercial intercourse, with the countless nations inhabiting the vast continent of Africa. These territories are, it is true, already inhabited by people living under acknowledged governments; but a continued course of misconduct, which experience has shewn to be incorrigible, has caused them to be regarded as completely out of the pale of civilization; and if they retain their independence much longer, it will be rather from jealousy among their powerful neighbors than from any respect for their claims to nationality.

The French have already set the example, by the conquest of the principal places on the coast of Algiers, and although they have as yet penetrated but a short distance into the interior, there can be no doubt that steady and well directed efforts, such as they are now pursuing, must eventually secure to them the possession of a large and valuable tract. The British have indeed protested strongly against the retention of these conquests, but never, that we have heard, on the grounds of injustice to the vanquished party.

Tunis, the next in power as in situation to Algiers, would be even a more important acquisition in a political or commercial point of view, than Algiers; but it would not probably be reduced without an immense expenditure of blood and treasure; for its resources are

comparatively great, and its government efficient and well organised. Besides which, it has not of late afforded any cause for dissatisfaction, having yielded with a good grace to the necessity of abandoning piracy, and evinced a disposition to seek for wealth, by the surer means of industry and commerce.

Tripoli, the other and least important of the States of Barbary, had, until lately, pursued a course similar to that of Tunis, and its condition was highly prosperous; it was in fact the first to desist from piratical cruises, for which the world is indebted in a great measure to the efforts of the United States, during the years 1803 and 4. But dissensions in the family of the sovereign have at length produced a civil war, in which the foreign residents suffer as well as the natives; and thus have motives, at least specious, for foreign interference, been given to the two powers which divide between them the empire of the Mediterranean. The French, as usual, took the lead, by sending a squadron to Tripoli, which in 1828 dictated the terms of the redress to be made to their citizens; and they have since that period, by the aid given indirectly to one of the contending parties, obtained a degree of ascendancy which has excited the jealousy of Great Britain.

These circumstances induced inquiries into the present condition of Tripoli, which naturally led to others respecting its past history and that of the neighboring states; and the results being considered interesting, have been thrown together in the following form.

—

The north-western part of the African continent is traversed by a lofty and extensive mountain range, which is known to us by its classic name of Atlas. On the northern and western sides, these ridges extend to the sea, forming by their projections numerous capes and promontories, which have been the dread of navigators in every age. On the south, they in many places disappear as abruptly in the great ocean of sand called *Zahara*, or the Desert, which stretches across the continent, from the Atlantic to the valley of the Nile, and the shores of the Mediterranean; the descent is, however, generally gradual, leaving tracts of productive soil between the steeps and the desert; these tracts, though not adapted for the growth of grain, are so highly favorable to the Palm, that they are known by the name of Bilad-oul-jerrid, or the Country of Dates.

The mountains are highest and most continuous in the west; towards the east they become gradually lower, and there are many breaks in the chain, through which the sand makes its way from the desert; at length they disappear entirely beyond the great bend which the coast of the Mediterranean makes to the southward near Tripoli; and the sand having no barrier to check its advances, is rolled by the prevailing southerly winds to the shores of the sea.

Thus bounded and cut off from other habitable countries by sea and by sand, the region of the Atlas may be considered as one vast island; and these circumstances of its situation should ever be borne in mind, in moral or political speculations concerning it. Hence it was, that civilization did not gradually overspread it from the east, and that it could only be colonized by maritime powers; that neither the Egyptians, the Persians, nor the Macedonians effected its conquest, as they neither possessed adequate fleets, nor troops accustomed to the peculiar difficulties and dangers of the desert; and that the Arabs alone, a people bred among trackless wastes of sand, ventured to invade it without assistance from the sea. Indeed the little that is known of the geology of northern Africa, encourages the supposition that at some past period this country was encircled by water; and ingenious attempts have been made to prove that it was in reality the famed island of Atlantis, which was vainly sought by the ancient navigators in the ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules.

The climate and soil of these countries are various, as may be suspected from their situation and the inequalities of their surface. Of the interior we know but little, and deductions from facts must supply the place of observation. On some of the mountains the snow remains during nearly the whole year, while the valleys and plains have yielded sugar, coffee and other productions, which require regular and intense heat. Grain is raised abundantly in the west, and the olives, grapes and figs of Barbary have been celebrated at all times. Of its general fertility, the immense population which it formerly supported is a sufficient evidence, while the athletic forms of the inhabitants prove its salubrity. But few rivers flow from the interior into the sea, and the largest streams are said to proceed from the southern sides of the mountains, whence they are discharged into lakes or dispersed in the sand.

The coasts, as already observed, are precipitous and dangerous, particularly in autumn, during the prevalence of northerly winds; they are however free from shoals and other hidden difficulties, and have many ports which are safe and easy of access, while others might be rendered so by art. It is likewise certain, that many of the existing obstacles to the navigation would disappear, if a proper survey were made, and lighthouses were established where requisite; for the charts now in use are very defective, and no provisions whatever are made by the governments of the country; this, however, there is reason to believe, will ere long be corrected.

The superficial extent of Barbary cannot be as yet calculated; we know that it has coasts of five or six hundred miles on the Atlantic, and of about fifteen hundred on the Mediterranean; but the breadth between the sea and the desert varies considerably, and is no where correctly laid down. It is probably greatest in the vicinity of the Atlantic and in Tunis, where it may be one hundred and fifty miles; in Algiers, Shaler considers it generally to be about sixty miles; but Tripoli is merely a narrow strip of soil, on the Mediterranean, in many places traversed by rocky spurs from the mountains, and tracts of sand from the desert.

The materials for the early history of this country are very imperfect; we possess no works of ancient native writers, and the accounts from which all our information must be drawn, appear in the form of episode, in those of Greek and Roman historians. It seems to have been originally inhabited by fierce and intractable tribes, of which those most advanced in civilization, had only reached the pastoral state. Herodotus gives us the names of many of these tribes, which it is now useless to enumerate; those of the eastern part were comprehended by the Greeks under the general name of *Nomades*, or wanderers, which, unknown among themselves, was afterwards converted by the Romans into *Numidians*, and became their distinctive national appel-

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lation; the *Mauri* occupied the western part, and this term, (in English, *Moors*,) is now applied by Europeans to all the natives of Barbary.

The enterprising Greeks and Phœnicians did not allow the advantages offered by northern Africa to be neglected, and they established colonies on its coast, which attained a high degree of prosperity. The Greeks made their settlements on the sterile shore now forming the eastern part of Tripoli, and lying immediately south of Peloponnesus, where the Mediterranean forms a gulf anciently called the Great Syrtis. As the surrounding country is by no means productive, these colonies could only have been supported by trade with the interior of Africa; and were probably the resort of caravans bringing gold, gums, spices, ivory and other precious articles, to be exchanged for the manufactures of Greece and Asia. Such a traffic, we know from the accounts of late travellers, is still carried on from Tripoli; and the part of the desert lying south of it is better adapted than any other for that purpose, on account of the many *oases*, or islands of cultivable soil, which are scattered through it, offering rest, and a supply of food and water to the caravans while on their march. By these means, the Greek cities acquired great wealth, and became the seats of luxury, refinement and science; and stupendous ruins, the haunt of the jackal and hyæna, still remain to attest the former splendor of Cyrene and Apollonia.

The more adventurous Phœnicians made their settlements farther westward, in the fertile region now composing the states of Algiers, Tunis and a small part of Tripoli; they flourished even more than those of the Greeks, and became the principal seats of commerce in the western Mediterranean. Of many of these colonies, history has preserved to us the names, and nothing more; one of them, however, far outshone the rest, and its struggle for supremacy with Rome, forms the subject of one of the most interesting portions of ancient history. Of Carthage, perhaps it might be as Sallust conceived, "*melius silere quam parum dicere*," better to say nothing, than only a little; yet a few remarks on its political system and the results of that system, will serve to illustrate the condition of northern Africa during this early period.

The situation of this celebrated city near the narrow straight which separates Sicily from Africa, was admirably adapted for commerce with either division of the Mediterranean; its rivals, Agrigentum and Syracuse, possessed indeed the same advantages of site; but Carthage, besides a soil equally fertile, had the superiority in her intercourse with the central parts of the continent. Of her constitution we know too little to be able to judge what share her government may have had in her advancement; there is every probability, however, that wealth had great influence in her councils, and that its acquisition was at first the great end of individual and national enterprise. The first object of her statesmen seems to have been, to extend her dominion over the territory at home; this was attempted by means of colonies judiciously placed, which by amalgamation with the native tribes, and by the example of the advantages to be derived from fixed habits, and a respect for rights to landed property, were gradually subduing and civilizing the rude aboriginals; these could not from their habits be easily extirpated, as they might retire to the mountains, or if there pressed, find a safe retreat in the *land of dates* behind; they were moreover valuable as soldiers, and as carriers across the desert. The other Phœnician colonies, though many of them were never subject to Carthage, yet all acknowledged her as the head of their league, and she relied upon their support, in case of invasion from abroad. But they too were to be reduced, and gradually incorporated into the Carthaginian empire; things were rapidly advancing towards this consummation when Carthage fell.

The other grand object of their policy was the subjection of the whole country surrounding the western half of the Mediterranean, which was to be carried on by the quiet and sure means of trading colonies, established at convenient places on the coast. Thus, was the African shore to the streights of Gibraltar, that of Spain, the south of Gaul and the neighboring islands, dotted with colonies from Carthage, each of which had a territory behind, constantly increasing in extent. To support these establishments fleets were necessary, which could be easily manned by a nation having so extensive a trade by sea, while the native tribes of the interior furnished the hardiest soldiers.

Yet with all this apparent strength, the feet of the Carthaginian colossus were of clay; the wealth which enabled her to carry on this system made offices venal, narrowed the minds of her citizens and debased their character, while it excited the cupidity of her neighbors. Mercenary troops she could hire, and was sure of their fidelity while she paid them punctually; and with such, a general who should succeed in gaining their confidence, might effect immense results; but a succession of generals capable of doing this was not to be expected; and a single defeat was likely to be attended by depression and disorganization. She had, comparatively speaking, but few citizens in her armies; but few persons who could be urged by patriotism or interest in the public glory; and without such a class, no nation can long sustain itself against extraordinary difficulties. These defects would have ceased in time, when her possessions at home had been consolidated, and the other cities had been reduced under her government; but she was not destined to arrive at this point.

The prosperity of the north African nations, did not fail to excite the jealousy and cupidity of surrounding powers, and accordingly we find that all the great conquerors of the East formed plans for their subjection. The Persians after conquering Egypt sent an army which took and plundered Cyrene, but retired without proceeding farther. But another project was formed against their independence by a conqueror the most sagacious and successful who has ever yet appeared. Among the commentaries left by Alexander of Macedon, as recorded by Diodorus Siculus, (*Book* xviii. *Chap.* 1.) was found a project for the "invasion and subjection of the Carthaginians, and others dwelling on the coasts of Africa, Spain and the adjacent islands; for which a thousand ships were to be built, in the ports of Phœnicia, Syria, Cilicia and Cyprus, larger than those of three tiers of oars; with directions for carrying a straight and easy road along the shore of the Mediterranean, from Egypt to the Pillars of Hercules." With such an armament, and such a leader, it is highly probable that the project could have been carried into effect; the Grecian colonies already acknowledged his power, he was there-

fore secure of finding friends in the most difficult part of the country, either for naval or land operations; and the efficiency of his political arrangements in all other cases, does not permit us to doubt, that he would have founded in north Africa, a permanent and substantial empire. But this was not to be; Alexander died in the early summer of life, and of those who shared his dominions, no one was alone able to carry such a project into effect, and each was too much engaged in securing his own part, for any operation to have been conducted in concert.

While the designs of Carthage were advancing towards fulfilment, she was gradually becoming a military state. Her fleets covered the sea, often transporting a hundred and fifty thousand combatants, and her armies of mercenary troops, led on by one of the most persevering and ingenious leaders of whom we have any account, overran an immense extent of territory, surmounting natural obstacles of the most appalling character, and overthrowing enemies celebrated for their skill and courage. But her commerce suffered, and the expenses of the war exhausted her treasury. Of the other African cities, many had declared and acted in favor of her enemies, while others were ready to desert her when a favorable opportunity should offer. The native tribes had acquired civilization sufficient to unite them, and to make them aware of their own importance; their chieftains had become ambitious, and Rome made offers to them which Carthage could never have advanced.

In this conjuncture, her long absent and long victorious army was recalled, to meet the enemy on her own shore; but Hannibal had grown old, and was routed at Zama; during his absence a generation had arisen which knew him not, and banishment succeeded his defeat. The once proud republic had lost all, and consented to a treaty, the ruinous terms of which she was forced to receive as a boon, and did not dare infringe. Her navy being destroyed, Spain and her other conquests soon fell into the hands of the Romans, and at length the decree went forth "Carthago delenda est." The fate of this renowned city is well known. Within a century from the day on which Hannibal sent home the spoils taken at Cannæ, the banished Roman Marius sought refuge among the desolate ruins of Carthage.

The other Phœnician as well as the Greek colonies, submitted to the conquerors on favorable terms; the chieftains of the wandering tribes who had adhered to Rome, were rewarded by the titles of kings; and enjoying the semblance of sovereignty over territories named by a majority of the Roman Senate, served to keep each other, and the cities, in check. In process of time, even this last shew of independence disappeared, and the region of the Atlas finally became one Roman province, under the appellation of Africa.

As a part of the Roman dominions, Africa reached its highest state of civilization; the cultivation of the land was carried to so great an extent, that it was considered the granary of the Mediterranean, and the cities on its coast were the depots of a most extensive trade with the interior of the continent. Carthage arose with additional splendor from her ruins, and for more than eight hundred years continued to be the capital of the province. The inhabitants retained their former characters; those of the coast were ingenious and industrious; fond of luxury and not celebrated for their good faith or moral character; the mountaineers kept up their reputation for courage, and we read of few battles gained by the Roman arms without the assistance of Numidian archers, or Mauritanian cavalry. Nor were the Africans excluded from office, for we find three of them successively filling the Imperial throne. They embraced christianity with the rest of the empire under Constantine, and churches innumerable marked the fervor of their devotion. Their religious zeal was farther shown in the bloody controversy between the orthodox and the Donatists, which desolated the country during the fifth and sixth centuries of our æra, and nearly extinguished the light of civilization. The invasion of the Vandals soon after inflicted another blow upon its prosperity; these barbarians were however soon reduced to submission by Belisarius, and Africa continued under the government of the emperors of Constantinople, until the commencement of the eighth century. At this period the followers of Mahomet every where successful in the East, turned their arms towards the setting sun, and traversing the Desert which separated the Roman province from Egypt, appeared before the frontier cities, presenting to their astounded inhabitants the alternative of the Koran or the sword.

Tripoli was the first country in the African province invaded by the Saracens,* and in order that its subsequent history may be better understood, it will be necessary to make a few observations on its ancient condition, which could not well have been introduced before.

In the narrow tract between the Mediterranean and the desert, westward of the celebrated gulf called the Great Syrtis, and adjoining the proper territory of their republic, the Carthaginians had at an early period established several colonies, of which three, Leptis, Oea and Sabrata acquired great importance as commercial stations under the Romans, and the district containing them was called Tripolis, or the Three Cities. Of these Leptis was the most eastern; and extensive ruins still remain as evidences of its former greatness, in the little town of Lebda, about seventy miles from Tripoli. Sabrata was at the western extremity of the district, on the spot now occupied by a village called Old Tripoli.

Oea was situated between these two, on the western side of a small bay, formed by the projection of a rocky point of land into the sea. A triumphal arch dedicated to the emperors Marcus Aurelius, and Lucius Verus, and considered the finest monument of that kind remaining, with several other ancient relics, give reason to suppose that it may have been a splendid city; and it is mentioned as such by Pliny, Strabo, and some other writers of the latter days of the Roman empire. We however learn nothing from them respecting its history; and in the year 647 of the Christian æra, when

* It should here be noticed that the followers of Mahomet were at first merely termed Arabians, but when their conquests extended over Syria, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and other adjacent countries, they were known by the more general name of Saracens, or *people of the East*, from the Arabic and *Sharak*—meaning *East*. Africa was and still is called by Asiatics, *El Magrab*, or the West; though in Barbary the term is strictly confined to the Empire of Morocco. When Africa had been overrun, and the same conquerors had passed into Spain, they were termed Moors by Europeans, as coming from the ancient country of the Mauri, although the generals, and probably the greater part of the troops, were natives of Arabia.

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the Saracens invaded Africa, Leptis and Sabrata had sunk into comparative insignificance, while Oea had appropriated to itself the name of the whole district, and was a large, wealthy and strong city. The seat of government of the Roman, or rather Greek dominions in Africa, continued to be Carthage, where resided the emperor's Prefect or lieutenant; Utica, Hippo, and other ancient places were still flourishing, and several had grown up to importance, whose names do not appear in the pages of Roman history; of these the principal were Sufetala, Bugia, and Tingi or Tangiers.

The Saracens appeared before Tripoli in number forty thousand, under Abdallah, governor of Egypt, and Zobeir a distinguished soldier; but the strength of its walls baffled the attempts of enemies totally unacquainted with the art of besieging, and enabled its inhabitants to remain secure, until an immense army had been collected by the Prefect for its relief. It at length appeared, and actions daily took place, in which nothing was decided in favor of either party. Gregory the Prefect fought with gallantry, attended in the field by his daughter; yet this example was not sufficient to encourage his troops, although they far outnumbered their enemies; and as a last effort, he proclaimed that his daughter's hand with a hundred thousand pieces of gold, should be the reward for the head of the Saracen general. Thus excited, the African youths took courage, and Abdallah considering his own person as too important to be exposed to such dangers, remained during the ensuing action in his tent; but he was soon shamed from this retreat by the fiery Zobeir, who insisted upon his replying to Gregory's proclamation, by promising the lady and a similar reward for the head of the Prefect.

This promise restored to the Saracens their former courage and vigor, and in another action Gregory was slain by Zobeir, in his daughter's presence, and she herself became a prisoner. Thus far we have materials for the commencement of a romance, but the sequel throws a doubt over the charms of the lady, or the gallantry of the hero; for Zobeir received her and her dowry with ascetic coldness, declaring that "he labored for a recompense far above the charms of beauty or the riches of this transitory life." The Africans dispirited by these losses, at length gladly purchased a precarious peace and the retreat of the Arabs, at the price of a sum equal to about six millions of dollars.

This act of submission on their part, brought upon them the ire of their despotic masters at Constantinople, who instead of assisting them to repair their forces in anticipation of another attack, loaded them with taxes, as a penalty for their pusillanimity. By such treatment they were reduced to despair; and when in 668 the Arabs again crossed the Desert under Bashar, they were hailed as deliverers; and the great mass of the inhabitants threw off not only the government, but the religion of their Greek oppressors, and submitted to those of the Caliph of Damascus. Africa had suffered severely in the religious wars occasioned by the schism of Donatus; and since those sectarians had been put down, or rather extirpated, the utmost tyranny had been exercised in affairs of religion by the haughty and unrelenting hierarchy. From this circumstance perhaps, their creed hung but lightly on the lower orders, being associated in their minds with stripes and fines; otherwise it is difficult to account for so sudden and extensive a change, of which history no where else offers an example. Thus favored, the march of the Saracens was a continued triumph: a reinforcement arrived, and under the command of the energetic Akbah, nearly the whole country was subdued. Carthage was besieged, they having by this time learnt the use of engines and the art of mining; Tripoli, Utica, Sufetala, Bugia and the wealthy Tangiers were stormed and plundered; and the fierce conqueror rushed into the Atlantic, crying, "This sea alone arrests my progress."

The christian powers of Europe beheld the conquests of the Mahometans with dread, and a combination was formed among them for the recovery of Africa. Expeditions were sent from Constantinople, Sicily and Spain, which united under the command of John the Patrician, a renowned Captain, proceeded to the relief of Carthage. Before they arrived, that city had fallen; they however recovered it, and instantly gave battle to the enemy, under the walls of Utica. The christians were totally defeated, and the small remains of their army took refuge in the ships, and abandoned the country. The Roman power was every where overthrown; Carthage, retaken by the Arabs, was razed to the ground; and fifty miles south of it was founded a new city, called Kairuan, which was long the capital of Africa, the seat of Mahometan splendor and learning in that quarter.

But the invaders received a new check from a direction whence it was least to be expected. The sea coast as we have observed, although much reduced in point of wealth and refinement, by the excesses of the Vandals and the religious wars, was still a cultivated region, supporting a numerous population, the descendants of the Greeks, Phœnicians and Romans. But the mountains and the country behind them remained in possession of the aboriginal race, who under the name of Berbers, retained their old pastoral and predatory habits, and were a constant source of trouble to the foreign rulers of the province. Among these people appeared a female named Cahina, of extraordinary courage and address, who persuaded them that she was inspired, and that an opportunity was offered for regaining possession of the country. An immense multitude were thus speedily assembled under her banner, equally daring and enthusiastic with the Saracens, who were attacked with an impetuosity never before displayed against them in Africa. Success encouraged the mountaineers, and in an incredibly short space of time the invaders were driven into Egypt. This being effected, the prophetess proposed to take away all inducement for their return, by laying waste the country. Her proposal was readily assented to by persons who had no property but their tents, flocks and horses; and dreadful were the consequences of this determination. The fertile territory was made desolate, and the splendor of civilization, already much dimmed by the fury of Vandals and religionists, was entirely obscured. The unfortunate inhabitants of the coast, thus pressed on all sides, in their despair, invited the Saracens to return, and aided by them, made head against their savage destroyers. In the first battle the Berbers were totally routed, and their queen slain; this bond of union being destroyed, they were soon dispersed, or reduced to slavery.

The Arab power was now undisputed; in a very short period there were no more christians to be taxed. The few remaining churches became mosques; all traces of former manners and institutions disappeared; and a torrent of Asiatics overflowed the country, establishing in every part their own customs and language. Of the Arabs many betook themselves to the Desert, where their descendants still wander, scarcely distinguishable from their brethren of the Arabian sands. The others gradually amalgamated with the natives, and at the present day, the fixed inhabitants of Barbary form one race, differing but little among themselves in appearance, habits or language, and known to Europeans by the general name of Moors. The mountains and the borders of the Desert are still possessed by tribes speaking a language totally distinct from all others known—nominally professing the Mahometan religion, but regardless of its precepts—dwelling in tents, and wandering from pasture to pasture with their flocks and herds—displaying the same fierce and indomitable character which distinguished the aboriginals, from whom they are in all probability descended. The most powerful of these tribes are the Kabyles, who principally inhabit the territory of Algiers, where by their impetuous inroads, they present the greatest bar to the establishment of the French.

Africa was scarcely possessed by the Saracens, ere those restless conquerors passed over to Spain. Their character seems however to have been already softened; for we no longer find among the Moorish invaders of the peninsula, the fierce barbarism of the early followers of Mahomet; and the kingdoms which they founded in that delightful land, were celebrated for the industry, ingenuity and cultivation of their inhabitants. The Moors of Spain soon threw off their allegiance to the Caliphs in the East; and two independent kingdoms were also founded in Atlantic Barbary. In 790, Edris-ben Abdallah, governor of Almagrab, *or the West*, which name was applied to the ancient Mauritania, assumed the title of Sultan of Fez, from his capital city; his successors ruled supreme over Western Africa, until the middle of the eleventh century, when the Almoravides, a fanatic sect, obtained possession of the southern part, and established the kingdom of Maraksh, or Morocco. These two principalities now form the empire of Morocco. Eastern Barbary in the gradual dismemberment of the Arabian dominions, first became one kingdom under a family of sovereigns called the Aglabites, who for some time reigned with great splendor at Kairuan, they were overthrown in 909, by an expedition from Sicily, then a Saracen province, and the country was for nearly six hundred years after, ruled or ravaged by various dynasties.

At length, towards the commencement of the sixteenth century, the Moorish kingdoms in Spain were overthrown, and a rage for conquests in Africa pervaded the Peninsula. Eastward of Morocco and Fez, Barbary was at that time divided into a number of small principalities, each consisting of a strong town with as much of the surrounding country as it could keep in subjection; the principal of them were Algiers, Bugia, Oran, Tunis, Telemsen and Tripoli. Against these places numerous expeditions were sent out from Spain which generally proved fruitless; however, some places on the coast were taken, among which was Tripoli, or Trablis, as it was then called. It fell into the hands of Ferdinand, the Catholic, in 1510; but his more politic successor, the emperor Charles the Fifth, probably not knowing what else to do with places so inconvenient, surrendered it twelve years afterwards, with the adjacent island of Malta, to the knights of St. John, who had just then been expelled from Rhodes by the mighty Sultan Solyman. Malta was a barren rock, and Tripoli had sunk from its former greatness, little remaining but its walls, its castle and its port. Both places were however capable of being strongly fortified, and the knights required nothing else; they therefore accepted the assignments, and applied all their energies to render their new habitations capable of resisting the shocks to which they would soon inevitably be exposed.

The Turkish power was at this period in the zenith of its prosperity, and Europe again trembled as in the days of the immediate successors of Mahomet. The Mediterranean was swept by innumerable cruisers under its flag, commanded by daring and ferocious captains, who completely destroyed the commerce of christians in that sea, and made frequent descents on the coasts of Italy, Spain and the islands, which they plundered, carrying off the inhabitants for the purpose of extorting a ransom. Of these the most famous were Urudsch or Horuc, and his brother Chaireddin, successively dreaded in their day by the appellation of Barbarossa, or the *red beard*.

Urudsch being anxious to have some port in the Western Mediterranean, to which he could at intervals retire with his booty and prisoners, offered his assistance to the prince of Algiers, who was endeavoring to regain his possessions from the Spaniards; and no sooner had he effected this, than he seized upon the city, murdered his confiding ally, and declared the country subject to the Porte. On his death, which soon after happened, his brother Chaireddin assumed the command and succeeded in expelling the Spaniards from a small island, close to the city called Algesr or *the island* which they had for some time held; he then connected it with the main land by a causeway, and thus formed the present port of Algiers, which takes its name from the island. He was afterwards regularly invested by the Porte, with the title and powers of a Pasha, or viceroy; and obtaining large additions to his army, composed entirely of foreigners, he reduced the country to subjection.

This being effected Chaireddin turned his attention to the neighboring state of Tunis, against which he prepared a powerful armament, nominally for the purpose of reinstating its exiled prince Alraschid; under this pretence, he easily gained the capital, which he instantly declared to form a part of the Turkish empire. Alraschid died a prisoner in Constantinople; but Muley Hascem, whom Barbarossa had driven out, applied for assistance to Charles the fifth, which was readily granted, and that emperor himself commanded the expedition against Tunis. It appeared before the city on the 19th of July, 1535, consisting of five hundred vessels, bearing thirty thousand veteran troops. Barbarossa was not taken unawares, and the conflict was terrible; the celebrated fortress of the Goletta, which commands the entrance into the bay of Tunis, was defended with great bravery, by Sinan a renegade Jew, but it soon fell before the artillery of the fleet, and Tunis lay ex-

posed. Chaireddin assembled his forces, and gave battle to the invaders; but he was totally defeated, and the outbreak of ten thousand christian captives from the prisons of the city, increased the confusion; the Turkish army fled to Bona, and Tunis was instantly stormed by the imperial troops. Muley Hascem was restored to his throne, on terms most favorable to the christians; but in a few years more, we find the Turkish power again established, and this country continued to be governed by Pashas, from Constantinople, until 1684, when a certain Hassan-ben-Ali obtained sovereign possession, and his family have ever since held the crown under the title of Bey, paying however a tribute to the Sultan.

Charles the fifth was so much elated by his success at Tunis, that he led another expedition in 1541, against Algiers, which was governed by Hascen Aga, Barbarossa having been elevated to the office of Capoudan Pasha, or High Admiral. The imperial troops landed at a short distance east of the city; but immediately after there arose one of those terrific storms of wind and rain, to which that coast is subject in the autumn; the troops unprovided as yet with tents, were drenched in rain, their ammunition was spoiled, and they were thrown into confusion at the first onset of the Turks. The ships were many of them lost, others dismasted or driven on shore, and the Emperor, after great personal hardships, made his escape with a small remnant of his gallant force.

The unfortunate issue of this attack probably contributed more than any other circumstance to the long impunity enjoyed by Algiers, which continued until within a few years past to insult the rest of the world by its piracies, and had come to be considered as absolutely impregnable. It was governed at first by a Pasha, appointed from Constantinople in the same manner with other parts of the empire; but in time, the garrison were permitted to elect their own chief, subject however to the confirmation of the Porte, which was never refused as the request was always accompanied by a present. The garrison and all the officers of the government were foreigners; no native even though the son of Turkish parents, being eligible to any; and no where else probably in the world would have been found such a collection of abandoned miscreants. The chief was in reality a Pasha of three tails, or viceroy of almost unlimited powers—his peculiar appellation being derived from his enjoying the right of having three horse-tails borne before him in public. In the christian world he was usually known by the appellation of *Dey*, which word however means *uncle* in Moorish, and was perhaps originally a nickname; it was never applied in Algiers. No prince or officer ever held his place by a more precarious tenure; seldom has one died a natural death, and it is certain that the ex-Dey, Hussein, who surrendered the city to the French, is the only one who could have said "I was once Pasha of Algiers."

Tripoli remained in possession of the knights of St. John until 1551, when they were attacked by a Turkish army under the command of the same Sinan, who had defended the Goletta against Charles the fifth, aided by the squadron of Dragut a noted captain, in character similar to the Barbarossas. The besieged conducted their defence with great gallantry, but the town being burnt, they were forced to take refuge in the castle, which they continued to hold out in hopes of relief from Europe. But none came; the Seigneur d'Aramont, while on his way as ambassador to Constantinople from Henry the second of France, stopped at Tripoli and endeavored to obtain a suspension of the siege, until some arrangement could be made with the Porte; but this proposition was rejected by Sinan, who was sure of his prey; and all, that the ambassador succeeded in procuring, was a capitulation on more favorable terms, which being accepted, the governor John de Vallier surrendered the castle, on the 16th of August, 1651, and retired to Malta. Dragut took possession of the place which he rebuilt and strengthened; and having been declared Pasha, established a system of government, similar to that of Algiers; it was however more dependant on the Porte, the chief being always appointed from Constantinople.

The states of Barbary thus became reduced in number to four, viz: the independent empire of Morocco in the west, and the regencies, as they are termed, of Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, under the suzerainty of the Sultan. Several places were taken and held at different periods by Spain; for instance Oran, which was surrendered to Algiers in 1792, after having been held since its capture in 1510 by the famous cardinal Ximenes; and Ceuta a strong place nearly opposite Gibraltar, which is still subject to Spain, and serves chiefly as a place of imprisonment for political delinquents.—These states occasionally carried on some commerce among themselves, or with Europe and Asia; but their principal support was derived from piracy. Their cruisers were generally small vessels, crowded with desperate ruffians, who succeeded chiefly by boarding, either directly from the decks, or by the aid of boats; thus their prizes were but little injured, and were sold profitably in Barbary, whilst the crews were retained in slavery, unless redeemed at a high ransom. To preserve their citizens from this horrible fate, many commercial nations were obliged to pay enormous sums as presents to the governments of these countries, which regarded no treaties while this was neglected. It is, however, to the honor of the United States, that our government opposed these demands, as soon as it was in a condition to render resistance effectual; and it was while successfully employed in humbling these audacious pirates, that our cannon were first heard in the Mediterranean.

The length of this article renders its entire insertion in this number impossible,—it will however be concluded in our next.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE DYSPEPTIC MAN.

Mr. White,—I am so unfortunate as to be the wife of a dyspeptic man, and shall find some relief if you will permit me to spread my complaints upon the pages of your Messenger. Men are "*April when they woo, December when they wed,*" as I have found to my cost. My husband was once as tender and affectionate as I could wish, but poor man he is now totally changed; I suppose it is owing to his having the dyspepsia. He is so peevish and fretful I hardly dare speak to him;

"He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin;"

and it is impossible to keep pace with the endless variety of his aliments. If I happen to make a mistake and inquire after the wrong pain, he flies into a violent passion and reproaches me for a want of sympathy in his sufferings. It was but yesterday I happened to say, my dear how is the pain in your back? [I had forgotten it was his side.] This was enough; he cursed matrimony and swore it was the vilest of all institutions; that a wife was nothing more than a legalized tormentor; that if he were single, he would not marry any woman under the sun—no, not if she had a bulse of diamonds torn from a Begum's ear, and much more in the same strain; and at last cooling down, he asked me if I did not remember that his last pain was a pain in the side, and then entered into such a history of his malady, that I sorely regretted I had opened my lips upon the subject. What right have we to worry other people thus with our maladies? I never tell mine to any but the doctor, because I know that nobody else listens, and I doubt very much whether *he* does half his time. If any one gives my husband the common salutation of how d'ye do? oh dear, he begins at the beginning of his disease, [like an old gentleman of my acquaintance who always begins at the Revolution,] and traces it down through all its variations for the last five years—tells all the remedies he has used and their effects, until you may see a half suppressed smile lurking about the lips of the interrogator, which increases at length to so broad a grin, that I am in agony for the consequences. He has tried in turn every remedy of every quack upon earth, and has gone so far as to punch himself almost to death with his *own fists*, by the advice of one Halsted. At first he is always pleased with the medicine, but at the end of two or three days he protests that he is worse, much worse; and vents his spleen upon the physic, the inventor, and upon me for permitting him to use such vile trash. Sometimes he comes to me and tells me exultingly that he has at last found out the panacea—the grand catholicon for all his sufferings. "My dear B——," he will say, "let me explain to you the philosophy of this matter. When food is taken into the human stomach, if it cannot undergo a proper digestion it goes through the putrefactive process; just such a process as would take place in animal or other substances, if exposed to the action of heat and moisture in the open air: a quantity of carbonic acid gas is disengaged, and this gas filling the stomach acts by mechanical pressure, and thus produces the pain I feel. Now I have discovered that in consequence of my habit of eating fast, my food is not sufficiently *triturated*, and of course the gastric juice [heaven help me!] cannot act upon it; and I am exactly in the situation of the sheep or any other ruminating animal, who swallows the herbage whole, and then *regurgitates*, that it may undergo a better mastication. Well what then is the remedy? I will tell you; I will make John pound my food in a mortar, which will supply the necessary trituration, and thus I shall be a well man." He sent off immediately to a druggist and purchased a nice little wedge-wood mortar, and there stood John every day behind his chair, pounding his meat, bread and vegetables, into a revolting mass, until my poor ears were well nigh deafened with the shrill din of the pestle against the sides of the mortar. Was ever woman so beset? At the end of a week, finding himself no better, he threw the mortar, pestle and all at John's head, and would certainly have pounded *him* to death but for a fortunate dodge, which permitted the mortar to come in contact with my china press, where it made sad havoc among my most valuable ware. He was very glad he said, because I had no business to let the press stand there. It was on the tip of my tongue to say, "bray a fool in a mortar," &c., but I checked the impulse, and mildly said, I was very sorry indeed that he could get no relief. This somewhat mollified him, and the next day he came to me and apologized for what he had done, and promised to repair the damage by making me a handsome present; but this calm was of short duration, for he soon relapsed into gloom—and as he sat by the fire smoking his pipe, he all at once declared that it must have been the cursed tobacco which had poisoned his existence; that during the combustion of the tobacco an oil was disengaged, which mixing with the saliva, was taken up by absorption into his lungs, and had eaten them to a honeycomb. John was immediately called: "Here," said he, "John, take this pipe, and d'ye hear sir, hide it—hide it where I never can find it again." John accordingly took the pipe, but struggled in vain to choke his laughter. Before he could escape from the room, he burst out into such a loud, distinct, irrepressible ha! ha! that there was no mistaking the thing, and he was soundly caned for his involuntary breach of decorum. About three days after this, in the evening after tea, my husband's favorite time for smoking, I observed him very restless indeed; he rose, walked about the room, sat down, whistled, hummed a tune, and rose again. At last he began to rummage about the wainscoat and mantlepiece, and behind the book case, and suddenly turning round he called John in a softened voice; "John, my good fellow, where is my pipe? I must have left it in the study; do go and look for it." John hesitated and grinned.—"What the devil is the fellow laughing at? Begone sir, and bring my pipe immediately." John speedily vanished. Turning to me, you see, said my husband, my unhappy condition; my very servants turn me into ridicule, and you do not reprove them for it. I could not reply, but felt anxious to point out to him that he could never hope to be well, because he would not adhere for a space of time sufficiently long to any plan whatever. His scheme now is to eat nothing but cold bread. It must be set away in a pure place to *ripen*, as he calls it. Hot bread just from the oven he says is giving out carbon continually, and has not imbibed a sufficiency of oxygen to make it wholesome. Can you forbear smiling my friend? Now I know that there is nothing of literature in all this, unless the chemical disquisitions of my wretched husband may be so considered; but nevertheless I flatter myself you will give me a place in your Messenger, because many a victim of dyspepsia may look in this mirror and see himself.

BELINDA.

Beautiful Extract from Lacon.

POSTHUMOUS fame is a plant of tardy growth, for our body must be the seed of it; or we may liken it to a torch, which nothing but the last spark of life can light up; or we may compare it to the trumpet of the archangel, for it is blown over the dead: but unlike that awful blast, it is of earth, not of heaven, and can neither rouse nor raise us.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE REPORTER'S STORY,

OR THE IMPORTANCE OF A SINGLE SYLLABLE.

How much may depend on a single syllable! What direful consequences may be produced by the suppression of even the smallest component part of a word!—Gentle reader, be as patient as you are gentle, and the perusal of the following *true* story will convince you of the correctness of these exclamatory positions.

Late in the autumn of 1826, I left the city of New York in a steamboat for Philadelphia, on my way to Washington, where I was to perform the arduous, if not very dignified duty, of reporter of debates in the Senate of the United States, for the leading journal of that metropolis. My wife accompanied me, and on stepping on board the Swan, (so was our steamboat justly called,) we found ourselves elbowed and jostled by a throng of travellers from various parts of the Union, wending their way, in most instances, to the capitol.

When the steamer had left the wharf, and the haste and bustle of the moment had ceased, I had time to inspect the countenances of the crowd, and recognized with much pleasure, the single familiar face of an officer of the treasury department, with whom I had formed a partial intimacy during a former visit at Washington. We met with much cordiality, and soon became engaged in recalling our recollections of past events.

My friend, it appeared, was personally and officially known to several individuals of our company; and without the formality of introduction, I soon found myself on easy travelling terms with four or five genteel looking men. Among these, the only persons necessary to mention, were a member of the House of Representatives from Massachusetts, whom I choose to designate as Mr. C.; another from a neighboring state, who will be sufficiently known to the reader as Mr. D.; and a young naval officer, whose name, if he had one, I have forgotten.

A free and easy, gossiping conversation was kept up with considerable vivacity by this group of strangers, the topics of which were various. Politics and theatricals predominated—New York was then, as she is now, the focus of both. The election of De Witt Clinton for the last time, as governor of the state, over a young and popular candidate, supported by the fragments of several exploded parties—the rising importance of the anti-masonic party—the Italian Opera, and Signorina Garcia, then in great vogue—the last appearance of Edmund Kean, after his fatal frolic in Canada, and the first appearance of Macready, who had just then made his debut on the American stage, to surprise and puzzle the people by a style as new as it was polished and severe. Such subjects beguiled the hours—and as I had long been almost as conversant with the green room as the editor's closet, I was enabled to contribute my full share to the gossip of our little coterie.

My Massachusetts acquaintance was a stout, well built, middle-aged man, with a bold and open countenance, which expressed good humor, and not a little self complacency. It seemed as if one could read on that face the conviction of its owner, that he was born to be a member of congress, a great man, and a clever fellow. A travelling cap, worn carelessly, or rather with a careful affectation of negligence, on one side of his head, and a slight rattan, which he twirled with a practised hand, evinced a determination on his part to appear to the very best advantage. Without these, and other affectations, which I observed in Mr. C., no one could have mistaken him for other than a well bred gentleman. His attempts to enforce the acknowledgment of the character by aping the airs of fashionable folly, might cause a momentary doubt, whether the whole was not affected. We often perceive similar mistakes in ambitious men brought up in seclusion—but in the present instance, a stranger was soon undeceived by the conversation of Mr. C., which gave assurance of a cultivated mind, and the habit of associating with the learned and the intellectual.

The characteristics of the other lawgiver to whom I have alluded, were less complicated. His was a face as black as night. His beard, whiskers, hair and eyes were coal black—the latter small and piercing. No other feature was worth noticing, and the whole taken together, formed, if not an *ugly* countenance, one which came very nearly up to that epithet. His dress was a pepper-and-salt frock, vest and trowsers, and his hat had evidently passed its prime. In manners he was the opposite of Mr. C. There was a bluntness in his remarks, and a sharpness and brevity in his replies, entirely unaffected, but not altogether pleasing. On a partial acquaintance, you had such doubts of him as you would entertain of a partly tamed *bruin*.

The young naval officer was like all *young* naval officers, with a dash of spirit which he seemed solicitous to display—a stiffness of deportment which evinced that the thoughts of discipline could not easily be shaken off, and an apparent consciousness of the admiration to which his profession and his *dress* entitled him from people of every degree. Nevertheless, he was agreeable, and condescended, most benevolently, to mingle in the conversation with those around him.

Passing the time between these companions, and an occasional peep into the ladies' cabin to see that nothing was wanting to the comfort of my wife, (who was deterred by the chilliness of the atmosphere, from joining me on deck) the journey was uncommonly agreeable, until we reached Philadelphia. At that city my treasury friend left us, not so much regretted as he deserved to be, because his place was supplied by the new companions to whom I have alluded.

We were shortly transferred to another steamboat, in which, after about two hours' delay, we proceeded to New Castle. A change of considerable extent had taken place in our company. We had lost many faces to which we had been familiar during the morning—and we had gained many others which wore the first gloss of newness. I have already said that I had not been formally introduced to the gentlemen whose acquaintance had been pressed upon me—yet we had learned each other's names, and used them with freedom. Probably I was the only *incognito* among them—the only man whose profession was unknown, and therefore the only one liable to doubt or misconception. But of such a chance I did not then dream.

Among the new passengers were two ladies, one quite young, although the mother of two or three children. She was pretty, and, as I afterwards found, very talkative. The other was a matron more advanced in years, and with a still larger number of children. Her dress was half mourning, her manner grave and lady-like.

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With these ladies I perceived that my wife had entered into conversation on their first arrival on board, and my occasional visits to the cabin shewed me that their gossip, was kept up with much spirit. Returning from one of these calls, a strange gentleman addressed me, and asked if my name was S——; I replied in the affirmative, and after a very civil preface, he requested, (as I was the only gentleman with a lady on board,) that I would give my protection to a female acquaintance of his and her family, who were on their way to Washington. He observed that he should go no farther than Baltimore, and from that place he would be obliged to me to take charge of them. I readily assented: we went to the ladies' cabin, where I was introduced with all due form, to Mrs. M., the elder and graver of the two ladies already mentioned. She had made herself acquainted with my wife, and all parties seemed pleased with the arrangement.

On going above, I found my friends, the two members of congress and the naval officer, laying plans for a game of whist on board the Trenton steamboat, which was to take us from Frenchtown. I was asked to make one of the party, and assented. A few hours brought us to New Castle, where stages were in readiness to transport us across the isthmus, to Frenchtown—for it must be remembered, that there was then neither canal or rail road between the two points.

As the oldest passengers, I presume, my wife and I were seated in stage No. 1, with a motley group of persons. Not one of our newly formed acquaintances were with us, and in our carriage there was not an individual with whom five minutes conversation could be sustained. I made repeated efforts to arouse our fellow passengers, but after receiving each time a monosyllabic rebuff,—a crusty yes or no, as the case might be,—I relinquished the attempt, and confined my endeavors to make myself agreeable to my good woman, who gave me an amusing detail of a conversation while on board the steamboat, between herself and the younger of the two ladies to whom I have already referred. Mrs. R., as my wife informed me, had favored her with a detailed history of her family, her husband, children and herself, with all things thereunto appertaining, even down to the fashion of her last new bonnet. Having thus exhausted herself by this unsolicited confession, or as the Scotch say, having "made a clean breast," she remained silent, apparently expecting a similar display of frankness from her auditress. But my wife did not readily recognize the principle of reciprocity in such cases—and accordingly gave the conversation a different turn. This, however, failed to meet the views of the communicative lady. Nothing short of mutual confidence seemed to tally with her notions of politeness to strangers. And finding that my wife still hung back, she proceeded to cross-examine her upon her domestic affairs, family connexions, and most closely on my objects and pursuits in life, and purpose in visiting the capitol at this season. To all these questions my wife answered briefly, but truly, although with reluctance.

I was much diverted at this novel specimen of female curiosity, and the tactics observed in its gratification. It appeared to me uncommonly *equitable*—for what could evince greater fairness than to prelude an investigation of the private affairs of your neighbor, by a voluntary detail of your own.

About eight in the evening, we reached Frenchtown, where our supper was waiting on board the Trenton. Having despatched the meal with a good appetite, and the ladies having withdrawn for the evening, the engagement for a game of whist occurred to me. I had not, up to that time, observed any one of our party, and I set out to collect them together for our match.

I first encountered Mr. C. pacing up and down the cabin with great gravity. Walking up to him, I reminded him of the game of whist, proposing that we should collect our party. To my great surprise, the manner of the man towards me was entirely changed. He gave me a glance which looked exceedingly like contempt—replied to my question with a rude and hasty negative, and turned upon his heel.

I was astonished, as well I might be, at receiving a cut direct from a man, who but a few hours before had lavished upon me so large a share of familiarity and attention. I was chagrined at his contemptuous manner, and I was puzzled to divine its cause. Indeed, my perplexity was far greater than my chagrin.

While I was pondering the matter, I caught a glimpse of my other congressional friend Mr. D., at some distance from me. I went to meet him, and put to him the same question I had addressed to Mr. C. As I spoke, he wheeled partly round, fixed his small black eye upon me for a moment, with a scrutinizing glance, and without vouchsafing one word in reply, wheeled back into his former position, and walked from me with a stateliness and decision of step, which precluded any farther conference. There could be no mistake in this. It was the *ne plus ultra* of *cutting*. It was more than the cut direct—it was the *cut* irrevocable, immutable, eternal!

Good heavens, said I internally—what can this mean?

> Is it the moon ——
> That comes more near to us than she was wont,
> And makes men mad?

If, thought I, the young "Middie" plays me the same game, it will be evident that they act in concert. It is worth testing—and *apropos* to the thought, he just then passed quite near me. I assumed as much ease as the circumstances of the case would permit, (for it will not be thought remarkable that I had been considerably disconcerted)—and reminded him of our contemplated game of whist. He looked at me with cool indifference, as though he had never seen me before in his life, observed that a party could not be made up, and, waiting no further question, passed me, whistling some naval air, and looking in another direction.

This last rebuff completed my indignation and perplexity. But it was an evil which must be borne,—for however annoying I might find such treatment—the caprice of strangers in being at one moment as familiar as old friends, and withdrawing their familiarity at the next, was not good argument for a quarrel. I could have no claim for satisfaction or explanation, on an individual to whom I had not been formally introduced, and with whom my intimacy was of less than twelve hours standing, for choosing

> ——— "to face me out of his acquaintance,
> And grow a twenty years removed thing
> While one could wink."

I had schooled myself to patience under these undeserved inflictions, and was preparing to retire, when I was called to the door of the ladies' cabin by the wait-

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ing maid—and met there my wife, who seemed in a state of tribulation not inferior to my own. She said that since our arrival on board the steamboat, the two ladies who had been previously so kind and social, had scarcely noticed her, and had repelled every attempt at a renewal of former civilities; in truth, that she had been treated by her companions in much the same manner as I had been by mine. This was an additional mystery. How could it happen that contumely and disrespect were cast upon us from parties who were strangers, having no connexion with each other? The mystery seemed unfathomable, and after wearying myself with vain endeavors to conceive some adequate cause for the altered conduct of our fellow travellers, I fell asleep, and dreamed of myriads of self-important members of congress, and self-admiring naval officers.

We found ourselves at the wharf at Baltimore in the morning, and in the scramble to disengage our baggage from the mass heaped upon deck, (to which every traveller is premonished by the oft-repeated advertisement that "baggage is at the risk of the owner")—I met my whilom friends, but without the slightest token of recognition on either side. The talkative lady looked grave when I approached her, and was silent, ("an excellent thing in woman")—the older matron, to whom I was to act as protector for the remainder of her journey, shrunk from me as I advanced with the salutation of the morning; and when all was prepared for our departure from the steamboat, she declined my proffered arm, as I conducted her to the carriage. To my wife she was equally distant,—nor did a sumptuous breakfast at Barnum's, break the ice of her reserve, or rather, her aversion. Certainly, thus far, our society did not promise to be agreeable on either side. The lady kept as far aloof from us as circumstances would allow, avoiding every opportunity of conversation—and we were soon as silent as she, from a mingled feeling of pride and resentment. We embarked in a stage about mid-day—the roads was infamous, the weather chilly and obscure. We had the carriage to ourselves, and the ride was therefore the more gloomy, as among a promiscuous party we might have found some one willing to cheer the way by conversation: but as we were situated with our taciturn companion, excepting in an occasional colloquy with the driver, our organs of speech were unemployed, and during the greater part of our journey, we might have been taken for a party of mutes. As we drew near to Washington, this reserve wore away in a measure. Whether the lady's tongue became impatient of so long a period of inaction, or whether her assumed dignity gave way under a requisition upon it too great for its power—I know not. Certain it is, that she occasionally deigned a remark, and sometimes condescended to put interrogatories to me, relative to the distance to the city, and similar grave matters.

It was dark when we arrived. I had ordered the coachman to set me down at Brown's—but I was informed that there was not a vacant room in the house, and also that every other hotel in the city was full. This overflow of company as I afterwards ascertained was caused by the assemblage at Washington of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Convention, adding some hundreds to the ordinary visiters of the period. To add to the discomfort of wanting lodgings, it was raining with great violence, and I dreaded a drive through the interminable streets of the federal metropolis. Our lady companion had observed that she was to be dropped at the residence of some relative, and moreover stated that it was a boarding house. But she avoided proposing that we should quarter with her; and not until I had seen her safely within the house, and was returning to the stage, did she mention our plight to her relative. The latter was immediately urgent that we should remain at her house, declaring that she had several unoccupied rooms, which were entirely at our disposal.

This new position of affairs was highly gratifying, and we anticipated all the comforts of a good supper, and comfortable lodgings, with a satisfaction which can best be conceived by those to whom those commodities have, at times, been wanting. My wife was safely seated in the well warmed dining room, the baggage deposited in the hall,—and I took the opportunity afforded by a delay in the appearance of supper, to step across the street, and inform the gentlemen with whom I was engaged, of my arrival, which was a day or two later than they had anticipated. On my return to the boarding house, to my utter astonishment, I saw my wife standing at the street door, in her bonnet and cloak, while my trunks were piled upon the steps.

Hey dey, said I, what does all this mean—why are you not warming yourself at the fire, instead of standing here muffled up, as if your journey was now to commence instead of being ended?

We cannot remain, said she, in a tone of chagrin.

Cannot! What is the reason? Are the people mad here, as well as on the road?

It would seem so. I had scarcely been five minutes in the house, when the landlady, who was at first so eager that we should lodge with her, changed her mind, and informed me that she could not accommodate us.

But she will not turn us out supperless, I hope, such a night as this?

I am not so certain of that. She appears to be infected with the same disease under which all our travelling companions have labored. People seem actually to avoid us as though we carried the plague about in our garments. She bowed me out of the dining room with as little ceremony as she would have shewn to a mendicant.

Well, well, said I, come in out of the air, and I will reason with her. So saying I led the way to the principal apartment in the house, which served as parlor, drawing room, and dining room—where the landlady soon made her appearance. She was a small, thin-faced woman, her form wiry and attenuated; her motions rapid and nervous; countenance much wrinkled, and of most forbidding expression, and a voice from which no art could have extracted a sound bearing the remotest relationship to harmony. Her dress was evidently suited to the season, when members of congress are seeking quarters for the winter, and when those who have them at disposal, are interested in putting the best possible face on every thing appertaining to their establishments. Her costume was, a silk frock, stretched upon her bony frame, and a yellow gauze turban, of monstrous size, decked with crimson ribbons, perched upon the top of her head, which thus seemed enveloped in "fire and brimstone:"—These awkwardly worn habiliments betrayed the fact that the lady had passed the day in attending the calls of the law-givers of the land,

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with the laudable design of enhancing the value of her accommodations, in the eyes of some rustic Solon, but newly caught, by the genteel appearance of their mistress.

I addressed this formidable figure, with an inquiry whether we could not remain with her for the night, referring to the state of the weather as rendering it almost impossible to make search for lodgings that evening.

The lady eyed me with great scrutiny, and there was an elevation of her nasal organ, while looking at me, which distorted to a more hideous expression than was natural, her weather-beaten visage.

"Indeed," said she, "you can't stay, and that's all about it. Three *members* have just sent down to say that they would take the rooms what they look'd at this morning, and that they must be fix'd up this very night. So you see you can't stay. It a'nt my fault—and so I can't say no more about it."

"Then we *must* look for other lodgings. But you can give us supper. The members of Congress have not bespoken *that* also, I presume."

"Well—no. You *can* eat your suppers here I spose."

"And this lady can remain here until I can obtain other quarters."

"Well, I've no particular objection to her sitting here awhile."

Just then supper was served, and we partook of it. Our travelling companion was at the table, but scarcely recognized us, and the landlady was barely civil. When the meal was over, I requested the latter to allow a servant to accompany me in my search, as I was ignorant of the location of the principal boarding houses. Her son, a pert lad of about thirteen, volunteered to pilot me, and without delay we sallied out.

It occurred to me as we passed up Pennsylvania avenue, that I had forgotten to deliver a message of some importance to my employers, when I called to announce my arrival, and I turned a little out of my way to the office of the N——— I———, where, while I was closeted for a few moments with one of the editors, my juvenile guide remained in the clerk's office.

On leaving the office, I was surprised at the altered tone of the lad.

"You had better go back," said the manakin: "it is too late to get lodgings to-night. My mother can keep you as well as not."

"But she has refused to do so, and insists that it is out of her power."

"Never mind that. Go back with me—I'll work the old woman over. See if I don't tell you the truth."

"You are a promising lad," said I, "but a little too forward. Let us go on."

Finding me determined to prosecute the search, he yielded, and we called at several houses; but all were full. Against my will, I was forced to return, with the resolution of making good my quarters for the night, at any rate, with or without the consent of the lady of the house. My guide assured me that he could "manage the old woman," and told me to give myself no uneasiness on the subject.

After a dreary walk, we reached the house. There sat my wife with her bonnet still on, for no one had asked her to remove it—and there sat the lady in the brimstone turban, and fiery ribbons, in whose ugly visage the words "*turn out*" seemed written, in characters not to be mistaken. As we entered, the boy motioned his mother, who joined him at the door, where they held a whispering colloquy for a few moments. While they were thus engaged, I learned from my wife that there had been no change in the sentence of exclusion, altho' no new lodgers had made their appearance.

The whispering ceased, and the landlady approached me. What was my astonishment at perceiving that the gorgon face, before so hideous with frowns, was puckered into the quecrest attempt at a smile that was ever before witnessed on the human countenance.

But this was not all. Not only did her face exhibit these convulsive efforts, but the form approached us, curtseying with a most unhappy imitation of grace.

The devil is in the hag—said I internally. What new trick is to be played now? I was not long in suspense. The boy had kept his promise it seemed, for he or some one else, actually had "worked the old woman over." She affirmed that she had just received messages from the three *members*, stating that they were not in haste for the rooms—and she assured us they were entirely at our service.

We knew that this was a fiction; but we were fatigued, and disposed to take the good the Gods provided for us, without much question. We were shewn to our apartments and slept soundly, forgetting all the vexations of the day.

The next morning, after having exhausted ourselves in wonderment at the freaks which had been played off upon us, I left my wife, to make some calls in the city. I had not been long absent, when she received a visit from Mrs. M., our travelling companion, who, after the usual salutations had passed, seemed struggling to suppress a disposition to laugh, which my wife took to be another mad freak, to be classed with those she had previously witnessed.

The propensity at length overcame her, and she burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, which lasted for many minutes.

Indignant as my wife was disposed to be, at such an unexpected explosion of mirth, from a lady who had for two days treated her with haughty reserve, if not absolute contempt, she bore it with patience, and awaited in silence the conclusion of her visiter's merry humor, and such explanation of its cause as she might choose to give.

Every thing must have an end—and the lady at length ceased her laughter, from absolute exhaustion.

"My dear madam,—she gasped out—my dear madam—this is very rude—very rude indeed. You must be surprised at such conduct, and I beg your pardon but" ———

"It would be an unnecessary dissimulation, to say I am not surprised; but I presume I shall soon learn to be surprised at nothing."

"You really then, think you have been associated for the last few days, with persons little better than bedlamites."

"I have certainly been exposed to strange conduct."

"Well, I have come to explain the whole mystery. Do not be offended at my mirth. I could not resist it. The laugh was more against myself than you—and the whole affair is so ridiculous, that you will laugh too, when you know the truth."

"I own that I have a strong curiosity to be acquainted

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with the cause of the strange treatment we have met with. I presume it arose out of some mistake."

"Entirely, entirely—and then a blunder so ridiculous—so uncommon! Excuse me, but really I must laugh—ha, ha, ha. But I will keep you in suspense no longer; besides, I wish you to laugh *with* me, and therefore I will tell you my story. Listen. You remember that at Newcastle, you and your husband took one of the first stages. Myself and children were seated in another, in company with Mrs. R., (the pretty, talkative woman with light hair,) two members of Congress, and a young naval officer. We had scarcely started, when Mrs. R. commenced with her usual volubility, running over the various persons who had fallen under her observation in the steamboat. At last your turn came to be criticised: 'Did you observe Mrs. S.,' said she, 'the lady with black hair and blue eyes—rather pretty, and at first I took her to be quite a genteel personage.' Yes, I replied, I had been introduced to you, and was to place myself under the protection of your husband, from Baltimore to Washington."

"'Did you ascertain any thing of their standing and character,' said Mrs. R."

"Not a word said I. My friend Mr. H. told me they were genteel people, and their appearance warrants his opinion."

"'Well, really,' said Mrs. R., 'how easy it is to be deceived by people that one knows nothing about. You would not believe it—I am sure I would not, if Mrs. S. had not told me with her own lips—I say, otherwise, I would not have believed that Mr. S. was going to Washington in such a *menial capacity*.'"

"What!" said I.

"'*Menial capacity?*' said one member of Congress."

"'*Menial capacity?*' echoed the other member."

"'I took him for a gentleman,' said the naval officer—'Confound the fellow's impudence.'"

"But, said I, you must be mistaken, I'm sure. I am to go to Washington with him."

"'There must be some mistake,' said the two members of Congress, and the young naval officer, all in a breath."

"'Why we have engaged to make up a game of whist with him this evening,' said the latter."

"'Certainly!' said one member of Congress."

"'Certainly!' said the other member of Congress. 'Oh, there must be some mistake, my good madam. *Menial capacity!* Impossible!'"

"'No mistake at all,' retorted Mrs. R., with some asperity. 'I tell you I had it from Mrs. S's own mouth, and she owned it after a good deal of hesitation and reluctance. I put twenty questions to her before I could get an answer.'"

"Well, said I, if you are so well satisfied that you are right, we are interested to know who and what these people are. I do not choose to travel under the protection of a man of *menial capacity*."

"'Yes, yes,' said the naval officer, '*what* the deuce is the fellow. I should not wonder if he were a pick-pocket, or a black-leg, to judge by his easy impudence.'"

"'Very likely,' said one member of Congress."

"'I have not a doubt of it,' said the other member. 'But let us know, if you please madam, what he is.'"

"'As I said before, I would not have believed it if Mrs. S. had not told me herself,' said Mrs. R., hesitating."

"'Oh, no doubt you are right,' said the naval officer: 'but please let us know who it is we have been so familiar with.'"

"'Well,' said Mrs. R. 'Mrs. S. told me that her husband was going to Washington to be *Porter* to the Senate.'"

Here my wife interrupted Mrs. M. with a fit of laughter almost equal to that with which Mrs. M. had indulged herself in the outset.

"So," said the former, "Mrs. R. mistook the word *Re*porter, for that of *Porter*,—an important omission."

"So it would seem," rejoined Mrs. M. "But let me go on."

"'*Porter to the Senate!*' exclaimed every voice."

"'A fellow who runs errands for the Senators, fetches and carries bundles, &c., I suppose,' said the naval officer."

"'I can't conceive what station he is to fill,' said one of the members of Congress, 'unless it is that of *old Tobias, the black man*, who kindles fires, and carries messages.'"

"'That is it I dare say,' said the other member."

"'We must cut him,' said the naval officer."

"'To be sure.'" "'To be sure.'"

"So it was settled by all present that you were to be cut without benefit of clergy."

"I should not have consented to place myself under your protection, continued Mrs. M., but that I had no choice. Knowing no other person with whom I could travel, I reluctantly accompanied you; and I trust," said she, laughing, "that on the road, I shewed a very laudable aversion to the contaminating society of a *Porter* and his wife."

"No one can deny you that merit," said my wife.

"Well, I cannot ask your pardon for it. There was no malice in the mistake, and I am almost as much annoyed at it as you can be. After you arrived here last night, the landlady insisted on knowing what business brought your husband to Washington; and I reluctantly told her what I had heard. At the bare idea of lodging a *Porter*, her feathers bristled up like those of a Barbary hen. Her yellow turban looked blue at the idea of such an indignity. She protested that she would have no *Porters* in her house, nor no such rapscallions as had the impudence to go about dressed like decent people, to take in the flats. And so, my dear madam, you were turned out without much ceremony, and might have spent the night in the street, but for the information obtained by the boy at the office of the N——— I———, which, by giving another syllable to the profession of your husband, shewed beyond a doubt that you were entitled to christian treatment. You know the rest, and I trust we shall all of us when we remember these blunders, acknowledge the IMPORTANCE OF A SINGLE SYLLABLE." S.

Extracted from a Virginia Newspaper, Printed in 1775.

ON SLEEP.

O SLEEP! what though of death thou art
To be an image said,
I wish thee still with all my heart,
The partner of my bed.

Thy company, soft sleep, then give,
While in thy arms I lie;
How sweet! thus, without life, to live!
Thus, without death, to die!

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE COTTAGE IN THE GLEN.

In traversing that region of country in the wilds of Maine, that borders one of her finest rivers, if you look carefully on your right hand as you pass through the town of ———, by the post-road, you may observe a cart-path leading directly into a thick wood, where the trees tower in majesty and beauty to the very clouds, and look as if they had thus stood ever since the day when "the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them." Were it not for this same cart-path, with its three ridges of bright greensward, and its four lines of dusky brown, you might doubt whether the silent grandeur of the forest had ever echoed to the voice or the footstep of man.

There is something truly grand and impressive in forest scenery. The lofty trees stretching high toward heaven; the graceful and majestic waving of the branches, breathing nature's own soft music, which scarcely removes the impression of profound silence—or which, to parody the words of Milton, "just makes silence audible;" the deep, and seemingly "boundless contiguity of shade," and the awful solitude, make man shrink into himself, and feel that he is in the presence of the Eternal. The weak spirit of a creature frail as man, is soon overpowered, if it give itself up to the impressions naturally produced by contemplating, in solitude, the grandeur of creation. The first feeling is delight,—next admiration,—then wonder,—then awe,—and then oppression;—and when it arrives at this point, the sight of such a little cart-path as I have mentioned, is a great relief to the feelings: for it shows that a being having passions, and feelings, and sympathies like his own—as short lived, as dependant, as insignificant as himself, is, or has been near. The deep shade has been penetrated; the solitude has been interrupted; and an unbroken and eternal silence has not forever reigned in the forest.

If the reader wishes, we will follow this path, and see whither it will conduct us. Its course is a little devious, probably to avoid the trunks of the trees, for not one appears to have been felled to shorten the distance, which is about three fourths of a mile, under the unbroken shade of the same noble woodland. Now the path begins to descend a little, and by almost imperceptible degrees, you arrive in a valley lying between two lofty ridges, that become more and more abrupt as you advance; and when you have proceeded about the fourth of a mile, they seem nearly perpendicular on either side. And their summits being crowned by the lofty trees of the same far stretching forest, adds much to the apparent depth of the valley, and you feel as if verging towards the centre of the earth. That little ripling stream in the valley, beside which we have been walking, now begins to widen, and presently expands itself into a mimic lake, restrained on the one hand and on the other by the mountain side, leaving just room enough on the left for the unbroken cart-path. Your ear is now assailed by the sound of rushing waters, and a roof appears beyond the lake—so that a habitation of man is near. No, it is a mill; the dwelling house is sixty rods below: there it lies, on a beautiful swell in the narrow valley, made, it would seem, on purpose for its site—and the again diminished stream is softly murmuring by its side. That is the Cottage in the Glen. If you please, we will descend, and take our station in front of it. Before we turned that angle to attain this spot, you were about to exclaim, "This is the very home of solitude, shut out from the rest of creation." But look straight down the valley, and far—far off, see the picturesque and busy village of ———, and the sparkling waters of the river. The valley is so straight and narrow, and widens so gradually towards its mouth, and the banks on either side are so precipitous, that it produces the same effect on the scene beyond, that a tube does in viewing a picture. Is it not beautiful! Now if you will climb with me to the foot of that tree that stands part way up the bank, we will be seated in the shade, and I will give you a sketch of the inhabitants of the cottage.

—

Mr. Kirkwood, a native of Massachusetts, and head of the family, is now upwards of seventy-five years of age; and until verging towards sixty, was decidedly a man of the world. He was educated at Harvard University, and at the age of twenty-eight, when he married, was a good scholar, a finished gentleman, and a successful lawyer.

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Mr. Kirkwood seized the favorable moment, and his wealth rapidly increased. He wished to be rich; not to hoard his wealth--but that he might be enabled to procure all the indulgencies and elegancies of life, and move at the head of society. His wish was gratified. He became rich; lived in splendid style; and his house was the favorite resort of the wealthy, the elegant, and the fashionable. His wife was a model of good housewifery, propriety and politeness; and his only child, a son, was all that the heart of a man of the world could wish. Highly gifted by nature, and favored with every advantage for the cultivation of his talents, young Kirkwood was ushered into society, elegant in person, elegant in mind, and correct in morals. It was generally conceded that whoever obtained him, would gain a first rate prize in the matrimonial lottery. Of course, there was no little competition among mothers who had daughters to dispose of; and young ladies who wished to dispose of themselves. But the lovely, well educated, and retiring Mary Bust, engaged his affections without seeking them; and in winning her heart, and securing her hand, he insured his own earthly felicity. Gentle by nature, polished and enlightened by education, unblemished in reputation, and thoroughly well principled, through the assiduous care and unwearied instructions of wise and pious parents,--she was all a man could wish for as a wife, companion and friend; all he could wish for as the mother of his children. The son's choice gave perfect satisfaction to his parents; and when in the course of a few years, the young wife gave successively to the arms of her husband, three sons and a daughter,—there seemed to be around this family, a confluence of all that constitutes the felicity of earth.

But, alas, in the tide of men's affairs, there is an *ebb* as well as *flood;* and this the Kirkwood family now began to experience. The elder Kirkwood had just begun to discover that his affairs were in some confusion, when his wife was suddenly snatched away by death. It was a heavy blow, and he felt it as such. But men seldom

die of grief! Millions have buried the wife of their youth, and been very comfortably supported under the bereavement; and so was Mr. Kirkwood. Indeed he had little time to spend in unavailing sorrow, or in brooding over the memory of the departed one; for the clouds of adversity became more and more dense about him, and he soon found that the combined energies of himself and son, could not avert the storm. Poverty seemed coming upon them "like an armed man." In the meantime, two of the blooming grandsons were in quick succession conveyed to the tomb; and just as the storm burst upon them in all its fury, the younger Kirkwood followed his mother and his two children to the world of spirits. After this tempest of adversity, Mr. Kirkwood stood like an oak, scathed by the lightning,—its verdure blasted, and its branches scattered abroad. He sunk, overwhelmed, and gave way to the most hopeless despondency.

There is a spirit in woman that will sustain her under circumstances which will drive man to despair. And when that spirit is moulded, guided, and strengthened by religion, it is invincible. Soft as the harp-tones of the "sweet singer of Israel," did Mary's voice now breathe on the ear of her disconsolate father.

"'Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil,' my father? Let us endeavor to say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be his name!' Arise, my father, and call upon our God. He 'hears the young ravens when they cry,' and will he not give his children food? He clothes the lilies of the field, and will he not clothe us? He binds up the broken heart; will he not then console ours?"

"Alas, my daughter," cried the old man, "He is thy God, but not mine. In the hour of prosperity I forgat him; in the hour of adversity I dare not approach him. May he, indeed, feed, and clothe, and console thee, and thy remaining little ones. For me—his vengeance alone will pursue me. Would I could hide me from his avenging hand, and lay my head in the grave!"

The despondency of her father added not a little to the load of sorrow that pressed on Mary's heart; but she had no time for idle lamentation. She had duties to perform; duties to him, herself, and her children; and laying herself low before the throne of mercy, she spread her sorrows and her wants before her Father in Heaven, and taking fast hold of Almighty strength, she went forward.

"My father," said Mary, "'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth;' and, 'like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.'"

"But I have not feared him, Mary,—therefore he does not pity me. And his chastening is the chastening of an offended judge—in vengeance—not the chastening of a father."

Mary despaired not, though her father thus repelled all consolation; and when he sat absorbed in melancholy, and she scarcely dared intrude upon his thoughts, she would move about the room, just breathing the lines,

"Come ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at the shrine of God, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts; here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal;"

and at the same time raise a fervent prayer, that his sorrow might not ultimately prove to be that "sorrow of the world that worketh death," but the "sorrow that worketh repentance unto salvation." Her prayer was heard; her efforts were successful. It was not long ere with heartfelt gratitude, she heard him say, "'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' 'The Lord gave,' but I have abused his gifts; and he 'hath taken away,' and blessed be his name for thus bringing an erring son near to himself." When this happy change first took place in the feelings of her father, Mary felt as though she had scarcely a care or a sorrow left. A future world, uncorroded by cares, unstained by tears, unblemished by sin, and unvisited by sorrow, opened on the eye of faith,—and all was peace within. But their pilgrimage was not yet accomplished; this home was not yet attained; and in the meantime, something must be done. Scarcely a wreck of their fortune remained; and Mr. Kirkwood, verging towards sixty, with the energies of his mind crushed by misfortune, felt it impossible to begin again his career as a lawyer. The remaining pride of his heart, rendered it extremely painful to remain amidst his former associates, with whom he could no longer, on equal terms, hold intercourse; and where every scene called back the visions of former splendors, and buried friends, with a sickening influence.

"Let us fly far from hence, my daughter," said he; "elsewhere I may recover something of my energy, and be capable of making some effort; *here* I can do nothing. Let us fly from the world, and hide ourselves in seclusion. My soul needs repose. A withering blast has swept over it, to tear away its idols. The work is done—but the wounds are still bleeding: and though, I trust, the great physician is at work, there needs time to perfect a cure. Let us fly from hence, and in some new and humble occupation, strive to support ourselves for the remainder of life's journey, and rear these little ones for immortality."

So that she could be with her father, and her children, to receive the blessing of the one, and the caresses of the others, it mattered little to Mary what spot on earth she called home. She was a "*widow indeed.*" The long, bright vista, through which she had looked on years of future happiness, with the husband of her love, was closed by death; and what mattered it, where she fulfilled the remaining duties of life, so they were but faithfully discharged?

Through the agency of a friend, the Cottage in the Glen, with the mill that appertained to it, and a few acres of ground, were purchased. Mary collected together the few articles that remained of former abundance; and with the feelings of a woman of cultivated mind and literary taste, and with all the providence of a mother, foreseeing the future wants of her children, did she most carefully gather up all the books that remained of the once large and well selected library. All things finally arranged, they removed hither.

A complete revolution had taken place in Mr. Kirkwood's views. He felt that nothing is really degrading that is not sinful; and he resolved, as far as practicable, to do his own labor with his own hands. But, until he could learn the art himself, he was constrained to hire an assistant, to take charge of his little mill; once familiar with the business, it was his own employment.

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The family were very comfortable, and soon became very happy. Though the furniture of the cottage was scanty, it was arranged with so much taste, and kept in such perfect order, that it wore the air of gentility; and a profusion of wild flowers in the summer, and a blazing fire in the winter, gave an additional cheerfulness to its appearance. The mill supplied them with bread, and many other comforts of life, beside paying a poor man for a day's labor now and then on their little enclosure of potatoes. They procured an honest and faithful maid servant, who milked their two cows, prepared the butter and cheese, and spun the wool of their half a dozen sheep, beside doing all the more laborious work of the family. No human eye was upon them that had seen them in former days, and they were fast forgetting a world, by which they were already nearly forgotten. No real want of nature remained unsatisfied, and their Heavenly Father was as near them here, as in any other place. Glorious and consoling idea! that his children can be carried to no spot in creation, where he will not be present to sustain and comfort them! How glorious the idea of an Omnipotent God!

Nothing, under the power of religion, served so much to console the heart of Mr. Kirkwood, as the presence and the happiness of his grandchildren. Frederic was eight, and Clara three years old; and they were as happy at the Cottage in the Glen, as they would have been in the palace of the Thuileries. From his heart, he could adopt the language of Paley: "I seem to see the benevolence of the Deity more clearly in the pleasures of young children, than in any thing else in the world. The pleasures of grown persons may be reckoned partly of their own procuring; but the pleasures of a healthy child are so manifestly provided for by another, and the benevolence of the provision is so unquestionable, that every child I see at its sport, affords to my mind a kind of sensible evidence of the finger of God."

"These children are happy, Mary," he would say; "they feel no regrets for the past—no fears for the future, but enjoy the present with zest. Our wants are scarcely greater than theirs. Let us, then, not regret the past; let us not be anxious for the future: but in performing present duty, and being grateful for present good, let us trust our heavenly father, without fear or misgiving."

Neither Mr. Kirkwood nor his daughter found any leisure for idle repinings. The indispensable labors of each day, with the care and instruction of the children, occupied them fully. Frederic was sent to the district school, there to acquire what he could of education; but he was an intellectual and thinking boy, and soon began to call on his grandfather to assist him through the difficulties he encountered, as his mind rapidly developed. The education of Clara, Mrs. Kirkwood considered her own peculiar business. And when the little girl was old enough to go to school, she still preferred pursuing the task herself, as she dreaded lest her daughter should breathe other than a pure moral atmosphere.

Next to religion, the abundant means of education is undoubtedly the glory and bulwark of New England. And the district school, where the son of the town pauper may obtain the foundation of an education that will render him intelligent and useful, is an incalculable blessing. But wherever human nature is, there is depravity; and where human beings mingle together, this depravity is called into exercise. Even young children are not the innocent creatures some persons appear to suppose; but in almost every school may be found the *germ* of almost every vice. So thought Mrs. Kirkwood; and it led her to educate her daughter entirely at home.

Time rolled on; and the children at the cottage increased in wisdom and stature: the parent and grandparent in meetness for the kingdom of heaven. Industry and economy, both of time and goods, was the order of the house; and the children cheerfully followed the example set them by their superiors. Frederic was always diligently employed, when not engaged with his books; and the healthful and joyous little Clara was the assistant of each one, as circumstances required, from her grandfather in the mill, to the servant girl at the washing tub. Permission to play in the open air, was a holiday to her heart; and she was light and joyous in spirit as the warblers of the grove. Content and peace reigned in the family. With each returning sun, their orisons were duly offered on the family altar; and when the shades of evening closed around, their thanksgivings and praises ascended to the throne of the Eternal.

> "A holy incense—sweeter, richer far
> Than that upon the golden altar shed
> In Judah's sacred fane."

No change of any moment took place in their circumstances, and nothing in futurity was looked forward to with peculiar interest, until Frederic attained his fifteenth year. Then, one evening, after having been unusually thoughtful and silent, he suddenly looked up, and said,

"I want to be a minister of the gospel, and I want to go to college, grandfather."

Both the grandfather and the mother looked up in some astonishment; but they listened patiently to his plans, and heard him declare what efforts he was willing to make—what deprivations to endure.

"Dear grandfather—dear mother," said the eager boy, in conclusion, "do listen to me kindly. It will do me no harm to make the attempt. You, grandfather, and our good pastor, will help fit me for college; and I doubt not, that by my own industry, and what you can conveniently do for me, I shall some how or other get through. I feel that I can do nothing without an education."

"We will think on the subject, my son," said his grandfather, "and in due time let you know the result of our deliberations. Meantime, attend to your present duties, and 'take no *anxious* thought for the morrow.'"

The important subject was not mentioned again for the evening; but it engrossed Mrs. Kirkwood's mind, and kept her waking many hours of the night. From her son's birth, she had consecrated him to the service of her Heavenly Father, though she knew not in what way that service might be demanded. Now she hoped he had consecrated himself; and that what seemed so aspiring in a youth in his situation in life, was an impulse from above, rather than the natural workings of an ambitious mind. But she was helplesss in herself, and could only ask to be directed by Him who is per-

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fect in wisdom; to be provided for by Him who is infinite in riches. What needed she more!

The next day Mr. Kirkwood and his daughter held a consultation on the subject; and when, toward evening, Frederic saw his mother searching over a chest of old books, his eyes sparkled, and his heart throbbed with feverish impatience to ascertain if his conjectures were accurate. His joy was complete, when he saw the necessary books and grammars come forth; some in a mutilated state, it is true,—but no matter, so the important parts were but entire. He went about his task like one in earnest; his progress was rapid; and in due time he was admitted at college.

The years of his collegiate life passed rapidly away. The vacations of spring and autumn he spent in the bosom of his family, giving delight to the hearts of all by his improvement; assisting in their labors,—and superintending with deep interest, and assiduous tenderness, the education of his sister. But the long winter vacation was devoted to school-keeping,—the most lucrative employment to which he could, for such limited periods, devote himself. Once he was so highly favored as to get a school in the neighborhood of the Glen; and then his labor was a delight, rather than a task, as he could be with his beloved friends, and direct his sister in her studies. The family at the Glen, it is true, had to practice more than wonted frugality, to help in defraying his unavoidable expenses; but no self-denial was hard, when one so dear was to be benefitted—no sacrifice painful that was made for so important an object. Clara was by no means the least efficient in her endeavors to aid her darling brother. As soon as she completed her thirteenth year, at her earnest and reiterated entreaties, the servant girl was dismissed, and she cheerfully took her labors on herself, that Frederic might have the considerable sum thus saved to the family.

Meanwhile, Clara's own education progressed, notwithstanding her situation seemed so unfavorable for study. But she was a rigid economist of time; and when that is the case with any one, great things may be accomplished. Although her hands were busily employed a large portion of the time, a mind, thirsting for knowledge, surmounted all difficulties. She could not, indeed, touch the keys of a piano, or the strings of a harp; the spinning wheel and other domestic machines demanded too large a portion of her time, to have permitted the acquisition of skill on these instruments, even had she possessed them. But she knew who Dugald Stewart was, and what he thought of the "active and moral powers of man;" with Smellie she was intimately acquainted; and Rollin, Hume, Gillies and Gibbon were her daily companions. The works of Pascal and Massillon she could read in the language in which they were written; and with Virgil she could converse in his native tongue. Above all, she had studied the volume of inspiration, and had learned the way of eternal life.

Never had the family at the Glen been happier than when Frederic returned home, bearing his parchment roll, duly adorned with the riband, and the imposing seal; and, after some preamble, running thus:

Notum esto, *quod nos, consentiendibus honorandis admodum ac reverendis collegii antedicti* Inspectoribus, *anno Christi* MDCCC—*admisimum* Fredericus Kirkwood *ejusdem alumnum, ad gradum* Baccalaurealem *in* Artibus; &c. But when he joined the domestic circle, authorized to preach the everlasting gospel, their joy was of a deeper, holier character. Would I could show you a picture of the group, as they encircled the blazing hearth on that happy evening. I will even make the attempt. There sits the venerable grandfather, in his large arm-chair, his white hairs smoothly parted from off his ample forehead, with every feature speaking of passions subdued, and a heart full of gratitude, content and love. Next the mother, with something like the bloom of youth stealing over her matron cheek,—while her eye moves in a tear that rises from that deep fountain of mingled feeling, known only to a *pious mother's* heart, as she looks on the son of her love, and that son a *believer!* Between these two sits Frederic, comely in manly strength, his whole countenance expressing heart-felt benevolence to all mankind—and peculiar love, gratitude and veneration for those by whom he is encircled. Last, and the darling of all, is Clara, seated on her brother's knee, with one arm around his neck, while her other hand is sometimes clasped in his,—sometimes straying amid his dark luxuriant hair. She is not exactly beautiful, but she is lovely. Her stature is rather below than above the medium size; and fresh air and healthy exercise have given elasticity to her limbs, and a bloom to her cheek, that rivals the richness of the peach. If her features are not regular, they defy criticism; for her whole face has such a glow of love and happiness, that the delighted beholder cannot seek for defects. Thus they all sat, enjoying the full tide of domestic happiness; and each might have said to the other, with Galatee,

> "Tu me demandais ton bonheur,
> Et c'etait moi que tu rendais heureuse."

Even the knowledge that Frederic was soon to leave them, to enter on the duties of his vocation, could scarcely moderate their joy.

He has now entered on his holy calling; and though far removed from those who loved him so tenderly, nurtured him so carefully, governed him so wisely, and made such personal sacrifices to fit him for usefulness, they are happy still. Far from selfishly regretting that at the moment he was fitted for action, and capable of making some return for all their kindness, they are obliged to resign him altogether,—in the benevolence of their hearts they rejoice that they have been used as instruments to prepare him for a life of usefulness in the world; and their most fervent prayer for him is, that he may "turn many to righteousness," and then "shine as a star forever."

Yes, the family at the Glen are happy still. The aged grandfather is "waiting patiently his appointed time till his change come," with a "hope full of immortality." The mother, patient, gentle, subdued, serene, in fulfilling her quiet and unostentatious duties, is carefully laying up treasure, where "neither moth nor rust corrupt nor destroy." And the lovely Clara is the sunshine in the path of both. She hushes the sighs,—wipes the tears,—soothes the pains, and lightens the cares of each. Her voice is music to their ears; her presence brings gladness to their hearts; and they both pronounce her blessed.

But you inquire,—is she who breathes such fragrance around, forever to be immured in this sequestered val-

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ley? No--she will move in a wider sphere; yet it is doubtful whether she elsewhere tastes such pure and peaceful happiness as she has tasted here. She may find more luxuriant roses, but then she must encounter the thorns; and what she may gain in untried sources of happiness, will be counterbalanced by unknown cares and sorrows. Yet she will, by and by, run the hazard: for her brother's dearest college friend once begged an invitation to spend a vacation at the Cottage; and when he left it, he left his heart behind him. Clara could do no less than give her's in exchange; and so she has promised, at some future day, to become his wife.

And now, as I have finished my sketch, we will leave the valley.

Do you further inquire what is the secret of their happiness? and whether she who has been so eagerly sought through the wide world, has chosen this for her favorite residence? I will give you the answer Mr. Kirkwood gave to Clara, when she asked him a question of similar import.

"Happiness, my daughter, has, on earth, no local habitation. She *may* dwell in the palace or in the cottage; with the rich, or with the poor; with the learned, or with the ignorant. Her seat is in the soul,—and its security does not depend on external circumstances. A *peaceful conscience*, and a *humble, contented* heart, grateful for blessings bestowed, and feeling no craving desire for those that are withheld, are the pillars of her throne. But there are two classes of persons that she will never deign to visit, be their rank or station what it may. Neither the *idle* nor the *vicious* are ever happy."

S. H.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

PICTURE OF OLD VIRGINIA.

Look here upon this picture—and on this,
The counterfeit presentment.—*Hamlet.*

VIRGINIA had been beautiful
And owned a lovely land;
Her sons, who were so dutiful,
Went with her heart and hand;
They raised her to the highest seat,
By talents and by worth,
And sent her name in accents sweet,
Far ringing through the earth.

But lately she had fallen off;
Her beauty was impair'd;
Her younger sons were heard to scoff—
They might at least have spared.
'Twas said that she was growing blind,
Was lazy and supine,
And that she weakly lagged behind
Her sisters, grown divine.

That all her days were spent, forsooth,
In one eternal chime
About her deeds of early youth—
"Resolves" of former time.
Naught could be said and nothing told
But she more devils spied;
"*More devils than vast hell could hold*—"
Or all the world beside.

And strangers* did her land deride—
With wagging tongue, reviled;
Wild beasts, they said, had multiplied
In that most barren wild;
Her houses were untenanted—
The fox† had *manned* her walls;
And "*rank grass*" waved around his head,
As in old Ossian's halls!

Her moral strength and physical,‡
Aye, both of them were gone,
And every man seem'd phthisical,
Or like to tumble down;
Her talents all were buried deep,
Or in some napkin hid,
Or with the mighty dead, did sleep
Beneath the coffin lid.

But far! oh far beyond all these,
She had displeased her God;
Inter dolosos cineres,
She on volcano trod;
She could not get o' nights her rest;
At midnight bell for fire,
She hugged her infants to her breast,
Prepared for fun'ral pyre.

Virginia roused herself one day
And took her picture down;
And as she gazed, was heard to say—
Am I thus hideous grown?
And am I stupid--lazy—blind—
A monomaniac too!
Relaxed in body and in mind?
Oh no! it is not true.

There lies outstretched my glorious land,
With her capacious bay;
My rivers rush on every hand,
With sail and pennon gay;
My mountains, like a girdle blue,
Adorn her lovely waist,
"*And lend enchantment to the view,*"
As in "*the distance*" traced.

I'll hie me straight to Richmond town,
And call my liege men there;
And they shall write these libels down,
Or fill me with despair.
I have a friend, who'll make some stir,
And take my work in hand;
I'll send him forth my "MESSENGER"—
To "*spy out all the land.*"‖

That Messenger went gaily forth
Throughout her old domain,
And there found many men of worth
Would snatch their pens again;

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* See Col. Benton's description of Virginia, done into verse, beginning thus:

"As Benton jogg'd along the road,
'Twas in the Old Dominion,
His thoughts were *bent-on* finding food,
For preconceiv'd opinion," &c.

† "The fox peeped out of the window, and the rank grass waved around his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina—Silence is in the house of her fathers."—*Ossian.*

‡ Man's strength is gone, his courage—zooks!
And liberty's fine motions, &c.—*Benton.*

‖ And Moses sent them to spy out the land of Canaan.

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And since their mothers' blood was up—
To cast her odium by,
Would shed—of ink—their latest drop
T' inscribe her name on high.

The land which he went out to sift,
No milk and honey floods—
*It takes not two her grapes to lift—**
But grapes festoon her woods.
No want of food, for beast or man,
There met his eager gaze;
Find better bacon!—greens!—who can?
Or finer fields of maize!†

Her Tuckahoes 'tis true, are slim,
And of a bilious hue;
But then he found the Anakim
Beyond the mountains blue:
Some men he found in safety chains—
All crossed upon the breast—
They seem'd indeed to have no brains:
But these all lands infest.

The women look'd so passing fair,
How shall their charms be told?
By their Iachimo's‡ they were
Like brilliants set in gold.
Of such *pure water* was each maid;
So sparkling unto view—
No wonder that it should be said
They never could turn *blue.*

No foxes here, peep'd windows through;
But oft at early morn
They're seen to brush the glittering dew,
Pursued by hounds and horn:
Her "*hounds are of the Spartan breed*"—
"*So sanded and so flew'd,*"—
All "*dewlap'd*" *they, and all* "*crook-kneed*"—
As Cadmus e'er halloo'd.

In short, all zealots are run mad
T' abuse this pleasing sod;
Where people sleep as sound, egad,
As in the land of Nod:
What! colonize old coachman Dick!
My foster brother Nat!
My more than mother, when I'm sick!
"*Come, Hal, no more of that.*"

NUGATOR.

* And they came unto the brook of Eshcol and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff, * * * * * and they told him, and said we came unto the land whither thou sentest us and surely it floweth with milk and honey, and this is the fruit of it.

†In old Virginia stint of food
Diseases have engender'd—
The mind is gone—to want of blood
Good morals have surrender'd.

Houses are fallen—fences down—
And men are now much scarcer—
Wild beasts in multitudes are known,
That every day get fiercer.

Flee gravel—grit—and heartless clay—
Nor corn nor oats will grow there—
To westward hie—away—away!
No heartless Clay you'll know there.—*Benton.*

‡The yellow Iachimo.—*Shakspeare.* [Cymbeline.]

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A Leaf from the Journal of a Young American Tourist in Italy.

THE "sable goddess" had been seated for some time upon her "ebon throne," when we passed through the ponderous gate and rattled along the principal street of Genoa the Proud. It was a beautiful night. The firmament was studded with sparkling gems, and the silver queen rode steadily in the heavens, diffusing that pure and hallowed illumination which prompted the ancients to worship her as the goddess of chastity, and uninterrupted by any of those envious clouds whose intervention between her face and the earth furnishes poets with so favorite a figure to express the idea of virtue obscured and oppressed with misfortune. It was not, however, a night in which "creation sleeps,"—or, to use the pompous phrase of Racine, in which "tout dort, et les vents et Neptune,"—for the wind was tempestuously high, and the waves evinced all their usual restlessness at being roughly visited by the subjects of old Æolus. As we whirled along, nothing like an animated being was to be seen; not even a mouse was stirring; and the rush and whistling of the wind through the street, seemed to bring out the solemn stillness which otherwise prevailed, into the strongest relief. How we strained our eyes to catch glimpses of the glorious palaces which have so filled the trump of fame, and to which the city is indebted for her magnificent title! And how impressive, how imposing was their appearance in the partial development and mellowed effect of their splendor, afforded by the beams of the moon! The whole street was one consecutive, uninterrupted row of princely buildings,—and exquisite indeed was the effect of light and shade there exhibited—"leaving that lovely which was so, and making that which was not."

We had given directions to be taken to the Hotel of the Cross of Malta—*L'Albergo della Croce di Malta*, and when the carriage stopped, we got out with the expectation of being at our destined domicil. No sign, however, of a hotel was visible, and one of our party began to make an accompaniment to the noise of the wind by storming a little at the postillions for not obeying his orders,—when the courier informed us that we were as near as the vehicle could get to the house, as it was located in a street hard by, too narrow for any but pedestrians. This position of one of the principal hotels of a city denominated *la superba*, appeared singular enough, and with our ideas of its superbness somewhat diminished, we followed the man a short distance up a lane in which two persons could scarcely walk abreast, until we reached the door of the establishment, whose aspect was not particularly inviting, in despite of its towering altitude. Our fears, however, as to the manner in which we might be accommodated, or rather unaccommodated, were soon put to rest, when we mounted the spacious stairway, and were ushered into a suite of apartments which to the simplicity of an American, republican eye, wore an air of absolute magnificence.

What a difference there was between the first aspect of things in this our Hotel of the Cross of Malta, and that which is presented in the places of entertainment for man and horse in the United States. Instead of being ushered into a bar-room filled with the fumes of whiskey and tobacco, crowded with boots to be blackened, decorated with "tintanabulent appendages" innumerable,

and affording palpable evidence in every way that the establishment is as much entitled to the motto, "e pluribus unum," as the government of the country itself, we were received at the portal by a single domestic and conducted to our rooms without seeing or hearing the slightest indication that any other "mortal mixture of earth's mould" besides ourselves, was in the house. And then the difference in the appearance of the apartments! The recollection of the closets or pigeon holes, styled chambers by the courtesy of our mother tongue, so limited in their dimensions, that like the cell of the poor Hibernian, in which he "did nothing but walk up and down," you cannot "stand in them at all," furnished with a bed, a wash-stand, two chairs, and a looking glass, in which you may see one moiety of your face at a time, if you exert yourself with sufficient industry, did not certainly excite any very lively regrets, as we gazed on the spacious apartments glittering with mirrors, the walls and ceiling frescoed and gilded *ad unguem*, mantles supported by sculptured goddesses, chairs and lounges covered with damask, and beds so richly curtained and attired, that it seemed as if one could scarcely sleep in them, for thinking of the luxury in which he was reposing. The hotel was formerly a palace, whose glories, in part, it still retains. Yet, to tell the truth and shame a certain nameless gentleman, before my head had been long laid upon the pillow, I would willingly have exchanged the grandeur and the spaciousness of the room in which I was courting the sweet restorer of tired nature, for the plainness and contractedness of any of the closets to which I have alluded. Verily I paid for my magnificence. Never did I suffer from cold as on that night—the very exercise which I took in shaking and shivering ought to have induced perspiration, but in spite of a respectable quantity of bed-clothes, with the addition of all my habiliments piled on top of them, I could not make myself warm enough to allow the god of sleep to exercise his balmy influence upon my eyes for an instant. Italian dwellings, unfortunately, as I thought then, are constructed much more in reference to the weather of the torrid than of the frigid zone. Every method is devised of letting in as much of the coolness of the external atmosphere as possible, and of adapting the materials of the apartments to the nullification of all caloric; and the one in which I was quaking, was in no way an exception to the prevalent custom. The marble floors and unpapered walls, notwithstanding the warmth of the colors with which the latter were filled, created a resistless disposition to chilliness in themselves; the wind came pouring through several windows, reaching almost from the ceilings to the floor, whose looseness provided it with abundant facility for ingress; no fire-place offered its aid for combating the power of the blusterer; and the bed in which I lay, curled up into a heap, to prevent the "genial current" from entirely freezing, was of amplitude commensurate with the dimensions of the chamber. Napoleon, with his whole staff, might have been accommodated in it, when he visited Genoa. Whenever I attempted to make a change of position, I might as well have fallen into an ice-house. What joy when the morning's light dawned upon my eyes! Never did I observe the maxim with regard to early rising with so much good-will, as when I left the inhospitable couch, determined not to entrust myself to it again. By the time I had dressed I was as near congelation as I well could be; the only thing that kept my blood in circulation was the prospect of an exhilirating fire in the sitting-room, and there I steered with all possible speed; but alas, for human expectations! On opening the door my optics were immediately filled with smoke, and as they are not of that "nice" character which are requisite "to see what is not to be seen," I could discern nothing like a blaze. The badly constructed hearth manifested the most invincible repugnance to permit the wood to ignite, but kindly enabled us to obtain all the warmth we could from fumigation. I confess I became somewhat dispirited. One of my motives in coming to Italy was to escape the cold of the winter at home, and here on my very entrance into its mild and genial atmosphere, as it is always called, had I suffered more chattering of the teeth than I ever did before for the same length of time. This may be an escape thought I, but if it is, it is one amazingly like that of Lieutenant O'Shangnessy, who *escaped* from the field of battle into the ranks of the enemy. W.

NEW ENGLAND.

The place from which the following letter is indited, can be forgotten by no one that has ever seen it. A fine view of *Northampton* may be had from the top of the *Mansion House*, where the visiter commonly abides; but whoever ascends *Mount Holyoke*, is rewarded for his pains, with a prospect of surpassing beauty. In *Virginia*, we may have from our summits, a view of mountains on the one hand, and on the other a country comparatively level, with occasional spots of cultivation; but there is seldom any greater variety. Nothing else is afforded by the *Peaks of Otter*. *Mount Holyoke*, furnishes a combination of beauties. The spectator beholds mountains and lowland; a country wild and rugged in one direction and in the highest state of cultivation in another. He has before him the lovely village of *Northampton*, with others not far distant. And the *Connecticut*, is seen winding its way, amongst its fertile meadows, in so circuitous and yet so regular a manner, as to make the country on its banks resemble a beautiful parterre. The water prospect gives to the scene its chief source of interest. *Mount Holyoke*, rises not so high as *Catskill;* nor is the *Connecticut* so distant from it, as the *Hudson* from the latter. And it is owing to this, that the water view, is finer from its summit, than from the *Pine Orchard*. The distance is sufficient to "lend enchantment to the view"—not so great as to prevent a spectator from seeing any beautiful object that a nearer view would embrace, with all the distinctness that is desirable. A Virginian, who has high authority for supposing that a visit to *Harper's Ferry* is worth a trip across the Atlantic, may ask if *Mount Holyoke* surpasses this famous *Virginia* scene. State pride must yield to candor, and acknowledge that it does. The prospect from what is called the *Eagle Rock*, two miles distant from Harper's Ferry on the Loudoun side, is certainly very fine, and calculated to remove in some degree that disappointment, which one who has read Mr. *Jefferson's* description is apt to feel, when the scene from the *Jefferson Rock* is first beheld by him. But the view of the streams at Harper's Ferry, beheld from any point, cannot compare in beauty with the Connecticut at Northampton. And, in other respects, Harper's Ferry must

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yield to Mount Holyoke. It will not do to put the workshops of the former against the beautiful villages seen from the latter. Harper's Ferry cannot in any way obtain pre-eminence, until the spectator becomes conscious of the justness of *Mr. Jefferson's* opinion as to the mode in which the water first passed through the Blue Ridge. And, to be able to acknowledge the correctness of that opinion, must be a work of some difficulty after looking at the *Potomac* and *Shenandoah*, and seeing how small a power is produced by the two streams combined.

The author of the letter, in speaking of the ladies of *New England*, repudiates what he terms a leading argument for slavery. The individual who is led by a perusal of the letter to make the following remarks, is certainly not an advocate of slavery; but his own observation, has brought him to some conclusions, from which he inclines to think, the intelligent gentleman by whom that letter was written, will scarcely dissent. Whoever has travelled in a stage or steamboat in Virginia, and travelled also in stages and steamboats in the non-slave-holding states, must have perceived that more deference and respect are shown towards female travellers with us, than in the northern and eastern states. In a southern steamboat, men will not be seen scrambling for seats at table, before the ladies are provided with places; and, in a southern stage, a female traveller will always be offered that seat which it is supposed she would prefer. If more consideration be shown for female travellers, in the slave-holding than in the non-slave-holding states,—the next inquiry is, whether slavery be the cause of the difference. It may be admitted, that in the southern states, the men who travel are for the most part gentlemen; while to the north, a large proportion of those who are perpetually moving about, are persons who have never been accustomed to any good society, and have very little idea of good breeding. Again—it may be admitted, that our steamboats are generally less crowded, and there is consequently less inducement to be guilty of that indelicacy, which is so often seen in a northern boat. Do these facts explain the cause of the difference above alluded to? They do not. For we find to the south, that a theatre, or a place for the delivery of a public speech, may be filled by citizens, without any distinction of persons; and yet respectable females coming to a place thus crowded, would be treated with more consideration than would be shown towards them at the north under similar circumstances. There must be some other cause for the difference; and slavery is in a great degree that cause. To the north, in consequence of the absence of slavery, many females, even in respected ranks of life, perform duties which here would devolve upon our slaves. Nor do the duties which they perform consist merely of unseen employments within doors. A very large proportion of the sex engage in the business of buying and selling, and travel about unattended. Thus embarking in what with us would be regarded as the proper offices of men, the consequence is that they are treated with not more respect than is shown towards men. This remark is applicable, as before stated, to a large proportion—to so large a proportion, that the general rule of deference towards the sex, which prevails to the south—can scarcely be said to prevail, in the northern states; but those by whom, and to whom that deference is there shown, are rather to be regarded as exceptions. A gentleman to the north, will treat one whom he *knows* to be a lady, with courtesy and respect. To the south, this previous information, is not so indispensable. We act upon a general presumption in favor of the sex. A female with us, is treated with courtesy and respect, unless something be known as to her character, or be apparent in her conduct, which justifies the conclusion that she is not entitled to be so treated. C.

From the Fredericksburg Arena.

LETTERS FROM NEW ENGLAND.—NO. I.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

Northampton, Mass. July 24, 1834.

And you will positively "excommunicate" me if I do not send you "some *first impressions*" of Yankeeland? Have at you then; though, really, my time has been so filled with seeing and hearing, that hardly a scrap remains to write down a hundredth part of the curious or striking things that meet my eyes and ears.

Unusual opportunity has been afforded me for seeing various lights and shades of Yankee character. In stage and steamboat, in jersey wagon and on foot, on highways and by-ways, in farm houses and city palaces, I have seen and chatted with all sorts of people, from the * * * of the * * * down to the tavern porter and the country laborer. Five days I have spent in a pedestrian stroll, calling often at the country houses to get a draught of water, rest myself, and talk with the farmer or his wife. These gossipings, you may well suppose commonly produced amusement and frequently solid information, at least solid materials for reflection; and, considering that it is only a little more than three weeks since my entry into New England, methinks I have a pretty exact measure of Jonathan's foot. Yet for all this preface, do not expect any very astounding revelations. From the thousand incidents that, unitedly, make my tour extremely interesting to myself, it is not certain that any one, or any dozen can be selected, which will materially interest another person.

In the *visible* face of Massachusetts and Connecticut, the features which, by their novelty or beauty, most strike a Virginian eye, are the small farms, usually of from fifty to two hundred acres; the small fields in proportion, there being sometimes fifteen or twenty in one farm; the stone fences, rendered necessary and numerous in many places by scarcity of timber, and by the troublesome superabundance of stone; the universality of *hay* crops, on hills as well as in meadows; the almost entire absence of wheat, (the only grains generally cultivated being corn, rye and oats,) the clustering of habitations together in villages, instead of having them dispersed at intervals of a mile over the country; the white painted village churches, all with stately spires, visible for miles around, having gilt vanes, and clocks of hands so large and stroke so loud, that I have repeatedly seen and heard the hour half a mile off.—The country is more hilly, or *rolling*, as our farmers would say, than the lower half of Virginia; and the hills have, generally, a smaller base and a more gracefully swelling, dome-like top, than our hills. These rotundities, with their concomitant hollows, traversed by numberless stone fences, with here and there patches of woodland and detached white farm houses, half imbosomed in elms and fruit trees; while, perhaps, two

or three villages, with steeples piercing the sky, are at once within the view, exhibit everywhere landscapes of a beauty unknown to eastern, or indeed, to western Virginia. Here is not a hundredth part of the appearance of abject, squalid poverty, that our state presents. I have not seen a log house in New England; and nine-tenths of the ordinary farm houses are painted. Brick and stone buildings are not common, except in the cities. This village, the most lovely to the eye in all the north, and Worcester, (take care to call it *Wooster*) having respectively, 3000 and 4 or 5000 inhabitants, contain, both together, hardly more than one hundred and fifty brick and stone houses.

But the *morale* of New England, the character of her people, their tone of thought and feeling upon some important subjects, their social and political institutions, regulations, and usages, have interested me far more than her physical lineaments.

Would that time and space were mine to explain the road, pauper, and school systems of Massachusetts and Connecticut. (They and Rhode Island are the only states of New England which I have visited.) But that would require too much detail. Their felicitous organization may be inferred from their effects.

The common roads are all, or nearly all, *ridged up*, turnpike fashion, and fully as good as our turnpikes. I do not mean such as a certain one not far from ———, which the traveller knows to be a turnpike only by the tolls and the jolts, but those in the valley, and near Richmond.

There is probably not a beggar by trade (except solicitors for pious charities and subscriptions) in New England. The needy are sent to a poor house, having a farm attached to it, on which they work for the parish, or are let to the lowest bidder for their maintenance, as the people of each township choose. In different townships (or *towns*, as the provincial dialect hath it,) the number of paupers greatly varies. I have been told of five, ten, twenty, and even thirty, or more, upon the list; and, as there are many "towns" in a county, perhaps the number of such pensioners here, equals ours. But mark! the expense here is next to nothing—sometimes absolutely nothing: nay, some "towns" actually derive a revenue from the labors of their parish poor. Salem has thus gained several thousand dollars in a year. All who are able render a fair equivalent, sometimes more, for the relief they receive.

Every person in this state, above four years of age, is entitled to instruction, at the charge of the "town," in the useful common branches of knowledge; and a man or woman who cannot read, is here a prodigy.—Nine-tenths, at least, of the whole population take, or read newspapers. (In Virginia not more than half the white population does so.) Here seems to be not a fourth of the tippling that we have; gambling is even far more rare: there is not a race course in New England; and, considering the density of the population, (eighty to the square mile, ours is only nineteen,) I do not believe there is a fourth so much vice and crime as with us. In moral science, and not least in that branch of it which investigates the texture of a people's character, it is hard to ascertain causes and effects with precision.—What was *effect*, by a sort of reaction frequently becomes *cause*; they give each other reciprocal impulses, like the mutual aid of parent and offspring; sometimes various causes mingle their operations, in unseen, perhaps invisible degrees,—and there is no laboratory, no apparatus for resolving the inscrutable compound into its elements. The moral chemist should, therefore, diffidently ascribe the order, industry, sobriety, thriftiness, and intelligence, which characterise these people, to any one cause, or to any set of causes. But general consent, and the reason of the case, leave little doubt that much, if not most of these virtues, must be attributed to the system of COMMON SCHOOLS. Yet it may be questioned if, in producing social good, the school system has not in these states a *co-efficient*, of equal or superior influence. The road and poor systems—nay, the school system itself, it seems to me, owe nearly all their virtues to the TOWNSHIP SYSTEM.

Each county is subdivided into districts, of no uniform shape or size, though usually four, five, or six miles long and broad. By an impropriety, too fast rooted ever to be eradicated, these are called *towns*; which word is never understood here in its English sense, as opposed to *country*, and meaning an assemblage of houses, but always as signifying one of the *districts* I have mentioned. Protesting against its lawfulness, I shall yet use it now in the New England sense. Each town is a sort of republic. Its people, in full town meeting, elect a representative, or representatives, in the legislature, *selectmen*, (nearly equivalent to common-council-men) assessor, and collector; decide how the poor shall be kept, schools organized, or roads altered or repaired, and what amount shall be raised by taxes for these and other purposes. A town meeting is held statedly, in the spring, for elections; and two or three others, whenever ten voters request it of the selectmen, in writing. At deliberative meetings, a chairman (here called "Moderator,") is chosen by the assembly; great decorum prevails, and earnest debates arise. The town, as a corporate person, is liable for any damage sustained through neglect to keep a road in repair; and damages have frequently been recovered. It is obliged by law, to support schools enough to educate all its children in the manner prescribed. It is bound to maintain its own poor. And the near interest, the direct agency which every citizen has in the performance of these duties, cause them to be attended to with an exactness and an efficacy which a government less *local*, never would attain. This is the very system which it was the leading wish of Mr. Jefferson's life to see established in Virginia.* No one can see its admirable effects without owning that wish to have been one of the wisest which his wise and patriotic mind ever cherished. Such an organization is not only a nursery of statesmen,—it diffuses among the multitude habits of reflection and of action about public affairs,—makes them feel often and sensibly, the dignity of self-government,—and fits them better and better for the exalted task. It is, morally, what a *well disciplined* militia would be physically. Not the wretched militia that, by our own disgraceful neglect, has now become our own scorn, but that which our forefathers recommended to us as a main "bulwark of our liberties," and "the best defence of a free state."

All the direct taxes in this state are laid by the towns. The state government is maintained entirely by the

* See his letters to Kercheval, in 1816.

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interest on some accumulated funds, and by a tax of half of one per cent. on the capital of the state banks. By the by, there are at least one hundred of these in Massachusetts, having a capital altogether, as is computed, of about thirty millions! And this for a state of 7,800 square miles, and 640,000 people. Verily "*incedit per ignes suppositos cineri doloso:*" or, in English, "she *sits* upon a mine of gunpowder." Perhaps sailing through the air in a car buoyed by bubbles, might be as apt an illustration.

The *common* schools (so those supported by taxation are called) are not the only ones, for even elementary instruction. Many wealthy persons, unfortunately for the public weal, prefer sending their children to teachers of their own employing: and thus numerous private schools of various grades, and some of these of great merit, are planted over the state. *Unfortunately* I say, because such persons are often those whose *interested* countenance and supervision are most essential to the good management of the *common* schools,—which, deprived of them, lose half their usefulness. Female education is well attended to. Good schools for females, (reputedly so, I have not entered one of them) seem much more numerous than with us, allowing duly for population. And a judgment of the trees by their fruits, would confirm that belief; for in my casual and diversified intercourse, I have met, I think, with a larger proportion of well taught women than would occur in a similar range through our own society. Yet such a comparison is very fallacious, and perhaps not worth making. Of one thing I am satisfied, by personal observation; that the additional work rendered necessary to ladies in New England, by the imperfect and unservant-like "help" which they hire, is not at all incompatible with refined delicacy of mind, manners, and person. That it *is* so, however, is a leading argument with some of our *philosophers* for slavery. If memory served me, I would quote for their benefit, a caustic passage from the "Three Wise Men of Gotham," to the effect that "a *genuine philosopher* is never at a loss for *facts* to support any theory, however absurd or ridiculous. Having constructed *that* according to the most approved principles, and upon the most ingenious plan, he goes to work, and either *makes* all the facts needful to uphold it, or distorts actual facts to suit his purpose."

It has been my good fortune to meet with some admirable female minds in New England. Since the spells of romance were shaken from me, I have never hoped to see more happily exemplified, that trait of a capital heroine of our favorite Miss Edgeworth: "you could discover that the stream of literature had passed over her mind, only by the verdure and fertility you saw there." (I mar the quotation, doubtless, but that is its substance.) No pedantic harping upon books, and authors, and sciences; some cross-examination would be requisite, to find out that she knew their names. But let a subject be tabled, calling for ideas, or for exertions of intellect, to which a conversancy with books, authors and sciences was indispensable—and you might see that she knew them well. Then too she knew much that they—but for fear you should think I am about to fall in love, (which however is impossible,) I will suppress the rest of my encomium.

Abolition, if not dead here, is in a state too desperately feeble to give us an hour's uneasiness. Of the many intelligent men with whom I have conversed on this subject in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, there is but a single one who does not reprobate the views of Messrs. Tappan, Cox, Garrison and Co. as suggestions of the wildest, most pernicious fanaticism. Tappan has two brothers in Boston, both ardent colonizationists, and decidedly opposed to his mad notions. Not only do the persons I have talked with, themselves reprobate interference with that painfully delicate and peculiar concern of the south: they testify to the almost entire unanimity of their acquaintance, in the same sentiment. And such multiplied and decisive proofs have I, of the sound state of the public mind on that subject, as leave me not a doubt, that nine-tenths of the votes, and ninety-nine hundredths of the intellect of the country, are for *letting us wholly alone*. You have little idea of the contempt in which Garrison, and his will-o'-the-wisp, the *Liberator*, are held here. I have heard him spoken of as a "miserable fanatic," and "a contemptible poor creature," in companies so numerous and mixed, as to demonstrate—none gainsaying it—that the speakers but expressed the public thought. "There is in this, as in other communities," said a Cambridge Professor to me, "always afloat a certain quantity of moral *virus*, or noxious *gas*, ever and anon imbodying itself in some such form as this, of abolitionism. Not long ago, it was anti-masonry. In two years, abolitionism will be as prostrate as anti-masonry is now. It may, meanwhile, spread fast and boldly: it may create disturbances and alarms: it may prevail so far, in some districts, as to have representatives in Congress, who will there bring forward some scheme of emancipation: but triumph finally, or even extensively, in the north, *it never can*." And all that I saw, or heard, convinced me that Mr. G****** was not widely mistaken.

At Worcester, last year, an apostle of abolition from "some where away down east," delivered a lecture, in the Baptist Church, against slavery; depicting its wrongs and evils, and insisting upon its extirpation. He was heard patiently; but when he closed, the pastor of the church arose, and, to the satisfaction of a numerous audience, completely answered every argument; vindicated the southern slaveholders from all wilful injustice in being such; shewed the impracticability of any but the most cautiously gradual emancipation, and the madness of attempting even that, by officious intermeddling from the non-slaveholding states. Our apostle wanted to lecture again the next day; but the excitement against his doctrine had grown so strong, that he was refused a further hearing, and admonished, by some of the leading citizens, that if he remained longer, he was in danger of tar and feathers. Among the warmest of his reprobators, were the late and the present governors; both residing there. He wisely decamped; and has had no successor in Worcester. The manner in which the New York riots have been spoken of in New England, strikingly shews the bad odor of abolition here. Instead of the leaning towards that side, which I feared would result from sympathy and indignation at its being made the object of a mob's fury, the abolitionists seem to be regarded by the majority as most chargeable themselves, with all the mischief that has been done. It is the common sentiment, that they deserved the treatment they received; and the censure thrown upon the mob is very *gentle roaring* indeed. I find almost

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every New Englander readily assenting to the positions,—That two millions of slaves could never be turned loose amongst us and live, while *we* lived: that the existence of the two *castes* in the same country, in a state of freedom and equality, is morally impossible: that emancipation, without removal, therefore, is utterly chimerical: that, unjustifiable as slavery is in the abstract, rights of property in slaves have been acquired, which, sanctioned as they are by the constitution, and by a claim prior and paramount to the constitution, cannot be violated without an outrage, destructive at once of our social compact: that, let slavery be ever so wrong, abolition ever so just and easy, it is a matter which concerns *us alone;* and as to which, we are so sensitively jealous of extraneous interposition, that every agitation of the subject in other states is calculated to weaken our attachment to them, and bind faster the chains of slavery.

In a word, the south may be assured, that on this point, New England is sound: at least the three states which I have visited. Colonization is popular here—with those, I mean, who know or reflect at all about it. The majority (like the majority with us,) are without either knowledge or thought on the subject. The abolitionists find fault with colonization, because, say they, its aim is to postpone or prevent emancipation. Our southern *illuminati* oppose it, on the ground that it *favors* emancipation! Do not these inconsistent objections neutralize each other, like opposite quantities in Algebra, or opposite simples in Chemistry?

N. P. WILLIS.

We extract the subjoined article from the *Norfolk Beacon*, believing that it will be both new and interesting to most of our readers. That paper has recently passed into the hands of Mr. Hugh Blair Grigsby, a gentleman of fine education and literary taste; and as he has declared himself a neutral in politics, we have a right to expect that the Beacon will be frequently rich in other matter interesting to the general reader. The eulogy upon Willis, or rather his vindication from those ill natured aspersions, which are always cast upon aspiring genius,—is honorable to the feelings of early friendship which dictated it. We have suppressed one or two passages near the commencement of the article, having reason to believe that Mr. Grigsby would not have written them if the circumstance to which he alludes had been better understood. That Willis is a man of genius and an admirable writer both in prose and verse, will not be questioned we think by a large majority of those who are at all familiar with his productions. There are some it is true, who affect a sneer at his pretensions,—and there are others doubtless, who without affectation, do not admire him. The world is infinitely diversified; and there is nothing in which diversity is more strongly exemplified, than in matters of taste. Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Byron,—nay, almost all the illustrious votaries of the NINE, have occasionally had their revilers,—and it would perhaps be rather an unfavorable indication for any writer, that his works had never been censured or criticised. The unfavorable opinions formed of Willis's reputation, as deduced from his habitual idleness at college—his repugnance to mathematical studies—or his eccentricities either in dress or behaviour—seem to us to rest upon very unphilosophical grounds. What if the merits of the immortal bard of Avon, were to be tested by his diligence in the early acquisition of knowledge! Even Lord Byron was not remarkable either for industry or attainments whilst at school. As to the mathematics,—we dare say that the more bigoted disciples of Euclid and Hutton, would deem it evidence of bad taste, not to be inspired by the beauties and mysteries of the triangle and cone;—but what would they think of the learned and eloquent Gibbon, of whom it is said that so great was his disgust or inaptitude for their favorite science, that he could scarcely be brought to comprehend or demonstrate the three first propositions in Euclid. The truth is, there is an ethereal quality in genius, which disdains to be trammelled by the rules and systems of human invention. That it is so, is perhaps unfortunate,—yet the fact itself cannot be controverted. We commend Mr. Grigsby's article to our readers, not only because it is well written, but because also it is the testimony of a fellow student in favor of a writer who, whatever be his merits or demerits, has acquired acknowledged distinction in the literary world.

"Few men of his age have passed through so fiery an ordeal, and come out of the flame with greater purity, than N. P. Willis. It is indeed without a parallel in literature, that a young man of unblemished virtue, of accomplished genius, and of a good heart, should be sought out and hunted down with such an implacable spirit of vengeance. * * * * * *
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"To those who knew Willis in his early days, it was evident that he would become, what Edmund Burke said of Townshend, "a first rate figure in the country." The first notice that the public had of his budding genius was a little poem in six verses, the two first lines of the first verse being

> The leaf floats by upon the stream
> Unheeded in its silent way.

We cannot recal the whole stanza; but our fair readers may remember that their albums contained some time since, a beautiful vignette representing a lady resting in her bower listening to the notes of a pretty songster perched above her. This engraving was taken from these lines in this poem:

> The bird that sings in lady's bower,
> To-morrow will she think of him?

"This little poem gained the prize awarded by the Mirror, but what the prize was, we really forget. We have not looked over this poem since the morning we first read it, near ten years since; and, with a little effort, we think we could recal it. It was regarded at the time as a very pretty production.

"Some of our readers, who are not wont to frown at the lighter efforts of literature, may remember some poems under the signature of Roy, which were republished in every paper in the United States, and occasionally, it is said, in the British periodicals. Those were from the pen of Willis.

"Every one who has a soul for poetry has read the scripture sketches. Hagar—Absalom—the sacrifice of Abraham—Zepthah's Daughter, are all the productions of a rich imagination. They have their faults, we allow, and so has another piece which he has called "better moments," and so with many others; but we will

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take either and all of these, and will plead the splendor of his genius before any tribunal of taste under heaven. Willis's poems have passed through several editions. He also pronounced a fine poem before Brown University. But the fame of Willis, however proudly it may rest on his poetry, is still more widely diffused by his prose.

"It was a cold morning in the winter of 1824-5, before sunrise, in a division room of Yale College, that Willis gave the first sample of that mellifluous prose which has since attracted such general admiration. He was then commencing his sophomore year; and the student, who had tried a freshman hand on the translations from the classics, was now called to essay an original composition. We were class-mates, but were not in the same division. It was not our good fortune, therefore, to hear his first composition; but we never can forget the merriment which it produced in college. If we mistake not, the theme of his first essay was the dilemma of an old man who had lost his wife; and was in sad perplexity about the plant which he ought to place at the head of her grave. One suggested that an oak sapling was best; but the old man contended that it would not in its infancy protect the grave from the sun and rain; and when it grew up, it would produce no good fruit, and would, moreover, with its spreading branches, *rot the shingles of his house.* Plant after plant, and tree after tree, were mentioned, the merits of which Willis scanned with great felicity of thought and language. At last, after a due reflection on the useful and the becoming, the old man resolved to plant a *cabbage* on the grave of his wife. The cold blooded critic, who delights to fasten his fangs on rising merit, may pronounce the theme a very unfit subject for merriment; but fellows of eighteen are no philosophers; and we doubt whether any composition read within the walls of old Yale, ever produced such a happy effect as the one we have just noticed.

"It has been urged against Willis that he spent his time idly at College, and was totally unversed in those studies which are supposed to test with the greatest severity the powers of the understanding. If the meaning of all this be that he is not a profound mathematician, we readily admit the charge; and declare that we would confide as little in his judgment, as we would in that of Moore, Rogers or Campbell, in case either or all united should attempt a new edition of the Principia, or a full translation of La Place—but as we never heard of any such intention, we must in candor believe that the objection has some other meaning. If it were to appear, however, that he is not well versed in mathematics, we are willing to assign him any punishment which any one will declare that a boy of seventeen, who has failed to plunge head and ears into the mathematics, ought to receive.

"At the same time we are free to declare that the system of teaching pursued at Yale College, is the most defective the wit of man ever devised. We mean, of course, the tutorial system. A few raw lads, who have passed through the collegiate year, and rusticated for a twelvemonth afterward, are called to preside in the division rooms, and to perform all the most important duties of education. These gentlemen, if they went forthwith to supply their great and glaring defects, and to qualify themselves to perform their delicate and honorable duties with credit to themselves and honor to the university, would command our respect; but no sooner do they accumulate a sum of money, than they bid farewell to the cause of education. And herein rests our chief objection; which is not that the tutors are *young* but that they are utterly insensible to the dignity and importance of their office, which we deem the most honorable on earth; and merely consider teaching as the drudgery to which they must submit, to obtain money enough for their advancement in their various modes of life. In this aspect the whole system is faulty, and requires thorough amendment. We said that we did not object to the youth of the tutors—we rather deem it an advantage, when teaching is to be the great object and end of pursuit. We think that superannuated generals and professors rank in one and the same degree. The mind, after a certain time, clings to its ancient convictions, and shrinks from the field of experiment. And as the splendid example of Napoleon has opened the eyes of the world on the subject of old generals; so ought the example of Bichat, the younger Gregory and the lamented Fisher, to produce a similar result on the subject of old professors. The spring-time of life is illumined by a warmer sun than ever lights up the breast of the old man. Youth is the time of pure aspirations, of lofty daring and successful achievement. The heart yet untouched with the sickening lusts and cankering cares of the world; alive to the finest impulses of our nature, and glowing with the desire of immortality, is a noble thing; and we verily believe that such a heart is rarely to be found unless in the bosom of youth.

"We have blamed freely the tutorial system of Yale College; but we have given the dark side only. There are advantages accruing from the system; but they are, in our opinion, utterly inadequate to counterbalance its great and ruinous defects.

"While however, we freely denounce the tutorial system of Yale College, we would not be unjust to the able men who preside in the institution. For Doctor Day, Mr. Kingsley, Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Olmstead, we entertain the highest respect; and believe them to be ripe scholars; but we know the influence of ancient habit, and that miserable system is so mixed up with the entire machinery of the institution, that we have barely a hope of seeing it amended by the present administration. Could Willis have found such a tutor as Mr. Jefferson has represented Mr. Small to have been—one whose learning inspired respect, and whose parental kindness melted the heart of the obdurate, and won back the wayward—we should not have heard this grave charge against him; as it was, while his classmates were calculating eclipses, moral and mathematical, he passed with ease from beside them; and assumed an honorable station in the literature of his country.

"But to Mr. Willis as a writer of prose. And one great source of wonder with us is his uncommon acquaintance with the vocabulary of the language. He moves over the spacious field with the ease and grace of the most accomplished scholar. And then his sentences flow so sweetly on, that you liken them to some limpid rivulet from the hill of the muses flowing around and about the rich landscape before you, and if for a moment concealed from the eye, it is only to burst upon you in all its fullness and beauty. So much for the style of Willis, in its mechanical sense. But there is something beyond this; and which is far more important. It is the life of style. And here is the particular forte of Willis.

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He reverses the rule of the logician; and instead of advancing from general to particular, he paints the species with the minutest care. The letter which we gave yesterday is a happy specimen of the philosophy of his style. His theme is a voyage on the Hudson in the summer season, when all are thronging northward, and to this miscellaneous multitude he seeks to introduce us. He selects a few individuals, and finishes their portraits with the greatest care and the most consummate skill. But first observe the connection of the trip. Whoever has travelled the Hudson in the summer season, will at once recognize the group of passengers who have arrived "*just* thirty seconds too late;" and the striking description of a steamboat "built for smooth water, long, shallow and graceful, of the exquisite proportions of a pleasure yacht; and painted as brilliantly and fantastically as an Indian shell." Then we have the Kentuckian to the life, "sitting on three chairs;" and the Indian, who does not deign to show the slightest curiosity, unless in eyeing the broad chest and sinewy form of the Kentuckian—detecting with characteristic skill the hardy dweller of Kentucky in the unnatural disguise of ruffled shirt and fine broadcloth coat "cut by a Mississippi tailor"—and the Alabamian, whom the common eye would confound with the Kentuckian, and who is a different species altogether; and next, the southern beauty from the interior of Alabama, "dressed in singularly bad taste;" graceful as a fawn, but untutored in the mysteries of the dance. In fine, the whole scene is painted before us almost with the distinctness of actual life. We pass over the great excellence of this sketch in other respects; but we are sure that he who reads the letter will long retain its striking passages in his memory.

"It will be asked by that race of cynics who set a wonderful value on the fabrics of their own manufacture, but show no admiration of the noble structures reared by the genius of others,—it will be asked by such, what good can such productions accomplish in the business of life? While we heartily repeat the sentiment first uttered by Dr. Johnson, and afterwards endorsed by Sir Walter Scott, that we hate a *cui bono* man, we will enter the lists in the cause, and declare that they produce a right and proper effect on the general mind. Now we have shown that the leading excellence of the writings of Willis consisted in minute and exceedingly graphic sketches of the natural world in all its varied aspect of mountain, plain, and river, and that still more varied chart of instruction—Man. His pages then reflect like some beautiful stream, with lights and shades, all the rich and stirring variety of nature. And who will deny that nature hath not a voice and eloquence that rightly speak to the bosoms of men? And herein resteth the power of Willis.

"It may with propriety be inquired, if Willis could not select a more extended field of fame? We believe that he might select a theme of higher bearing, and that he is now preparing the path before him. His present sketches are so many notes from which, in riper years, he will strike a nobler harmony. We know that he has a fine ambition; an ambition that looks far beyond the pages of the New Monthly, or the Mirror,—and which stirreth within him a desire of a great and proper poem, which "men will not willingly let die," and which will weave his humble name with the destinies of his country."

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

WASHINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

THE CONTRAST.

—— "Urged by a curiosity common to all strangers, Captain Lockerby visited the tomb of Bonaparte. The spot where the tomb stands is only accessible by ticket. It was railed round with green palings, and a sentinel walked round it night and day to prevent approach within the railing." ——

BEHOLD what a contrast is here!
Two heroes gone down to decay—
The grave of the one, how deserted and drear!
While the other is deck'd in its marble array
And a sentinel guards it by night and by day.

Oh, what was the life of the first,
That in death they have left him thus lone?—
Was the crown of the Tyrant his thirst?
And mounting in blood on the steps of a throne—
Had he murdered his thousands to aggrandize one?

Of grandeur of soul was there none
In that bosom, transform'd to the clod;
The end of its government done,
To abandon the lictor, the axe, and the rod,
When it look'd on its nothingness—thought of its God?

But see what a far different scene!
The tomb of the valiant and wise!
Encompass'd secure by its paling of green,
And gleaming in white, as those tropical skies
Beam down on the waste where St. Helena lies.

Lo! numbers resort to that spot,
And beauty bows too at the shrine—
Oh virtue! how envied thy lot!
The grave cannot darken thy splendor divine
Nor sully thy brightness, but adds to its shine.

Yet CHRISTIAN!—come nearer and read,
For conjecture hath led us astray—
Hast thou heard of one, false to his creed?
Of a blood loving tyrant—ferocious—whose sway
Was supported by rapine, while earth was his prey?

'Tis to him that these honors are paid,
And his dust must be guarded—from whom?
Are the terrified nations afraid
Lest he yet should arise from the curse of his doom,
And bursting its cerements, escape from the tomb?

Ah no! he lies powerless now!
But thousands would bear him afar:
To this Juggernaut, long did they bow,
And were abjectly crush'd by the wheels of his car,
As triumphant he rode through the red fields of war.

Is virtue then, nought but a name?
Let us turn to the spot we have passed—
If guilt can exult in its shame,
The good in his grave may be silently cast—
Abandoned—unnoticed—the scene but a waste!

Yes, yes, thou art dumb with amaze—
'Tis WASHINGTON slumbers below—
Was language too weak for his praise?—
Was the grief so profound, that it baffled all show,
Or the feeling too deep for the utt'rance of wo?

Let us hope that it was—let us trust
That we honor the Friend of Mankind—
That the Corsican despot in dust,
His merited meed of abhorrence shall find
In the progress of truth and the march of the mind.

MINERAL WEALTH OF VIRGINIA.

The following interesting communication from Peter A. Browne, Esq. of Philadelphia, was submitted last winter, by the Governor of Virginia, to the General Assembly. It was printed with the documents accompanying the annual message, and bound up with the legislative journals, but has had no other publicity. It is therefore *new* to nineteen-twentieths, if not to ALL of our readers. We confess we feel somewhat mortified, that the valuable hints and suggestions thrown out by an intelligent and scientific stranger, should have failed to attract the attention of our public functionaries. We are not without hope, however, that a subject of such vital importance as a geological survey of the state, will claim the earnest and speedy consideration of the people, as well as their representatives. It is one of those subjects upon which all parties, however divided by sectional jealousies or other adverse views, may meet on common ground, and unite in harmonious action. There is no portion of the commonwealth which is not deeply interested in the development of its mineral wealth—none which ought not to lend its hearty sanction to a scientific survey of the country by a skilful geologist. To say nothing of the noble example of other states—among them some of our youngest sisters—our interests are too deeply involved in the proposed undertaking, longer to defer it. Agriculture,—commerce,—the arts,—are alike concerned in the successful prosecution of a work which promises to each such essential benefits. The people of Virginia have been too long ignorant and unmindful of their own vast resources. Who would have dreamed a few years since, that a vein of precious gold, which, for two centuries, had escaped observation, actually enriched our soil? Who now can form an adequate conception of the various hidden treasures which science and enterprise may bring to light. Can the paltry consideration of a few thousand dollars expense, outweigh the magnificent advantages which are likely to result? Shall the present generation fold its arms in supineness, and leave every thing to be done by posterity? We earnestly exhort our legislators to take the subject into serious consideration.

The writer of the subjoined communication will be pleased to learn that the mineral springs of the state, (which might in themselves be made a source of boundless wealth,) have been subjected to careful analysis during the past summer, by an able chemical professor in one of our colleges. It is understood that the results of his observation will in due time be laid before the public.

Philadelphia, Sept. 30, 1833.

Sir,—Although I have not the honor of a personal acquaintance with you, I have no hesitation in making the present appeal to your patriotism and wisdom, not doubting but that I shall find in the great and growing interest of the subject to the country at large, and particularly to that portion of the Union over which you preside with so much dignity and discretion, a sufficient apology for occupying so much of your valuable time, as will enable you to give the present communication an attentive perusal.

I have recently returned from a *geological* excursion to Virginia. I entered the state near the head waters of the Potomac, passed thence to Winchester, followed the course of that fine valley to the Natural bridge; retracing my steps, I turned westwardly at Staunton, crossed the mountain at Jennings's gap, and visited the justly celebrated medicinal springs in that region; returning, I went from Staunton through Charlottesville to Richmond, and down the James to its mouth. When this tour is taken in connection with a former visit to Wheeling, it will be conceded that I have seen enough of the state, to enable me to form a rough estimate of its geological and mineralogical importance; and I do assure you, sir, that although my anticipations were far from being meager, I was astonished at the vastness and variety of interesting objects in that department of natural history, that were constantly developing themselves, inviting the mind of man to reflection, and his hands to industry, and displaying at every step the wisdom and beneficence of the great Creator.

I determined upon respectfully suggesting to your excellency the expediency of a topographical, geological, mineralogical and oryctological survey of Virginia. Should the enlightened representatives of the freemen of your state concur in this opinion, it will redound to the honor of all concerned, by the encouragement it will give to the study of the natural sciences—by the enhancement in value of lands in the interior, thereby enriching the state and its citizens, and giving a very proper check to unnatural migrations to the extreme west, by bringing to light and usefulness innumerable valuable crude materials, thereby not only enlarging the field of manufactures and the useful arts, but furnishing carrying for the canals and roads already constructed, and assisting in new internal improvements in locations of equal importance. That I may not appear to be too enthusiastic, pardon me for pointing out some of the most obvious features in the geology of Virginia. Whether we consider the comfort and convenience of our species, or the industry and prosperity of a state, there is no mineral production that can outvie in importance that of *coal*. In this country, where we have hitherto always had a superabundance of fuel, owing to the vast extent of our natural forests, the importance of a constant and abundant supply is not felt, and we are too apt to neglect properly to appreciate its value, but it is not so elsewhere, and a moment's reflection will shew that it ought not to be so *here*. Without fuel, of what use would be to us the metallic ores? for instance iron, which is now moulded, drawn and worked into thousands and tens of thousands of useful instruments, from a knife, to the complicated machinery of a steam engine, would forever remain an indissoluble and useless mass of matter without the aid of fuel—even the steam engine itself, that colossus of modern machinery, without the assistance of fire would be inactive and impotent.

The Rev. Mr. Conybeare, an eminent English geologist, speaking of the coal veins (or coal measures, as they are there called,) of his country, thus expresses himself:

"The manufacturing industry of this island, colossal as is the fabric which it has raised, rests principally on no other base than our fortunate position with regard to the rocks of this series. Should our coal mines ever be exhausted, it would melt away at once, and it need not be said, that the effect produced on private and domestic comfort would be equally fatal with the diminution

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of public wealth; we should lose many of the advantages of our high civilization, and much of our cultivated grounds must be again shaded with forests, to afford fuel to a remnant of our present population. That there is a progressive tendency to approach this limit, is certain, but ages may yet pass before it is felt very sensibly; and when it does approach, the increasing difficulty and expense of working the mines of coal, will operate, by successive and gradual checks, against its consumption, through a long period, so that the transition may not be very violent; our manufactures would first feel the shock; the excess of population, supported by them, would cease to be called into existence, as the demand for their labor ceased; the cultivation of poor lands would become less profitable, and their conversion into forests more so."

Where is the state in this union—I might, perhaps, safely ask, where is the country in the world, that can surpass Virginia in the variety of position and abundance of supply of this valuable combustible? She possesses, not only in common with her sister states, a liberal quantity of bituminous coal in her western and carbonaceous regions, where, according to geological calculations, bituminous coal might be reasonably expected to be found; but in the eastern division of the state, within a few miles of the tide water of a majestic stream, which empties its ample waters into the Atlantic ocean, in a geological position, where bituminous coal never would have been sought after, because bituminous coal could not there have ever been expected to have been found, bituminous coal of a good quality, and apparently in great abundance, has been found; nature seeming, as it were, in this instance, to enable her to favor an otherwise highly favored land, to have defied all her own rules, and baffled the skill of the gravest geologist, by depositing bituminous coal upon the naked and barren bosom of the uncarbonaceous granite! I have often wondered why this anomaly did not strike the capacious and highly gifted mind of Jefferson, and why he, or some other of the many reflecting men of Virginia, was not led by it to inquire, what else there might be in store for the good people of that state? By neglecting to seek for them, we ungratefully reject the proffered kindness of our Creator; the laws of inanimate matter are, in this respect, in unison with those that govern animated nature; we are furnished with the material and means, but in order to stimulate us to useful and healthful industry, we must labor in their appropriation. God gives us the earth and the seed, but we must plough and sow, or we can never reap; so he has bountifully placed within our reach innumerable valuable rocks, minerals and combustibles; but to enjoy them, we must delve into the bowels of the earth—and having found them, we must, by various laborious processes, render them fit for our use. To those who are accustomed to regard these things, it is difficult to determine which causes the most painful sensations, to observe how few coal mines, in comparison to what might be, are opened in the neighborhood of Richmond, or the want of skill exhibited in the selection and working of those recently opened. Nor is the deposite of the bituminous coal upon the granite, the only geological anomaly of this quarter. Proceeding from Charlottesville towards Richmond, almost immediately after you leave the Talcose formation of the Blue Ridge, you are astonished at the fertility of the soil; you can scarcely persuade yourself that you are travelling over a country of primitive rocks. Soon, however, you discover that the fertility is not universal, but confined to patches of a brick-red covering, that overlay the disintegrated materials of the primordial formations, and upon seeking further into this curious matter, your surprise is not a little increased, upon discovering that this brick-red covering owes its existence to the disintegration of a rock, which, in most other places, is exceedingly slow to decompose, and which, when decomposed, forms a cold and inhospitable soil. It is the *hornblende sienite.* Here it is surcharged with iron, which oxidating by exposure to the atmosphere and moisture, the rock freely disintegrates, and the oxide of iron being set at liberty, imparts its coloring to the ground, and fertilizes the soil in an extraordinary degree.

Professor Hitchcock, in his report of a geological survey of Massachusetts, makes the following remarks in relation to the effect of iron upon a soil:

"No ore except iron occurs in sufficient quantity in the state, to deserve notice in an agricultural point of view. In the west part of Worcester county, the soil, for a width of several miles across the whole state, is so highly impregnated with the *oxide of iron*, as to receive from it a very deep tinge of what is called iron rust. This is particularly the case in the low grounds; where are frequently found beds of bog ore. I do not know very definitely the effect of this iron upon vegetation; but, judging from the general excellence of the farms in the Brookfields, Sturbridge, Hardwicke, New Braintree, Barre, Hubbardston, &c., I should presume it to be good. Certainly, it cannot be injurious; for no part of the county exceeds the towns just named, in the appearance of its farming interest—and nearly all the county, as may be seen by the map, is of one formation. It would be an interesting problem, which in that county can be solved, to determine the precise influence of a soil highly ferruginous upon vegetation."

Next in geological and statistical importance, I would place the mineral springs of Virginia; and these would form a legitimate subject of investigation to those who should be appointed to conduct a geological survey.

I am not aware of any portion of country of the same extent, possessing an equal number and variety of mineral springs, as the counties of Bath, Greenbrier and Monroe. This is a subject upon which one might easily compose a book, but I must confine myself to a few lines. The waters are thermal and cold; the former of various degrees of intensity. They hold in solution a variety of metals, earths, acids, and alkalies, combined in various proportions, and suited to relieve the sufferings of invalids from a number of diseases. Mineral springs of less interest than these, have excited the attention of the learned in almost every age and country; and Virginia owes it to her high mental standing, independently of every other consideration, to assist the cause of science, by investigating the causes of the high temperature, and making accurate analyses of these waters. It is the duty of states, as it is of individuals, to furnish their quota to the general stock of information; and this is peculiarly the duty of a republican state, whose happiness, nay, whose very political existence, depends upon an improved

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state of the minds of its citizens. Mr. John Mason Good, in his "Book of Nature," after describing the barren state of society in the middle ages, says, "we have thus rapidly travelled over a wide and dreary desert, that, like the sandy wastes of Africa, has seldom been found refreshed by spots of verdure, and what is the moral? That ignorance is ever associated with wretchedness and vice, and knowledge with happiness and virtue. Their connections are indissoluble; they are woven in the very texture of things, and constitute the only substantial difference between man and man," and I would add, between state and state.

Has the heat of these waters any connection with volcanic phenomena? Or is the temperature entirely chemical, originating in the decomposition of sulphuret of iron, as I suggested some years ago in a paper published upon the subject? At the Hot Springs, the hot sulphur water and the cold pure water, issue out of the calcareous rock at the base of the Warm Spring mountain, within a few feet of each other. One of these Virginia Springs, makes a copious deposite of calcareous tufa; and at another, you perceive newly formed crystals of sulphate of iron. The White Sulphur Spring takes its name from a rich white deposite, and the Red Sulphur from one of that color. If this is not an uncommon and a highly interesting section of country, calling aloud for investigation, and meriting legislative interference, then have I taken an entirely erroneous view of the subject.

The Warm Spring mountain is white sandstone. The rocks of the valley of the Hot Springs are calcareous, argillaceous and silecious; they are all nearly vertical. At first the two former, and afterwards the two latter, alternate. They have all been deposited in a horizontal position, and between their narrow strata are thin layers of clay covering organic remains.—Those of the lime and slate are principally zoophytes. That of the silecious is the fossil described by Doctor R. Harlan, from a specimen obtained by me in the western part of the state of New York. He supposed it to be a now extinct vegetable fossil of the family fucoides, and he has called it *Fucoide Brongniard*,—in honor of M. Brongniard. But I suppose it to be *animal*, and to belong to the family of the Encrinites.*

The mountain ranges of Virginia are more numerous, and the valleys consequently narrower, than they are in Pennsylvania; but some of them are very interesting. The great valley, as it is sometimes called, or par excellence, *the valley*, situate between the Blue Ridge and the North and Alleghany Mountain, is by far the most extensive. The rocks often obtrude, rendering the soil rather scanty, but nevertheless this is a fine district of country.

I could find no fossils in this rock. In regard to the metallic ores, I would observe, that I discovered sufficient indications of their existing in Virginia in quantity sufficient to justify a more accurate examination. Iron abounds in almost every part of the western section of the state. Traces of copper, lead, manganese and chrome, have also been discovered near the Blue Ridge; and the gold of Orange County is equal to any found in the Carolinas or Georgia.

I have never seen any thing that exceeds the richness and variety of coloring of the serpentine of the Blue Ridge. This mineral is easily cut, and the fineness and closeness of the grain renders it susceptible of a high polish. At Zoblitz in Saxony, several hundred persons are employed in its manufacture. Besides the minerals belonging to the Talcose formation, and generally accompanying serpentine, are many of them valuable in the arts-- for instance, steatite, (soap stone,) talc, chromate of iron, clorite slate, and native magnesia. A geological survey would, most probably, lead to the discovery of most of these minerals.

I could make large additions to this communication, but for the fear of trespassing upon your patience. I will, therefore, close my observations with noticing two instances of want of confidence in the mineral productions of your own state, which I am persuaded that a geological survey would tend to correct. I met many wagons loaded with sulphate of lime (gypsum,) from Nova Scotia, being taken to the interior to be used as a manure; but I did not see one wagon employed to bring carbonate of lime (common lime stone,) from the inexhaustible quarries of the great valley to any other district to be used for the same purpose. In the beautiful and flourishing city of Richmond, I observed the fronts of two stores fitting up in the new and fashionable style with granite (so called,) (sienite,) from Massachusetts, while there exists in the James river, and on its banks, in the immediate vicinity of the town, rocks of a superior quality, in quantities amply sufficient to build a dozen cities.

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your obedient servant,
PETER A. BROWNE.

To his Excellency John Floyd,
Governor of Virginia.

* See an essay of Richard C. Taylor, F. G. S. on the geological position of certain beds which contain numerous fossil marine plants of the family fucoides; near Lewistown, Mifflin county, Pennsylvania, in vol. I. part I. of the Transactions of the Geological Society of Pennsylvania, page 1.

LAFAYETTE.

The following tribute to the memory of Lafayette, having been transmitted from Paris for the purpose of being published in some American periodical, the gentleman by whom it was received, has requested that the same may be inserted in the Messenger.

—

He breathed not the atmosphere of cities at his birth; he was born on the mountain top; he inhaled with the breath of life, the breath of liberty. Though sprung from a lordly race, he was the people's friend; and, under every trial, he displayed the inborn dignity of man.

Rich too he was, but lucre was not his idol; and his liberality was as unbounded, as his heart was generous. At that season of life which, to common men, is a time for pleasure and dissipation, he heard and obeyed the holy call of freedom.

Far off, beyond ocean's bounds, a young and promising nation was struggling for its rights. He felt, as if instinctively, the part allotted to him on the stage of life; and he became America's adopted and beloved son, when in his native land, his name was scarcely known.

On returning to France, he found her laboring under mysterious warnings—of good or evil he knew not—the

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foreboding pangs of political convulsions; and he put his trust in the cause of humanity, because he judged of other men from himself.

But vain was his boldness and wisdom in council; in vain did he beard in their very den, the infuriate demagogues; a bloody pall was spread over his devoted country; he gave her up in despair, and the dungeon of Olmutz closed upon him as a tomb. When a brighter day arose, his freedom was stipulated as the most glorious trophy of his nation's victories. But the hurricane had swept the ancient fabric from the earth; not a vestige of it remained, so dreadful had been the storm. All the powers of the state were centred in one man; a man of selfishness and pride, who aimed at absorbing all wills in his own. And in sooth he did this, with one sole and great exception. The instinct of freedom, which was as the vital spark in our great citizen, kept him aloof from the man whose empty and ephemeral triumph is stained with the blood and tears of every nation. He retired to his paternal fields; and at a time when the sword ruled paramount, he guided the fruitful ploughshare.

Liberty was no more; and by a hard but just retribution, it was made the rallying word of nations against us. Then fell upon our country unheard of disasters and defeats; after which dawned a milder reign. He now reappears upon the public stage; he comes to heal our wounds, to rekindle in our hearts the love of liberty. He devotes himself to the task with a zeal unceasing, enlightened by long-tried experience, inspired by a pure and upright heart, and animated by a spirit of self denial never equalled. In the prosecution of this noble attempt—he dies!

He was one of those men who, at far and distant intervals, appear in days of degeneracy to arrest the right of proscription against virtue.

He disdained power, he despised riches, he abhorred corruption. He wished that all men should be happy and free.

Yet in the age of barefaced egotism, and under the reign of fraud and knavery, such disinterestedness and candor must inevitably be deceived; therefore is it that our political jugglers sneer at this great and good man—their grovelling minds understand him not.

But his name, pronounced with reverence in both hemispheres, is become the watchword of mankind laboring to be free; and it will stand for ages, as the brightest symbol of humanity.

Thy soul, oh Lafayette! was a pure and glorious emanation from that God in whose bosom thou now hast found a resting place. He alone can reward thy manifold virtues, thy constant love of humanity, thy inexhaustible charity, thy piety and truth. Thou art blessed in Christ. ALEXANDRE DE BOINVILLE.

Paris, May 1834.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

PINKNEY'S ELOQUENCE.

Hear you this triton of the minnows?—*Coriolanus.*

"Yet Mr. Pinkney is not an eloquent man; he is convincing, to be sure--and that is to be eloquent in one way; but he would be more, and fails." "Nothing can be further from eloquence, if by eloquence be understood any thing that is persuasive, beautiful, dignified or natural, than the declamation or reasoning of William Pinkney." "His best speeches are a compound of stupendous strength, feeble ornament, affected earnestness, and boisterous turbulent declamation." "But God never meant him for an orator; he has no property of mind or body—no not one, calculated to give him dominion in eloquence."

As old Dolley says in the farce, when told that "gold in the balance of philosophy was light as phlogisticated air," this must be deep, for I don't understand a word of it. The above are extracts from a work, in which the author undertakes to deny to Mr. Pinkney the praise of eloquence. No kind of composition confounds me more than criticism, and especially that sort which pretends to develope the characteristics of some distinguished orator. If one

——————————should
So get the start of the majestic world

as to "bear the palm alone," we feel a very natural curiosity to know what was his appearance, his manner, and peculiar style of eloquence; but alas! in the hands of the critic, he assumes so many shapes, that the imagination is absolutely bewildered, and we turn away in despair of finding out what the man was like. The critic like the newspaper, contradicts himself at every step. One sentence tells us what another denies; and we rise from the perusal of his sketch jaded and worn out with the variety of contrariant ideas which have passed through our brains. I am no critic, and heaven forbid I should ever belong to that cold hearted fraternity, who more often pervert taste than improve it; but I cannot forbear contesting the truth of this writer's assertions, and declaring that he seems to me to be a Lilliputian about the body of a Gulliver.

It has been said of Demosthenes, "that he has been deservedly styled the prince of orators. His orations are strongly animated, and full of the impetuosity and ardor of public spirit. His composition is not distinguished by *ornament* and splendor. Negligent of the lesser graces, he seems to have aimed at the sublime, which lies in sentiment. His action and pronunciation are said to have been uncommonly *vehement* and *ardent*. The Archbishop of Cambray gives him the preference to Cicero, against whom he makes the objection of too much *ornament*." According therefore to this author, if Wm. Pinkney was not an orator, it follows that Demosthenes was none; because their style of eloquence seems to have been alike in almost every particular, except that Pinkney aimed at *ornament*, of which Demosthenes had none and Cicero too much. If speeches, characterized by *stupendous strength*, and *turbulent declamation*, and *convincing argument*, are neither "persuasive, nor dignified, nor natural," then was not Demosthenes persuasive, nor dignified, nor natural, and of course he was no orator according to this definition. If ornament be a fault in Mr. Pinkney, he had it in common with Cicero; but perhaps the author may say that Cicero attained what Pinkney only aimed at. Hear him then again on the subject of ornament, so passionately loved by Mr. Pinkney. "Bring him in contact with a truly poetical mind, and his argument resembles a battery of colored fire-works, giving out incessant brightness and reverberation." It would seem then that ornament is not a common trait of his eloquence, but a

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glitter which is effected by attrition against poetical minds. It is then that he draws upon the inexhaustible stores of beauty laid up in his mind, gathered from the writings of Shakspeare and others, and retained by the force of a powerful memory. He has no fancy of his own, but uses the fancy of others. Then surely he is so far superior to Demosthenes, whose eloquence was thought to border on the hard and dry; alike impetuous, vehement, stupendous and convincing with him, and superadding a relish for the beauties of poetry; not aiming at any *ornament* of his own, but contented with what suggested itself in illustration of his argument from the pen of others. Then how is he feeble in ornament? But again; if there be nothing of dignity or nature in Pinkney's *reasoning*, how is it discovered that his mind is "*adamant clamped with iron*," [a poor conception, and suiting the ideas of a blacksmith better than a belles-lettres scholar—for the iron adds nothing to our thoughts of the strength of adamant;] that it is "a colossal pile of granite, over which the thunders of heaven might roll," &c. &c. It is useless to quote the rest of the unmeaning fustian of the sentence.

After all this avowal of stupendous strength of argument, we are told in a subsequent paragraph, that say what we will of Mr. Pinkney's argument, he the author, never saw him yet—no never, pursue his argument steadily for ten minutes at a time. Then how can it be so overwhelming and convincing? Nothing lessens so much the force of argument as a perpetual aberration from the subject. Again; "God never meant him for an orator; he has no property of mind or body," &c. &c. Not to say any thing of the presumption and impiety of determining for God, I would ask what are the *bodily properties* of an orator? This writer has not condescended to define them, although he dwells at large upon such as he thinks cast discredit upon Mr. Pinkney. It is scarcely necessary to observe that Demosthenes was ungraceful in figure and action; and that not only *orators*, but very wise and learned men, have been repulsive in their persons, their features, and their manners also. Though Cæsar and Cicero were exempt from defect in this respect, as far as I remember Demosthenes stuttered—Socrates was bald and flatnosed—Anthony a rough soldier—Lord Chatham's eloquence was forcible, but uniform and ungraceful—Fox was a fop of Bond street, and wore high heeled morocco shoes. Mr. Pinkney therefore may, without reproach, be a "*thick, stout man, with a red fat English face*," and Mr. Fox will keep him in countenance as a fashionable man. The facetious Peter Pindar has said, that

> Love hates your large fat lubberly fellows,
> Panting and blowing like a blacksmith's bellows;

but I never heard that oratory did.

In the next breath we hear that "Mr. Pinkney has a continual appearance of natural superciliousness and affected courtesy." *Continual*—and yet afterwards "his manner is exceedingly arrogant and unpropitiating;" and his deportment had been already described as "*brutal, arrogant, full of sound and fury, accompanied by the rude and violent gestures of a vulgar fellow.*" One moment he is a giant, not only *metaphorically*, but in sober truth, if we may judge from his stentorian lungs, which have caused the author's whole system to jar—and from those violent gesticulations, which indicate uncommon personal strength;—the next, he turns out to be only five feet ten, and a petit maitre, and affectedly courtly and conciliatory; and yet "nothing could make a gentleman of him; he can neither look, act, *speak*, sit, nor *talk* like one." Notwithstanding all this scurrility and abuse of Mr. Pinkney's person, the author is not yet exhausted, but lavishes more upon his intellect. "The physical powers of Mr. Pinkney," he says, "are to my notion, strictly correspondent with his intellectual ones; both are solid, strong and substantial, but without grace, dignity or loftiness." Loftiness! the same man who has such "prodigious elevation and amplitude of mind," "and both have *a dash of fat English dandyism*." I confess myself wholly at a loss to comprehend what the fat dandyism of the intellectual powers is. A man's mind might, by a forced metaphor, be said to be dandyish, perhaps; but a *fat mind*, is a solecism in words wholly inadmissible, I think. "His style of eloquence," it is added, "is a most disagreeable and unnatural compound of the worst faults of the worst speakers." "He is said to resemble Lord Erskine as he was in the day of his power: it is a libel on Erskine, who was himself a libel on the reputation of his country as a speaker." "The language of Mr. Pinkney does resemble that of Lord Erskine; his reasoning is about as forcible." If the term style here be the manner of speaking appropriate to particular characters, I have shown that the censure is equally applicable to Demosthenes, the prince of orators, who, in addition to his vehemence, was so ungraceful in his motions, that it was necessary for him to practice with a naked sword hanging over his shoulder; and therefore to compare Demosthenes to Lord Erskine is a libel on Lord Erskine, himself a libel on his country as a speaker—and *argal*, as Shakspeare says, Demosthenes is inferior to English orators. If, again, the word style mean the manner of writing with regard to language, these sentences would involve a contradiction, and Mr. Pinkney is like and unlike Lord Erskine at the same time.

Yet why do I talk of Demosthenes? In the following sentences the author admits that Mr. P. copied too closely after Cicero and Demosthenes. "He desired to be eloquent; he thought of Demosthenes and Cicero, and his heart swelled with ambition. He remembered not that he was to be a lawyer, and that Demosthenes and Cicero were declaimers. He who should look to move a body of Americans in a court of justice by the best thundering of Demosthenes, would only make himself ridiculous." Very true; and this may certainly prove that Mr. Pinkney might have been a greater *lawyer*, by bending the whole force of his mind to that one pursuit; but it has nothing to do with the premises. The ground is here changed; this is not the point to be proved—not the quod erat demonstrandum. The point to be proved is not the *propriety* of displaying eloquence before a jury, but that Wm. Pinkney was never meant by God for an orator; that he has no property of mind or body to make one. This is assuredly the scope of the extracts. Had Mr. P. not aimed at *ornament*, his ashes might have passed undisturbed by the author, who allows that he was decidedly the greatest *lawyer* in America, but is very angry that he was not the greatest in the world. In spite of all this, however, Pinkney "pursued his way like a conqueror, and had well nigh

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established himself as the high priest of eloquence in America." Why, what a stupid, blind, misjudging race we must be, to think of choosing a man for our high priest of eloquence whom God never meant for an orator, and who had no property, not one, of mind or body, for his business—and never to awaken from our folly until this writer tore the urim and thummim from his breast. "The giant," he says, "is gone down like a giant to the household of death," and there should at least have escaped the imputation of baseness which deserved shooting. How *giants* die, I pretend not to know; but imagine such giants die pretty much like other people; and it seems to me perfectly ridiculous to talk of a man's dying like a giant. At that awful hour, the littleness of the greatest genius is a subject of melancholy reflection. I will only add that I know nothing of this writer. If his object was to guard us against the mischievous effects of a false taste in eloquence, he cannot be angry with me for wishing to guard against the equally bad effects of a false taste in criticism.

NUGATOR.

THE DANDY CHASTISED.

In this metropolis a real, downright exquisite is rarely to be seen. Curiosity may be gratified by a good description of the animal as exhibited in other places. The following communication is from one residing in a city much more fashionable than ours. Its author seems well informed in the science of æsthetics; and it is to be hoped that he will exert himself to correct mistaken impressions as to the beautiful. Further notices by him may be beneficial. C.

Among the follies and vices of mankind, there is nothing more remarkable or ridiculous than the continual effort, among all classes and kinds of people—savage, civilized, and pseudo-civilized—to increase or impart beauty and comeliness to their forms and features. Through what various and opposite means is this cherished object pursued! This savage tattoos his cheeks—that smooths and oils them, and would esteem the gratuitous tattooery of the small-pox a graver misfortune than all the pain attendant on the disease.

The Indians on our Western border are wont to assume the character of the bear, the panther, or some "other interesting beast of prey," and place their ambition in enacting the look and conduct of such beast to the life—and "to the death."

The belle of that age is surrounded by a vast circumvallation of hoop—of this, is pinched into a narrow breastwork of steel and whale-bone.

To cramp the feet into unnatural littleness is now the sad task of those who, to be beautiful, are willing to suffer the tortures of the thumb-screw—or the toe-screw, (it matters not.) The fashion changes, and long pointed shapeless boots deform the human foot.

In no age—in no condition, can men and women be persuaded that God Almighty has made them well,—albeit he hath "made man after his own image," and woman much better than man.

They must fall to reforming their forms by some fanciful deformity.

But the innovation stops not here. Thus far it might be borne. The human form cannot be wholly changed by all the ingenuity of vanity and fashion. It must still retain its principal attributes, and lose not all its lustre. Not so with manners. They are more plastic. From fashion and human folly they accordingly suffer most. Fashion is the sworn foe of nature, and in this field there is no natural bound to its triumphs.

On the face of the earth, or in the waters, there is no animal to my feelings so wholly hateful as a modern exquisite: a wretch that has put off his natural aspect to put on a clay mask, hard, ungainly, inflexible, of lifeless mud—which no Prometheus could vivify: a thing which can boast neither the humor of the monkey, nor the fierce respectability of the wild beast,—not the usefulness of the tame—still less the dignity and bearing of a man.

Sometime since, after sauntering an evening through a ball room, in which some such caricatures of men were existing, I went home and vented my rage in the following doggerel:

The Indignant Rhymes of a Natural Proser.

Oh! Muse, assist me in my strain!
Your Museship I would entertain
With a poetic flagellation:
Assist me Muse, to lay the lash on,
With pen formed from a dog-wood switch,
Fit to chastise a dunce: with pitch
For ink, and bull's hide parchment handy;
Now aid me, Muse, and we'll chastise a dandy.

That petty, puny, paltry, pretty thing—
In form a wasp, but destitute of sting;
Vain as a peacock, soulless as a gnat,
Brainless as soulless, finical as flat:
Of apes the ape most awkward and most vile—
Jackall of monkeys, and without jacko's wile.
The jackall serves none but the noblest beast,
But this base thing takes lessons from the least.
As Egypt's sons did bow the knee of yore,
And worship apes, the eternal God before—
He, in god image framed, with godlike mind,
Would be a god—of Egypt's monkey kind.
A traveller sage! Europe he hath explored—
His mistress fashion, and an ape his lord.
No dignity finds he in native man,
Acting and thinking after nature's plan;
No wisdom, save in artificial fools—
Nature's apostates—slaves to senseless rules:
No beauty sees he, save in gold and lace,
A made up figure, and a painted face;
And no politeness, save in mere grimace.

Go! thou vile satire on the human race;
Go! *on all fours*, and seek thy proper place:
Go! thing too mean for any mighty ill—
Go! petty monster, "pay thy tailor's bill."

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Placed with a Rose upon a Lady's Cheek.

Roses on roses I bestow;
Bright rose! to brighter roses go—
Bask in the sunlight of her eyes,
Nor dread their fires; the dews which rise
In pity for a heart that grieves,
Will shed reviving coolness on thy leaves.

Norfolk. QUESTUS.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE ALLEGHANY LEVELS.

The following description of a part of Virginia and Maryland, seldom visited and but little known, may have sufficient interest to deserve a place in the columns of the Messenger.

The country alluded to, is in the northern part of this state, and comprehends that corner of Maryland included between the North Branch of Potomac and a line due north from the Fairfax stone, at the head spring of that stream, to the Pennsylvania line; and also a portion of the territory at present in dispute between the two states; Maryland claiming as her boundaries the South Branch of Potomac and a meridian thence to Mason and Dixon's line,--while the first mentioned limits only are acknowledged by Virginia.

A short notice of the origin of these conflicting titles might, perhaps, be interesting to some readers; but in addition to our lack of complete information, the limits of this sketch will not permit it.

Between Cheat river, at the fertile bottom called the Horse-shoe, and the summit of the mountain which divides the Western from the Atlantic waters, the country is thinly peopled, and only cultivated in the largest tributary vallies: the long spurs of the Backbone being too sterile to serve any other purpose than ranges for cattle and animals of the chase. The approach to the Great Backbone of the Alleghany region is here, as elsewhere on the western side, characterized by a broad and gentle acclivity, covered almost entirely with loose rocks of various sizes, many of them of the species of agglomerated quartz, familiar to the west under the name of country mill-stone, and valuable for the domestic molendinary uses of the simple and hardy race inhabiting those regions.

There is little timber of large size, the growth being chiefly chestnut oak and small moss-grown white oaks, exhibiting upon their blackened roots the scathing effects of flames, which, through the negligence of hunters in firing the dry leaves, have often and fiercely swept down the mountain side. The more recent inroads of fire are denoted by large tracts of underwood, black and denuded of leaves, and so stiffened by scorching as to present vexatious obstacles to progress, independent of the minor, though, in that place, unimportant annoyance of soiled clothes and person.

Large pine and birch trees, and a thicker undergrowth—detached blocks of stratified sandstone, some of them of huge size—and an increasing wildness and desolation in the aspect of the scenery, inform the traveller who may have ventured so far, that he is on the confines of the Alleghany wilderness.

The mountain top, near Lord Fairfax's stone, is crowned with a bold irregular precipice, which the hunters belonging to the exploring party of which the writer of this article was a member, termed the Bear-holeing, from its being the winter abode of great numbers of those animals,—the numerous cavities of the rocks, and the tangled laurel thickets, affording them a secure refuge from foes, whether biped or canine.

We were not without hope of being treated to the novelty of a bear hunt, our guides being veterans of the rifle, and accompanied by fine dogs, one of them as his master informed us, having engaged Sir Bruin more than fifty times.

The perils of this sport may well give a reputation for boldness and hardihood to our western yeomanry, when we consider that these encounters always occur in most intricate thickets of stubborn tangled laurel, in which the bear must have greatly the advantage in progression,—the sharp form of his head, and its close proximity to the ground, making it perform, in relation to his huge muscular body, the office, it might be said, of the coulter to a plough. But few of them are killed without the sacrifice of one or more of man's zealous confederates in this dangerous sport; and the rescue of the faithful brutes, (such is the inexpugnable nature of the foe and his extraordinary vital energy, which seems often to defy even the rifle,) obliges the hunter, with a personal daring not inferior to that of the Roman gladiators, to terminate the conflict with his hunting knife;—he dies invariably biting the ground or whatever else may be within his reach; showing to the very last the propensity to combat, which he exhibits even while a cub.

The range of precipice of which we have spoken, either terminates, or is interrupted for some distance north of this point—whence, for more than thirty miles, the country is totally without human inhabitant, and will probably for a long time, if not always, so remain.

The land may be said to lie in lofty tables, though the vallies are of great depth—the latter circumstance alone reminding the traveller that he has descended a mountain,—the seemingly interminable tract of flat forest land impressing, most forcibly, the idea of a lower situation, though these are without doubt among the very highest lands in Virginia. They are called by the hunters and settlers upon their outskirts, the Alleghany Levels. In them are the principal sources of all the great waters of Virginia. The North and South Branches of Potomac, Jackson's river, and the Shenandoah, Greenbrier and Gauley, Cheat and Tygart's Valley—which flow north, east, west and south, seeking by long and winding courses, the Ohio or the Atlantic Ocean.

The greatest singularity of this country consists in its primeval appearance: the ground is carpeted throughout with an elastic and verdant moss; black spruce and hemlock pines, of dark funereal aspect, tower above the soil like an army of Titans,--the interlacing of their umbrageous arms converting the noonday into seeming twilight. Under its mossy covering, the surface of the ground is completely reticulated with roots of trees—nature seeming to compensate in numbers for the defective character of her supports, as large trees may be often observed whose roots do not enter the ground for some feet below the trunk, being previously contorted and spread out like the arms of a polypous, and clothed in the same mantle of moss which overspreads rocks, trees and earth, in this fantastic region.

This moss may be stripped from the soil in sheets of any desirable size, and, when not previously saturated with rain, affords a most comfortable substitute for a mattrass, as in our bivouacs we more than once experienced.

The underwood is mostly streaked maple or elk-wood, (the *Acer Striatum* of Michaux,) diversified with immense tracts of the *Kalmia Latifolia* and the large rose-bay-tree, (*Rhododendron Maximum*,) more popularly known as the "little and big laurels." The last

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named plant, when in flower, is the ornament of the wilderness. Those who have never seen it, may have some conception of its appearance, if they imagine tall bushes, from eight to twenty feet in height, with dark evergreen leaves, (not unlike in form and color to those of the magnolia grandiflora,) bearing clusters of full blown peonies, or large double damask and cinnamon roses, the intensity of the color seeming to vary with situation.

It is to be feared that this beautiful plant cannot easily be naturalized in this climate—an attempt made by the writer of this article, possibly from a too warm or not sufficiently humid exposure, having failed.

The geographical position of these "laurel beds" is a necessary part of the hunter's lore. Frequent instances are narrated of persons bewildered in them many days, and some are said to have perished. A farmer, born and residing on Stony river, five miles north of this wild, by whom we were supplied with provisions, accompanied us to the skirt of the forest, but could by no entreaty be induced to proceed farther.

These laurel thickets are most frequent in approaching vallies, which are as before remarked, of great depth; the descent is sudden, in general by what resembles a rude flight of steps, moss grown and ruined. To casual observation there would appear to be no water at the bottom; but a subterraneous rumbling, and occasional flashes through the interstices of the fragments on which he steps, inform the passenger that a stream of volume and power is beneath him.

The largest streams however, as in other regions, flow in open channels, their waters having a dark ferruginous tinge, derived it is said, from the laurel roots, but more probably from deposites of ore through which they flow.

The wild animals are no doubt many, as well as various, though the noise attending our own operations kept them from our sight. We daily saw tracks of bears, deer and elk; of the latter, a drove of some threescore is said still to inhabit these almost inaccessible wilds. Of birds, we saw none living except a few silent and melancholy snow birds; but our nightly lullaby was the whooping of owls, which here abound in great numbers.

To the reputed wonders of rattlesnake dens, where these reptiles lie in monstrous cumuli, refusing to uncoil until the whole mass has been many times assailed with rifle balls and other missiles, we cannot testify, having never, though very desirous of so doing, the fortune to find one.

The soil is a cold argillaceous loam, unsuited to the production of the nobler grains, but susceptible of becoming, under proper culture, good grazing land, and no doubt proper for rye, oats and potatoes,—the invariable products of the whole mountain region.

The botany of the wilderness proper, is confined chiefly to the two species of pine before mentioned, the hemlock pine (*Pinus Canadensis,*) and the black spruce (*Pinus Nigra* of Lambert.) Some stately specimens of the wild cherry and scattering patches of red beach complete the list.

On emerging from the wilderness, the customary variety of oak, ash maple and hickory presents itself, mingled with the cucumber tree (*Magnolia Acuminata,*) and that invaluable treasure to western housewives, the sugar tree,—announcing the neighborhood of cultivation.

This dreary expanse of forest terminates on the summit of the Eastern Front Ridge, at the head of the North Fork of Patterson's creek, itself an inconsiderable tributary of Potomac, but deserving celebrity for the grandeur of its scenery. It appears to have cut its way through three lofty mountains in succession, affording a more sublime exhibition of river gap landscapes than I have witnessed in any other part of the state,—the boasted grandeur of Harper's Ferry fading into insignificance when compared with it.

At the first farm east of the wilderness,—in the homely but comfortable dwelling of one of the worthy Dutch farmers, our little party enjoyed the unwonted luxury of beds, and were able to breakfast without performing for ourselves the office, which has occasioned our species to be so properly designated as "cooking animals."

C. B. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE CYCLOPEAN TOWERS,

IN AUGUSTA COUNTY, VA.

On a fine morning in September 1834, a party of which the writer was one, consisting for the most part of gentlemen who had met together in the town of Staunton from various sections of the Union, resolved on a visit to certain remarkable NATURAL STRUCTURES which lay in the neighborhood of the Augusta Springs, and about twenty miles distant from the place of their departure.

After passing over a hilly and picturesque country, the road opened upon a fertile valley, which though in places narrow, was of considerable length,—and when seen from an elevated position, appeared like the bed of an ancient lake, or as it really is, the alluvial border of a flowing stream. The strata of limestone hills, followed their usual order of parallel lines to the great mountains of our continent, as though a strong current had once swept through this magnificent valley,—forming in its course islands and promontories,—which are now discoverable in numerous short hills and rocky bluffs, that are either naked and barren, or covered with a growth of stately trees. It was at such a projection, that we first descried the gray summits of what seemed a ruinous castle,—resembling those which were raised in feudal times to guard the passes of the Rhine, or like such as are still seen in mouldering majesty on many an Alpine rock. These summits or towers, of which there are seven, lifted their heads above the lofty elms, like so many antique chimnies in the midst of a grove; but, on approaching them nearer, our pleasure was greatly increased, to find them rise almost perpendicularly from the bed of a small stream, which winding around their base, serves as a natural moat to a building not made with mortal hands. The southern front of this colossal pile, presents a wall of about sixty feet elevation, terminating in three towers of irregular height, and perforated at its base by a cavern,—which, by an apt association, was denominated "*Vulcan's Forge.*" The tower on the extreme right, was unanimously called "*Cocke's Tower*"—in honor of one of our party who ascended it. On the left, are two other isolated towers,—of which the centre or smaller one was distinguished as the "*Hymenial Altar,*"—a name which

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had its origin partly in a *jeu d'esprit*, and partly on account of a shady bower in its rear, which seemed an appropriate shade to mantle maiden's blushes. The furthest and tallest, received the title of the "*Tower of Babel.*" This is also the most perpendicular of all these rocky structures; an archway passes through it, by which there is an easy ascent to the remaining two, which stand on the acclivity of the hill,—and though of less altitude, are not of inferior beauty to the rest. One of them, which is of a round form, and flat at the top, and on that account received the appellation of the "*Table Rock*"--affords from its summit a splendid view of the whole; the other, and last of the five, we distinguished as "*Shelton's Rock*"—from one of our party.

These rocks in their formation resemble the palisades on the Hudson river—but are more regular in their strata,--which appear to have been arranged in huge masses of perfect workmanship—with projections like cornices of Gothic architecture, in a state of dilapidation. Those who are acquainted with the structure of the Cyclopean walls of the ancients, would be struck with the resemblance,—which suggested the name at the head of this article.

We pause to inquire why these primeval fragments of the world have remained so long unnoticed? Why is it that men are so easily awakened to the liveliest interest in distant objects, and yet neglect those which are nearer and more accessible? "A prophet" it hath been said on high authority, "hath honor save in his own country,"--and to that strange propensity of the mind to contemn whatever is familiar, must be attributed the neglect of many of the richest treasures at our own door, which frequently impart both wealth and distinction to foreign enterprise. For many years these towers have been known in the surrounding country, by the homely appellation of "THE CHIMNEYS,"—but no one has ever stopped to examine them, or to inquire how nature formed so curious a pile in such a spot. Imagination may indeed conceive that this noble structure was once the *Scylla* of a narrow strait connecting the waters of the north and the south, until their accumulated pressure burst through the blue ridge at Harper's Ferry, and left in their subsidence these towers, as a perpetual memorial of their former dominion.

G. C.

[We do not remember where or when the following *Sonnet to Lord Byron* was published. All we know is that it has been in print before, and has been ascribed to the pen of the Hon. R. H. Wilde, of Georgia.]

ORIGINAL SONNET TO LORD BYRON.

BYRON! 'twas thine alone on eagle's pinions,
In solitary strength and grandeur soaring,
To dazzle and delight all eyes, out-pouring
The electric blaze on tyrants and their minions;
Earth, sea and air, and Powers and Dominions,
Nature—man--time—the universe exploring,
And from the wreck of worlds, thrones, creeds, opinions,
Thought, beauty, eloquence, and wisdom storing.
O! how I love and envy thee thy glory!
To every age and clime alike belonging;
Linked by all tongues with every nation's story,
Thou TACITUS of song!—whose echoes thronging
O'er the Atlantic, fill the mountains hoary
And forests with a name which thus I'm wronging.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MUSINGS III—*By the Author of Vyryan.*

JAMESTOWN.

Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone
Til I had bodied forth the heated mind
Forms from the floating wreck which ruin leaves behind.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto iv. *Stanza* civ.

Tawnor nehiegh Powhatan.
Salvage dialect, apud Capt. Smith.

I STAND on hallowed ground—the sacred sod
Which once an ill-starred people bravely trod
In native freedom, ere the wanderer crost
The broad Atlantic waters and love lost
The fair reward of labor, ill repaid
By base desertion—country—friends betrayed—
Misery and exile from a native land,
Ending in death upon a foreign strand.

* * * *

My spirit falls into a deeper mood
And thought goes darkly forth to gather food
For bitter contemplation;—for I trace
Some record of the spoilers of that race
Most gallant, wheresoe'er I turn mine eyes,—
While of the exiled—neath their native skies
Is scarce a token left—save what belongs
To a sad history of unnumbered wrongs.
Methinks the very sun's departing rays
With melancholy meaning seem to gaze
Upon the hostile monuments of yore,—
Yon ruined arch with ivy overgrown—
Those shattered tombs of moss-discolored stone—
That slowly moulder by the silent shore.

* * * *

Might I the Genius of Old Time invoke,
This were the hour—the place—where many an oak
Tosses its arms and points to ancient graves
Beside the aisleless tower, which o'er the waves
Shall no more send its voice upon the air,
To call to matin or to vesper prayer.
Alone, it stands, like some grim sentinel
And in stern silence bids the world farewell!

* * * *

Lift we the veil of vanished centuries!——
Beneath the shade and shelter of these trees
The careless Indian smoked his calumet—
(The CHRISTIAN had not crost the ocean yet)—
Without a thought to mar his musing, save
To strand his light canoe beyond the wave
Or fasten it with sedgy rope secure,
Lest the next tide should steal it from the shore.
But lo! one evening as he lay beside
The margin where his native waters glide,
A sight of wonder on his vision broke;
And the deep voice of flame in thunder spoke
The doom of wo to him and all his race.
Yet fear, which might have blanched a paler face,
Quenched not the flashings of his dauntless eye,
Nor for an instant quelled that bearing high
Which best became the warrior of the wild—
The Hunter bold—the Forests' lordly child!
Ay! tho' the evil spirit of his sky,
For such well might his inexperienced eye
Have deemed it, lurked within the snow-white mist
That brooded o'er the silent river's breast,

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And spoke in accents of the dark storm-cloud,
From out the folding of its gleaming shroud,
He stood prepared to meet the worst—like one
Who hath no fear of aught beneath the sun.
Methinks I see him watching by the shore,
With strained eye, intently gazing o'er
The river's course. Well may he clasp his brow
In doubt and wonder—is he dreaming now?—
The cloud seems gathering up its folds of snow,
And straight spars glitter in the sunset glow,
Far loftier than the loftiest pine that rears
Its stately crest above its tall compeers:
Beneath—a huge dark mass is seen to glide
With stealthy motion o'er the heaving tide,
Crowded with moving forms of human mould,
But of an aspect well might daunt the bold,
Gazing the first time on that pallid crew,
So foreign and so ghastly in their hue!
But hark!—the distant shout that wildly pours
Its thousand echoes on the strand, assures—
Swift to the Chiefs he speeds—the wise—the bold
In council meet—his tale is briefly told;
Then far and near they gathered in their might
And 'gainst the invader battled for their right,
As valiant men should for the altars reared
By their forefathers and the homes endeared
By thousand ties and recollections past
To which the heart clings warmly to the last.
But not to lengthen out a thrice told tale—
The Red Man never yielded to the Pale,
Though forced by foreign fire to wander far,
Homeless and houseless, neath the evening star.
Slowly and sad, the western hills they climb,
Yet find no rest beyond for wearied limb
And aching heart—no single spot of earth,
Of all the wide spread land that gave them birth,
Is theirs. They gaze upon the setting sun
And feel their course like his must soon be run—
They hear their requiem in the deepening roar
Of waves that dash upon the distant shore—
But they must wander on unceasingly
So long as space remains for footing free,
Til hemmed at last twixt ocean and the foe
They turn to bay *once more* and perish so.

* * * *

Oh! little dreamed the tender hearted maid,
By love and her own gentleness betrayed,
That death and desolation's fellest wrath
So surely followed—in the very path
Of good intent—to whelm her race with woes
She would have warded even from her foes.
Where yonder temporary structure frail*
Extends across the strait its slender rail,
The shallow waves at flood scarce overflow
The sandy bar the ebb reveals below—
'Twas there the royal daughter crost to save
The pilgrim strangers from an early grave.
Who that had seen her on that fatal night,
Swift gliding, like a startled water sprite,
To that lone Island-Fort where calmly slept
The dreaming foe, in fancied safety wrapt—
Who could have aimed at such a breast the shaft?
Tho' well apprised no other means were left
To baffle treason—not as such designed
In the simplicity of her guileless mind.
Had she been only destined to inherit
A portion of that fierce determined spirit
And deep prophetic hate—like vestal fire
Nursed in the bosom of her royal sire,
A nation's doom had not been rashly sealed
By mercy thus so erringly revealed—
But it is done—and lo! the love which hurled
An ancient race to ruin—GAINED A WORLD!!

*Alluding to the new bridge erected by Collier Minge, Esq. affording passage from the main land to the island, where a wharf has been built for the accommodation of steamboat travellers.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE FATED CITY.

'Twas evening, and the sinking sun
Streamed brightly in the sky,
And cast his farewell beams abroad,
Like smiles of an approving god,
O'er plain, and mountain high—
O'er waving fields of floating gold
That, round his gorgeous pyre, were rolled,
And o'er the city's glistening spires,
That flashed beneath his blazing fires.

There lay that city;—wealth and pride
Had built their temples there,
And swift-winged commerce there had brought,
From many a clime, her trophies caught:—
From Indian isles afar,
The pearl, the beryl and the gem;—
But treasures, far outvieing them,
Were with that city's wealth combined—
The priceless treasures of the mind!

The sun went down, and night came o'er
That city's winding walls;
The white moon rose along the sky,
And looked down calm, and silently,
Upon the shouting halls,
Where music rang, and laughter went,
From lip to lip, in merriment;—
Where all was careless, heedless, light,
Besporting on that festal night!

An hour passed on;—what cry was that,
Which thrilled that city so?
What shrieks are those,—what means yon cloud
That wraps the temple, like a shroud,
And fills the breast with wo?—
What mean yon flames, that blazing, run
Along that mountain dark and dun?—
Why quakes the land,—why heaves the sea—
Why peal the heavens dreadfully?

Night left the earth;—the sun arose,
As wont, above the sky,
And looked,—not on that city bright,
Which he had left before the night,
With turrets gleaming high;
But on a black and blasted waste,
Dread desolation's hand had traced,—
Upon a flood of *lava*, where
Once proudly stood POMPEII fair!

A. B. M.

Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

HYMN TO THE STARS.

BY D. MARTIN, *of Mobile.*

Ye burning blazonry of God!
  Ye glittering lights that never die!
That pace the realms by seraphs trod!
  And hold untiring watch on high!
And circling heaven's eternal king,
Ye dwell—His glorious fashioning!

Creation saw your timeless birth,
  When from your own clear sapphire skies,
Ye looked upon the virent earth,—
  An everlasting paradise!—
And seemed to mock with silent gaze,
Nature's green garb and tuneless lays!

Since then ye've read the world's black page,
  And seen a stream sublime,
Roll its dark waters o'er an age
  Of countless years of time!—
In whose deep, dark, unletter'd caves,
Earth hides her mighty as in graves!

Life's wasting—but ye still shine on,
  And seem to me to be,
The lights upon the horizon
  Of eternity's black sea!—
Pointing to the sun-lit far off west,
Where all immortal spirits rest!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO * * * * *.

Believe not that my heart is cold,
  And feels not friendship's sacred fire,
If I sometimes myself withhold,
  And from thy festive scenes retire.

Oh, no! I love the social bower
  Where friendship smiles with joyous mirth,
And yet to me there is an hour
  More dear than all those scenes on earth.

'Tis when in pensive mood, the mind,
  Retires within itself to muse,
And some bright dream, long since resigned,
  With sad though pleasing thought reviews;

Some golden dream of early years,
  When all the heart was warm and true;
And life, unshaded yet with cares,
  Displayed its best and brightest hue.

'Twas then I dreamed of faithful love,
  That would o'er time and change prevail—
Fond, fairy scenes of pleasure wove—
  Bright, verdant spots in life's dark vale.

But time advanced, and at one sweep
  My air-built castles tore away;
And, like a wreck upon the deep,
  My shattered hopes and prospects lay.

Upon life's ocean still I'm tossed;
  And tho' the skies are sometimes bright,
Yet on the waves again I'm lost,
  Midst howling storms and pitchy night.

Believe not then my heart is cold,
  And feels not friendship's sacred fire,
If I sometimes myself withhold,
  And from thy festive scenes retire. L.

Pittsylvania.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE GRAVE SEEKERS.

BY R. S. F.

Come part the crowd, and open a way,
  For those who are seeking the grave;
Some are pressing on in the light of day,
Some by the moon's obscurer ray,
  Some on land and some on the wave.

Now come with me to the festive hall,
  Where in mirth they dance and sing,
Till echo is answered by echo's call,
As the merry peals ring from one and all;
  To the grave they swiftly wing.

Again with me, come haste away
  Where the theatre shines so bright,
For there the lamps, with their peerless ray,
Have darkness changed into brighter day.
  They gaze on the stage with delight!

Come follow this crowd which moves as the wave
  On the gently ebbing sea;
With the scenes of the night their bosoms heave,
But little they think the next is the grave,
  Not of the stage—but eternity.

See, reckless youth—maturer age
  Alike are far from heaven;
In festive scenes their time engage—
They idly sport—they madly rage—
  While to the grave they are driven.

Ye may trace their path as ye move along
  The busy crowds of care;
In the house of God—in the house of song—
In distant isles—the waves among,
  To the grave they must all repair.

So part the crowd, and open a way,
  For those who are seeking the grave;
Some are pressing on in the light of day,
Some by the moon's obscurer ray,
  Some on land and some on the wave.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO A YOUNG CHILD.

BY D. MARTIN, *of Mobile.*

Thou hast a clear, unsullied brow,
  A bright and dreaming eye,—
And a spirit free and chainless,
  As cherubs in yon sky!

The meteor lights of intellect,
  Glance lightly on thee now,
And play like fairy revellers,
  Upon thy parian brow!

Well, be it so—and may thy life
  Be like a summer stream,
That sparkles into gladness,
  Beneath the sun's bright beam.

May thy brow ne'er wear the coloring
  Of passion's stern commotion,—
Which darkens many a God-like one,
  While on life's stormy ocean!

May the sunny hours of childhood
  Be the last to pass away,—
And the setting sun of life's dark night,
  Dawn on a brighter day!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

CUPID'S SPORT.

"Am I in fairy land?—or tell me, pray,
To what love lighted bower I've found my way?
Sure luckless wight was never more beguiled
In woodland maze, or closely-tangled wild."

Some where in Virginia, and in a certain year,—but I beg you will not inquire when or where, for you will break the thread of my discourse, and I shall be compelled, like corporal Trim when he was rehearsing the Lord's prayer before my dear uncle Toby, to begin at the beginning, at every interruption,—there lived a young man, in a certain town—

Now my dear reader, do you suppose I intend telling you a story without a single name, date or place in it? If you do, I am afraid you would see me at Kamschatka, or in Simms' hole, before you would make up your mind to travel one inch with me, or listen to one syllable.

Well, then, in a *certain* place, and at a *certain* time, as young *Timothy* was sitting in the cool evening's shade, musing o'er the events that human life befall, and reflecting upon the many ups and downs he must necessarily encounter during the residue of his life, that *old* heathen god, who, paradoxical as it may appear, is still as *young* as he was at the day of his birth, I mean sly Cupid, who was, is, and ever will be a boy to all eternity, happened to have been snugly perched upon a branch of the very tree under which our friend was reclining, and the little urchin sat pluming his variegated wings, and feeling the points of his keen feathery arrows, preparing for his evening's sport.

Poor Tim! how little did he dream he was the subject the young god had selected for as merry a frolic as ever fortune smiled upon in her merriest mood. Tim was in his twentieth year,—"a leal light heart was in his breast," he knew not the cares and anxieties of the world, nor had he yet encountered fortune's frowns; he had enjoyed a full portion of her smiles and blandishments, and his life had flitted along like a gay summer's dream. He had yet to learn that all his castles were but air built and fanciful, and it was necessary he should plod a little upon his mother earth. Tim was none of your dashing thorough-going bloods, who soar aloft with the eagles of the day, ever and anon to pounce upon some harmless pigeon,—nor was he one of your gig and tandem boys,—flourish and dash,—tinsel and paint,—who whirl about for a season, and are all the go while the chink or the credit lasts, but who, finally whirl off to jail, or into obscurity and insignificance, nobody knows where, and nobody cares when. He was a mild, pleasant, merry-making fellow. As for his person,—my dear miss, you must excuse me; I know from your looks, you are curious to know whether he had black hair and black eyes,—or light hair and blue eyes,—or red hair and grey eyes,—but, really, I can't tell you,—certain it is, he had eyes and a nose, and

"When he happened to grin,
His mouth stood across
'Twixt his nose and his chin."

There he lay, all defenceless, on his right side, (I like to be particular,) with his clean white roundabout, and his waistcoat unbuttoned, both thrown carelessly over his left arm; there lay his heart, gently swelling and subsiding and he unconscious of its undulating flow—while Cupid—I was about to say, while Cupid's keen eyes were penetrating its inmost recesses, and eyeing it as a hawk some sunny perch in a limpid stream,—but, alas for Cupid—the ancients have interdicted the use of his eyes; nevertheless, on the present occasion, it is necessary for my purposes that Cupid should, at least, take the bandage from off his eyes, and the ancients to the contrary notwithstanding, I do maintain that the sly god has as beautiful a pair of eyes as ever were seen,—yes, and he is able to change them at his pleasure. At one time, he appears with the mildest, softest, kindest, clearest, heavenly blue eyes;—at another, with the keenest, blazing, and yet the blackest eyes that ever flashed wit, and eloquence, and expressing all the passions that the heart ever darts through its open portals. All eyes are his, of every hue and every form,—and at this moment, he was using as playful and as devilish a pair, as ever bewitched and enchanted a trembling maiden. He sat quietly selecting the most mortal parts of that defenceless heart, with bow well strung, and barbed arrows, and ever and anon, he placed the winged messenger to the string and twanged his silver bow. Cupid sometimes but tips his arrows' point with a poison, as rapid in its action and as efficacious as the most powerful prussic acid, and wo to the youth or the maid who feels the deadly pang; at other times, he slightly dips the barb, and leaves it to time and circumstances to develop its potent influence. On the present occasion, having smitten poor Tim with a double portion, away he flew, to practise his wiles on other subjects. Gentle reader, you are now introduced to our young friend Tim,—you have seen him in a condition worse than that of Daniel in the lions' den, and whether he is delivered or not your patience will enable you to discover. Would that I could have interposed a shield to protect the youth, but what the fates decree no mortal can prevent,—and you know, what is to be, happens for the best.

Have you ever seen a lady setting her cap for a beau? This is an every day occurrence, and yet how difficult to explain, though ever so easy to perform. It is one of those things that delicate fingers alone can accomplish or pourtray. For my part, I have seen, and heard, and thought, and talked much and often of these caps, that, nine times in ten, are no caps at all, and yet the exact method of setting them is not to be described. Were I to describe the lady's habiliments, you would have not the least idea how her cap was set,—were I to dwell upon the peculiar cut of the cap itself,—its points or its quillings, its trimmings or its laces, and how it was placed, whether on the tip of the head, or down upon the ears, or a little to one side, or square,—or round,—it matters not, you would still be wide of the mark; but yet, when the "cap is set," there is no mistake in the matter.

Good reader, you are not acquainted with my little Mary. She had as happy a knack of setting a cap, as ever a lass had since the days of mother Eve, and on this very evening, she will appear with it set to such advantage, that all the family servants, as she passes them, will utter an involuntary "umph—u—u!"—Can you conceive the peculiar sound here vainly attempted to be embodied—for of all utterable exclamations it is the most exhilirating to a miss in her teens. If you cannot:—know, that it signifies, "I tell you what, young

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mass, you better steer clear." Little Molly is not the greatest beauty of the age, nor yet the loveliest flower that ever bloomed, but she was pretty enough to make Cupid's little arrows rankle in Tim's susceptible heart, and fate would have it, that they should accidentally meet, some how or other, wherever they went. She had a peculiar way of her own, of fixing on a bonnet, —a little gipsy bonnet,—down the sides of which, hung her long flaxen ringlets, and where she parted her hair on her forehead, there was carelessly pinned a half blooming moss rose, behind which sat Cupid laughing in his sleeve. I say carelessly pinned, because it seemed as though it mattered not whether 'twere there or not, and yet, more care had been used in giving it its particular position, than all the rest of her dress,—and perhaps, after all, this was "setting her cap" Tim had never seen little Molly look half so sweet before, and when his eyes and her's would meet, there was a sensation created that thrilled through his every fibre; to him, that rose bud seemed to be instinct with life and animation, and Cupid's laughing eyes and smiling face made every leaf "a heart quake." Tim had been thought to be brave, his comrades always looked up to him as a leader in daring enterprizes. Men have been known to walk up to the cannon's mouth when the gunner stood with the lighted match within a few inches of the powder, but to storm a rose bud, manned by Cupid, on so polished a brow, required a dare-devil spirit that human nature shrunk from,—and though Tim would have given the world to have touched that bud, he could not have advanced his finger an inch towards it by any possibility. This first symptom of the operation of Cupid's arrows but few have escaped. You would give the world to approach the loved object, and yet a touch would create a shock as violent as that from a Leyden jar, well charged with the electric fluid. Little Molly's was what would be termed a laughing face, her clear blue eyes were lighted up by a mind vivid and playful; cheerfulness and contentment were conspicuous on her brow,—but yet she was one of your real mischievous little imps, who knew a thing or two, and was up to all kinds of tricks,—in truth, she used to say of herself that she had a little devil in her; —now don't be alarmed my good reader; I don't mean the evil spirit who roams about, seeking whom to devour—"that tailed, horned, heartless chiel,—the very deil,"—but, she had a way of practising so many little artful, innocently wicked things, and they were done in so artless a manner, that though you would think from their effects his satanic majesty alone was the guilty perpetrator, yet you could not help loving his highness the more for his misdeeds. Of all things in the world, she seemed to derive most pleasure from practising her playfulness on friend Tim, and at every successive effort, Tim would only exclaim, "surely the devil's in the girl! what in the devil does she mean?" Tim had better have suffered the devil to go about his business—but no, he kept inquiring what in the devil the girl meant, till Cupid had him, head and ears, neck and shoulders, heart and soul, body and life, as safe a prisoner as ever was incarcerated in a dungeon's darkness. Little Molly was perfectly innocent of any intention to entrap our friend; nothing was further from her thoughts; she only intended at the outset to gratify her disposition for fun, and she knew no more the state of her own heart than if she had been deprived of that throbbing, thumping, turbulent member; but when kindred hearts often sport together, and kindred eyes often meet with kindred glances, kindred throbs will beat, awakening kindred feelings, which some little flaxen haired, clear, blue eyed lassies find truly difficult to obliterate.

Reader, dost thou expect me to give thee in black and white my hero's courtship? Of all the things in the world, the most tame and insipid are lovers' courtships,—it may be the most interesting, animating, soul-stirring, thrilling courtship that ever mortal breathed, but canst thou enter into the feelings and go along with the heart in its gentle outpourings? 'Tis not words, sentences, nor ideas, clothed in the dress of fancy, or robed in imagination's best attire. 'Tis the look, the touch, the action, that constitutes the universal language of love none can misunderstand.

I must take thee my good friend, (for we must be friends who are travelling so cosily together,) and place thine eye at a key hole, where "you shall see what you shall see." Alas poor Tim! I have been watching thy movements; thou evidently knowest not what thou doest,—instead of reading as thou wast wont, thou hast been serving thine apprenticeship to that *manufacturer* Cupid! Of all the epithets that ever were applied to a heathen god, none can be more appropriate, though I say it who should not, than this epithet bestowed by me upon Cupid.—Cupid a manufacturer? Yes, a manufacturer. Whenever you see a poor fellow sweating over the fire, filing, and stretching, and polishing rings, carving hearts and diamonds, and the like, you may set it down that Cupid is teaching his apprentice the first rudiments of his art,—for he is the master workman who superintends the manufacture of all such invaluable tokens, and teaches the how, and the where, and the when, they are to be distributed and bestowed. You are now seated at that key hole; I have told you what has been Tim's employment, make the best use of your eyes, and tell us what you see. Who ever saw a fellow try on a ring in that way before?—putting the ring upon the fore-finger?—the rogue knows as well as you do, that that little ring will not go over the first joint of that finger, but then it is so pleasant to try, the finger is so soft and white. Trying it on the middle finger?—he knows that the ring will not go over the nail, but that finger is so tapering, how could he avoid it. Had it been you or I, we should have placed it at once on the ring finger, and there would have been an end of the matter,—but look! the fellow is trying it upon the little finger—that finger is so little, and some how or other, so lonely, he feels for it a tender compassion. A little finger look lonely when in company with three fingers and a thumb? Aye,—lonely,— and its little nail is so thin you may see the blood circulating under it, and of all things to see the blood flowing fresh from the heart, so delicately tinged, is——The fellow has slipped the ring on, is gently squeezing the whole hand, and "has raised his wistful eyes to heaven,"—and little Molly has gently tapped him on the cheek with her fan, as much as to say "you rogue."

Get away from the door, my good friend, you have now seen as much as we bargained for: and my dear miss, you are curious to know what conversation passed all the while between Tim and little Mary; I'll tell you:

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there did not pass one solitary word, but two little hearts were in as much of a flutter as ever was made by a flock of partridges, springing from their cover.

By this time Tim had become grave and sentimental, and oh! if you ever heard music!—morning, noon, and night, there was the most incessant fluting,—fluting,—fluting. It was all of that soft die-away kind, you would have thought that Tim's soul was melting away and softly escaping through his flute. His heart, too, had undergone as thorough a change as that of the silk worm transformed into the fluttering moth. His mind was etherealized: instead of the humdrum, commonplace, prosing thoughts he once indulged in, his imagination now soared aloft,—he was dwelling amid the heights of Parnassus, his soul was drinking in the nectar of poesy and revelling in the ambrosia of fancy. You may talk of the pierian spring as the fount of knowledge; you may invoke the muses from their heavenly habitation, and Apollo and Minerva may attend in their train, but unless Cupid's arrows have drank of the heart's blood, tinging the sources of the mind's impressions, poesy will still be steeped in Lethe's wave, and never spring into life's gay morn. Now, every thought is dressed and ornamented, and oh! the fantastic flights!—oh! the soft mellow pastorals,—the country life, the blue vaulted arch unspotted with a cloud—nature, simple and gay; there she is, sweetly clad all beautiful and fresh—aye, and the loved one!—pearls and gems, and diamonds, and roses, and lilies, and stars, and suns, and firmaments in splendor glowing, and "could the busy bee but taste those lips, he'd quit his hollow domes to revel 'mid the sweets upon that hallowed spot."

As for little Molly, she, too, had undergone a metamorphosis, she who was wont to play so many "tricks before high heaven," who loved to play them off upon poor Tim, better than on all others, had grown so shy, you would have sworn she hated the very sight of him. In the company of others, when Tim was present, she scarcely opened her mouth,—to him, she scarcely ever spoke,—of him—no word of remembrance broke from her lips,—you would have thought he was obliterated from her mind; but more could be read by these two in a single glance of the eye, than volumes could express. As for me, I'd rather have the sensation produced by one of those stolen glances than be made a king. In such a situation, I would not be compelled to talk, by all the racks of the inquisition—silence is delight. But at such a time, to be bored with one of your real clatter, clatter, jabbering, never ending, incessant talkers, is the most horrible purgatory. Poor Tim was just in this situation. Little Molly had a noisy, officious cousin, who, he thought uglier than the veriest hag that ever shrank and shrivelled into stringy nothingness, and yet the girl was comely enough. She had taken it into her head, that her cousin Mary hated the aforesaid Tim, and therefore kindly volunteered to rid her of so troublesome a companion; and in consequence of such sage surmises, never failed when Tim paid a visit, to intrude herself among them;—and oh the clatter!—Tim's heart sank within him—he came not to talk!

My dear young miss, whoever thou art, that seest these lines, let me advise thee as a friend, to take thyself to thine own apartment, and remain in solitude the balance of thy life, rather than interfere in these critical moments; for you may rely upon it that thou art hated, contemned, abhorred and despised to a degree that is truly sinful. Thou art cursed with ten thousand more curses than ever Dr. Slop poured upon the head of luckless Obadiah.

Gentle reader, (for thou must be gentle to have travelled with me so far without wincing, and yet have heard so little,) can you tell me how it is that when a man is in love, however rambling and roving his disposition may have been before, as soon as he is fairly caught, he becomes from that moment confined to one solitary route. Let me explain myself,—for I have been carefully noticing our friend Tim. He and little Molly lived in the same town, but at a considerable distance apart, and yet to whatever part of the town Tim was called, he was as certain to pass by little Molly's house as he was to pass out of his own door. For instance, he would go to the post office, and from the frequency of his visits, you would have supposed he had more correspondents than all the merchants of the place put together, and while the post office was up town, little Molly's was down town, and yet he invariably went down town by little Molly's to get up town to the post office. One might suppose that Tim expected to see little Molly at the windows, but she was not one of your starers, who employ themselves in gazing at the comers and goers, and I'll venture to say, that in six months, Tim never saw her once, and yet go in what direction he might ultimately intend, go down town in the first place he must,—and he experienced more pleasure in passing that house than in eating his breakfast or his dinner.—This is a species of hydrophobia that I will leave you to think on and cure.

These incidents had occurred—these symptoms had been made manifest.—In the mean time two years rolled onwards.—Tim was in his twenty-second year, and little Molly in her eighteenth.

One day as Tim stood ready with his hat in his hand to take his leave after an interview,—it had been a long and hopeless one,—looking wistfully at her, he said energetically and in a voice deep toned—"It is the *last* time I will ask. If you are in earnest, I go forever!" I listened, but could not hear the reply. There was a pause. Perhaps, nothing was said. I thought I heard a kiss. I may be mistaken, but certain I am, that instead of hearing Tim leave the house, I heard him walk rapidly to the table, and throw down his hat. When I again saw him,—the pensive, musing, meditative Tim was the merriest fellow that ever cracked a bottle.

When a man has had his hat in his hand, and with a wo-begone countenance has risen to make a final adieu, under the impression that he is utterly discarded and despised, and suddenly resumes his seat with such evidences of change of purpose; we generally presume he has obtained the liberty of hanging his hat up, which is tantamount to obtaining the liberty of the domicil, and is what I should call the gentleman's setting his hat, in contradistinction to the lady's setting her cap.

Day after day, go when you would, and peep into that passage, you would find Tim's new beaver hanging upon the same hook, and these two young innocents sitting side and side, cheek and joke, feasting on each others' eyes.

Tim would sometimes talk of the future, and develop his little schemes for their mutual happiness; but if ever he touched upon that most delicate of all subjects, the

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ascertainment of the period when their two hearts were to be linked indissolubly together, all the delicacy of the female character would instantly be aroused, and little Molly, in a playful mood, would sing out "time enough yet, time enough yet."

Matters remained in this unsettled condition, our friend Tom still enduring the same uncertainty, living in that half delightful, half vexatious state which totally unfits a man for any occupation, unless it be "breathing soft music through a mellow pipe." Our friend thought more than once 'twas time these scenes should be ended: accordingly he determined to inform his good mother of his happy prospects, as a prelude to his future movements. Many ineffectual efforts were made, but it was a delicate business. How to commence these soft narrations has puzzled more heads than one. He had given the old lady repeated chances to help him out, by sly hints and inuendoes, but she would never perceive what he was driving at. The truth was, she had selected in her own mind a most eligible match for her son, and she could not believe he was so blind as not to discover its advantages. Money was the foundation upon which that edifice was to be erected; but Tim, poor fellow, belonged to an ill-fated family. Not one of his ancestors had ever married other than a poor girl, from the remotest antiquity, and he had a sentimental notion of such affairs, that would forever exclude the idea of his marrying a rich one, whatever other qualifications she might possess.

At length, Tim succeeded in getting his mother safely cornered, the door shut and no one else present. Walking backwards and forwards for a minute or two, he stopped suddenly, as if he was about to commence. The old lady was knitting away by the fire. Instead of commencing, Tim walked to a chair as if he was about placing it close along side and stating the whole case like a man; but turning about, he deliberately sat the chair in the corner and folded his arms.

"Mother," said Tim, and then he cleared his throat. "What, my son?" "I have been thinking whether it would not be better to have our old house painted?" This was a new idea, one that never had crossed Tim's mind till it was uttered, and as it happened, 'twas not an inappropriate one. "But, my child, it will answer very well as it is, for such an old body as I, and if you begin to paint, you will be compelled to furbish up every thing else." "But, mother, suppose I should think of courting some young body?" "Oh, if you will fall in love with my little favorite, you can afford to paint and furbish too." That was a chord Tim had heard struck before to-day. "Suppose *she* wont love me, and somebody else will." "Faint heart," said his consoling mother, "never won fair lady." The old lady was off upon the old track; but Tim having fairly begun, was not to be so easily baffled this time—so taking up his chair, he walked deliberately to the fire and seating himself, placed his feet upon the fender.

"Mother," said Tim, "it is time I should tell you that"—rap, rap, rap,—tantarara, bang—rang the old brass knocker at the outer door. "See who is there, my son." Hang all the world thought Tim—shall I never have an opportunity of telling the old lady? Tim took no candle with him to the door. "Who's here?" "Harry, sir." "Well, uncle Harry, what do you want?" "Mass Tim, Miss Mary send her complements, and tell me give you dis letter." Tim ran his hand into his pocket and gave old Harry a bit of silver. "I reckon," said Harry, who began to think Mass Tim and he were old cronies, "I reckon young Missus dont send letters to young Massa for nutting." "Wait for an answer a moment, uncle Harry," said Tim kindly. "Who's at the door, my son?" said the old lady, as Tim returned, holding an open letter in his hand. "A servant, madam," was the reply. "What," said Tim to himself, as he walked to the candle, "does my Mary want?"

Good reader, while old Harry is waiting at the door in the best humor in the world, because he had the good fortune to be the bearer of a *love letter* as he shrewdly suspected, from his young mistress to so good a young gentleman, and while the good old lady is knitting away and thinking how to induce her son to fall in love with *her* favorite, if thou wilt follow my example, thou mayst perceive what is going on for thyself. Thou seest that I am about to take a sly peep over friend Tim's shoulder, and if thou wilt peep over the other, thou mayst discover what otherwise thou wilt never have an opportunity of perceiving.

"*Saturday Evening.*

"Mr. Timothy Wilberforce.

"Can Mr. Wilberforce forgive and forget one who has injured him much? Oh! how I reproach myself for having given you hopes, my friend, that can never be realized. Mr. Wilberforce, you must forget me; and oh, can you not attribute my strange conduct to my youth? I am so young and thoughtless. Indeed, I would not willingly give you pain. Can we not continue friends? I hope we may, but indeed you must forget the promises I have made you, and if possible forgive me. I find I do not love you as I ought. Let us be friends, but nothing more. MARY."

Tim had seen his mother watching his countenance while he was reading: so putting on a smile, "Is that all? Pshaw, I thought it was something important," said he, going to the outer door. "Harry, there is no occasion to wait—no answer is necessary." Slam went the door. The bolt rang with a double turn. The letter was wadded in his breeches' pocket. "Who was that letter from, Tim?" said his mother. "A young friend has asked me to go serenading with him," replied honest Tim. Down he sat, with his feet upon the fender, and his arms folded over his breast. Then seizing the poker,—punch, punch, punch—you would have sworn it was freezing. Every coal was upturned—the room was filled with dust and smoke. "My son, it is not very cold to-night." Tim kept stirring the fire. "Did you desire to have the old house painted, Tim? If you wish it, my son"—"madam?"—"You were saying, Timothy, that you were about to tell me something?" "Did I?" Down went the poker, and Tim paced the apartment.

My good friend, were you in such a situation, what would you do? Only think of that rap at the door at such a moment—of the contents of that *love* epistle—of that dear uncle Harry! For my part, I shall ever believe as long as I live, that there is something in names, and that none but a very old Harry Scratch himself could have been charged with such a scrawl. What would you have done? Tell the old lady the whole matter? What! with all those contending, conflicting feelings—passions—hopes—blasted and utterly destroy-

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ed! As for me, I think a man would be *almost* excusable if he had walked premeditatedly to his razor case and cut his throat. Tim did no such thing. He walked to—bed.

Will you be so kind as to explain to me, why little Mary—our sweet, innocent, flaxen-haired little Molly, who was as much in love as ever lassie was, should have acted thus strangely? You who pretend to fathom the profundity of human motives and to ascribe proper causes for every action, will you unriddle this enigma? But the day before, she was as kind, as affectionate as usual, and in every way the same to Tim. From this time forward, too, she was as friendly as any other friend; and yet, as indifferent as if their hearts had never beat in unison—as if their eyes had never read the inmost thought of each others soul—as if their lips:—to me and to Tim, it is utterly inexplicable.

Time—old father time—flies with his mowing scythe. This is the account the ancients give of the matter, but I have a notion that we should as well exclaim, time—old doctor time—flies with his healing balm, cicatrizing every wound; for if it was not for doctor time, Cupid might be more appropriately represented with his sickle gathering in his harvest; but time with his "balm of Gilead," or some pleasing draught, manages to cure many a bleeding heart. I thank thee, good doctor, thou hast come "with healing under thy wings," more than once to me.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MY CLASSMATES.

By the author of the "Extract from a Novel that will never be published."

There were two among my companions at College with whom my intimacy was particularly close. They differed much from each other, as I did from them, in character and mental powers, but we were from the same state, viz. Virginia, although from different parts of it; and the presence of each of us spoke to the others of our distant homes, and formed a tie that bound us closely together. There is besides, a strong local attachment, separate and distinct from national feeling, (a peculiar one, as far as my observation extends, in our country,) pervading the native born inhabitants of that state, particularly the eastern and southern section of it, which draws them like brothers together when abroad. However reserved a Virginian may be to others, his heart immediately opens to one who possesses the same birthright with himself; and for him, if called upon, he will encounter pecuniary inconvenience and personal risk. I have known many instances of this feeling. But to my tale. The elder of us three, by name Morriss Heywood, was one of those beings on whom has been bestowed the fearful—almost fatal gift of genius. He stood pre-eminent among us all, towering in intellect, piercing the veil of truths hid from our dimmer eyes, revelling in the gardens of imagination barred to our dull and every day capacities. While we with pigmy steps and slow, crept along the paths of knowledge, urging our toilsome way with many a groan, he pressed forward with a giant's stride, and left us a sightless distance in the rear. His disposition too was noble as his mind. Generous beyond the bounds of prudence—brave to the verge of rashness—ever ready to afford assistance to those who required it—to promote their welfare, and to condole with, and partake of their grievances. Like most persons of extraordinary powers, his temper was unequal. At times gloomy and abstracted, shunning all communion, avoiding all recreation, abstaining from exercise and almost from food,—he would bury himself in the seclusion of his chamber, devoting day and night to intense application; then sated for a time with his "deep draught" at "the well spring of science," he would come among us full of life and gaiety, the soul and promoter of every frolic, breathing into us the spirit of his own warm heart, robing common things with the hues of his own bright fancy, and lighting up the very regions of dulness with the quick and brilliant flashes of his wit. The grave professors regarded him with amazement, and some of them even with fear; for sometimes in the spirit of mischief, he would sport with their heavy and useless learning, and puzzle them sadly with the subtleness of his inquiries,—leading them unconsciously into the mazes of metaphysical absurdities, and then leaving them with a quibble or a jest to pick their way out as they could, floundering at every step, and conscious of the ridicule they incurred. My other friend, Charles Drayton, had no peculiar characteristic that calls for present description. He had ordinary intellect, great application, a kind but not a warm heart, and a disposition to submit to legitimate authority; for all which, when we were graduated, he was rewarded with some fifth or sixth rate honor. The busy pursuits of life soon separated me from them after our departure from college. They commenced the study of the law, while I doubting my powers to succeed in the learned professions, and naturally inclined to an active life, turned my attention to commerce, and in the course of business, was called on to leave "my native land" to sojourn in a far distant one, and my return was not until after an absence of many years. During those years of labor and various fortunes, my time and talents devoted to one ruling object, the acquisition of wealth, (but not, I trust, influenced by sordidness, or ever induced to employ unworthy means,) my communications with home had been very rare, and of my early friends I had received no tidings; but often after reposing from the toils of the day, when the bustle of occupation was hushed, and the wearied mind revolted from following up the many schemes of aggrandizement that so constantly taxed it, memory would roll back to those halcyon days of my youth, and the images of Heywood and of Drayton would be mirrored in freshness to my fancy, while I busied myself in conjectures as to their probable fate and fortunes. Were they still among the living? Had Heywood fulfilled the promise of his early youth, and climbed with vigorous step

"The hill, where fame's proud temple shines afar?"

Had the perseverance of Drayton won for him wealth and respectability in his profession? More he could not attain to. And amid their busy struggles, did they ever recur to the friend who was absent, with the same deep feeling that dwelt in his heart for them?

After many efforts, sometimes crowned with success, and often, very often marked by adversity, fortune at last smiled upon them, and placed me in a situation (as I was alone in the world,) of comparative wealth. I

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wound up my affairs as speedily as possible, and embarked for home. My voyage was prosperous: once more I trod the free soil of the United States of America, and bent my way without delay to the town of ——, where first I drew my infant breath. It was evening when I reached it. I found it much altered, enlarged and improved; but around me were many a memorial of the times gone by;—and as the slanting rays of the setting sun threw their purple and gold on the broad summit of the well remembered hills, and played in ever changing beauty on the ripple of the chrystal stream, I seemed borne back from the present, when Time had furrowed my brow and sprinkled his snows upon my hair, to that past, when the smooth forehead and the curly locks, the long loud laugh, and the joyous leap, were tokens of the happy boy. In passing along the main road leading to the town, I had observed at some little distance from it, a very large and handsome brick edifice, in the midst of highly cultivated grounds, where formerly there had stood a very indifferent wooden building, on a neglected farm, the property of an idle and dissipated gentleman. It was very foolish to do so, and yet I uttered a half sigh at the change; for although the present state of things was infinitely more agreeable to the eye, it struck coldly on my heart and jarred the chord of cherished associations. When I had fairly established myself at the "best inn," and answered as I pleased, all customary inquiries as to who I was, whence from, where going to, and numberless other impertinencies, I commenced querist in turn, and the information I then and subsequently obtained from other quarters, I am now about to lay before the reader. Both of my college friends after obtaining their licenses, had removed to my native town, which then offered the best field in the state for the practice of the law. Heywood had, as I was sure he would, commenced his career at the bar with signal success. His very first appearance, his maiden speech, had given him a station far beyond his youthful competitors, and indeed among the foremost ranks of those who had grown gray in their vocation. He had been entrusted, with others, in the management of a case of great difficulty, and involving property to a large amount; and in the examination of the witnesses, had exhibited a knowledge of human character, and a power to discover and elicit truth, that in one so young and so unpracticed, seemed absolutely marvellous; while his familiarity with the abstruse points and technicalities of the law, appeared as close and intimate as if he had spent years in acquiring it. He was regarded as a prodigy, and indeed he was one. I have seen many men in many climes, but never have I met with Heywood's equal in native genius; and then the godlike mind with which he was endowed, was set forth and enhanced by a corresponding face and figure. His stature was tall and his bulk in proportion, but there was no clumsiness. His limbs were

"Heaped with strength, and turned with elegance;"

His presence was lordly, with his statue-like brow, crested with short dark curls, the Roman nose, the sharp cut lips, and the full large pellucid eye, in which "the lightning played." His was

"A combination, and a form indeed,
On which, every god had seemed to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

One thus gifted was eagerly sought after, and while business poured on him from all quarters, his society was every where courted. The presence of Heywood was an indispensable requisite to any meeting whose object was pleasure. Nor did he refuse it, or hold himself aloof from the amusements sought after by others. He could be gay with the gay, and sedate with the grave, and without an effort; and even in the midst of what may be termed dissipation, none had cause to complain that their affairs entrusted to his care were not faithfully attended to and ably managed. Thus did he go on increasing in usefulness and reputation, and men looked forward to the time when he would rank among the master spirits of the day, and perhaps reach the highest honors his country could bestow. Indeed a new career had now been opened to him, which promised to lead to such a result. He had been chosen to represent his county in the state legislature, and there as at the bar, his success was immediate and brilliant. To him it truly seemed

——————————"an easy leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale faced moon;"

and, (to follow up the quotation,) he might fairly hope

"To wear without corrival all her dignities."

Such then was Morriss Heywood; in years a youth, a man in wisdom—the possessor of genius, health, reputation and beauty; his career as yet unchecked by a single obstacle—his hopes undimmed by the shadow of a fear. There resided at that period in the county of —— an individual, who, by a long course of unremitting industry and the most grinding parsimony, together with less honest, if lawful means, had amassed an overgrown fortune; and having money at command, had contrived by lending it to the neighboring farmers, (generally improvident men,) and exacting high interest for its use, taking mortgages on their estates as security, to make himself the real if not nominal owner of half the landed property of the county. Having it at his will at any moment to strip many of their possessions, he was vested with a power that (although in their secret hearts all men detested him, and execrated his very name,) challenged opinion, and made dangerous as regarded him its public expression. It so happened that one of those gentlemen on whom his gripe was fixed, and whose debt, from an originally small sum, had swelled with usury until it covered his whole estate, had been a patron and valuable friend of this man, who was originally his overseer—had established him in the business with which he commenced his career, and aided him both with money and his name. It is a well established maxim, which hard experience has gathered from human intercourse, that you insure yourself an enemy when you bestow a benefit on a bad man. A noble mind may find an obligation burthensome, and be galled by the sense of dependence created by it. This feeling, however, does not destroy gratitude to the benefactor; but the mean and unprincipled hate those who give to them, from the consciousness that there is an utter dissimilarity of character between the giver and themselves. It grieves them that any should possess a virtue which they have not; and the performance of a good action, even although they themselves are its object, is gall and wormwood to their souls, from the secret knowledge that they are incapa-

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ble of doing the same. This violence of hatred which the wicked, without apparent motive, entertain for the good, is forcibly pourtrayed by Shakspeare, (nature's magician, who applied his "Open Sesame" to that dark cave the human heart, penetrated its recesses, and explored its most secret nooks,) when he makes Iago give as a reason for desiring the death of Cassio,

> "He hath a daily beauty in his life
> That makes me ugly"————

The feelings engendered in the heart of Willis, (for that was the name of the usurer,) by the kindness of his benefactor, were envy and bitter hatred. Envy, that he possessed the means to be generous; hatred, that having them he was so. But his heart rejoiced when he reflected that this very generosity would betray itself; and as he counted his own increasing gains, and became acquainted with the diminished and decreasing resources of his friend, he foresaw the time would come when their relative situations would be changed—when the patron would in turn become the suitor, and be dependant on his former menial's bounty. The time did come. A small loan was requested, and granted with cheerfulness. "The spider" as Heywood afterwards said, "had spun his first line." Then came a demand for a larger sum, which was raised with a pretence of great difficulty. Another thread was wrapped around the body of the victim. Slowly, silently, cautiously, these tiny lines were drawn, with a touch so light, that they were not felt until the web was fully formed—the prey secure—fluttering and struggling in the toils,—but vainly struggling; for those little threads had been plied and twisted into a cord of strength to bind the unshorn Sampson.

Of all the galling miseries that man is heir to, the most intolerable, the most debasing, the most corroding to the heart, the most destructive to the mind, is the consciousness of debt without the means of payment. Oh! what days of humiliation, what nights of nervous wakefulness, or else of dreaming horror, does he abide, on whose oppressed spirit is laid the load of payments he cannot meet, of obligations he cannot cancel. For him, though the sun shines abroad, there is no beauty in his beams. The earth is clothed with verdure, and a thousand odorous flowers are scattered in his path. He heeds them not; their perfume is wasted on him. The moon rides in liquid lustre, and the myriad stars break forth in light, and the whole heaven is clothed with exceeding glory; but there is a darkness in his soul no light can penetrate—a grief at his heart no beauties of nature can assuage. His energies are dead; they fester beneath the pall of despair.

When at last every inch of his property was covered by debt, and the remorseless creditor was about to strip and turn naked on the world, him from whose hand he once had fed, kind death stepped in and released the poor old gentleman from his troubles; and what he himself was too honorable to do, his heirs did without hesitation. They resisted Willis's claim upon the plea of usury. Heywood was their advocate. Fired with indignation at the base ingratitude of the man, he summoned all the powers of his eloquence against him, and so awfully severe was the attack, that Willis, although in general bold and impudent, slunk away from the court amid the hisses and groans of the crowd. The very next day, to his utter amazement, Heywood was waited on by Willis, who placed in his hands business of great value, and paid him down a handsome fee.

"You see, Mr. Heywood, I can forgive and forget, as bad as you think of me, and as much as you have abused me. The fact is, sir, you are what I call a real clever man, and to my notion the best lawyer I've met with—so you're the man for my money; and I suppose if I pay you your fees, you'll do my business as soon as another man's—and I can make it worth your while, I tell you. You said yesterday, I was a vampire bloated with the lifeblood sucked in secret from the veins of my victims. I remember the words, but not in malice. Well sir, when I see fit I can bleed pretty free myself; and if you'll just consider yourself my lawyer in all my cases, I'll pay you fifteen hundred a year, and say done first."

"Mr. Willis," replied Heywood, "I have no hesitation in accepting your offer, and will to the best of my ability serve you, as I would any other individual who called upon me. It is my trade, or profession, to advocate that cause in which I am retained; and although I rejoice when I find I am on the right side, I have in common with my brethren, no scruples in doing battle on the wrong."

And so they parted. It may perhaps be thought unnatural that Willis should have acted in the way he did; but he was a shrewd, worldly wise man, and could make any sacrifice to promote what he deemed his interests. Now he had not forgiven, much less forgot. On the contrary, his hatred of Heywood was deep and concentrated; but he knew him to possess talents that were formidable when opposed to him, and on which he could with safety rely when enlisted in his behalf.

The transactions of business necessarily carried Heywood to his client's house, where one day being detained until the dinner hour, he was introduced to Miss Louisa Willis, an exceedingly beautiful and interesting lady of about eighteen. He was much struck with her, and indeed it was impossible for the coldest disposition to withhold its admiration from charms seldom surpassed, and then in the very fulness of their bloom. With a form over whose round and soft proportions hovered an atmosphere of the most soul subduing voluptuousness, she was the possessor of a countenance, whose features in themselves almost faultless, habitually wore the bewitching expression of confiding love; as if for all she looked upon, there existed in her bosom a living spring of kindness; and the consciousness of her own deep charities, taught her to expect a like return from others. She was the adopted daughter of Willis. Her parents, poor but highly respectable people, died while she was yet an infant, having been carried off within a few hours of each other, by one of those pestilential fevers that sweep whole districts of our country, and leave in their path the silence of death or the sob of mourning anguish, where the sounds of merriment had been wont to break upon the ear. Willis was alone in the world. There was no human being connected with him by the ties of consanguinity: there was not one whom he had propitiated by the exercise of kindness: and although the consciousness that he was hated only served to harden and imbitter his feelings, there were moments when he felt the loneliness of his situation, and longed for something that even he could love.

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He took the little orphan to his home, and in her found the object he had sought. Upon her he lavished all his bounty—bestowed upon her the best education the capabilities of the country afforded—and at a proper age, placed her in an eligible seminary in the city of ———, whence indeed, at the time of Heywood's first interview with her, she had just returned.—Perhaps the disposition of Miss Willis—that of great sweetness with very little energy or passion, was particularly calculated to win upon such a man as Heywood. Himself all passion, burning with the consciousness of uncommon powers, urged into action by the ever goading stimulus of a brain that teemed with strong and beautiful thought,—now breaking out into commanding eloquence—now running over with sparkling wit,—it was enjoyment to him to find repose in another. His mind self taxed to its utmost limit, was refreshed, and soothed, and solaced by the calm and even purity which dwelt within that form of intoxicating loveliness. Perhaps with persons constituted like Heywood, the same ardor of passion might be exhibited towards any object, "in whose fresh cheek" they might "meet the power of fancy;" perhaps their glowing temperament would vest with beauty both of mind and person, those who to common eyes had nothing to distinguish them. Be this as it may, it is certain that he loved Miss Willis, deeply, devotedly, ardently—with tender delicacy and with manly passion. Whether his feelings were reciprocated by her, to the extent of which she was capable, it is not for me to say: that secret lies within her own bosom. Heywood thought so. He was constant in his attentions to her, which seemed to be well received, and were certainly encouraged by Willis. The only annoyance Heywood experienced, arose from his feelings towards the latter. Greater familiarity with his character had not, it is true, increased his abhorrence of it; perhaps it had diminished it;—for as the visual eye becomes accustomed to look without winking upon the disgusting and even the terrible, so does the mental, and sad to say, the constant recurrence of deeds of vice, lessens the sense of detestation which they at first inspired. But there was something very galling to his pride, in the idea of connecting himself in so close a manner with Willis as he must necessarily do, if he married his daughter; only his adopted daughter, it is true: but still in no action that could evince a parent's fondness and a parent's care, had he been wanting to her—and he was unquestionably entitled to a full return of that affection that might be looked for from a properly disposed child; and as certainly did he receive it from Miss Willis, whose respectful love for him was without stint or measure. The struggle between pride and passion, seldom eventuates in favor of the former, particularly where our feelings are uninfluenced by the effect our actions may produce upon the minds of others, and have no reference to a *degrading* change of situation that may be produced on us in society. Heywood might by marrying Miss Willis, excite the sneers of the unsuccessful and the envy of the disappointed; but he would not be the less loved, esteemed and respected by the great bulk of his acquaintance, while by many it would be thought a fortunate circumstance; for in the event of their obligations falling into his hands, they might look for an indulgence it were vain to hope from the ruthless usurer. Heywood, as might be expected, yielded to the suggestions of his heart, and proffered his affections to Miss Willis. She of course referred him to her father; and with much embarrassment and hesitation of manner, Heywood announced to him the fact, and solicited his approbation. He received the information with a smile of peculiar meaning, of gratification—but apparently of malicious gratification, as if he were about to win a triumph he had been long seeking to obtain. He said but little however in reply, nor was that little, discouraging or otherwise. He professed himself honored by the proposal, coming as it did from so distinguished an individual.

"To be sure," he said, "Louisa Willis was not an every day sort of girl, and she might fairly look for as good offers as any lady in the country. She had that, or she would have, which was all the same, that would command them. It commanded every thing else, *he reckoned*, even talents. She was young enough too, and likely enough, for the matter of that, and he had had other views for her. Howa'ever, there was no hurry—he would see about it; he must have some little time to think before he made up his mind: when he had, he would let Heywood know what it was."

To talk to such a man of the urgency of one's affections, was ridiculous. Heywood felt it so, and therefore made no objection to the delay.

It was about a month after this interview, during which interval there had been no communication between Heywood and Willis, that the latter, accompanied by another individual, a Mr. ———, entered the office of the former. They had called for the purpose of explaining their mutual understanding of the nature of a conveyance which was to pass between them, and to request him to draw it out in proper form. He accordingly made a rough draft of it, read it to the parties, who expressed themselves satisfied, and Mr. —— took his leave, with a promise to return and execute the deed when the fair copy should have been made out. Willis remained behind. After a few minutes silence, (of torturing silence to Heywood, for he expected he should now receive an answer on the subject nearest his heart,) "Mr. Heywood," said the hard featured old man, "let me see that deed." Heywood disappointed, handed it to him. He conned it over attentively, as he sat with one elbow placed upon his knee and his chin resting in the hollow of his hand.

"It is all right?" said Heywood inquiringly.

"Why—ye-es," replied Willis, "but there are one or two little words here I would like to have changed; that is, I would like to have some others put in their place. Its of no great consequence, but somehow they please me better."

"What words are they? Be so good as to point them out."

"Why these," answered Willis, as he shewed them with his finger, and peered into Heywood's face, over his spectacles, with half closed eyes. "Suppose now, instead of them, you *was* to use *such* words," and he mentioned those he wished adopted.

"But sir," rejoined Heywood, "these words that I have used are technical words, and express in a legal sense what I understand most positively to be the intention of the parties. Were I to substitute for them

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those that you propose, I should make the granter convey a title it is by no means his wish to do."

"Pray, Mr. Heywood, are you acquainted with Mr. ———, and do you consider yourself employed by him or me?"

"I am but slightly acquainted with Mr. ———, sir, and it matters not to me by which party I am employed. It is my business as an honest man, to execute to the best of my ability, what I consider myself intrusted by both to perform, and that I have done."

"Then let me tell you Mr. Heywood that I know—— well, that he has not had quite as much as either you or I to do with deeds, and that if you make the alteration I want, it's a hundred to one he will never find it out to the end of time—so where can be the harm?"

"You surely jest with me, Mr. Willis," quickly answered Heywood; "you cannot seriously propose to me to do that, which according to my view of the matter, would be neither more nor less than a legal fraud."

"A fraud, sir! do you mean to say *I* would commit a fraud, sir?" cried Willis, in an angry tone and blustering manner.

"I have not said so, Mr. Willis," calmly replied Heywood; "I only said, that with my knowledge of the law, *I* should commit one were I to do what you request."

"Well then," urged Willis, "suppose you let me go for Mr. ———, and have the alteration made before his eyes. Will that satisfy your squeamishness?"

"Certainly, if Mr. ——— consents to it, and is made fully aware of the situation in which he thus places himself."

"But *you* aint no ways bound to tell him that"

"Pardon me, sir, I am every way bound to do so."

"Very well, sir, very well, we'll drop the matter then—I don't care much about it; only you aint as much *my* friend as I thought you was—that's all. But let that pass, it don't signify no great deal. And now Mr. Heywood, for what you would call a more interesting subject." Heywood's heart beat quick. "You told me t'other day you loved my daughter, and would like to marry her. Now, sir, suppose you had a daughter, and you could afford to give her as much as would make the best men in all the land snap at her—and suppose there was one man who despised you in his heart, though he was willing to work for your money, and who had abused and insulted you in the public court, and refused to befriend you, in a small way, when you wanted his friendship, and *he* of all men in the world was just to pop up and say, Give me your daughter and a fortune,—what would you say to him? Would'nt you tell him, certain, and thankee to boot, sir? Would'nt it please you to the heart to have a son-in-law, who if he could help himself, would'nt speak to you when he met you, nor shake hands with you, if there was any body by to see him do it? Now just answer me that, Mr. Heywood; you're a mighty ready man with your bills and answers—answer me that if you please."

"Mr. Willis," stammered Heywood, "this is not—a fair way to—treat me."

"Aint it? Now I think it is—so there we differ again; any how its my way, and I can afford to have my ways as well as most folks. Hows'ever, since you don't seem to fancy those questions, I'll try again. Do you *really* love my daughter, for herself alone mind you, and will you marry her if I tell you, and I am in earnest, that if you do, you never shall, nor she either, touch a farthing of money or an acre of land that belongs to me."

"Most readily, most willingly, and think myself but too happy in maintaining her by my own humble efforts."

"Money is not a thing to be despised, Mr. Heywood, and it would be a heap of it I can tell you, and as you partly know, that you would be giving up; you'd better think again."

"This is not a matter of reflection and calculation with me, sir. It is a feeling deep and durable, and I cannot hesitate to choose between what I esteem my happiness and my misery. With her, portioned or unportioned, I shall be happy—without her, though Crœsus' wealth were showered on me, I know I must be miserable."

"Say you so, sir," shouted Willis, with an air of vindictive triumph. "Then be miserable, for I would see her, gladly see her, and I love her too, a rotting corpse in her winding sheet—or worse, a common beggar in the public road, for all the world to spit on if they choose, before you should call her wife. I am glad that you love her too. If you loved her ten thousand times better than you do—if you went mad for love, as they tell me some fools do, I should like it all the better. I wanted you to love her, and I saw you would love her, and I sort of encouraged you to do so, just that when you were fairly fixed, I might have the satisfaction to tell you that you should not have her; and now I think we're quits. You dared to tread upon me—to flout me in the open court-house, before a whole crowd of people, when you could have all the talk to yourself, and my mouth was shut and my hands as good as tied. But my turn has come, and if I have'nt paid you back, and with a stinging interest, my name is not Abraham Willis; and so good morning to you. You need'nt write no notes, nor send no messages to my daughter. She knows my mind, and she is satisfied with it. She wants no man for a husband who has abused her father. Once more, good morning to you." And with another of his demon like smiles, he departed.

Heywood remained as a man stupified, without change of position or movement of a muscle, every feature rigidly fixed as if cut out of marble, his whole appearance more like a breathing statue than a living creature. Yet who shall say what torturing thought was pressing on that brain—what stormy passions struggling in that bosom. Did the uprooting of his heart's affection, the total prostration of his hopes, the utter destruction of his anticipated bliss, smite him to despair; or did his powerful mind confront the evils that beset him, and although deeply wounded, rise in triumph from the conflict? It is only by the effects we can judge, and these to common observation were not remarkable. It is true, he resigned his seat in the legislature, and altogether withdrew himself from social intercourse, and save when necessitated by his professional duties, rarely left the solitude of his rooms. There his time was devoted to study; not confined to the acquisition of legal knowledge, but of literature in general. He collected about him a noble library, and made himself master of its contents; but though he

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heaped up knowledge such as few possess, and added daily to his mental stores, it was even as a miser gathers pelf, to gloat upon the heap in private, but impart to none its benefits. Still, although he thus secluded himself, when he did appear abroad, there was nothing of gloom about him, or marked reserve in his manner to his fellow men. He might even sometimes have been thought gay. He would jest himself, and laugh at other's jests; but all this was but "outward seeming." There was no joy of the heart—no "flow of soul"—no living sympathy with mankind, teaching him to be glad when they rejoiced, to sorrow when they mourned.

There were none to whom he imparted his feelings, none to whom he communicated his sentiments. On none of the usual topics of conversation among men, whether of politics or literature, were his opinions ever expressed—not even on legal points, unless when sought for professionally. He lived strictly alone, concealing thought and passion within the impenetrable recesses of his unfathomable mind.

Here for the present I will leave him, to give a short account of Drayton's career, connected as it is with the main interest of my narrative.

With the assiduity, industry and application for which he had been distinguished at college, he pursued his professional studies; and although denied the gift of eloquence, or rather I should say, embarrassed by a slow and hesitating manner of speaking, it was obvious enough that his knowledge of the law was sound, and that he perfectly understood its application to the point he might be advocating. If too, he lacked the graces of oratory, and could distil no honied words into the ears of his auditory, he possessed that happy manner, which imposes on society the opinion that there is a fund of wisdom and learning to be drawn on, whenever the exigency of the case might require its use. He had a serious, business like look, and if he walked abroad for exercise, he seemed to have a deeper motive for the action. His progress was nevertheless very slow in the commencement; still he advanced by degrees, and his patience was inexhaustible. Drayton had another advantage too, that to him amply compensated for the want of purely professional business, and even the glitter of fame. A relation had bequeathed him a few thousand dollars, and this enabled him to make occasional advances to a needy client, where the claim was eventually secure, and also to carry on a traffic in bonds, exchanging one for another at a large discount, and thus in a short time doubling his original capital. One or two lucky hits in land speculation returned him large profits; and people beginning to find out his merits, as they perceived these accessions to his worldly wealth, in course of time his practice became respectable and lucrative. Between Heywood and Drayton there continued the same kindness of feeling they had mutually entertained at college, up to some short time before the philippic delivered by the former against Willis. But about that period a coolness grew between them. This arose from no misunderstanding or quarrel, but simply from a dislike Heywood entertained to the very obsequious manner Drayton exhibited towards all men who were superior to him in private wealth or public station; and the former could not refrain from telling him one day, after some display of the sort, that he reminded him of Sir Pertinax McSycophant, in the "Man of the World," who never in all his life could stand straight "in the presence of a great mon." Drayton was conscious that there was truth in the application of the sarcasm, and although he made no reply, he was hurt, and thenceforth avoided one who could and would tell him disagreeable truths. After the rupture between Heywood and Willis, the latter transferred his business to Drayton, who received from Heywood all the papers in his possession, with the necessary information and instructions, which were given to him with perfect freedom, and without the slightest manifestation of chagrin or resentment. This perhaps was not exactly pleasing to him. He would have liked on Heywood's part some small exhibition of a consciousness that he was deprived of a considerable advantage.

"This should be a valuable business I have had the good fortune to fall into, Mr. Heywood," said he; "Mr. Willis's concerns must be very extensive, and require much legal advice, as well as other matters in our way. I fear he will be hardly content with my poor management, after the able assistance he has derived from you."

"You will certainly find the business profitable," replied Heywood; "Mr. Willis pays liberal fees, and it depends upon yourself to make larger gains than I have done. I congratulate you on having obtained it."

"I suppose I shall be so unfortunate as to have you opposed to me occasionally, and if so, I trust you will not be quite so hard on my poor client as you once were," said Drayton with an insinuating smile.

"Circumstances, sir," answered Heywood, "have put it out of my power to speak of Mr. Willis as I think of him. You need entertain no apprehensions for your *poor* client; he is safe at least from my invective."

Some few months after this conversation, rumor babbled of the particular attentions paid by a certain lawyer, to a very wealthy young lady, and in the course of a year, the babble was confirmed by the marriage of Charles Drayton, Esq. to the all accomplished, &c. Miss Louisa Willis. Drayton was now become a very wealthy and of course a very influential man. He was sent to the legislature, then to the state senate, thence to congress, and finally having been created a judge, he took up his residence near ——— on a farm given him by Willis, where he built the handsome brick house, I had observed on my return home. Two or three days after I had fixed myself at ———, I fell in with Drayton, whom I found much altered. He had grown quite fat, and had a very justice-like rotundity of body. His manner was kind enough though somewhat pompous, and he had the air of one who was on especial good terms with himself. I dined with him and was introduced to his family, consisting of his wife and four children; the eldest, a handsome lad of seventeen, the others girls, the youngest about eight years old. Mrs. Drayton, was very pale and apparently in bad health. I endeavored to converse with her, but found her little disposed to talk. Willis was there. He was a tall, lean man, with very sharp features—small grey eyes somewhat inflamed, and almost hid by long bushy, wiry eye-brows, a pinched, sharp pointed nose, thin, pale lips, much drawn in and compressed, and a projecting chin. He endeavored to assume ease in his manners, but his vulgarity was very apparent. There were two other

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gentlemen of the neighborhood there, and on the whole, my time was not spent so pleasantly then, or afterwards, as to induce me to repeat my visits often, although I occasionally called in as an old acquaintance of the master of the house. Heywood's name was of course, never mentioned there. I once did make some inquiries of Drayton, when only he and I were together. "Ah poor fellow, yes," said he, "he has been absent from ——— for some time, went up the country to his brother's, who I hear is lately dead. Heywood turned out badly sir with all his genius,--thrown himself completely away—no prudence—ruined himself to pay his brother's debts, and took to drinking—little better, if any, than a common blackguard." "So much for early friendship," thought I, as I turned away in disgust.

The marriage of Drayton to Miss Willis seemed not to affect Heywood; if he felt, his feelings were perfectly concealed. When he met Drayton, he congratulated him on the event, without the slightest awkwardness or embarrassment, although the former exhibited much of both; to all appearance he had entirely conquered his ill fated passion. His studies, however, became more and more intense, and his seclusion closer than ever. He scarcely eat or slept, and took no exercise. He gave up the practice he had hitherto pursued in the adjoining counties, and confined himself to that of the one he lived in. This mode of life could not fail to injure his health. He grew pale and thin, and experienced great languor: to remedy the latter, instead of resorting to the only proper mode, a change of habits, he applied to artificial stimulants for temporary relief. They naturally increased the evil, by leaving behind them when their momentary excitement had worn off, a greater degree of depression than they had been employed to remove. He was probably aware of this, but he changed not his course. On the contrary he increased the dose, and repeated it the more frequently, until gradually his libations amounted to intoxication, which after a while became daily. This, at first, was confined to the after part of the day, but by and by he was frequently found in an unfit state for business, by those who called upon him in the morning. Still, so great was his reputation as a lawyer, and so powerful were the displays he made when he appeared at the bar, that men continued to employ him, although they were put to the inconvenience and expense of associating other counsel with him, who would attend to the minutiæ and drudgery of their cases. About this time, his brother (whom I did not know,) a careless, extravagant man, with a large family, became entirely insolvent, and the farm on which he lived was exposed to sale. Heywood became the purchaser, for the wife, and nearly exhausted his own means in doing so; for though he had received large sums of money in his profession, and might with a little economy, have been very independent, if not rich, he had not retained much of his hard earned gains, and money had never been to him an object of solicitude. Besides, his library had cost him no contemptible fortune. By degrees, as the vile and fatal habit he had acquired, grew upon him, he became more and more unfit for business, and his clients were reluctantly compelled to abandon him, and transfer their cases to others. Finally, (what he had never done before,) he was compelled to run in debt. He raised money on his books, a paltry sum in proportion to their value; that was soon exhausted, and they were forced off at auction at an enormous sacrifice. Hitherto, his intemperance had been confined to the privacy of his chamber, but now he commenced frequenting taverns, where he was frequently to be found in a state of beastly drunkenness.

When I arrived at ——— he was absent, as Drayton stated, at the brother's whom I have mentioned, and did not make his appearance for several months. One evening as I returned from my accustomed walk, I entered the bar-room of the inn where I lodged, for the purpose of making some inquiries of the landlord. A man was sitting at a table, with his back towards me. He was dressed in a rusty black coat, coarse, dirty, white trowsers; shoes and stockings that were covered with the dust of the road, and a worn out straw hat, around which was a piece of ragged, soiled crape. I naturally took him for some common vagabond, and paid no farther attention to him, but commenced my business with the landlord, who was standing at the bar door with a pint decanter of common whiskey in his hand, intended, no doubt, for his *genteel* looking customer; who, growing somewhat impatient at the delay I occasioned by my conversation, called out in a hoarse voice, "Mr. Tomlins, do you mean to bring me that liquor or no? I tell you I am dying of thirst." "Certainly, sir," said Mr. Tomlins. "Excuse me a moment, sir," addressing me, as he proceeded to the table with the spirits, a pitcher of water and a glass. The man poured into his glass about a gill of spirits and drank it off at one gulph, taking a little water after it,—and then, without stopping, proceeded to take a second dose. I gazed at him with mingled emotions of contempt and pity. The landlord touched me on the arm. "You have frequently inquired of me, sir, about Mr. Heywood; that is *him*." "Great God!" I exclaimed aloud, "that Heywood?" He turned immediately on hearing his name, and I hastened to him, extending my hand. "You are familiar with my name, sir," he said, "and act as if you had a claim upon my recognition, but I have no recollection of your countenance."

"Have you entirely forgot then, your old friend S———."

"S———," he exclaimed, and he rose and took my hand in both of his, and gazed with earnestness some moments in my face. "Thirty years—yes, thirty years have fled since last this hand was clasped in mine. They are nothing in Time's record, but much to us poor, three-score-and-ten mortals, and they have shown their power on us both. S———, my friend, for you were my friend, and I loved you even with the warmth of a brother's love, I look in vain for the marks by which I once knew you. The fair cheek of youth, the laughing eye, the bold, self-confiding air, have fled. Age is a sad destroyer of good looks, is it not? It has not been over lenient with me; but never mind; our hearts are filled with hot blood yet, though sometimes I think mine is growing cold: it will be cold enough by and by, and yours too, S———; the more's the pity, for there are men, my friend, and you are one, who should never die; they should live to redeem mankind from the charge of utter selfishness; to save this Sodom and Gomorrah of a world from the curse of an outraged and offended Heaven."

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"Heywood," said I, interrupting him, "come with me—come to my room; I have much to say to you, and this is no place for it; I cannot talk to you here. Come where we will be private and uninterrupted."

"Not now, not now; I have just got here, after walking all day, for I am compelled to take exercise on foot for the benefit of my health as well as from poverty;" and he smiled bitterly. "I am fatigued and soiled with dust, and unfit for conversation."

"These are paltry excuses between friends—I cannot admit them. What! be thirty years apart, and when we meet have five minutes conversation in a public bar-room. That will never do."

"Well, well, then, allow me a little time to step to my room, and I will join you in an hour at farthest." This I could not refuse, although I parted with him with very great reluctance, as from the avidity with which he swallowed the spirits in my presence, I was apprehensive he might render himself unfit for rational conversation. There was a dreadful change in his appearance. I have described him as a remarkably handsome man, both in face and person. He was no longer so. I found him much emaciated, though his features were bloated; his hair was entirely gray; and in the place of the freshness and manly ruddiness of complexion for which he had been distinguished, his countenance was overcast with a sickly yellow hue; and those eyes, once so clear and expressive, were bloodshotten and dull. Age might, and would, no doubt, have made an alteration for the worse in his looks; but the prime agent in the destruction I witnessed, was habitual intemperance. That insatiate fiend, on whose bloodstained altars reeks the sacrifice of myriad hetacombs, whose worshippers, in the frenzy of their zeal, yield up all that is valuable in life; the world's respect, health, fortune, fame, domestic ties, their present good, their future hope; and whose reward is racking disease, infamy, an early and dishonorable grave.

Before the appointed time, Heywood returned. He had undergone a purification, which somewhat improved his looks, and he bore no evidence of having increased his potations. We had a long, and to us highly interesting conversation; but Heywood was not the man he had been; the mind—that glorious mind had suffered in the wreck. It is true he was occasionally eloquent, grand in his conceptions, pouring out burning thoughts, and exhibiting amazing knowledge; but there was a want of solidity and continuity in his discourse, and there were abrupt starts from deep pathos, when he touched upon his situation, to a wild and reckless jocularity that made me shudder. I had determined in my own mind, difficult and delicate as I felt the task to be, to strive to the utmost to reclaim him. It was a sacred duty devolving on me as a friend; it was a conscientious duty belonging to me as a man; and I felt if I could turn such a being from the path of evil, and lead him once again to the high and honorable station he was by his talents so eminently entitled to, it would be a deed whose reward even here would be inappreciable, and might plead against a thousand errors at the judgment seat of a righteous God. It required great tact, however, to approach the subject, for his sensitiveness was very keen, and I knew if I offended him there, I should lose my hold upon him; therefore I waited until he himself should give me an opportunity of entering on the subject. None occurred that night. Occasionally, as I have said, he would advert to himself and his present miserable situation, but in such a manner as deprived me of courage to speak upon the subject. At one time he observed, when Drayton's name had been mentioned, "It is somewhat strange S———, that man seems to have been born to supplant me. Who would have thought it? The quiet, easy, dull Charles Drayton, to supplant Morriss Heywood! Why, in the exuberance of my youthful vanity, I should have thought my wings beat an atmosphere too refined and rare, to sustain his heavy weight; that my eyes looked unwinking on a light that would have seared his duller optics. And yet he reached me, and he passed me. And while I descended in rapid whirls, until I grovelled in the very dust, he sustained his flight and held aloft his station. Yes, he supplanted me in my profession—supplanted me in public life—supplanted me in love. Ha! ha! ha! It is a strange tale to tell. What would our college mates say to it? What *does* the world say to it? I know what it says. No matter,

> "They can't but say I had the crown;
> I was not fool."

And yet I was a fool, a miserable fool; but as it is a great approach to wisdom to know our own weakness, I am in a fair way to become a Solon, and should not be surprised, if ere long, public honors were decreed me. They must hurry them tho', or it will be to my senseless ashes they will bow, and hang their laurel wreaths upon my urn. But it grows late, my friend, and I must leave you. We are neither of us the boys we were, when we could stare the rising sun in the face, as he peeped upon our protracted revels. We will meet again soon." "Soon!" I exclaimed; "yes, tomorrow; I have not exhausted the half of what I have to say to you." "Faith, I have given you but little chance," said Heywood; "I am in truth a sad talker. Good night, or rather morning, for 'methinks I scent the morning air.'" And he left me, not without a promise however, with difficulty obtained from him, that he would join me at dinner on the morrow. He was punctual to his engagement, and I was much pleased to find that he was free from all artificial excitement. After we had dined, and I had discussed my usual allowance of wine, (in which Heywood did not join, alleging that it did not agree with him,) I proposed to him to take a stroll, for I felt as if I could make the effort I had determined upon, with more ease in the open air, than when seated in a small room *tete a tete*. After we had cleared the skirts of the town, I commenced making my approaches from a wary distance, to the subject I was anxious to enter upon. "To-day was the first of the sitting of the superior court for this term, I believe, Heywood; were you there?"

"No, not I; what should I do there? I have always made it a rule not to thrust myself into a place where I have no business."

"Have you entirely given up the practice of the law?"

"No, but the practice has entirely deserted me."

"How happened that? I have heard your legal attainments spoken of in terms of the highest praise."

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"I neglected it, as I have neglected every thing else; health, reputation, my obligations to society, and my duty, if not my reverence to God. This is a painful subject, S———; let us quit it. If I dwell upon it, it will unman me, and I shall then break through a resolution I this day made, and fain would keep."

"Will you tell me what that resolution is?"

"I had rather not;

'Be innocent of the knowledge,
Till thou applaud the deed.'"

"Heywood! will you let me act towards you as one friend should act towards another?"

"How? in what way? explain yourself."

"It is in your power to be all you have been—nay, more; for many men rise to eminence, but how few when once they have sunk, have energy and firmness to regain the proud height from which they fell. It may be a work of time to you—it must be one of unbending resolution; but with such a mind and such attainments as your's, it will require nothing more. In the meantime, you shall not be harassed by debts, nor tortured by poverty. I have means, my friend—ample means; wealth beyond my hopes or wishes. It is useless to me, for my habits are frugal, and my expenses do not reach a fourth of my income. I will place in your hands the requisite sum to free you from all incumbrance, and enable you to pursue the plan I propose; and it shall be a debt between us, to be repaid when you are once more in prosperous circumstances. If this place be disagreeable to you, remove to some other; I will accompany you: all places now are the same to me. Do this Heywood, I conjure, I implore you; and you will confer on me a degree of happiness which nothing I have ever yet compassed could equal. What say you?"

"I say as Nero said—'It is too late.' You speak of my mind and my attainments. It must be plain to you as it is to me, that whatever that mind may have been in the flower of my youth and the pride of my manhood, it is now weakened, broken, dropping to decay; and what avails knowledge, learning, the deep research into ancient wisdom, the unwearied study of modern science? When the judgment that should direct their use is fled, they become a pile of worthless lore. No, I am a lost, degraded wretch—a mockery and a byword—

'A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at.'

There is nothing left for me but to die and be forgotten."

"Heywood, you do yourself injustice. A steady course of life, as it will remove the cause of your depression, (for your mental malady is nothing more,) so will it the effect, and I feel confident that it requires but exertion to regain all you have lost, and even to surpass your former excellence. Come; be a man. Call your philosophy to your aid—rouse from your lethargy, and start once more upon the race of honor." He placed one hand upon my shoulder, and pointed forward with the other: "Behold," he said, "yon blasted pine; its giant limbs have been snapped in twain, and its lordly trunk clove from the summit to the root by the forked lightning,—while around it in the green hues of health, full of pride, vigor and beauty, are congregated its glorious brethren of the forest. Bid that stricken tree drink in the life sap, shoot out its rough red boughs, clothe them with their feathery foliage, erect its noble crest, and stand once more pre-eminent in loftiness and grace; and what would be its answer, as its shattered body creaks to the passing breeze? 'There is no other spring for me.' And that reply is mine. Therefore torture me no more; for it is torture to me to recur to the past, or dwell upon the present. *One* favor I will ask of you. When I am dead, and I feel a certainty that time will soon arrive, if you are near and survive me, bury me in some private place, and do not raise even a mound, much less a stone, to mark the spot; but let the grass grow over and conceal it—for even as lonely and obscure as my latter days have been, so would I have my grave. Will you promise me this?"

"I will—I do," I replied, much affected.

The remainder of our walk was passed almost in silence; and when Heywood left me, which he did immediately upon our return to town, he pressed my hand to his heart, and sobbed, "God bless you."

The next day upon my inquiring for him, I found he had left town early that morning, saying that it was uncertain when he should return. This I regretted extremely; for although disappointed in my first attempt, I was not without hopes I might still succeed in bringing him back to the paths of virtue and of honor, from which he had so unfortunately strayed. I determined at all events to remain where I was until I had again seen him, and make another appeal to his friendship and his pride. Days and weeks passed however, and he came not. It was now the latter part of the month of May; the weather was delightful. I got tired of the solitude of my chamber, and walked out to enjoy the balminess of the air and the freshness of nature, as yet unscorched by the ardent beams of the summer sun. I took the road that led to Drayton's, and when I reached his gate, paused, as I had many a time before, to admire a noble oak that formed one of the gate posts. This splendid tree was at its base full five feet through, and its trunk shot up a height of forty feet before it gave out a branch. Thence its boughs spread out to an immense distance, forming a canopy over the road, beyond the opposite side of which they extended, and mingled with those of the trees growing there. It looked like a patriarch of the primeval forest, and seemed destined to stand while all around might decay. I sauntered along a mile or two, until I reached a favorite and secluded spot, well known to me when I was a boy, and which remained unchanged, while all else was changed or changing. There I seated myself on a moss covered rock, under the shade of a thick leaved birch, and while the bright waters rippled at my feet, passed in review before my mind some of the scenes of a busy and adventurous life. About an hour had elapsed in this pleasing melancholy of reverie, when I became conscious that a change had taken place in the weather. The refreshing breeze had died away, and the air become close and sultry, with that heavy suffocating feeling I had observed in high southern latitudes, as the invariable precursor of the coming hurricane. I made what haste I could to reach my home, which was full three miles distant, by the shortest path I could choose. I reached the upper part of Drayton's enclosure, where

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there was an open field on either side, and paused as well from fatigue, as a desire to ascertain whether I could probably outstrip the approaching storm, or should be compelled much against my inclination to seek for shelter at Drayton's abode.

As I looked up, I perceived that the heavens were embossed with dark clouds that hung heavily in the atmosphere, scarcely moving their stations, or varying their forms, so completely stilled was the breeze—not a leaf trembled on the slenderest twig. Presently, on the extreme verge of the horizon to my right, a small, jagged cloud arose, that rested as it were a moment on the summits of the trees, and then darted high up the sky and emitted a brilliant flash of lightning, accompanied by a quick, sharp crash of thunder—as if this had been a signal summons,from all quarters of the heavens, seemingly by voluntary impulse, the hitherto inert vapors rushed with eagle speed to the spot, like mailed warriors to the battle field; concentrating, and condensing their huge forms into one, vast, deep, substantial looking body of impervious gloom, heaving to and fro with a mighty sound, like unto the rush of liberated waters that have broken down their rocky barrier. As I gazed in horror on this awful sight, there gradually descended from the centre, mass on mass of clouds, as if enormous folds of blackest velvet had been lowered down, narrowing in their descent until they almost formed a point: and then amid the lightning's incessant flashes, and the music of its own appalling roar, that drowned the loudest thunder; and the groans of the forest, as its mightiest trees were uprooted, or twisted from their stems, as a child would break a straw; the tornado marched on its appointed path of desolation. No words, at least none I can command, avail to describe its horrid majesty, its incalculable power. It was as if the very demon of destruction had clothed himself in robes of hellish grandeur, and came in the pride of his unimaginable strength, to strew with ruins the world's fair orb, and revel amidst his fiendish sport. I have in the course of my journey through life, encountered many a peril, and looked on many a sight that might strike the coward with despair, and blanch the cheek of the bravest. The appalling cry of fire has broken upon my ear, when my bark was rolling in the midst of the wide spread ocean, and the apparent choice was to leap into the wave, or perish by the flames. I have been with a crew, when the match was held by a resolute hand that would in an instant have hurled us in the air, rather than become the prey of the remorseless pirate. The storm upon the sea, the hurricane on land, and the terrors of battle upon both, I have beheld; but never did there weigh upon my heart such a feeling of unmixed dread, such a consciousness of utter helplessness, as now—still, I was not entirely deprived of my presence of mind—I was aware that the force of the tornado, although it might be extended to many miles, would probably be confined within narrow boundaries; and if I could ascertain its course, I might place myself beyond its influence. At this moment, however, it was difficult to conjecture to what point its fury would be directed: for as I have said, it was a perfect calm; the winds seemed to be enclosed within the lurid bosom of that horrible prodigy. Its approach was certainly in a line towards myself, but how soon it might swerve from that route, I could not tell; so that I dare not trust to flight. While I stood thus hesitating how to act, a horseman passed me at full speed. My attention had been so fully absorbed, and so deafening was the voice of the cloud, that I had not heard his approach, and barely caught a sufficient glimpse of the face to recognise it as that of Willis, and that it was overspread with an ashy paleness. He had not passed me a hundred yards, when as if by magic a strong wind burst from the north west, encountered the tornado, and turning it from the direction it had hitherto pursued, drove it obliquely in front of Drayton's house at about a quarter of a mile from it, and immediately towards the gate and the oak, I have spoken of. It now moved with immense velocity from me, and feeling that all personal danger was past, I could observe its appearance and effects with greater accuracy. The interior of the lower part was illuminated by *flames*, I may call them, of lightning; for so incessant and continuous were the flashes, that they appeared as one; and I could distinguish in the centre, large limbs of trees, and trees themselves suspended, tossed, and whirled about like feathers. Its wake was defined by the upturned ground, as if many ploughshares linked together had passed over it. Whatever lay in its track was instantaneously destroyed. It drove full upon the giant oak, and the forest Titan on whom many a storm had harmlessly broken, whose noble head was scarcely bowed in recognition of the furious gale, was wrenched, and severed from its trunk, and dashed upon the ground; that trembled as it received the enormous weight, as if an earthquake shook it. The destroyer passed on, and I stood watching it, until its noise was lost upon my ear, and its form had faded from my sight. Slowly then I bent my steps forward, mentally returning thanks to a gracious providence, for my escape from so imminent and appalling a danger. Suddenly, the recollection of Willis rose upon me, and a strong presentiment that he must have been overtaken by the cloud pressed upon my mind, and filled it with horror. The presentiment was destined to be realized. I quickened my steps, and as I approached the gate, I found the road so much impeded by the broken boughs and scattered fences hurled about in every direction, that I was compelled to make a considerable circuit in Drayton's field, to enable me to overcome the various obstacles that obstructed my passage. As I saw no trace of Willis, I began to hope he might have escaped, although it seemed scarcely possible; at all events, I thought it would be but proper for me to step to the house, a distance of some five hundred yards, and see if he had arrived in safety. I had, it is true, no respect for him, and perhaps his death could scarcely be deemed a calamity; but he was one of the great family of man, and what right had I to sit in judgment on my fellow creatures?

I found Drayton at home, standing at the front door, surveying the ravages committed on his estate. He greeted me, and commenced a harangue on the terrible phenomenon he had witnessed, which I cut short by inquiring if Mr. Willis was within—"within! No he had not seen him for several days." As briefly as I could, I then informed him of Willis' passing me on the road, of the obvious danger he had incurred, and requested he would accompany me with some of the servants, with axes and other implements, that might be necessary in prosecuting our search. He hastened to comply with

the request, and we soon set forward with some dozen assistants. We commenced our disagreeable undertaking, at the gate on the lower side of the prostrate oak, which lay obliquely across the road, endeavoring every now and then, to peep through the confused mass of tangled and shattered boughs that lay in heaps about us. Presently, one of the negroes uttered an exclamation, and pointing with both hands, cried out that he saw a man under the tree. We immediately gathered around him, and looking in the direction indicated, could perceive not only the object he had discovered, but also the prostrate body of a horse. There was now little doubt that Willis had here met his wretched fate.

The sun, which had come forth, was about an hour high, but we had great difficulties to overcome before we could reach the spot, where the body lay. One of the men was despatched to the house for further assistance, and we soon had all the efficient laborers of the estate at work; while the boys and women, whom curiosity brought there, were employed in holding torches, for the evening shades had fallen, before we got half through with our labor. At length, we succeeded in freeing Willis's body from the superincumbent load that pressed upon it. Life was totally extinct; his death had doubtless been instantaneous, for his bones were broken in many places, and the scull driven in, until its sides almost met. We hastily constructed a hand-barrow on which we laid the mangled remains, and were about to move off, when one of the boys came running to us from the wood on the opposite side to the gate, and with terror in his looks, informed us there was another man lying dead there. We hastened to the spot, which there was little difficulty in reaching, for the individual lay just on the skirt of the prostrate trees, and had probably been struck down by an upper bough as it fell. His face was towards the ground, and his hands outstretched. The back of the head had received a severe wound. We gently turned the body over. My heart sunk within me and a faintness came over my senses, as the light of the blazing torches revealed to my view the pallid face of Heywood. I soon recovered, however, and stood and gazed upon the features of the corpse, those features that I had so often seen lit up with intelligence, now rigid in death. Those eyes, whose piercing beams once reached the very hearts of men, and gazed upon their secret motives, had lost their "speculation," and those lips whose surpassing eloquence once filled his hearers with deep delight, ruling them with a master spell; now rousing apathy into action, now stilling passion in its wildest mood; were hushed in eternal silence. Before us was the motionless form of clay, the immortal spirit had ascended to its God. Both the bodies were removed to the house. The remainder of that night, I sat by the corpse of Heywood. The next day, I procured a plain coffin, and taking with me a couple of assistants, proceeded to the place where I had reposed after my walk on the preceding afternoon. At the foot of the birch tree we dug his grave, and heaped the earth upon the coffin to the level of the plain, and over it we spread the verdant turf: and there, in his "narrow and obscure bed," sleeps the misguided son of genius; while a splendid mausoleum marks the spot where the bones of Willis lie, and a marble slab records his thousand virtues.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

The study of poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward: it has soothed my afflictions; it has refined and multiplied my enjoyments; it has given me (or at least strengthened in me) the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.—*Coleridge.*

STANZAS.

It is the Fall! the season now,
Of rustling airs—of fading flowers;
And Nature with a saddened brow,
Sits brooding o'er her leafless bowers.
Yet Autumn's reign was aye to me
A season of felicity!

I'm standing in a dark recess
Of a vast, dim, primeval wood,
And on me is the consciousness
That springs from such a solitude.
No sounds are nigh save those I love—
No scene my heart's content to move.

A streamlet, gushing from above
Goes dancing past me wild and free,
As the fond boy is said to rove,
Commission'd by Love's Deity.
But *he* in cities gaily flaunts,
While *this* seeks only nature's haunts.

And as it tracks the forest's maze,
Through greensward alleys wand'ring wide,
Affects not Folly's treach'rous ways,
Nor looks to Fashion for its guide.
How lulling to my sense its song,—
As thus it sweeps its course along!

The winds are also stirring now,
In murm'ring tones, yon stately pine,
Whose giant branches tend to throw
A deeper shadow o'er this shrine—
This nobler shrine than priest or king
Is wont to use for worshipping.

But lo! 'tis sunset—and the dew
Is settling fast on herb and tree;
Darkness will soon be shrouding too
Each object in obscurity.
My steps again I therefore turn,
To mix with man, and inly mourn! * * *

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SONNET.

There is a splendour in these southern skies,
Ofttimes at sunset, which I've nowhere seen,
Wide as my range about the world hath been,
Save on Italian shores; and there the dyes
Have less of magic in them!—Who that tries,
(Artist or Bard,) to paint such glowing hues
As, in the west, mine eye this moment views,
But must confess how passing far it lies
Beyond his utmost skill?—High o'er my head
A blue intense fades into purplish gray;
And this anon to richer tints gives way,
Of yellow—orange—then of deepening red,
Until at length, in his all gorgeous bed,
Proudly sinks down the monarch of our day.
* * *

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ORIGINAL LITERARY NOTICES.

POEMS BY A COLLEGIAN, Charlottesville, Va. Published by C. P. McKennie. Printed by D. Deans & Co. 1833.

A NEAT and unpretending volume of poems, with the above title, was issued last year from the Charlottesville press. As a Virginia production *altogether*, and the first fruits of poetical genius, emanating from the University of Virginia, the collection deserves honorable mention in the pages of the Southern Literary Messenger.

Criticism might be disarmed of some of its wonted severity, when it is known that all the poems contained in this volume, were written by the author between the ages of sixteen and nineteen. This fact, however, only increases our favorable opinion of his talents, and induces us to estimate still higher his natural powers of mind.

We propose, instead of an analysis of the volume before us, and a regular review of its contents, to extract specimens of the POETRY, which struck us as displaying that fire of genius so necessary to constitute a true POET. Our readers we are sure will agree with us in the favorable opinion we have expressed, after they have perused these specimens.

One of the best and most spirited of the poems, is the Address to Constantinople on its anticipated fall, written on receiving intelligence that the Russian army was on its march to that capital in 1829. We give the two first stanzas.

"Thy plumes are ruffled now, proud bird!
O'er land and ocean, forest, solitude,
The echo of thy last, sad shriek is heard!—
The glance of majesty
Is quailing now from thy fierce eye,
And the deep wailing of thy scattered brood
Is dying to a murmur. Sadly dark
Is thy soiled plumage, and thy gilded crest
Has fallen—so often fall the loftiest and the best.
Hark!
To the tread of the devouring foe!—
But ere thou art laid low,
Shall not one last avenging blow
Be struck? Rouse thee, proud bird!
Thy voice of triumph 'mid the nations, yet
May swell from mosque and minaret—
May with the bravest and the first be heard!

Stamboul! proud city of the East!
Sister of Rome!—old mistress of a world—
Wilt thou from thy high state be hurled?
Shall not thy sinewy arm be strung
With its accustomed power?—at least
Gird on thy mail, and let thy dirge,
If thou *must* die, upon the battle's verge,
Amid the shock of arms, be sung!"

The energy of the language and the appropriateness of the figures, appear to us worthy of high praise.

We have several beautiful descriptions of calm and quiet scenery. What follows, contrasts admirably with the lines we have just quoted.

"I look upon the stars sometimes—I love
To watch their twinkling in the azure ground
Of Heaven's o'er-arching canopy, where move
Ten thousand worlds—which, starting with a bound—
Plough with fiery track, the unseen waves
Of fathomless immensity; to see,
Age after age, that sky hung o'er the graves
Of buried nations, as a tapestry—
A funeral canopy when dyed with gloom;
That sky, which, robed in majesty, looked bright
Upon Columbus, when he sought the tomb
Of all his hopes, or strove to snatch from night,
And claim the birthright of a world. 'Tis when
I view the stars, bright handmaids of the moon—
Who walks among them as a virgin queen—
That, with those stars to riot, seem a boon
From Heaven; I love to see that moon's pure beams—
Like lightning shot upon the watery waste,
Which like a mine of living diamonds gleams—
Each sparkling but an instant—as in haste
To hide its liquid lustre in the wave—
A jeweled bathing place—a starlit home—
Fit—ay, beautifully fit to lave
The light of worlds in upper air which roam."

There is much of that highly romantic and poetical imagery in this, which must please every reader of taste. A stanza of similar style is in the lines to page 32.

"And when the stars were breathing out
Their holy light to earth,
And diamonding the glad blue sky
For the young moon's queenly birth,
I've gazed upon some lovely one,
And thought that it might be
A glorious home in the afterworld,
In which to live with thee."

And this at page 82.

"The air is like a tideless sea
Of pure and silvery light,
And the waters glance transparently,
Illumed by the queen of night.

The crested waves as they dash on high,
And dissolve in pearly beads,
Appear as a carpet spread gaudily,
Where the giant sea-god treads."

There is much, too, in the following lines, which comes over the senses "like the sweet south."

"Evening is stealing with her nectared breath,
Slowly and calmly down to kiss each flower
That pouteth in rich beauty from beneath
Its emerald colored guardians—the bright leaves—
('Tis strange what solace brings that magic hour
To every heart that hopes, or loves, or grieves—
It is the fitting time for fervent prayer,
Which rises holily on kindred air—
For then the air *is* holy—'tis the time
For love—the only time to gaze and die
Beneath the lustre of a diamond eye;
Yet strange to tell, it is the hour for crime!)
In golden majesty the glorious sun,
With light too pure for eye to gaze upon,
Is sinking slowly in the gorgeous west—
A monarch going proudly to his rest.—
He's gone, and mellow twilight creeps along
As gently as the cadence of a song,—
Twilight, to whom each poet in his day,
Hath breathed melodious and impassioned lay,
While o'er his soul thy witchery was stealing,
As sweetly as the whispered tones of feeling.

Evening—'tis then the o'er fraught heart doth pour
Its wealth of pious incense at the shrine
Of deity—the spirit then may soar
Into those regions where the angels twine
Wreaths for the glorious of our earthly race;—
'Tis then that we can see, and feel, and trace
His glory in the realms of starry space!"

We were pleased with the lines to ——, commencing thus:

"Memory! Memory!—'tis like the talisman
We read of in the page of Eastern story,
That magi used the inmost soul to scan
Of friends or foes; or oft mayhap to call

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From his bright crystal, gold, or diamond hall,
Some brother in his supernatural glory—
The talisman of feeling, that doth bring
Back on the heart the deeds of other days,
With all their dark or glorious coloring—
The wizard of the soul, whose wand can raise
The disembodied spirits of the dead
Palpable as it were to touch;—impress
The face of such as long ago have fled
Into their state of holy blessedness,
Upon the mind."

The poem, with which the volume opens, "To My Country," contains many brilliant passages;—and throughout the work, the reader will linger at almost every page to dwell upon something which must please his fancy. Indeed the extracts that we intended to have made have so multiplied upon our hands, that we have not now space to give place to them all. We trust, however, that what we have given will suffice not only to show that our own opinions are correct, but to bring the public, and especially the Virginia public, better acquainted with the author and his work. In a future number we may adorn the columns of the Messenger with further extracts from the POEMS BY A COLLEGIAN.

In the preface, the author states that his motive for preserving his poems in their present form, was his desire "to leave among those who have taken an interest in his welfare, and with whom he has been in habits of daily intercourse, a slight memorial of himself, ere more important duties urge their claims to consideration." We know that his Alma Mater will always be proud of such a son, and that his friends, with him, under her instruction will long cherish the "memorial." A favorable opinion of it will, however, not be confined to them alone. A discerning public will see and appreciate its excellence.

MY NATIVE LAND, AND OTHER POEMS. By Frederick Speece. Philadelphia: Printed for Augustine Leftwich, Lynchburg, Virginia. 1832.

HAVING been obligingly furnished with a copy of these poems, we take pleasure in introducing them to the notice of the public. We are somewhat surprised to learn that although published two years since in Lynchburg, they have attracted no notice in that quarter, either of applause or censure. It is perhaps, more agreeable to an author, that his works should come under the lash of satire, than that they should pass altogether without observation. The chilling neglect of the public however, furnishes no stronger proof of a writer's demerit, than do the too frequent carpings of illiberal criticism. Some of the greatest poets have been doomed whilst living, to indigence and obscurity, and owe all their honors to posthumous fame; and it is asserted of Homer especially, that seven cities claimed the honor of his birth, not one of which perhaps would have furnished a morsel to save him from starving.

We design not to raise extravagant expectations respecting Mr. Speece's poems—nor can we hazard the conjecture that the praise of future times will compensate him for contemporary injustice. We do not hesitate however, to recommend his work as incomparably superior to much of that glittering trash which passes under the name of poetry. There is a vein of good sense,—of just and honest feeling—of tender melancholy—and sometimes of rich imagination—which runs through his volume, and which cannot fail to delight such readers as have any soul for poetical composition. His versification for the most part, is sweet and melodious—though occasionally there is a little inattention to syllabick quantity, which produces rather an unpleasant effect upon the ear. There are other faults too—but they are inconsiderable when compared with the many redeeming beauties which shine through the volume. The poem of "My Native Land," in its general tone and harmony of verse, brings to recollection Goldsmith's Deserted Village—and the "Sketches," which are also descriptive of the pleasures of juvenile life and the picturesque scenery of his native hills—contain many fine passages. In the "Juvenalis Redivivus"—the author has pointed the arrows of satire against men and manners with no little severity—so much so, that he has found it necessary in his preface to acknowledge that time had softened much of the harsh coloring which he had thrown into his pictures. Many of his minor pieces abound in beautiful thoughts, expressed in smooth and flowing numbers—and upon the whole we think if Mr. Speece had been sufficiently encouraged in early life to persevere in the delightful but unprofitable task of poetical authorship—he might have reached a highly respectable rank. The following passage from "My Native Land," will probably remind the reader of Cowper's touching address to his mother's picture.

"My mother! Melancholy was the morn
That found me orphaned, and almost forlorn.
My friend! My guide! Oh, could not mercy save
Her for her child, or lay me in her grave!
Why cheer my drooping and unsheltered head,
When to the skies her gentle spirit fled?
Why bid me live, since riper years must pay
Their long arrears to that lamented day?
I had a mother, tender, kind and true,
Her virtues many and her failings few;
With warm solicitude and watchful eye,
She taught me what to follow, what to fly;
And warned me disappointment and distress
In life must be my portion, more or less;
That fierce disease would often banish health;
Pride point the insolence of power and wealth;
Folly and vice allure; pretended friends
Abuse my confidence for private ends;
And fears and sorrows, hovering round my head,
Pursue me to my last and narrow bed.
Yet would she say, in Virtue's path was found
A balm to heal the bosom's deepest wound:
Winged my young thoughts to better worlds above,
There to repose my confidence and love.
Her fond affection never would deceive,
But these were things I could not then believe.
Yet though her warnings vanished from my mind,
Her precepts left a faithful trace behind;—
In memory's careful records still remain,
And long experience proves they were not vain."

The same poem concludes in the following lines—being a farewell tribute to the place of his nativity.

"Adieu! Perhaps forever! Should it be,—
'Land of my Fathers! I will think of thee,'
Long as its motions last, and vital heat,
Within my heart, thy lovely name shall beat.—
Tho' rude thy piny hills, a thankless soil,
Whence scanty products meet the tiller's toil,
Tho' thy wild scenery, and thy fickle clime,
Exhibit little beauteous or sublime;—
And timid Superstition's witching tales,

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And Gothic ignorance linger in thy vales;
The charms that could my infant love engage,
Have fixed the feelings of maturer age.
So strongly linked to joys and sorrows past—
I loved thee first—loved long—will love thee last.
Whether, where Beauty taught me first to feel,
And mutual passion fixed the sacred seal
On treasures, Heaven reserved for me alone,
A friend, a bosom dearer than my own,
On Staunton's banks my wandering feet shall rest,
Or in some Eden of the rosy West,
In Alabama's ever verdant clime,
Or where the wild Missouri rolls sublime;
Or, 'mid the Bedford hills, whose limpid streams,
Pay scanty tribute to the mighty James.—
Land of my birth! and where my fathers sleep,
Oft shall remembrance turn to thee and weep,
And though my steps be doomed to wander far,
Affection tremble to her Polar Star,
Till the last throb shall lay this bosom low,
Where *Memory* and *Affection* cease to *glow*."

We select a passage at random from the satiric poem, as a fair specimen of the author's style and manner.

"There was a time, our good old fathers say,
(Perhaps it was so in their better day,)
When coats and gowns were patch'd without disgrace,
And men wore hats that cover'd all the face;
When ragged virtue was not kick'd aside,
Nor worth and equipage identified,
Nor taste and genius by possession squared,
Nor merit sold, like riband, by the yard.
Temperance and charity were then esteem'd,
And men and women were just what they seem'd.
Labor and health with vigor strung their arms,
Themselves less cultivated than their farms.
No smart young master, impudent and vain,
Play'd with his cue, or silver-headed cane,
Forsook his grammar ere he learn'd the rules,
To pilfer pins, or rifle reticules;
Nor beardless hero boasted laurels won,
From maids deceived, or jilted, or undone.
The rosy girls, content with native bloom,
Sought not the flowing robe and waving plume;
Nor wish'd to gain the empire of a heart,
Where half the victory was achieved by art.
No wanton fashion taught with lace to deck,
The shorten'd waist, and lengthen down the neck.
No everlasting clack of slanderous tongues,
Raised sad solicitude for female lungs;
Nor had the sex divided all their cares,
To sorting silks and mangling characters."

If Mr. Speece were at this time a younger man than we presume him to be, we should take the liberty of pointing out some of his defects—but various allusions in some of his minor pieces, authorise the inference that his affections are now almost alienated from the once charming society of the muses. Domestic sorrow seems to have had no inconsiderable share in producing this result. His "Apology to A. L. Esq"—is full of the poet's as well as the father's anguish at the sudden death of a favorite son sixteen years old. We give the whole to the reader.

"The generous friend may justly claim
The offspring of my musing,
But to excite the Muse's flame
No more obeys my choosing.
Life's warmest hopes, its light and pride,
Fail'd with my darling when he died.

My harp, that once in rapture rung,
Full-toned to joy and gladness,
Lies all unheeded and unstrung
Beneath the cloud of sadness;
Vain were the task, the effort vain,
To wake its thrilling notes again.

Once skill'd to wreath poetic flowers
Around the brow of Beauty,
My hand has now forgot its powers,
Nor heeds that gentle duty;
Fled is their bloom; the task were vain,
To wreath those wither'd flowers again.

The heart that feels the mortal stroke,
The bosom anguish-riven,
Sinks hopeless as the blasted oak
From the fierce bolt of Heaven:
The oak no genial season feels;
The wounded bosom never heals.

Youth may regain its honors reft,
And bloom again in gladness;
Age, when bereaved, has little left
But ever-during sadness;
And gathering years and grief dissever
Hope from the heart that bleeds forever."

A VISIT TO TEXAS: Being the journal of a traveller through those parts most interesting to American settlers. With descriptions of scenery, habits, &c. &c. *New York*: Goodrich & Wiley. 1834.

The proximity of Texas to the United States,—the facilities of intercourse between the two countries—and the migratory habits of our citizens,—are sufficient to invest with more than ordinary interest every thing which relates to that part of Spanish America. The volume before us, is an unpretending and agreeable narrative, and is calculated we think to do good, by pointing out the mischiefs and inconveniences of emigration to the Mexican republic, and especially by calling the public attention to the many ingenious frauds which are practised by land companies and speculators. The author was a purchaser of twenty thousand acres from the Galveston Bay and Texas Land Company through their agents at New York, and full of golden dreams about this new Eldorado of the south west, he embarked in person at New Orleans, in order to take possession of his splendid principality. His disappointment and vexation may be easily imagined at finding himself on his arrival totally deceived on the subject of his title! It was not worth the parchment on which it was written, and after all his fruitless expense, anxiety and hardship, he did not enjoy even the melancholy satisfaction on his return to New York of obtaining from the trustees their sympathy, much less remuneration. Our traveller might indeed have acquired "a quarter of a league of unappropriated land, on condition of professing the Roman Catholic religion, becoming a citizen of the Republic of Mexico, and residing on the soil for six years, receiving his title from the government;"—but he was too conscientious and honorable to submit to such requirements. The truth is, that whilst there is much in the climate and soil of Texas to allure the settler, there are also numerous objections which ought to discourage the rash experiment of emigration. Our own country, particularly in its new states and territories—holds out sufficient inducements to such as find it either convenient or necessary to change their abodes; and there are no superior advantages in a residence on the Brassos or Colorado to compensate for the sacrifices of friends and connexions,—free government and the rights of conscience. It seems to us therefore to be little short of fatuity, especially in the present unsettled state of the miscalled Republic of Mexico, for a citizen of the United States to abandon for a settlement in that quar-

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ter his native land, unless indeed, he be a violator of its laws and a refugee from punishment.

In truth, it appears that this desperate class of men constitute no inconsiderable portion of the population of Texas;—and our author relates that on one occasion he sat at the same table with no less than four murderers who had fled from justice. True, there is a large portion of the country extremely beautiful and fertile, and the labors of the planter and herdsman are richly rewarded;—but these advantages are greatly counterbalanced by the insecurity of the government and laws—the intolerance of religious bigotry—and the absence of most of the elements which constitute a virtuous and happy community. Minor evils and inconveniences are also felt. The spacious plains and luxuriant prairies—though they furnish abundance of food for horses and cattle, are scantily supplied with wood, and altogether destitute of stone;—and the usual incidents of southern latitudes,—bilious fever,—poisonous reptiles and insects, and alligators of enormous size, serve to fill up the revolting picture.

We have no fears therefore, notwithstanding the enchanting coloring which even the temperate feelings and chastened imagination of our author have thrown around a Texas landscape—that there are many persons of sober minds, when they shall have balanced the good with the evil, will be much enamoured with the thought of a permanent "visit" to that region. The book, therefore, may be recommended as a tolerably certain antidote to any lurking desire for a ramble across the Sabine,—and if perchance the spirit of migration shall have become too obstinate for cure,—it may still have the effect of confining the wanderer's steps within the limits of our own republic.

There are many things in our author's narrative both curious and amusing—and not among the least so, is the account he gives of that intractable animal, the *mustang*, or wild horse of the country. With one of that strange species he was necessarily obliged to cultivate an intimate acquaintance, having no other means of transportation between different parts of the country. The manner in which they are reduced to subjection, and the untameable perverseness of their nature, are thus related:

The first thing to be attended to, was the purchase of a horse; and this was easily effected. The small horses of the country, called *mustangs*, introduced by the Spaniards, and now numerous in the more northern prairies, run wild in droves over these parts of Texas, and are easily taken and rendered serviceable by the inhabitants. When caught, it would be a problem to a stranger to confine them, where there is neither tree nor rock to be found: but the Mexicans put on a halter, knot it at the end, dig a hole about ten inches deep, put in the knot, and press the earth down upon it. The pull being sideways is at a disadvantage, and the horse is unable to draw it out. They are driven to market, purchased for three or four dollars, branded, hobbled, turned out again, and entirely abandoned to themselves until they are needed. Whenever a vessel arrives, some of the inhabitants send into the woods and cane brakes for such a number as they suppose may be wanted by the passengers; and this I found had already been done in anticipation of the wants of those who came in the sloop Majesty. In the log stable belonging to Mr. Austin, at whose house I lodged, I saw a number of them, with all the wild look which might be expected from their habits of life. They are small, generally about 13 hands high, well formed, rather for strength, and of different colors. I saw others in several other stables; and at length made choice of a white one; and having paid for him a doubloon and four dollars, (a handsome advance on his original cost,) stuffed a pair of saddle bags with a few articles of food as well as clothes, and was soon ready for my journey.

As the brands on horses afford the only evidence of their identity, and the property of their owners, the rules observed in respect to them are very strict.

These horses are very useful in the country, and may perhaps become at some future time a valuable article of export, as they are innumerable, and cost only the trouble of catching. This is done with a strong noosed cord, made of twisted strips of raw hide, and called a *lazo*, which is the Spanish word for a band or bond. It has been often described, as well as the manner of throwing it, as it is in common use for catching animals, and sometimes for choking men, in different parts of America inhabited by the descendants of the Spanish and Portuguese. A man on horseback, with a rope of this kind coiled in his left hand, and one end of it fastened to the horse, whirls the noosed end in the air over his head as he approaches the animal he intends to seize: and, on finding an opportunity, throws it over its head or horns, and checks his horse. The noose is instantly drawn tight, and the poor creature is thrown violently down, without the power of moving, and generally deprived of breath. They are sometimes badly injured, and even killed, by being dashed to the ground; but generally escape with a severe practical lesson on the nature of this rude instrument of civilization, which they afterwards hold in great respect all their lives, yielding immediately whenever they feel it again upon their necks.

The mustangs often carry to their graves evidence of the violent means adopted by the Mexicans in breaking them to the bridle. Many of them are foundered, or otherwise diseased. A horse which has been lazoed is blindfolded, mounted by a rider armed with the heavy and barbarous spurs of the country, after having their terrible lever bits put into his mouth, a moderate pull upon which might break his jaw, and if he runs is pricked to his speed, till he falls down with exhaustion. He is then turned in the opposite direction, and cruelly spurred again. If he is found able to run back to the point from which he started, he is thought to have bottom enough to make a valuable horse: otherwise he is turned off as good for little or nothing. The process is a brutal one; and the agony inflicted by the bits is extreme: as blood flows freely from the mouth which is often greatly swollen; and the animal yields to mere force.

In the morning we mounted our horses and proceeded to the river, where the ferry boat, a large scow, was lying near the shore. I dismounted, and taking the bridle in my hand, attempted to lead my horse in after me. Most fortunately I was looking at him, and was better prepared than I was sensible of being, to make one of those sudden instinctive motions, which sometimes prove essential to our safety. Had I been turning the other way, or a little less active, I should probably have lost my life, or at least have been seriously injured: for instead of following me into the boat, as an honest horse should, and as I had expected him to do, he fixed his eyes upon me with a malicious expression, and sprung at me like lightning, clearing the ground entirely, and making a leap of about eight feet. I jumped aside, and barely in time to avoid his feet, with which it seemed to me he designed to beat me down. I do not know that I ever had experienced such feelings as this occurrence excited in me. It betrayed a degree of spite mingled with craft which I had never seen in an animal of his species; and laid the axe at the root of all that confidence and attachment which a traveller loves to exercise towards his horse. I have been thus particular in mentioning this little occurrence, because the wit of the country appears to be largely invested in the horses; and this was the beginning of my white mustang.

Some other particulars of our traveller's own rebellious steed may also be extracted. He was not indeed "a Tartar of the Ukraine breed"—but he was as wild, mischievous and wicked an animal as ever pranked.

It was our intention to proceed to Bingham's that day: for one of my companions, who had travelled the road a short time before, had calculated that his house would afford us a very comfortable lodging after a good day's ride. We rose therefore to proceed on our journey. But I had a chapter or two more to read on the character of mustangs before I was destined to leave the place. I had never been informed of one particular propensity which they have, that is, to draw back and pull violently when approached in front, and therefore walked up to my white horse rather hastily to untie and mount him. He sprang back

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and pulled for a moment so hard upon the sapling to which I had fastened him, that it came up by the roots; and after a few leaps and kicks, which freed him from my saddle bags, and broke the bridle, he made off towards the middle of the prairie at full speed, with his head and tail both raised, and in a state of exultation which formed quite a contrast to my own feelings.

My companions threw off their valises, mounted immediately, and gave chase to the pestilent runaway, which, after a short gallop, had halted, and with the most provoking coolness began to eat grass from the prairie. As they approached him, however, he flew off again as fast as his legs would carry him; and thus he led them to a great distance, on a chase apparently hopeless. I watched them till I was tired, coursing over the prairie here and there, now on this side, now on that, at such a distance that they looked no bigger than cats, and anon further diminished to mere mice. My white mustang led them up and down, round and crosswise, as if he delighted in worrying them, occasionally stopping, as coolly as before, to crop the grass, and then off in a new direction, like a wild creature as he was. This chase lasted without intermission for four hours, at the end of which they succeeded in driving the little white animal towards the house. Mr. Bailey, seeing him approaching, despatched a messenger to a neighboring farm for assistance; and a man soon came hurrying down on horseback, provided with a lazo: a rope with a noose at the end as before described. He joined in the pursuit with the spirit and skill of one practised in such employment, and soon got within about eight or ten feet of my horse, when, with a dexterous fling, he suddenly threw the noose over his head. Having the beast now completely in his power, he was prepared to choke him into submission; and the noose was on the point of closing its grasp round his neck. But here the intelligence and experience of the mustang stepped in with customary promptitude: for as soon as he felt the rope round his neck, he stopped stone still, and yielded as submissively as a lamb. Like an accomplished rogue at last fairly in the gripe of justice, he seemed in haste to submit, plead guilty and repent, in order to secure as much leniency as possible; and in a few moments I was again on the back of this little flying brute, jogging on as quietly as if he had never rebelled in his life. There was a great deal of farce in all this: but we had been put to too much inconvenience by the perverse trick to enjoy the joke: for our loss of time, we foresaw, would put it out of our power to perform all our intended day's journey.

It was nearly dark when we reached Hall's: a habitation of which I had heard, but at which we had not originally intended to stop, as it was only thirteen miles from Bailey's. I here found that horses in Texas are always turned out loose to feed, even if a traveller stops but for the night, which would have ensured another chase, with perhaps even more unfavorable results than that I had witnessed, but for an expedient which was recommended to us. This was to "hobble them" after the fashion of the country: which consists in tying together their fore legs with a short cord, and not one fore and one hind leg together, as we do at the north. This operation instantly changes the movements of a horse, as he is obliged to make every step a fair leap: and it excited the greatest merriment in me, when I saw the horses of my companions practising a gait so different from common, under a mode of constraint which I had never witnessed before. Fully satisfied that such confinement would be sufficient even for my white mustang, I began to tie his legs together, which to my surprise he submitted to with the utmost cheerfulness, without raising his head, for he had already began to graze on the fine grass. Although so recently accustomed to run at large in the Brazos forests, he had evidently been familiar with the hobble: for as if he perfectly concurred in my opinion as to the propriety of his being bound, whenever he wanted to move he carefully raised both fore feet together, so as not to interfere with my task, and made a gentle spring to a knot of fresh feed. Surely, thought I, I have got a steed sagacious enough to figure in one of Æsop's Fables.

Our traveller had not proceeded far on his journey, before his vexatious mustang refused to eat, and gave signs of great weariness and exhaustion. Unable however to supply himself with another, he resolved after an interval of rest to pursue his way.

We took our departure accordingly; and I had much difficulty in getting my horse out of the town. In a short time, however, he began to cheer up, and gradually quickened his pace until his strength and spirits were quite restored, and he travelled remarkably well. However strange it may seem, there was every appearance that the whole affair had been a mere trick of the wily brute; and my opinion was confirmed by several inhabitants to whom I afterwards recounted the story. They told me that the sagacity and duplicity of the mustang is well known among them, and that he is capable of almost any thing, which ingenuity or malice can invent. So ungrateful a return for all my kindness and care, under such vexatious circumstances, and aggravated by such persevering imposture, added to my previous dislike of the animal which had been guilty of it.

One would be almost tempted to think that these provoking yet sagacious quadrupeds were regular descendants from the race celebrated by Swift, and which that eccentric satirist endowed with superior intelligence to men.

From our author's account, Texas would undoubtedly furnish its full quota of contributions to a cabinet of natural history. The feathered tribes luxuriate there, especially on the coast, in great abundance and variety. The wild fowl congregate in prodigious flocks, and the ornithologist might find almost every order, genera and species in creation. The tenants of the forest are not less numerous,—there being an ample supply of wolves, bears, panthers, wild cats, wild hogs, foxes, rackoons and squirrels. The waters too, furnish their finny, testaceous and crustaceous treasures,—the red fish, buffalo, cat, drum, pearch, oysters, crabs, &c. Nor is there any want of those amphibious annoyances, crocodiles and alligators—and to crown the whole, there is an anomalous species called the alligator-garr,—consisting not of the fanciful compound of half horse and half alligator—but of the actual and bona fide admixture of one moiety of fish, and the other of alligator. We must not forget either in enumerating the zoological curiosities of that region, one which we do not recollect to have seen described by naturalists. We give the words of the author.

One of the prettiest little animals I ever saw, is the "horned frog;" which, notwithstanding its name, is far from being amphibious, as it is found on the prairies at a distance from water. Indeed it bears little or no resemblance to a frog, appearing more like a lizard, with rather a long and graceful form, a tail, and legs of nearly equal length, so that it runs swiftly and never leaps. I had often occasion to notice them, both here and on other prairies. They run with such agility, that although they do not take alarm until you have approached very near them, they dart off, and generally disappear immediately. One might often mistake them for quails, while in motion. They are of a yellowish color, mottled, and have horns about half an inch long, projecting from the front of the head. Several were caught and kept for some time in a barrel at Anahuac, and though it could not be perceived that they ate any of the various kinds of food which were offered them, they lived and continued active for a considerable time.

That formidable reptile the rattlesnake, is also found in the grassy prairies of Texas. Our traveller killed one of the "largest and noblest" of that venemous family—it being five or six feet long and about six inches in circumference. It was provided however with only eight rattles, whereas others which had been killed a few days previously of hardly half the size, were furnished with as many as thirteen;—from which the author takes occasion to contest the common opinion that the number of rattles is an indication of the reptile's age. We have heard the same fact asserted, and the same conclusion drawn from it by others, whose opportunities for careful and actual observation were undoubted.

Notwithstanding the many and formidable objections

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to a permanent residence in Texas,—there are beauties in its scenery, which, despite of its unvarying monotony—must fill the beholder with delight. We give a description of one of the few fine estates in regular cultivation.

We were received with great hospitality by Mr. McNeil and his family, in which we found every disposition to welcome us. They set before us the best products of the soil, which is indeed a land flowing with milk and honey, in a more unqualified sense of the expression than any I had ever seen. Our exercise had sharpened our appetites; and we were soon cheered with the sight of an excellent and plentiful meal: for our hosts, without making a single allusion to the subject, had immediately given directions, on our first arrival, that our wants should be provided for, and we soon sat down to a well tinfed repast. It consisted chiefly of venison and a fine turkey, and was accompanied with excellent coffee. The daughter of our host was a very intelligent and well educated young lady, and had recently returned from the Northern States, where she had just completed her education.

After eating, we took a view of the charming scene around us. The house in which we were, constructed of logs, and on the plan common to the country dwellings of farmers in Texas, is well sheltered from the sun and the winds by the wood, in the verge of which it is situated: and when the beautiful China trees around it shall have attained a greater size, the spot will be rendered still more agreeable. The mansion fronts upon the estate: a fine, open prairie, over which the eye ranges with pleasure, no wild or barren spot occurring to interrupt the universal aspect of fertility and beauty, and no swelling of the surface being perceptible, which might in any degree interfere with the clearest view of every part. The only interruption is caused by clusters of trees of different forms and sizes, scattered at distant intervals here and there. These clumps and groves, apparently possessing all the neatness and beauty which could have been given them if planted by the hand of man, and tended by his greatest care, added the charm of variety to the eye, while they promised thick and convenient shelter from sun and storm to man or beast. Without such variety and such a refuge, the aspect of the prairie, with all its verdure, would have been monotonous to the sight, and disheartening to the traveller. It would be almost impossible for a person who has never seen them, to imagine the appearances of these groves. Although they are wholly the work of nature, they often present all the beauty of art: for the trees are of nearly equal size, and grow near together, without underwood, and present outlines perfectly well defined, and often surprisingly regular. Some appear to form exact circles or ovals, while others are nearly square or oblong. It is no uncommon thing to see a continued line, running perfectly straight, for a mile or more in length, with scarcely a single tree projecting beyond it: so that I found it difficult to divest myself of the impression, that much of the land had been lately cleared, and that these were but the remains of the forest.

These groves are called islands, from the striking resemblance they present to small tracts of land surrounded by water. Nothing can be more natural than the comparison. The prairie assumes the uniform appearance of a lake, both in surface and color; and in the remoter parts the hue melts into that of distant water; and it requires no very great effort of the imagination, especially in certain states of the weather and changes of the light, to fancy that such is the nature of the scene.

The landscape was bounded on the right by a long and distant line of woodland, which concealed and yet betrayed the course of the river San Bernard, and about three miles off, and on the left by a similar limit, which formed the "bottoms" of the Brazos. Between these the prairie extended its broad, unbroken level before us about ten miles, beyond which we saw the Gulf of Mexico, reaching off to the horizon.

I stood long contemplating this charming picture, which, as I before remarked, is entirely overlooked from the door of our hospitable friend; and what greatly added to its interest, was a vast number of cattle feeding in all parts of his wide domain. How different a sight was here presented, from any of the rural scenes with which my eyes had ever before been familiar! How different was all the system of the farmer from that prevailing in those regions of my own country which I had lately visited! I was one moment struck with surprise at the vast extent of land under the care of a single proprietor, and the few human hands required to perform the necessary labor; and the next I was filled with admiration at the various advantages afforded by a mild and benignant climate, a soil of extreme fertility, and a surface best appropriate to its use, when subjected to a system of culture to which it is best adapted. The cotton field and garden, with their two hundred acres, lay on the one hand, effectually secured against all encroachment with the most substantial fence I had ever seen, which stretched off a mile on one line; and around and beyond it lay the almost boundless prairie, variegated with its numerous islands, spotted with a scattered herd of six hundred cattle, all belonging to our host. The breed is larger than those common in the north, with longer and straiter limbs, broader horns and smoother coats. They all appeared well fed, active and vigorous, and spend their lives through winter and summer in the open air. The only attention bestowed upon them, is merely to mark them when young in such a manner that if they stray they may be distinguished from the cattle of any other proprietor. Of course no housing is necessary in such a climate, and no provision of food for them is to be made, in a country where there is perpetual green. They feed during the winter in the bottoms, and as yet do not require salt, for some reason unaccountable to me. One might expect that cattle left thus to herd together in such immense droves, without the care or control of man during their lives, would contract habits of timidity or of fierceness: but I was assured that they are in one respect more manageable than the tame cattle I have seen: for a horseman can always readily separate such as he chooses from a herd, by riding after them one at a time, though this is a task of great difficulty with our northern cattle, even where they have roads and fences to restrain them.

We shall conclude by extracting another portion of the work, which in the simple and unpretending language of the author, presents a picture of such striking beauty, that the eye of a poet might almost mistake it for Elysium.

I had never been at all prepared for the indescribable beauty of a Texas prairie at this season of the year, which I now could not avoid admiring, even under such unpleasant circumstances. The wild flowers had greatly multiplied, so that they were often spread around us in the utmost profusion, and in wonderful variety. Some of those which are most cultivated in our northern gardens were here in full bloom and perfection, intermingled with many which I had never before seen, of different forms and colors. I should despair of giving my reader any adequate idea of the scenes which were thus so richly adorned, and through which we often passed for acres in extent, breaking for ourselves the only path perceptible on the whole prairie. Among the flowers were the largest and most delicate I had ever seen, with others the most gaudy. Among them were conspicuous different species about six inches in diameter, presenting concentric zones of the brightest yellow, red and blue, in striking contrasts. In more than one instance these fields of flowers were not only so gay and luxuriant as to seem like a vast garden richly stocked with the finest plants and abandoned to a congenial soil, but extensive almost beyond limitation: for it was sometimes difficult to discover whether they stopped short of the horizon. It was singular also that patches were here and there overspread by mimosas, which, as our horses passed through them, drew up their leaves and dropped their branches whenever they were brushed by their feet, thus making a withered trace on the surface, which was but gradually obliterated as these timid plants regained their courage, raised their stems again and expanded their withered leaves. The plants whose sensitiveness had thus been overcome, were rendered distinguishable to the eye from others, by the exposure they made of the lower side of their leaves when they folded them up: that side being of a much lighter hue than the upper. There was a phenomenon connected with this striking appearance, which I was at the time unable to account for, and could hardly credit. That was, the shrinking of the delicate plants a little in advance of us, before we had quite reached them. A friend who had witnessed the same thing, accounted for it by supposing that they received a shock through the long horizontal roots which connect them together.

One of the first flowers which appears to deck the prairie in the spring, is the prairie rose, which in blossom and fragrance, resembles some of our rich red roses, though the shrub is quite different. As for others, I know not what a botanist might make of them: but I am certain that many of them would be exceedingly admired in our own country, as rich and new; and as to

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the scenes over which they were spread, it is impossible to describe or to imagine their beauty and attraction. After looking on the rich and ever varying display, I felt a high degree of pleasure and admiration, so that I thought I could almost give my mustang his liberty, throw myself on the ground and spend the whole season among them. Occasionally too a light breath of wind would rise, and blow the mingled perfumes into my face, giving an enjoyment no less pure and refined, and most difficult to express.

Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society.

We select the following from the "*The Western Monthly Magazine*," a very neat and ably conducted periodical, published at Cincinnati. We are gratified at the favorable notice taken of the first labors of the *Historical and Philosophical Society*;—a society which, of all others ever established among us, ought to stir up every Virginian who possesses a particle of state pride. Why, in the name of every thing that is dear to us, do we not unite our efforts to establish something like a literary and scientific character for the Old Dominion. Is there not something, besides politics, worth living for? We shall devote some pages of our future numbers to the interests of this excellent institution.

COLLECTIONS *of the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society*; to which is prefixed an Address spoken before the Society, &c. by *Jonathan P. Cushing*, A. M., President of Hampden Sidney College. vol. i. Richmond, T. W. White, 1833.

The Society from whose labors this pamphlet has been produced, was originated in the winter of 1831; but owing to the fatal epidemic which prevailed in that country, in common with other parts of the United States, and other adverse causes, effected but little during the two first years of its existence. The interesting publication now before us, however, affords an earnest that the rich hoard of ancient lore, treasured in the public archives, or private records, of the ancient dominion, will not be suffered to lie concealed any longer from the public eye.

We hail the establishment of this Society, at the head of which we perceive the name of the venerable Chief Justice of the United States, as an event highly auspicious to the literature of our country. Notwithstanding all that has been published, the older states of the Union abound in fragments of traditionary history, of the most interesting and valuable character, many of which will soon be lost to posterity, unless they shall be rescued from oblivion by the efforts of zealous and learned associations. Virginia especially, is rich in the materials of history. From the day when the intrepid Smith first wandered in search of adventure, along the wooded shores of the Chesapeak, and when the gentle Pocahontas gave to the world an example of female heroism and affection, more touching than any thing recorded upon the pages of romance, down to the present era, her annals have been filled with events of thrilling interest, and high importance. Long before the revolution, her scholars and statesmen were known to fame, and her soldiers were distinguished in the colonial wars. Mistress of the wide expanse of the unknown west, her sons began early to explore the wilderness, and to lay the foundation of a new empire in this enticing region. From that state came the pioneers who subdued the enemy, in the forests of Kentucky, and to whom America owes a large debt of gratitude. The war for independence, was not fought by our gallant forefathers upon the shores of the Atlantic only. While our armies were contending there, the British had turned loose the savage hordes of the west upon the frontiers, and the backwoodsmen were successfully repelling the incursions of the barbarian, while Washington was employed in fighting their regular armies. When we recal those events, when we recollect the services of Virginia, in defending the western settlements, and her magnanimity in yielding up to the general government the broad lands of this Great Valley, the larger portion of which were her own by right and by possession, it will be seen that there is no state to whom the inhabitants of this region owe so much, and none whose history is so nearly connected with our own. We witness, therefore, with no small degree of gratification, an attempt to place on record the existing reminiscences of the patriotic and hardy deeds of the noble generation which preceded our own. And we hope it will be successful. Abounding as Virginia does, in all the elements of greatness, there is no reason why she should not perpetuate the fame of her own sons. Containing within her limits so many men of genius, education, and comparative leisure, she has at command the most ample means of collecting and preserving every bright relic which has been scattered along her career, by the hand of time.

The first article in the pamphlet before us, is the address of President Cushing, of Hampden Sidney College, in which he sets forth the objects of the Society, and presses them earnestly upon the attention of the members. They are such as are usually embraced in the plans of similar institutions, including not only historical and biographical details, but facts in relation to the natural history and actual condition of the state.

The next article is a "memoir of Indian wars, and other occurrences, by the late Colonel Stuart, of Greenbrier"—a paper which sheds considerable light upon the events which transpired upon the western portion of Virginia, during the thirty years succeeding the year 1749. The writer participated in the eventful scenes of that interesting period, and was not only a soldier, but a man of strong mind, who has recorded his recollections in a clear and easy style. The following anecdote is quite characteristic:

About the year 1749, a person who was a citizen of the county of Frederick, and subject to paroxysms of lunacy, when influenced by such fits, usually made excursions into the wilderness, and in his rambles westwardly, fell in on the waters of Greenbrier river. At that time, the country on the western waters was but little known to the English inhabitants of the then colonies of America, being claimed by the French, who had commenced settlements on the Ohio and its waters, west of the Alleghany mountains. The lunatic being surprised to find waters running a different course from any he had before known, returned with the intelligence of his discovery, which did abound with game. This soon excited the enterprise of others. Two men from New England, of the name of Jacob Marlin and Stephen Sewell, took up a residence upon Greenbrier river; but soon disagreeing in sentiment, a quarrel occasioned their separation, and Sewell, for the sake of peace, quit their cabin and made his abode in a large hollow tree. In this situation they were found by the late General Andrew Lewis, in the year 1751. Mr. Lewis was appointed agent for a company of grantees, who obtained from the governor and council of Virginia, an order for one hundred thousand acres of land lying on the waters of Greenbrier river,—and did, this year, proceed to make surveys to complete the quantity of said granted lands; and finding Marlin and Sewell living in the neighborhood of each other, inquired what

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could induce them to live separate in a wilderness so distant from the habitations of any other human beings. They informed him that difference of opinion had occasioned their separation, and that they had since enjoyed more tranquillity and a better understanding; for Sewell said, that each morning when they arose and Marlin came out of the great house and he from his hollow tree, they saluted each other, saying—good morning Mr. Marlin, and good morning Mr. Sewell, so that a good understanding then existed between them; but it did not last long, for Sewell removed about forty miles further west, to a creek that still bears his name. There the Indians found him and killed him.

Colonel Stuart gives a very detailed account of the campaign of General Lewis in 1774, which resulted in the battle at Point Pleasant. That battle was, in fact, the beginning of the revolutionary war; for it is well known that the Indians were induced by the British to commence hostilities, for the purpose of confounding and terrifying the American people. It was thought that an Indian war would prevent a combination of the colonies for opposing the measures of parliament, and would turn their thoughts from resistance to the government, by engaging them in the defence of their homes. The Shawanese, a fierce, warlike, and numerous tribe, were employed on this occasion, and they were a tribe not to be despised—for by them, with their allies, have the most conspicuous battles in the West been fought. It was chiefly the Shawanese that cut off the British army under Braddock in 1755, and defeated Major Grant and his highlanders at Fort Pitt in 1758. It was they who defeated an army composed of the flower of Kentucky at Blue Licks—who vanquished Harmer and St. Clair, who were beaten by Wayne, and conquered by Harrison.

The army sent against these formidable savages by Governor Dunmore, was composed of Virginia volunteers, led by General Andrew Lewis, a gentleman of whose military abilities General Washington entertained so high an opinion, that when the chief command of the revolutionary armies were tendered to himself, he recommended that it should be given to General Lewis. He was the companion of Washington in the fatal campaign under Braddock, and was a captain in the detachment which fought at Little Meadows in 1752. He commanded a company of Virginians, attached to Major Grant's regiment of Highlanders in 1758, and on the eve of the battle in which the latter was so signally defeated, was ordered to the rear, with his men, in order that he might not share the honor of the expected victory. There he stood with his brave Virginians, impatiently listening to the reports of the musquetry, at a distance of more than a mile from the battle ground—until the Europeans were defeated, when, without waiting for orders, he rushed to the scene of slaughter, and by his coolness and skill, turned the scale of victory, drove back the savages, and saved the regulars from massacre. "When he was advancing," says the narrative before us, "he met a Scotch Highlander under speedy flight, and inquiring of him how the battle was going, he said 'they were a' beaten, and he had seen Donald McDonald up to his hunkers in mud, and a' the skeen af his heed.' Grant made his escape from the field of battle with a party of seven or eight soldiers, and wandered all night in the woods," but surrendered himself to the enemy in the morning, while the Virginians marched home in triumph. This was the same Colonel Grant who figured in the British Parliament in 1775, when he had the impudence to say, he knew the Americans well—he had often acted in the same service with them, and from that knowledge would venture to predict, that they would never dare to face an English army, being destitute of every requisite to constitute good soldiers.

We regret that we have not room to make further extracts from this narrative. We shall have attained our object, however, if the remarks we have made, shall be the means of attracting attention to this interesting era in our history.

The last article in this pamphlet is a very curious document, being an exact copy of the "Record of Grace Sherwood's Trial for Witchcraft, in 1705, in Princess Ann County, Virginia." On another occasion we shall present an account of this singular procedure to our readers.

THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

M. M. Robinson, Esq. editor of the Compiler, has issued the first or specimen number of a new periodical to be published weekly in this city, with the title of the "Literary Journal." Its contents will consist of *selections* from the mass of contemporary literature, American and foreign. We should rejoice in Mr. Robinson's success, even if his paper was likely to conflict with the interests of the "Messenger." In truth however, the two periodicals ought to flourish together, and be mutually beneficial. Whilst the "Journal" will be filled *exclusively* with *selected* matter, the "Messenger" will *chiefly*, though not entirely, consist of *original* articles. The *former* will improve the taste and enrich the mind of the reader, by culling from inexhaustible sources whatever may contribute to his gratification and amusement; whilst the *latter* will furnish the means of exercising the talents of *our own writers*—of imbodying our own conceptions, and reducing to *practical use*, the knowledge which we acquire. Whilst in order to write well, much reading is absolutely necessary, so all the reading in the world will avail but little, unless the free and familiar use of the pen is also obtained. We certainly never shall become a literary people unless we learn to use the treasures we accumulate from books; no more than the theory of military tactics will ever make an accomplished soldier in his closet—or the study of jurisprudence constitute a lawyer of one who never appears at the bar.

The first number of the "Journal" is filled with reviews of foreign publications, and other articles, which appear to have been judiciously selected. We take the liberty of making one suggestion however, and that is, that the source from which each article is derived ought to be designated. If the name of the writer cannot be given, that of the Quarterly or Monthly from which it is extracted, ought by all means to be furnished. It would moreover be doubtless gratifying to the reader to understand whether he is indebted to an American or British author for the pleasure he receives.

Mr. Robinson will, it is hoped, be successful in his enterprise.

Extract from Lacon.

Nothing is so difficult as the apparent ease of a clear and flowing style: those graces which from their presumed facility encourage all to attempt an imitation of them, are usually the most inimitable.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The two preceding numbers of the "Messenger" having been, as far as we can learn, favorably received by its patrons, we have endeavored in this to keep pace with expectation, by presenting a rich variety of original matter, and a few interesting selections. Among the most important duties of those who have any concern in the management of such a work—it is not the least to be watchful of an enlightened public opinion—to profit by the suggestions of others, and even to receive with patience well-intended rebuke. It is precisely in this latter spirit that we have noticed in the letters of one or two correspondents, as well as in the public prints, some animadversions upon the editorial remarks in the last number. We have been censured, and perhaps justly, for bestowing too much praise on the contributions of our friends. However great the error, it was at least honestly, if not prudently committed.

It was believed that a little commendation was not only justly due, but might stir up generous minds to increase their efforts in behalf of an infant and laudable enterprise. We should always prefer erring on the side of indiscriminate praise, rather than undeserved censure. The true path, indeed, is to avoid both extremes,—but it is much easier to prescribe good counsel than always to follow it. We have been admonished too by a very sensible and judicious correspondent, in whose judgment we entertain great confidence, that we have imposed inconvenient and impolitic restrictions upon the writers for the "Messenger," by limiting the subject matter of their contributions. We are told that we have circumscribed too much the field of their labors, by objecting to such materials as are drawn from foreign character and manners,—and we are gently reminded of an apparent inconsistency, between our professed attachment to domestic subjects, and the admission into our columns of copious extracts from an English novel. We are moreover informed from the same intelligent source, that our denunciation of all such fictions as are founded upon fairy mythology, is not very reasonable,—inasmuch as these may imbody the conceptions of imagination and genius—and may serve to illustrate and display Virginia talent and literature.

Now, with due deference to these various suggestions, which we know to originate in perfect good will—it is proper in the first place to remark, that we do not perceive any inconsistency between our objection to "the trammels of foreign reading"—and the admission into our pages of good selections from foreign publications. The "Messenger" is designed chiefly to encourage the practice of literary composition among our own writers of both sexes,—and of literary composition there are great varieties,—some founded on fact and personal observation, and some which are moulded exclusively out of the creations of fancy. A writer who will give us facts or sketches of the character and manners, or scenery of a foreign country, derived either from his own observation or authentic sources, will render an acceptable service;—but, in a pure tale of fiction, or in descriptive narrative, founded for the most part upon the mere inventions of genius—why is it necessary or proper to slight the familiar materials which every where surround us, and resort to those hackneyed and frequently distorted pictures of transatlantic manners, of which we can only form just conceptions through the secondary medium of books? If we must have foreign tales for our amusement and instruction, had we not better take them from those who copy from life, and are more likely to present faithful and finished sketches! Let foreign writers, therefore, give us pictures of their own,—and such, as we like we will publish; but let our own adventurers in the paths of literature, prefer rather to stand upon ground with which they are acquainted. Let them weave their garlands with flowers plucked from our native wilds, or our own cultivated gardens, and not rely, as too many do rely, upon exotic ornaments wherewith to embellish their pages. It is true that a *strict* observance of any such rule as this is not to be expected and is perhaps not practicable—and we are perfectly aware, that illustrious examples may be found in our own, as well as in other countries, of a departure from its letter if not from its spirit. These examples for the most part, however, will be found on examination, to rest on peculiar circumstances. The genius of a Scott, may soar amidst the grandeur of Alpine scenery,—or may depict the curious superstitions and simple manners of the Shetland Islanders;—but minds like his,—of such incomparable vigor and fertility, are neither bound by the confines of space or time. They have a kind of exclusive privilege to transcend ordinary rules,—and those who would plead their example, ought at least to shew something like extraordinary merit to entitle them to the same exemption. If we look to our own country, it is well understood, that Mr. Cooper owes his reputation as a writer of fiction principally to those fine romances, which are founded upon native character and scenery—and that, if that reputation has suffered at all, it is in consequence of his desertion of a field so wide and magnificent, for the beaten and monotonous track of European character and customs. Mr. Irving is undoubtedly most indebted for his literary fame to such of his productions as are purely American; and it is probable that in the future estimate which will be formed of his powers and genius, his Bracebridge Hall, and the Tales of the Alhambra, will hold no comparison in the scale of merit with his Knickerbocker, or Salmagundi. But why amplify our illustrations? We will present no absolute rule on the subject,—but rather choose to throw out these opinions and suggestions to our readers and contributors, as matter for their consideration.

In respect to the Legends of Fairy land,—which give such illimitable scope to the fancy—and operate so feebly, if at all, in imparting either rational amusement or instruction,—we confess that our opinions are more decided and our objections more insurmountable. We think that the day has past when such kind of reading will either be relished or endured. In this age of comparative mental sobriety,—aliment like that, is not likely to satisfy the intellectual appetite; no more than the spectre tales of the last century would suit the rational and regulated taste of the present time. This opinion it is not necessary to enforce by a train of reasoning. We think that a large majority of our readers will concur in the sentiment.

We are also informed from more than one quarter, that we awarded too liberal and dangerous a compliment in our last number, to one article especially, to wit—the "*Recollections of Chotank*;"—that we have thereby, without intending it, given a sanction to vices

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which were once fashionable, but now no longer so: that we have offended against the laws of that chaste empress, TEMPERANCE,—who sits enthroned in so many hearts, and who will not countenance the slightest inuendo against her sovereignty; and that we have actually been guilty of the sin of commending a paper, which contained enticing references to the social excesses and abuses of ancient hospitality. To all this we reply, that we spoke of the "*Recollections of Chotank*" as a *literary* composition,—and that we had no more design, in the tribute which we paid to its merit, to recommend the vices of "gambling and drinking," than we believe the author himself had, when he sat down to sketch his reminiscences of by-gone days. We hope that the most fastidious will be content with this disclaimer.

It is impossible that the "Messenger" can always please each one of its readers. Its contents must be necessarily varied—and it will often happen, that an article which will dissatisfy one person, will be particularly acceptable to another. So it is on the stage, at the forum, and in the pulpit. Some will loath that very part of the performance, the argument or doctrine, which will inspire others with delight. As we cannot possibly please all, we must endeavor to satisfy the greater number, and in so doing we may probably please ourselves There is one thing of which our readers and patrons may rest assured, that we shall never knowingly countenance any thing either false in taste, or wrong in morals;--and we hold—that purity in both, is necessary to the dignity and value of literature.

We have been gently reprimanded by some of our friends for not confining ourselves exclusively to *original matter*, whilst others have thought, that a few more good *selections* would add to the value of our pages. Such is the "incurable diversity of human opinion." Our own view of the subject is so much better expressed by a distinguished writer, than we can do it—that we shall give below in the "*Extracts from the letters of our correspondents*," a full quotation from his letter.

But what shall we say of the contents of the present number?—shall we say nothing, least peradventure we may say too much? Must we be altogether silent, in order that our patrons may judge for themselves, unbiassed by our own humble opinion? We cannot in conscience be so uncivil as not to return the kindness of our friends, with the simple expression of our thanks; and if perchance we should so far suffer our good feelings to master our judgment, as to bestow praise where none is due, we feel confident that the superior discernment, and more enlightened taste of our readers, will correct the error.

Let us therefore take a rapid survey of the feast which we have spread. Perhaps our bill of fare may tempt curiosity and whet the appetite.

The article entitled "*Sketches of the History and Present Condition of Tripoli*," will be read and admired, not only for the style, but the really valuable and interesting information it contains. The source from which it comes may be fully relied on.

The domestic grievances of "*Belinda*" are we hope not without remedy. Time and strict regimen may perhaps restore her dyspeptic consort to a more equable frame. His humors have at least had the effect of supplying us with a good article.

The "*Reporter's Story, or the Importance of a Syllable*," is by a practised writer,—whose pen is humorous, caustic and brilliant, as occasion requires. We should be glad to secure his constant assistance.

The "*Cottage in the Glen*," is by a lady not unknown as a writer. There are few who will not admire the simplicity and beauty of her narrative; and to such as are of a serious or religious cast of mind it will be particularly interesting. We hope that the authoress will often favor us with the productions of her pen.

The "*Alleghany Levels*," is by a gentleman of scientific acquirements and classical taste. It is with peculiar pleasure that we insert in the "Messenger" such articles as his and "*The Cyclopean Towers in Augusta County, Virginia*." They develope some of those rare curiosities and remarkable features in the scenery of our state, which have hitherto been undescribed. The latter article is by one who possesses a cultivated taste for the beautiful in art and nature.

The story of "*My Classmates*," will be read when it is known to proceed from the author of "An Extract from a Novel," which was inserted in the last number of the Messenger. The space which the story occupies will be its greatest recommendation; it is one of thrilling interest, and told in powerful language.

We know not how all our readers will relish "*Cupid's Sport*," but there are some passages in it which Yorick himself would not have been ashamed to write, even with "the high claims and terrifying exactions" of the widow Wadman's eyes to inspire him.

"*Pinkney's Eloquence*," it will be seen is from the pen of "Nugator." His pieces need no commendation from us; we are charmed with every thing about them except the signature.

The "*Leaf from the Journal of a Young American Tourist*," we noticed in our last number. It is a graphic sketch, from the port-folio of an accomplished young traveller.

The "*Dandy Chastised*," will be relished by all who desire to see that anomolous species lampooned out of countenance.

The *selections* in the present number are accompanied by prefatory remarks. "*The Letters from New England*," the first of which is inserted, though originally published in the Fredericksburg Arena, have been revised and corrected by their author expressly for the "Messenger." They deserve a more enduring record than the columns of a newspaper.

The suggestion has been made to us by one entitled to respect, that in the present condition of the public taste, too much space has been allotted in our columns to the productions of the Muse. We humbly hope that our friend is mistaken in this opinion. Nothing would grieve us more than the conviction that, among southern readers generally, there was not felt a lively concern and growing interest in the successful cultivation of that charming branch of literature; and indeed if this were the proper place, we think we could easily demonstrate that poetry exercises a most potent, diffusive and abiding influence upon the interests and happiness of society. Our present number will be found to contain some precious gems, which fully establish the claims of southern genius to high capabilities in the tuneful art. We forbear however to discriminate, confident that the taste of our readers will readily discern all that our feeble language could express.

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Extracts from the Letters of Correspondents.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Nov. 4, 1834.

"I thank you truly for your obliging attention in sending to me the two numbers of your "SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER," which I have read with much satisfaction. I look with a deep interest and pleasure upon every effort to raise up the literary character of our country: to lay the foundations of a pure and sound taste, and to stimulate our native genius to develop and strengthen its powers. In the encouragement of these attempts, we should all act and feel as the citizens of the American republic, disregarding sectional divisions, and undisturbed by questions of state rights and constitutional scruples and constructions. Here we should be a consolidated people, and whether the candidate for fame be a native of the north or south, the east or west, we should claim him as our own, belonging to all alike. When I hear of the establishment of a seminary of learning; of a scientific or literary publication; of an invention in the arts; in short, of any thing which sheds abroad the light of American genius and power, its particular location is, with me, quite a secondary consideration, scarcely, indeed, considered at all. It is enough for me that I can say to the supercilious European, *this is American.*

"With these sentiments, you may be assured that I wish success to your endeavor to rouse the spirit of the South in the cause of literature; to draw its intellectual energies from the everlasting and monotonous discussion of politics, which has run the same round of topics and arguments for forty years, and to allure her favored sons and daughters to the kinder and brighter fields of science and letters. If you shall be able to continue as you have begun, your subscribers will be amply remunerated for their patronage, and your contributors may be proud to see their lucubrations on your pages. It is well that you do not confine yourself to original compositions, but mix them with judicious and interesting selections from works of established reputation. Repeated experience has shewn that an editor cannot depend much upon the voluntary contributions of our own writers, however friendly to his design, who are too much occupied with their own concerns and the serious business of life, to be relied on as the support of such an enterprise as yours. * * * * * * * * * * We have not yet a class or body of *authors by profession*; writing is the occupation of hours snatched from business, or the amusement of the few who have leisure for indulgence."

—

FROM THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

"I look with much anxiety to your *Launch*, (which I wish had been the title of your work)—the first of any promise in Virginia, heartily desiring it God-speed—yet fearing that you may meet with some inaptitude or distaste to mere literary contribution from the educated of our citizens. This, however, cannot last long; you may feel it at the outset, but it will soon end; for I doubt not that the Messenger, as one of its best effects, will draw into literary exercise the talents which now lie fallow throughout the community, or which have long extravasated in politics and professions. The mind of Virginia is unquestionably a quarry from which much that is precious may be extracted; and you may and I hope will be able to expose its strata to the light, as the huntsman of the Andes exposed to the eye of the world, at the foot of the yielding shrub which he had seized upon for support, how rich and vast was the treasure which an unexamined surface had concealed."

—

FROM SOUTHERN VIRGINIA.

"Be assured no effort on my part will be wanting to extend the circulation of the Messenger, and nothing would give me more unfeigned pleasure than being instrumental in the promotion of so laudable an enterprise. Your periodical is truly a pioneer in the cause of southern literature; and reasoning from the general character of the southern people, no other conclusion can be legitimately drawn, than a highly enlarged, extensive and honorable patronage. That this may be the case, permit me to add an ardent hope to my unqualified belief. We have been too long tributary to the north; it is time, high time, to awake from our lethargy—to rise in the majesty of our intellectual strength, put on the panoply of talents and genius, and *strike* for the "prize of our high calling" in literature. If the object of your labors be attained, of which there can be no reasonable doubt, posterity will be more grateful to you than to thousands of the *political exquisites* of the day, whose memory will last just so long as their ephemeral productions."

—

FROM EASTERN VIRGINIA.

"I shall endeavor to avail myself of the offer of your columns, and if, as you propose, your periodical shall be issued monthly, I may probably contribute my full quota to every number. In doing so, I shall try to remember that I am writing for a *literary* work, and one which leans much on the support of light readers. I shall therefore endeavor to treat grave topics with as little gravity as the nature of the case may admit of; drawing my reasons less from authority than from common sense and the nature of things, and addressing them to the untaught feelings of the heart, rather than to what is falsely contradistinguished as reason and judgment. I say *falsely*, because when the mind is once broken in by the discipline of a spurious philosophy, it is too apt to throw out its view all considerations incapable of being established by any regular chain of reasoning. Yet these are often entitled to be regarded as first principles; and their proof is found in nature, and in the universal acquiescence of mankind, the more conclusive, because it does not rest on reason, but on a sort of moral instinct. If men wrote less for fame and more for effect, I am persuaded they would find it rarely necessary to conduct the reader through a long process of ratiocination, and that the important end (conviction) would be often best accomplished by those striking exhibitions of truth which make it manifest at a glance. Such is the case with most of those great truths on which the rights, and duties, and happiness of men depend. On such subjects truth vindicates her title to respect by her very presence. "She walks a queen," and the heart gives its homage, and compels the acquiescence of the understanding, without stopping to look into her patent of royalty. Does any man doubt such truths? No. Can they be proved? No; and *therefore*

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they are the more certainly true. The fact that they are universally accepted, is a *fact* to reason from; and it is the philosophy that teaches to overlook such facts that I call false.

"How often, when a man takes up his pen to elaborate a long course of reasoning, does he find himself attempting to lead his reader along a track that his own mind did not travel. Can he wonder that his reader will not consent to be so led? Does he think that he alone has the privilege of travelling the high road of common sense, which levels mountains and lifts up vallies, and that others will permit themselves to be led a roundabout way, picking their steps with painful accuracy along the dividing ridge between 'right hand extremes and left hand defections?' And why does he attempt this? Merely to show that he is too profound, and too philosophical to take any thing for granted."

—

"Accept my thanks for the Southern Literary Messenger. Its contents I have perused with pleasure. Its execution is not to be surpassed in accuracy and neatness. Can a discerning public withhold encouragement, especially when the benefits will be mutual? Indeed I consider the advantages more likely to be on the side of the public provided a liberal spirit prevail, and the well stored minds of the South contribute to establish, through the Messenger, that high literary reputation which is within their power to erect. The pride of the Old Dominion should respond to your appeal by a generous contribution of subscriptions and mental effusions. Please consider me a subscriber."

—

"The reception of your Literary Messenger gave me much pleasure, and I thank you for your polite attention in sending it. The cause you have in hand is one very dear to my heart, and I sincerely wish you success; I must not omit, however, to testify my zeal in a more substantial way, and accordingly send you five dollars, and desire to be considered a subscriber, and promise to use every exertion to procure you others."

—

FROM MIDDLE VIRGINIA.

"* * * * * Taking now as many papers as I can well pay for, I am induced to support the Messenger nevertheless, from the great anxiety which I feel for the progress of literature in the South, and to show to the country that the soil of the Old Dominion, so fertile in the production of patriots and statesmen, can also support and rear to age the bright scions which adorn smoother and more ornamented fields. I feel that this is a solemn duty, which the youth of Virginia owe to the memory of their fathers,—the mantles of whose patriotism have descended upon them unsoiled; to men who were cast upon so rough a sea as to have little time to think of any thing else save the dangers around them: their whole lives having been spent in bringing the noble vessel, freighted with every thing dear to American bosoms, into a safe harbor, where she has ever since continued to ride triumphantly in prosperity and glory, it can be nothing more than sheer justice in us to raise this "tardy bust" to buried merit. As almost the pioneer in this noble undertaking, I bid you God speed, and I trust that the success of your paper may not only blot out the only spot on the escutcheon of Virginia, but in every way equal your most sanguine expectations."

FROM A SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

"The objects you have undertaken to accomplish, and which, judging from your prospectus and the character the public have given of your paper and yourself, will most certainly be attained, are highly meritorious and praiseworthy. Such a periodical has been long desired at the south, whose literary reputation is far inferior to that of the north—to awaken the dormant faculties—to arouse the ambition, and direct and concentrate the energies of a people, whose abilities are *at least equal* to those of any class of men on earth. Incitement is all that is wished, and your paper, southern in its principles, and established in a southern city, will produce it, if any thing can. Capacity it is well known is not deficient. Only bring it fairly into play, and your columns will, and a hundred such would be filled with the most valuable matter—with the most finished efforts in every branch of literature."

—

FROM THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

"I have yours, with the several copies of the Literary Messenger, which I will dispose of to the best advantage, and shall be happy if I can be instrumental in circulating extensively in the West, a periodical that promises so much, and in its first number presents evidences so flattering, of the genius and refined taste of Virginians. I hope you will find ample encouragement to persevere in your work. The pride of Virginia,—*the mother of states*,—will surely not allow a work such as yours to fail for the want of patronage."

Acknowledgments to Contributors, &c.

We regret that various articles of merit both in prose and verse are necessarily excluded from the present number. Among the former, "*Hints to Students in Geology*"—"*Eloquence*"—"*The March of Mind*"—and the "*Description of a Fourth of July Celebration*," shall certainly appear in December. Among the latter, "*Lines to D——*," by a lady—"*Beauty and Time*"—"*Autumn Woods*"—"*Powhatan;*" and "*Lines Suggested on Viewing the Ruins of Jamestown*," shall be published.

So also shall appear "*The Invocation to Religion*," and other pieces by our esteemed correspondent "L."

We hope that our talented friends of Mobile and Tuscaloosa will be patient. We could only delight our readers with a part of their contributions in the present number. We greet the literary spirit of our young sister of the southwest.

We regret being obliged to decline the publication in the present number of the lines on "*The Creation of the Antelope*," being unable to decipher some of the words in the copy sent. Can we be favored by our correspondent "C" with another copy?

We have placed *Mr. French's Grammar* in the hands of a skilful philologist for examination.

We have been favored with a sight of the *Poetical Manuscripts* of the late excellent and lamented *Mrs. Jean Wood*, and we shall take the earliest opportunity to present some selections from them to the notice of our readers.

The essay on "*Luxury*" was received too late for the present number.

We are unable to decipher the manuscript of "*Alva*."

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

Vol. I.] RICHMOND, DECEMBER 1834. [No. 4.

T. W. WHITE, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR. FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

And Present Condition of Tripoli, with some accounts of the other Barbary States.

NO. II.

From the year 1551, when Tripoli was taken by Dragut, to the early part of the eighteenth century, it continued to form a part of the Turkish empire; and as such, but little is known respecting it. However, though governed by a Pasha appointed from Constantinople, and garrisoned exclusively by Turkish troops, it did not entirely lose its nationality, and appears to have been much less dependant on the Sultan, than the other parts of his dominions; for we find upon record, treaties between Tripoli and various European powers concluded within that period, in which no mention whatever is made of the Porte. That with England, was negotiated in 1655 by Blake, immediately after his successful bombardment of Tunis; it proved however of little value, for ten years after, Sir John Narborough was sent with a fleet against Tripoli, on which occasion the celebrated Cloudesley Shovel first distinguished himself, in the destruction of several ships under the guns of the castle.

At length a revolution was effected in the government; the allegiance to the Sultan was thrown off, and his paramount authority was reduced to a mere nominal suzerainty. In the year 1714, Hamet surnamed Caramalli, or the Caramanian, from a province of Asia Minor in which he was born, while in command of the city as Bey or lieutenant during the absence of the Pasha, formed a conspiracy among the Moors, by whose aid, the city was freed from Turkish troops in a single night. Three hundred of them were invited by him to an entertainment at a castle a few miles distant from Tripoli, and were despatched as they successively entered a dark hall or passage in the building, of the others, many were found murdered in the streets next morning, and but a small number escaped to tell the dreadful tale. A Moorish guard was instantly formed, strong enough to repel any attack which could have been expected; and Hamet was proclaimed sovereign, under the title of Pasha. The new prince did not however trust entirely to arms, for the security of his title, but instantly sent a large sum to Constantinople, which being properly distributed, he succeeded in obtaining confirmation, or rather recognition by the Sultan. He moreover solemnly adopted Abdallah the infant son of his predecessor and declared him heir to the throne; but he altered these views, if he had ever entertained them, when his own children grew up, for his eldest son was made Bey or lieutenant at an early age, and afterwards succeeded him; Abdallah, however, lived through nearly three reigns, as Kiah, or governor of the castle, and was murdered in 1790, by the hand of the late Pasha Yusuf.

Hamet seemed really desirous to advance the true interests of his dominions, and for that purpose endeavored to make friends of the European nations. Within a few years after his accession, he concluded treaties with England, the United Provinces, Austria and Tuscany, one of which alone, contains a vague proviso, respecting the approval of the Sultan. The stipulations of these treaties are principally commercial, or intended to secure the vessels of the foreign power, from capture; no mention is made in them of any payments to Tripoli, but it is generally understood that considerable sums were annually given by the weaker states for the purpose of obtaining such exemption, and by the more powerful in order to encourage the piracies. By these means the commerce of the country was increased; the manufactures of Europe were imported for the use of its inhabitants, and for transportation into the interior, by the caravans; in return, dates, figs, leather, &c. were exported from Tripoli, and cattle from the ports lying east of it. One of the most valuable articles sent to Europe, was salt, brought from the desert and the countries beyond, where it is found in abundance, of the finest quality, either as rock-salt or in sheets resembling ice on the sand. Soda was likewise exported in great quantities, principally to France; but the facility with which it is now obtained from common salt, has much lessened the value of that substance and the quantity of it carried from Tripoli.

This commerce was carried on exclusively in foreign vessels, principally English, Dutch and French; those of Tripoli being all fitted out as cruisers, and engaged in piracy. None of its vessels indeed could venture to leave the place without being armed and manned to an extent which the profits of a trading voyage would not warrant; for in addition to the Spaniards, Venitians, Genoese and other maritime states, with one or other of which the Tripolines were generally at war, they had a constant and inveterate enemy in the Knights of Malta, whose gallies were ever hovering about the port, and who in the treatment of their captives, improved upon the lessons of cruelty taught by their Barbary neighbors.

These cruisers were charged to respect all vessels belonging to powers with which Tripoli had treaties; but such charges were occasionally forgotten, when a richly laden ship was encountered by a Corsair returning perhaps from a fruitless cruise; and the Pasha who was entitled to a large portion of each prize, sometimes shewed less alacrity than was promised by his treaties in causing the damage to be repaired. A mistake of this kind with regard to some French vessels, provoked that government in 1729, when it was at peace with England, to send a squadron to Tripoli, for the purpose of demanding satisfaction. The result of this display was a treaty, the terms of which were dictated by the French Admiral de Gouyon. The Pasha in the most abject manner acknowledged his infractions of the former treaty, and accepted with gratitude, the pardon and peace which the Emperor* of France was pleased to grant

* The King of France is always styled Emperor in negotiations with the Oriental Powers.

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him—all the French prizes taken were to be restored, or indemnification made for those which were lost or injured—the French captives were to be released, together with twenty other *Catholic* prisoners to be selected by the Admiral—Tripoline cruisers were to be furnished with certificates from the French Consul, who was to take precedence of all other Consuls on public occasions—French vessels with their crews were not to be molested—together with many other provisions, calculated to give to France immunities and advantages, not enjoyed by any other nation. As an additional humiliation, all stipulations made or that might be made with the Porte, were to be observed by Tripoli; and the treaty was to remain in force one hundred years.

This treaty is one of the many evidences of the want of common sense, which formerly presided over diplomatic negotiations, and rendered their history a record of unjust pretension on the one hand, of duplicity and subterfuge on the other. Exclusive advantages for a period which might as well have been left indefinite, are arrogantly extorted from a petty state, without reflecting, that supposing the utmost desire on its part, they could be observed only until some other strong power should demand the same for itself. The Barbary states have long known the absurdity of this, and have profited by it; to the force of the greater nations, they have merely opposed the *Punica fides*, and when availing resistance cannot be made, they sign any treaty however humiliating, trusting to Allah for an opportunity to break it profitably.

The inutility of these exclusive stipulations was soon proved; for in 1751 Tripoli became involved in difficulties with Great Britain, from circumstances similar to those which had provoked the ire of France. The quarrel terminated in a similar manner; a fleet was sent, and a treaty dictated, less humiliating in style to the weaker and less arrogant on the part of the stronger, than that with France, but giving to Great Britain in effect, all the exclusive or superior advantages, and to her consul the same precedence of all other consuls, which had already been solemnly guarantied to the French. As a matter of course the latter sent a squadron soon after, to require a renewal of the treaty of 1729 with stipulations still more in their favor, to which of course the Pasha consented. The same plan has been pursued by these two great nations, with regard to the other states of Barbary; and the court of each Bey, Pasha or Emperor, has been a perpetual theatre for the intrigues and struggles for influence of their consuls.

In the early treaties with these states, we see no provision against piracy in general, no protest against the principle;—Tripoline cruisers shall not make prizes of our vessels, nor appear within a certain distance of our coasts—thus much they say; but nothing else appears, from which it might be gathered, that Tripoli was other than a state, respectable itself and complying with those evident duties, which compose the body of national morals. In fact Great Britain and France, each keeping a large naval force in the Mediterranean, which could immediately chastise any offence against its own commerce, not only had no objection to the practice of piracy, but even secretly encouraged it; as the vessels of the weaker states were thus almost excluded from competition in trade. The abandonment of this despicable policy is one among the many triumphs of principle and feeling, which have marked the advance of civilization during the last twenty years, and which authorize us in hoping that a desire to promote the general welfare of mankind, may in future exert an influence in the councils of statesmen.

In addition to his acts of pacific policy, Hamet extended his dominions by force of arms; he conquered Fezzan, a vast tract of desert, sprinkled with *oases* or islands of fertile soil, lying south of Tripoli and which has until lately been held by his successors; this conquest was important from the revenue it yielded, and from the advantages it afforded to caravans to and from the centre of Africa. He also reduced to complete subjection, the intractable inhabitants of the ancient Cyrenaica or part lying beyond the Great Syrtis; and upon the whole displayed so much energy and real good sense in his actions, that viewing the circumstances under which he was placed, he may be considered fairly entitled to the appellation of *Great*, which has been bestowed on him by the people of Tripoli. Sometime before his death, he became totally blind, which affliction was believed by the more devout of his subjects, to have been sent as punishment for an act of tyranny, such as daily practised in those countries. In one of his visits to a mosque in the vicinity of the city, he chanced to see a young girl, the daughter of the Marabout or holy man of the place, whose beauty made such an impression on him, that he ordered the father to send her that evening richly drest to the castle, under penalty of being hacked to pieces, if he should fail to do so. She was accordingly conveyed to the royal apartments, but the Pasha on entering the room, found her a corpse; in order to save herself from violence, she had acceded to the wish of her father and taken a deadly potion. It is needless to relate what were the torments inflicted upon the parent; while writhing under them, he prayed that Allah would strike the destroyer with blindness; and his prayer was granted, it is said, as soon as uttered. However this may have been, a blind sovereign cannot long retain his power in Barbary; and Hamet probably felt that his own authority was less respected; for without any other ostensible reason, he deliberately shot himself in presence of his family in 1745. At least such is the account of his end given to the world.

After the death of Hamet the Great, the usual dissensions as to who should succeed him, for sometime distracted the country; his second son Mohammed at length established his claim, and with singular magnanimity, permitted seven of his brothers to live through his reign, which ended with his life in 1762.

Ali, the son and successor of Mohammed, was not so indulgent, and accordingly his uncles were soon despatched. One of them, a child, was however believed to have escaped, and a man was for many years supported at Tunis, whom the politic sovereign of that country affected to consider as the prince. The pretensions of this person were even favored by the Sultan, who, ever desirous of re-establishing his power over Tripoli, adopted this means of keeping the country in a ferment, and the Pasha in alarm. However, after this first bloody measure, which is considered as a mere act of prudence in the East, Ali passed his reign, not only without any show of cruelty, but actually exhibiting in many cases a degree of culpable kindness. He seems indeed to have been a weak and really amiable man, possessing many negative virtues, and even a

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few positive; among the latter of which, were constancy and real attachment for his family. He had but one wife, who doubtless merited the devoted respect with which he always treated her; and when we read the details of their family life, as recorded in the agreeable pages of Mrs. Tully,* it is difficult to imagine that such scenes could have taken place within the blood-stained walls of the castle of Tripoli.

But if Ali received pleasure and consolation from his faithful Lilla Halluma, the mutual hatred of their three sons rendered the greater part of his existence a horrible burden. Hassan, the eldest of the princes, was a man of much energy, together with a considerable share of generosity and good feeling. He was at an early age invested by his father with the title of Bey, which implies an acknowledgement of his right to succeed to the throne, and moreover gives him the command of the forces, the only effectual means of substantiating that right. In this office he soon distinguished himself during many expeditions which he commanded against various refractory tribes; and under his administration, the army and the revenues of the country began to recover from the miserable state in which the supineness of his father had permitted them to languish. Indeed, upon the whole, he gave promise of as much good with as little alloy, as could possibly have been expected in a sovereign of Tripoli.

Hamet, the second son of the Pasha, inherited the weakness of his father, without his better qualities, and exhibited throughout life the utmost want of decision; in prosperity ever stupidly insolent; in adversity the most abject and degraded of beings, the slave of any one who was pleased to employ him. An improper message sent by the Bey to his wife, soon after their marriage, provoked a deadly hatred against his elder brother, which only exhibited itself however in idle vaporing threats of vengeance. The distracted parents did all in their power to produce a reconciliation, but in vain; the Bey was haughty, and Hamet implacable; neither trusting himself in the presence of the other, unless armed to the teeth and environed by guards.

Yusuf, the youngest son, was the reverse of Hamet; brave, dashing and impetuous, he had scarcely reached his sixteenth year, before he openly declared his determination to struggle with the Bey for the future possession of the crown, or even to pluck it from the brow of his fond and tottering parent. Hassan at first regarded this as the mere ebullition of boyish feelings, and endeavored to attach him by acts of kindness; but they were thrown away on Yusuf, who apparently siding with Hamet, acquired over him an influence which rendered him a ready tool. The whole country was engaged in the dispute, and daily brawls between the adherents of the opposing parties rendered Tripoli almost uninhabitable.

The report of this state of things produced much effect at Constantinople; the Sultan wished to regain possession of Tripoli, and he had reason to fear lest its distracted state should induce some christian power to attempt its conquest. It was therefore arranged in 1786, that an attack should be made on the place by sea, while the Bey of Tunis should be ready with a force to co-operate by land if necessary. The Capoudan Pasha or Turkish High Admiral, at that time was the famous Hassan, who afterwards distinguished himself in the wars against Russia on the Black Sea, and against the French in the Levant, particularly by the relief of Acre in 1799, while it was besieged by Buonaparte. He was the mortal enemy of Ali, and was moreover excited by the hope of obtaining the sovereignty of the country in case he should succeed in getting a footing. A large armament was therefore prepared; but its destination was changed, and instead of recovering Tripoli, the Capoudan Pasha had orders to proceed to Egypt, and endeavor to restore that country to its former allegiance; the Mamelukes having succeeded in establishing there an almost independent authority.

The Tripoline Princes had been somewhat united by the news of the projected invasion; but this change in the objects of the Porte, again set the angry feelings of the brothers in commotion, and a severe illness with which their father was seized at the time, gave additional fury to their enmity, by apparently bringing the object of their discord nearer. As the old Pasha's death was expected, the Bey called the troops around him, and every avenue to the castle was defended; Yusuf and Hamet on their parts assembled their followers, and declared their resolution to overthrow Hassan or perish in the attempt, being convinced that his success would be the signal of their own destruction. Their tortured mother prepared to die by her own hands, rather than witness the dreadful scenes which would ensue on the decease of her husband. Ali however recovered, and things remained in the same unsettled state for three years longer; the mutual animosity of the Princes increasing, and the dread of invasion causing every sail which appeared, to be regarded with anxiety and suspicion.

Yusuf had now reached his twentieth year, and had acquired complete influence over the mind of his father; a quarrel about a servant had raised a deadly feud between him and Hamet, and the Bey feeling more confidence from the success of several expeditions, was rendered less cautious than he should have been. Lilla Halluma made every effort to produce unity of feeling among them, and at length prevailed upon Hassan to meet his youngest brother in her apartments. The Bey came armed only with his sword, and even that defence he was induced to lay aside, by the representations of his mother. Yusuf appeared also unarmed, but attended by some of his most devoted black followers; he embraced his brother, and declaring himself satisfied, called for a Koran on which to attest the honesty of his purpose. But that was a signal which his blacks understood, and instead of the sacred volume, two pistols were placed in his hands; he instantly fired at the luckless Bey, who was seated next their mother; the ball took effect—the victim staggered towards his sword—but ere he could reach it, another shot stretched him on the floor; he turned his dying eyes towards Lilla Halluma, and erroneously conceiving that she had betrayed him, exclaimed, "Mother, is this the present you have reserved for your eldest son!" The infuriated blacks despatched him by an hundred stabs,

*Narrative of a Ten Year's residence in Tripoli, from the Correspondence of the family of the late Richard Tully, British Consul at Tripoli, from 1785 to 1794.

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in the presence not only of his mother, but also of his wife, whom the reports of the pistols had brought to the room. Yusuf made his way out of the castle, offering up as a second victim the venerable Kiah Abdallah, whom he met with on his passage; he then celebrated the successful issue of his morning's achievement by a feast. This happened about the end of July, 1790.

Hamet was absent when the murder took place, and on his return was proclaimed Bey, but not until the consent of Yusuf had been obtained, which the miserable Pasha had been weak enough to require. The two brothers then swore eternal friendship, accompanying the oath with the ceremonies considered most solemn on such occasions. But oaths could have but little weight with men of their respective characters; they could give no security to Hamet, nor act as restraints upon Yusuf. In a short time the brothers disagreed; the Bey fortified himself in the castle, while Yusuf established his quarters in the Messeah, or plain which lies on one side of the City, and raised the standard of revolt. A number of discontented Moors and Arabs were soon assembled in his cause, and he formed a partial siege of the place.

Meanwhile the Sultan was again at leisure to carry into effect the long projected plan against the country. A squadron was prepared, and one Ali-ben-Zool, a notorious pirate, was placed in command, and furnished with a *firman* or commission as Pasha. This squadron entered the harbor of Tripoli on the night of the 29th of July, 1793, and during the confusion that ensued, the Turks having got possession of the gates, were in a short time masters of the town. The *firman* was then read, and the Pasha was summoned to deliver the castle to the representative of his sovereign. The poor old man was struck almost senseless with the news; his wife and family finding that resistance was impossible escaped, carrying the Pasha more dead than alive out of the city, where they at first were protected by an Arab tribe. Yusuf seeing when too late the misery which he had brought on his family, at length begged forgiveness from his father, and the Princes uniting their forces, endeavored by an assault on the town to retrieve their fortunes; but it proved unsuccessful; the Pasha's party was betrayed, and the Turkish power was for a time established. Every species of cruelty was then committed by Ali-ben-Zool, for the purpose of extorting money from the wretched inhabitants, and scenes were acted, which it would be shocking to relate. The unfortunate Lilla Halluma soon died of grief; her husband and sons retired to Tunis, where they were received and generously assisted by the Bey.

The Porte at length was induced by the cruelties of its agent, to withdraw its support, and leave was given to the Caramalli family to regain their dominions. Ten thousand troops accordingly marched from Tunis in the spring of 1795, under the command of Hamet and Yusuf; ere they reached Tripoli, Ali-ben-Zool had evacuated the place, and retired to Egypt. This ruffian was afterwards made Governor of Alexandria in 1803, subsequently to the expulsion of the French, where he pursued the same course of cruelty and extortion as at Tripoli, until he was at length murdered by his guards.

It is not to be supposed that Yusuf took all these pains merely to establish his brother quietly in Tripoli; the rude soldiery who decide matters of that kind in Barbary, could not but see a difference between him and Hamet, which was by no means in favor of the latter. Of this disposition Yusuf took full advantage, and so ingratiated himself with the troops, that when at length the news of old Ali's death reached the city, he was unanimously proclaimed Pasha; his brother, who was absent at the time, on returning, found the gates closed against him, and received an order from the new sovereign to retire to the distant province of Derne, and remain there as Bey. Hamet having no other resource, went to his place of banishment, and remained there for some time; but finding that his brother was daily making attempts to destroy him, he at length in 1797 retired to Tunis, where he was supported by the Bey.

The earliest act of Yusuf with regard to foreign intercourse, was the conclusion of a treaty with the United States, which was signed on the 4th of November, 1796, Joel Barlow then American Consul at Algiers and Colonel David Humphries, being the agents of the latter party. Its terms are generally reciprocal; passports are to be given to vessels of each country by which they are to be known—"As the Government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the christian religion, and has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion or tranquillity of Mussulmen, no pretext arising from religious opinions shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony between the two countries"—the Pasha acknowledges the receipt of money and presents, "in consideration for this treaty of perpetual peace and friendship, and no pretence of any periodical tribute or farther payment is ever to be made by either party." Finally, the observance of the treaty is "guarantied by the most potent Dey and Regency of Algiers, and in case of dispute, no appeal shall be made to arms, but an amicable reference shall be made to the mutual friend of both parties, the Dey of Algiers, the parties hereby engaging to abide by his decision."

To the terms of this treaty it would be difficult to offer any objection; the United States were anxious that their commerce in the Mediterranean should be undisturbed; their naval force was inadequate to its protection, and it was then considered inexpedient to increase that force. Presents were given in compliance with a custom generally if not always observed, and it was certainly the more manly course to have the fact openly stated in the treaty, with the proviso annexed, that none others were to be expected. The treaty between the United States and Algiers was on terms less equal, as it contained a stipulation on the part of the former to pay an annual value of twenty-one thousand dollars in military stores.

Thus secured from interruption, the American commerce in the Mediterranean rapidly increased, and the Tripoline corsairs were daily tantalized by the sight of large vessels laden with valuable cargoes, which were to be passed untouched, for no other reason than because they sailed under the striped flag and carried a piece of parchment covered with unintelligible characters. This must have been the more vexatious to the corsairs as they never met with ships of war belonging to the nation which they were thus required to respect.

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Reports of this nature did not fail to produce their effect upon Yusuf; his cupidity was excited, and he doubtless feared that his popularity might suffer, if his subjects were longer prevented from pursuing what had always been considered a lawful and honorable calling in Barbary. He had collected a small maritime force, estimated in 1800 at eleven vessels of various sizes, mounting one hundred and three guns, and thus considered himself strong enough to give up the further observance of a treaty with a power which appeared so incapable of enforcing it. In this idea he was encouraged by his naval officers. The chief of these was a Scotch renegade, who had been tempted to exchange the kirk for the mosque, and his homely name of Peter Lyle, with his humble employment of mate to a trading vessel, for the more sounding title of Morat Rais, and the substantial appointment of High Admiral of Tripoli. Rais Peter is represented by all who knew him as destitute of real talent, but possessing in its stead much of that pliability of disposition which is supposed to form an essential characteristic of his countrymen; however that may have been, he for some time enjoyed great credit with the Pasha, and employed it as far as he could against the interests of the United States. Whether this arose from any particular enmity, or from the hope of enjoying a share of the anticipated spoil, is uncertain; but to his influence was mainly ascribed the proceedings which led to a rupture of the peace. Another abettor of the war was the Vice Admiral Rais Amor Shelly, a desperate ruffian, who was most anxious to be engaged where there was such evident promise of gain. Hamet Rais, the minister of marine, was of the same opinion, and probably of all his councillors, Yusuf placed the greatest confidence in him; he is represented as a man of great sagacity and energy—such indeed, that Lord Nelson thought proper in 1798, to send a ship of the line, with a most overbearing letter, demanding his exile, which the Pasha promised, but after the departure of the ship thought no more about it. The only friend of the United States in the regency, was the Prime Minister Mahomet d'Ghies, whom every account represents as an honorable and enlightened gentleman.

Thus fortified by the assurances of his counsellors, and farther induced by his success in bringing Sweden to his terms, Yusuf commenced his proceedings against the United States in 1799, by making requisitions of their consul; these were resisted, and to a proposal from Mr. Cathcart (the consul) that reference should be made to the Dey of Algiers, as provided in such cases by the treaty, the Pasha replied that he no longer regarded the stipulations of that convention. His intentions became more clearly defined in the ensuing year, when Rais Shelly returned from a cruise, with an American brig, which he had brought in under pretence of irregularity in her papers; she was indeed restored, but not until after long delay and the commission of numberless acts of petty extortion, accompanied by hints that such lenity would not be again displayed. Considerable time having elapsed without any answer from the United States, the consul was informed that the treaty with his country was at an end; that the Pasha demanded two hundred and fifty thousand dollars as the price of a new one; and that it must contain an engagement on the part of the United States, to pay an annual tribute of twenty-five thousand dollars for its continuance. No reply having been made to this, war was formally declared by Tripoli on the 11th of May, 1801, the American flag staff was cut down by the Pasha's orders on the 14th, and Mr. Cathcart left the place a few days after.

A swarm of cruisers instantly issued from the port of Tripoli, and spread themselves over every part of the Mediterranean; two of them under Morat Rais arrived at Gibraltar, with the intention of even braving the perils of the unknown Atlantic, in search of American vessels. In the course of a few weeks five prizes were taken by the corsairs; but the consul of the United States had long foreseen the danger, and given timely warning, so that interruption of their commerce was almost the only evil afterwards suffered.

As soon as the news of these exactions arrived in Washington, President Jefferson caused a squadron, composed of three frigates and a sloop of war, to be fitted out and despatched to the Mediterranean, under Commodore Dale; it entered that sea about the end of June, 1801, and was probably the first American armed force seen in its waters. This squadron was sent with the hope that its display would be alone sufficient to bring the Pasha back to the observance of the treaty; the Commodore was therefore instructed to act with great caution, so as to repress rather than provoke hostilities; and he was made the bearer of letters to each of the Barbary sovereigns, couched in the most amicable terms and disclaiming all warlike intentions. The squadron touched first at Tunis, where its appearance somewhat softened the Bey, who had begun the same system of exactions from the American consul; it then sailed for Tripoli, before which it appeared on the 24th of July.

The sight of such a force was very disquieting to Yusuf, who sent a messenger on board to learn what were its objects. The Commodore replied by asking what were the Pasha's views in declaring war, and on what principles he expected to make peace? To this Yusuf endeavored to evade giving a direct answer, and he hinted that his principal cause of complaint was the dependence on Algiers implied by the terms of the first and the last articles of the treaty, which he considered humiliating. The American commander not being empowered to negotiate, remained for some days blockading the harbor, until having learnt that several cruisers were out, he thought proper to go in search of them. One only was encountered, a ship of fourteen guns, commanded by Rais Mahomet Sous, which after an action of three hours, on the 1st of August, with the schooner Enterprize, struck her colours; the Americans lost not a man, the Tripolines had nearly half their crew killed or wounded. As orders had been given to make no prizes, the cruiser was dismantled, and her captain directed to inform the Pasha, that such "was the only tribute he would receive from the United States." Notwithstanding the desperate valor displayed in this action by the Tripolines, Yusuf thought proper to ascribe the result to cowardice on the part of the commander; and poor Mahomet Sous, after having been paraded through the streets of the city on an ass, exposed to the insults of the mob, received five hundred strokes of the bastinado. This piece of injustice and cruelty however, produced an

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effect the reverse of that which was intended; for after it, no captain could be induced to put to sea, and those who were out already, on learning the treatment experienced by their comrade, took refuge from the Americans and the Pasha, for the most part among the islands of the Archipelago. The two largest vessels which had been arrested at Gibraltar on their way to the Atlantic, by the appearance of the United States' squadron, were laid up at that place, their crews passing over into Morocco.

The American commerce being thus for the time secured from interruption, a portion of the squadron returned to the United States; the remainder passed the winter in the Mediterranean, and were joined in the ensuing spring (1802) by other ships. Nothing however was attempted towards a conclusion of the difficulties with Tripoli by any decisive blow; the American agents in the other Barbary states were instructed to procure peace if possible, on condition of paying an annual tribute; and partial negotiations were carried on, principally through the mediation of the Bey of Tunis. They however proved ineffectual, as Yusuf demanded an amount far beyond that which the American government proposed. The operations of the squadron were limited to mere demonstrations; a simple display of force being considered preferable to active measures. On one occasion however, the Constellation frigate, while cruising off the harbor of Tripoli, was suddenly becalmed, and in this defenceless situation, was attacked by a number of Tripoline gun-boats; their fires would soon have reduced her to a wreck, had not a breeze fortunately sprung up, which enabled her to choose her position; several of the gun-boats having been then quickly destroyed, the remainder were forced to retreat into port.

The system of caution and forbearance by which the foreign policy of the American government was then regulated, renders the history of its transactions in the Mediterranean during the first four years of this century by no means flattering to the national pride. There was a disposition to negotiate and to purchase peace, rather than boldly to enforce it, which must have been most galling to the brave spirits who were thus obliged to remain inactive; and it certainly encouraged the Barbary governments in the opinion that the Americans were disposed to accept the more humiliating of the two alternatives, paying or fighting, which they offered to all other nations. It would not perhaps be just at present to censure this patient policy; the institutions of the country were then by no means firmly established, and the utmost circumspection was necessary in the management and disposition of its resources. There was also great reason to apprehend that a decided attack on one of the Barbary powers, would produce a coalition of the whole, aided by Turkey, which might have given a blow, severe and perhaps fatal, to the commerce of the United States in the Mediterranean. The Americans may however at least rejoice, that a more dignified system can now with assurance be pursued, in the conduct of all their affairs with foreign nations.

The length of this article renders its conclusion in the present number inconvenient; the remainder will appear in our next.

REVIEW of Governor Tazewell's Report to the Legislature of Virginia, on the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

The late Chief Magistrate of Virginia, Governor Floyd, in his message of December, 1833, called the attention of the Legislature to the condition of that unfortunate race of beings for whom it has been reserved, under Providence, to the present age, to provide a suitable system of instruction, by which they should be elevated to the condition of moral and accountable creatures. The Governor says: "The deaf, and dumb, and the blind, are objects of sympathy with all classes of society, and from which no family can claim exemption. An asylum for these unfortunate beings is suggested, where proper attention and instruction can be given at public expense—where they can be taught to read and write, and learn something of the useful arts; where even the blind can be taught something to alleviate the long and wearisome night which is allotted to them. I appeal to you in their behalf with the more confidence, as it is a subject which stands wholly unconnected with the business of life, from which they are excluded; and without voice, like the eloquence of the spheres, applies to the heart of all, from which they will not be spurned by the good and the just."

These humane and benevolent suggestions were referred, by special resolution, to the Committee of Schools and Colleges, by which committee a very able report was made on the subject to the House of Delegates, concluding with a resolution, "that it was expedient and highly important to provide immediately for the establishment and endowment of an asylum for the deaf and dumb of the state of Virginia."

At the same session of the Legislature, it appears that a memorial was presented by the trustees of the deaf and dumb asylum at Staunton, an association incorporated in March 1833, setting forth that sufficient funds had been provided to purchase a suitable site for a building—and praying that the Legislature would make an annual appropriation in aid of their benevolent purposes. This memorial is written with ability, and presents in a strong light the necessity of some legislative action on the subject. The Legislature, it seems however, was not prepared to act definitively, even with all the lights before them; but as if unwilling that an object so vastly important, and involving so many high considerations, should entirely be lost sight of,—the House of Delegates, a few days before the close of the session, adopted a resolution requesting the Governor "to communicate to the General Assembly at its next session such facts and views as he might deem pertinent and useful, relative to the best plan, the appropriate extent, the most suitable organization, and the probable cost of an institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, to be located in some healthy and convenient situation in this state; and that he be further requested to accompany his communication by such information as he might be able to impart relative to similar institutions in other states, together with an estimate of the probable number of the deaf and dumb who would repair to such an institution, to be located within the limits of this Commonwealth."

In compliance with this resolution, Governor Tazewell, whose term of office commenced on the 31st of March last, made a report to the Legislature at its pre-

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sent session—a report which we regret to say is entirely at variance with all the views heretofore entertained on this interesting subject—a report which, so far as such high authority can wield an influence, is calculated to repress the efforts of the friends of humanity in the prosecution of so noble a cause. We shall examine this document with the respect which is due to the high character and eminent talents of its author—at the same time with that freedom which belongs to the right of discussion—especially when we believe that the interests of humanity are deeply concerned in the issue.

The report, after a few preliminary remarks, sets out as follows: "In differing from those who may be in favor of establishing within this state a seminary for the education of the deaf and dumb *at this time*, I hope I shall not be considered by any as being opposed to the accomplishment of an object so truly benevolent in its character. The very reverse of this is the fact. It is only because I ardently desire to see this laudable object attained by the best means practicable, that I do not concur with those who may desire to effect it by the creation of such an institution within this Commonwealth *at this time*." Now with great deference to his Excellency, we humbly conceive that all the reasons which he assigns against the establishment or endowment of an asylum *at this time*, apply with equal force to any *other time*. If there be any force in his arguments, they will continue to operate, at least in a very essential degree, *for a long period of years*. What are his reasons?

"Schools for the instruction of the deaf and dumb differ from all other seminaries of education in this particular—that they can never prosper, except by means which may suffice to bring together, at one point, a sufficient number of pupils to commune with each other in their own peculiar mode, and to concentrate the interest necessary to be felt, and the efforts necessary to be used by those engaged in their instruction. No expense can accomplish the desired object, unless by the attainment of these means. Then, the question seems to be resolved into this: Can the Legislature of Virginia reasonably promise itself, that by the employment of any means which it ought to use, it may concentrate at any point within this state, sufficient inducements to draw thither the proper number of such pupils and of such instructers? I do not think this can be done."

We shall forbear answering this part of his Excellency's report, which we think is very easily done, until we spread still more of his reasons before the reader.

"The whole number of white persons in Virginia, of all ages, who were deaf and dumb, is shown by the last census to have been then four hundred and twenty two only. The annual increase of such unfortunates (as shown by the calculations made upon the population of other countries less favorably situated in this respect than Virginia,) does not amount to more than about fifteen in a million—a number approaching so nearly to the annual decrease by natural causes, that the annual augmentation here must be very small indeed. Of the whole number of deaf and dumb in any state, even in those where the most liberal means have been employed to attract to their long established asylums all of that class who might be induced to resort thither, the proportion does not exceed one fifteenth. Thus in Connecticut, where the number of mutes, as shewn by the last census, was two hundred and ninety-five, there were not at their asylum, according to the last report of that institution which I have seen, more than eighteen persons of that number; and this after a period of sixteen years had elapsed since the commencement of this establishment. Yet in Connecticut the population is dense, and the inducements held out to send all their deaf and dumb to this asylum are very great indeed. So too in Pennsylvania, where the last census shews the whole number of mutes to have been seven hundred and twelve, the number of these at their excellent asylum, according to the last report, was only forty-eight, after this seminary had been opened fourteen years.

"If then," continues the Governor, "in Connecticut, where there are two hundred and ninety-five mutes, there cannot be collected at such an institution, after sixteen years, more than eighteen of that number; and if in Pennsylvania, where the number of mutes is seven hundred and twelve, only forty-eight of that number can be induced to avail themselves of the advantages held out by its admirable institution, after —— years; it is unreasonable to suppose that the sparse population of Virginia could supply a sufficient number of pupils to attain the great object had in view by the establishment of a seminary here like that proposed. For it must not be overlooked, that the supply of pupils to every school will bear some proportion to the expense of maintaining them while there, and that in older institutions, this expense will be necessarily much less than in those of more recent origin."

The Governor would have shed much more light upon this branch of the subject, if he had expressed his opinion as to the precise number of pupils which it was necessary to bring together, in order that they might "commune with each other in their own peculiar mode;" and which, according to his view of the subject, is necessary to the existence and prosperity of all such institutions. That opinion however he has not indicated; but has left us to infer that as not more than one in fifteen has ever been induced, according to the experience of other institutions, to resort to them for instruction, even by the employment of the most liberal means,—that proportion of the whole number of free white deaf mutes in Virginia, would not be sufficient to justify the commencement of such an establishment here. One fifteenth of the whole number in Virginia, at the last census, would be twenty-eight. That number, however, will not suffice, and we must wait longer. How long, it is impossible to tell—inasmuch as from his Excellency's reasoning, the increase must be very inconsiderable—being not more than at the rate of sixteen annually for every million of inhabitants; and from this must be deducted the decrease from natural causes. Let us suppose then that the annual increase in Virginia is sixteen, and that the annual decrease is twelve, leaving a yearly increment of four to the whole number in the state. Now as, according to Governor Tazewell's views, not more than one in fifteen of the whole number can be induced to attend a school of instruction, it requires not the aid of Cocker to demonstrate that several years must elapse before even an additional pupil can be added to the twenty-eight above

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stated. Candor compels us therefore to declare that we think this part of his Excellency's report very unsound in its reasoning. He seems to have founded his argument upon the supposition that the deaf and dumb pupils to be educated at the proposed asylum in Virginia, are to be maintained from their own resources, or the private liberality of their friends; whereas, the very object of applying for Legislative aid, is to enable many of these indigent children of misfortune to obtain instruction at the public expense. If this was not the ground of the Governor's reasoning, why does he suppose that not more than one-fifteenth of the whole number of deaf mutes could be induced to resort to a seminary for instruction? Does he mean that a larger proportion could not be obtained if the public expense were proffered for their education and subsistence? If he does, then we humbly think that his Excellency is most egregiously mistaken.

Strange as it may seem however, whilst the Governor in the part of his report which we have quoted, seems to reason upon the idea that Legislative aid is desired for the sole purpose of endowing an asylum at the commencement, and that the annual cost of supporting and educating the pupils is to be drawn from private sources,—he nevertheless suggests as the preferable mode, that the Legislature should annually appropriate a sufficient sum for the maintenance of a given number of pupils at the institutions of Connecticut or Pennsylvania. Let him speak in his own language:

"If the benevolent purpose of instructing the deaf and dumb be the great object of those who desire the establishment of a seminary of this kind in Virginia at this time, the principal question must be, by what means can such an object be best attained? The considerations I have mentioned will probably suffice to shew, that much proficiency cannot reasonably be expected from a school of this kind created here now, nor for many years yet to come, except at a cost to the public very far exceeding any public benefit that could possibly be derived from it. The benevolence of the object might perhaps justify such an expenditure for its accomplishment, if no other means existed. But when other means are open, by which the same benevolent purpose may be attained, even better, and at much less expense, it seems difficult to assign any reason why the better and cheaper mode should not be preferred. This better mode seems to me to be, to appropriate a portion of the sum it must require to create and to perpetuate such an establishment here, to the advancement of the same object in some other seminary already established in one of the other states. All the eastern states (except Rhode Island, I believe,) have pursued this course in regard to the seminary at Hartford, in Connecticut; and I understand that New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland have adopted the same plan with respect to the seminary in Pennsylvania."

In what way, let us ask, is this annual appropriation which the Governor recommends, to be expended? Upon the indigent of course—upon those to whose intellectual night the providence of God has superadded the gloom of poverty; and these objects of public sympathy and bounty are to be selected we presume from various parts of the commonwealth, according to some equitable rule hereafter to be established. Now we humbly think, that whatever inducements could prevail upon the friends of these unfortunates, to send them from three to five hundred miles abroad, in order to partake of the state's charity, would operate with much greater force if the place of their destination were somewhere within our own limits. Of this fact we presume there can be no question. The father or guardian of an indigent deaf mute in one of the border counties of this commonwealth, would vastly prefer Richmond, Staunton or Charlottesville as the place of his education, to either of the cities of Philadelphia or Hartford. There are, moreover, many strong and obvious reasons why a *state institution* should be patronized, in preference to any other. The public funds would be expended on our own soil, and among our own population. The state would be even richer, by the introduction among us of that peculiar science, which reveals the mysterious intercourse of human minds deprived of the usual inlets to the understanding. The Governor himself seems to be aware that the encouragement of every good thing among ourselves, rather than to be dependent upon others for their enjoyment, is an honest, natural and patriotic prejudice; and accordingly he takes some pains to encounter and overthrow it. Hear him.

"Although I will not admit that there is a single citizen within the limits of Virginia more desirous than I am to domesticate here every thing needful to the well being of the state, yet I neither consider many of what are called modern improvements as coming within this description, nor do I regard it as wise to attempt such domestication prematurely. It is among the wise dispensations of Providence, that all things really necessary to man are placed within the grasp of every community composed of men, and that much of what is not necessary, but convenient only, is of easy acquisition in every civilized society. But when you ascend higher in the scale, and seek to teach or to learn all the sublime and long hidden truths of modern science, it is perhaps fortunate for our race that there are not many any where who feel the inclination to become scholars, and very few indeed who are qualified to teach such lessons. Such science may truly say she is of no country; for no single country on the habitable globe could fill the chairs of the instructers, or the forms of the pupils. Accident generally lays the foundation of such seminaries, and the contributions of the civilized world are required to erect and preserve the edifice. Does any country grudge to pay her quota to the common stock, or seek to pluck from the wing of science the particular feather which such country may claim as her own?—each will do so in its turn—and the bird which might have soared to a sightless height, when stripped of its plumage, will but flutter on the surface, unable to wing her way on high."

Now we confess that we do not understand to our entire satisfaction this extract from the report. The figure of the bird with the plucked plumage, neither strikes us as in very good taste nor very intelligible; but as we have more to do with his Excellency's arguments than his rhetoric, we shall leave the latter to those who are better skilled than we are in following "the mazes of metaphorical confusion." The Governor proceeds:

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"If this is the case with science, in what may now be considered its higher departments, how much stronger is the appeal humanity makes in favor of benevolence and christian charity. These are of no country, certainly. They but sojourn on earth, teaching frail man to do his duty to his maker, in providing for the wants of his unfortunate fellows, so far as is practicable. To them it must be of little consequence indeed, whether the mute by nature is made a rational being by arts employed in his education, either in one place or another. So far as regards the unfortunate mute, the only inquiry is, where can he be best taught? The only inquiry of the benevolent ought to be, where can he be so taught at the least cost? This last is an inquiry suggested not less by benevolence than the former; for as the means of even charity are necessarily limited, that application of them is best which promises to do the greatest good with the least expenditure.

"To all this let me add, that if there is any thing better calculated than any other to cement our union, and to keep bright the chain which I trust will bind these states together while time lasts, it will be found in the contributions of each to the advancement of objects approved by all, without any jealous regard to the actual spot at which such a general good may commence. If a generous spirit of this sort is but once manifested, its effects will be soon seen and felt by all. Acts of kindness will not fail to induce forbearance and to generate sympathy. When each state shall feel, that for the aid it requires to accomplish any object of general utility, it may rely confidently on its co-states, there will be no more applications to the federal government to pervert the language of the constitution, in order to accomplish the unholy scheme of robbing a minority to enrich a majority. Then, those who contend but for the spoils of the vanquished, may be safely left to the contempt which such a motive cannot fail to inspire with all the generous and the good. It would have been worthy of Virginia to set such an example: it is worthy of her to imitate that which others have already taught."

It is in these passages that we think lurks the fallacy, and we might add, the mischief of the Governor's views. He sets out first by deprecating all legislative interference on the subject. "Let us alone" is his cardinal maxim, and the maxim of the school of political economists to which he belongs.—Let individuals take care of themselves and of each other, but let not government presume to thrust its paternal care upon the community. In the next place, however, if the State, according to his Excellency's notions, will officiously obtrude into these private matters—why then let the funds of the Commonwealth go abroad and enrich some sister State.—These kind offices will brighten the chain of union which binds the States together. They will teach us all to rely more upon each other, and less upon the general government. This is the sum and substance of the Governor's reasoning; and dangerous and fallacious as we believe it to be, we feel the stronger obligation, coming from the high quarter it does, to resist and refute it if we can. It may be justly asked, if there be any thing sound in this specious appeal to the generous feelings of the States, why have not the States carried out the doctrine themselves? Why has North Carolina for example, proverbially styled the Rip Van Winkle of the South, been so blind to her own interests and duty, as not to send her deaf and dumb children to Hartford, instead of erecting an asylum at home? Why have Ohio and Kentucky been guilty of the similar folly of founding institutions themselves? We think we can answer these questions in the only way in which they can be answered, and that is, that these younger States—these (for the most part) daughters of the Old Dominion, are wiser in their generation than their venerable mother. They have discerned their true interests, in fostering their own establishments. Did any one ever dream that Kentucky had given cause of offence to her sister States, by erecting an asylum for the poor mutes? We apprehend not. The truth is, that his Excellency the Governor, is entirely mistaken in his views upon this subject. State pride,—State sovereignty,—State independence,—jealousy of the federal government,—whatever you please to call it, is best preserved by each individual State taking care of its own resources, and building up its own establishments. What a ridiculous business it would be, if twenty-four families in the same neighborhood, were to act upon the principle that each was to take care of all the rest in preference to itself? How will the twenty-four States ever be strong, unless each State will attend particularly to the developement of its own latent powers and capacities—unless each will apply its own energies for its own benefit? Pursue the Governor's doctrine to all its remote consequences, and see to what absurdities we are driven. The University of Virginia was a most palpable violation of the courtesy and good feeling due to our sister States. Besides, according to his Excellency, would it not have been *cheaper* to send our sons as usual to Cambridge, and Princeton, and Yale, rather than incur the enormous expense of erecting a splendid establishment from the State Treasury? The University, by the way, furnishes a very strong case, favoring, in many of the views in which it may be regarded, the positions and doctrines of Governor Tazewell; yet what Virginian regrets even the lavish expenditure by which that institution has been endowed?—Who does not rather rejoice, that in his native State, at the base of Monticello, the domes of science have been reared, to scatter its light to the present and future generations?

The truth is, and most melancholy is the truth, that many of our leading men in Virginia, perhaps the far greater number, are inclined to acquiesce in this fatal doctrine of State apathy—this most paralyzing policy of passive inertness,—whilst the world at large, and many other portions of the Union, are marching in advance of us, with a celerity which defies calculation. Governor Tazewell might well have applied his figure of the bird despoiled of its plumage, to our poor, old and venerable mother. Her daughters, and sisters, and brothers—almost the whole family—no doubt with the best intentions in the world—are practising, in one way or other, on the old lady's kind feelings and generous principles. Our worthy and excellent friends East of the Hudson, send us their notions—their long provender, their vegetables and brooms, and beg us, by all means, to buy them, because it is *cheaper* to do so, than to divert our labor from our valuable staples. They send us also their excellent cottons, and other fabrics of their looms, which we take liberally, although we have a good deal of surplus labor, and the finest water power in the Union.—

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Our near neighbor and almost twin sister Maryland, is pushing, with a degree of enterprise which does her credit, her internal improvements into the heart of our own territory—and we——we have too much grace and politeness to say to her, that it is rather an intrusion. Our most filial and amiable daughters to the West, send to us their hogs, horses and cattle—and we pay them, at least so says the buyer, most tremendous prices. All these drains from our prosperity, and many more which might be enumerated, we submit to, with a degree of patience and composed resignation that even Job might have envied. Our Eagle is indeed stripped of its plumage, to adorn others more fearless and adventurous on the wing.

But to return to the Report. The Governor thinking it probable that the Legislature might not concur in his views, either to give the whole subject of a deaf and dumb asylum the go-by, or to adopt the alternative of sending the indigent pupils into other States, presents various views touching the management of such institutions—the general correctness of which we are not disposed to question. At one thing, however, we are somewhat surprised, and that is, that his Excellency seems not to have been aware of the existence within this State, of an incorporated asylum, prepared to go into operation whensoever the public shall extend its patronage. The Report seems to have been founded upon a voluminous mass of documents, which are deposited in the public library, for the use of the Legislature. Not having access to them, we shall content ourselves with a reference to such others as lay within our reach, in order to present, in a few strong lights, the importance and necessity of such an institution in Virginia.

At the session of 1825-'6, Governor Pleasants communicated to the Legislature the first annual report of the trustees of the Kentucky institution, and also the ninth annual report of the Hartford Asylum. The first mentioned document is particularly important, inasmuch as it exhibits at once the success which attended a *first experiment*, under circumstances extremely disadvantageous. The report of the trustees made to the Kentucky Legislature was referred to a joint committee of the two Houses,—who visited the asylum at Danville, and who, among other things, stated, on their return, "that they were greatly gratified in witnessing the progress made by the pupils, whose facility and correctness in comprehending the signs made by the teacher, and expressing their ideas, exceeded any thing that could have been anticipated by the most sanguine friends of the institution." They further state the following extraordinary facts, which ought at once to dispel all prejudice, and unite all hearts in support of a system of instruction, attended by such beneficent results. "All those who had been instructed in the asylum for FOUR MONTHS, *wrote good hands, spelled correctly, and answered promptly and correctly, numerous questions that were proposed to them by the teacher and members of the committee.*" It also appears that the whole number of pupils, at the end of the first year, was only twenty-one—a number, which, according to Governor Tazewell's theory, is not sufficient for the purpose of mutual communion, in their peculiar mode—but which, in the instance before us, would seem to establish the very reverse of that proposition.

The report from the Hartford Asylum, which is dated in 1825, is particularly interesting, as furnishing extraordinary proofs of the progress of the pupils, both in moral and intellectual attainments. We think, if Governor Tazewell had been so fortunate as to light upon this document, he would scarcely have urged as a reason for *postponing* an asylum in Virginia, that the science of instructing the deaf mute was continually advancing, and was likely to be more perfect some years hence than at present. Doubtless this peculiar and valuable art will improve, and so will many other branches of knowledge which are even now in a highly advanced state. Natural history, chemistry, and the physical sciences generally, are constantly enlarging their boundaries, and extending their acquisitions—but shall we, on that account, remain in ignorance of what they *now* teach, in the vain hope that by and by they will reach the maximum of perfection? Strange doctrine truly!

We have already referred to the memorial of the trustees of the Staunton institution, and the report of the committee of schools and colleges—both of which interesting papers will be found among the printed legislative documents of last winter, and ought to be reprinted for distribution among the members of that body, now in session. We hope that the Legislature will take the subject into its speedy and earnest consideration, and that, in the language of the Kentucky report, they will hearken to the "claims of those whom God, in the mysterious dispensations of his providence, has deprived of the faculty of hearing and of speech; of whom an eloquent divine has said, 'silence like theirs is eloquence.'"

COLONIAL MANNERS.

A picture of the House of Burgesses of Maryland in 1766.

WE have been politely favored with the sight of a letter from *an illustrious philosopher and statesman*, written at Annapolis on the 25th May, 1766, to his friend in Virginia, from which we make the subjoined curious extract. It is no less instructive than amusing to trace the progress of society from its rude and simple beginnings, to that more perfect form produced by civilization and refinement. It may be doubted however, whether the degree of decorum prevailing in the legislative body of a country, furnishes more than an imperfect index to the state of public manners. We will venture to assert that in 1766, the very year when the Burgesses of Maryland are represented as no better than a "mob," the Colonial Assembly of Virginia exhibited as fine a picture of gravity and dignity as could be well conceived; and yet we have no reason to believe that the people of Maryland at that day were less civilized than their brethren south of the Potomac. Perfectly aware as we are of the faults of our countrymen, we have nevertheless always contended that the Virginians are the most remarkable people in the world for the observance of a certain peculiar affability towards each other, not only in their public bodies, but in private intercourse. We mean Virginians of the genuine old stock—not the new race who have sprung up among us like mushrooms, and are trying to introduce an awkward imitation of European customs. These latter are some of them weak enough to think that the sudden acquisition of fortune, without merit on their part, or a voyage or two to London or Paris, are of themselves sufficient to constitute a finished gentleman. Real refinement is founded upon good sense,

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and upon kindness and good will towards our fellow man, and never can co-exist with purse-proud arrogance or conceited vanity.

In reference to our public assemblies, it is a common remark, and we have no doubt a just one, that there is more order, decorum and dignity in the Virginia Legislature, than in the House of Representatives of the United States. In the latter body the members sit with their hats on, write letters and read newspapers, whilst one of their members is addressing the chair, or the speaker is putting the question. Such disorder is rarely seen in the Capitol of the Old Dominion.

——"I will now give you some account of what I have seen in this metropolis. The Assembly happens to be sitting at this time; their upper and lower house as they call them, sit in different houses. I went into the lower, sitting in an old courthouse, which judging from its form and appearance, was built in the year one. I was surprised on approaching it, to hear as great a noise and hubbub as you will usually observe at a public meeting of the planters in Virginia. The first object which struck me after my entrance, was the figure of a little old man, dressed but indifferently, with a yellow queue wig on, and mounted in the judge's chair. This, the gentleman who walked with me, informed me was the speaker, a man of a very fair character, but who, by the by, has very little the air of a speaker. At one end of the justices' bench stood a man whom in another place I should, from his dress and phiz, have taken for Goodall the lawyer in Williamsburg, reading a bill then before the house with a schoolboy tone, and an abrupt pause at every half dozen words. This I found to be the clerk of the Assembly. The mob (for such was their appearance) sat covered on the justices' and lawyers' benches, and were divided into little clubs, amusing themselves in the common chitchat way. I was surprised to see them address the speaker without rising from their seats, and three, four and five at a time, without being checked. When a motion was made, the speaker, instead of putting the question in the usual form, only asked the gentlemen whether they chose that such or such a thing should be done, and was answered by a yes sir, or no sir; and though the voices appeared frequently to be divided, they never would go to the trouble of dividing the house; but the clerk entered the resolutions, I supposed, as he thought proper. In short, every thing seems to be carried without the house in general knowing what was proposed."

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

WESTERN SCENERY.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A WESTERN TRAVELLER.

We had rode about a mile, when my guide said, that if I was willing to go a hundred yards out of the way, he could show me something worth seeing. I no sooner assented to this, than he cast around him his keen woodsman's glance, and then, turning his horse in a direction slightly diverging from the road, struck into the woods. I followed, and presently observed that we were pursuing a course nearly parallel to what seemed to be a precipice, beyond the verge of which I caught glimpses of a vast extent of country. Without allowing me time to see any thing distinctly, my guide pushed on, and, spurring to the top of an Indian barrow, placed himself and me at the desired point of view.

We were on the spot that overlooks the confluence of Salt River with the Mississippi. Having once travelled an hundred miles to see the Natural Bridge, and having heard from Mr. Jefferson that that sight was worthy of a voyage across the Atlantic, I certainly did not grudge the price I had paid for the view that opened on me.

The confluence of the rivers is nearly at right angles. The hill descends with equal abruptness towards each, and, at first glance, the apex seems to overhang the water of each. But this is not so. The descent, perhaps, wants two or three degrees of perpendicularity, and, at the bottom, there is a narrow border of low-ground, fringing the banks with lofty trees. The appearance of these trees gave the only measure of the height of the hill. To the eye they might be bushes. My guide assured me they were of the tallest growth.

To the East, across the Mississippi, lay what is called *Howard's bottom*. This is, as its name imports, a body of low ground. Its width is said to be, in some places, not less than six miles, and to be nearly uniform for a distance of sixty. Of this I could not judge. It seemed that it might be so. I was nearly opposite the middle of it, and overlooking the whole. Next the water was a border of the most luxuriant forest, apparently some half a mile in width, and beyond this, a Prairie reaching to the foot of the hills, interspersed with masses of forest, and groves, and stumps, and single trees, among which, here and there, were glittering glimpses of the *Chenaille ecartee*, which traverses the whole length of it. You, who know the vesture in which nature clothes these fertile plains, need not be told how rich and soft was the beautiful picture thus spread beneath my feet. Its *setting* was not less remarkable. This was a perpendicular wall of limestone, two or three hundred feet high, which bounds the valley on the East. An occasional gap, affording an outlet to the country beyond, alone broke the continuity of this barrier. To the North, lay the extensive plain through which Salt River winds. I have no idea of its extent. It is a vast amphitheatre, surrounded by lofty and richly-wooded hills. The plain itself is of wood and Prairie interspersed, and so blended, that every tree seems placed for effect.

You are not to suppose, because I do not launch out in florid declamation about the beauty, and grandeur, and magnificence, and all that, of this scene, that it was less striking than you would naturally suppose it must be. You know that I have neither talent nor taste for *fine writing*, so you must take the picture as I give it, and draw on your own imagination for the garniture. I have said nothing of the rivers, but to tell you they were there, and flowing through a landscape of many hundred thousand acres of the richest land on earth, with the most beautifully variegated surface, all spread out under my feet. I felt that the scene was sublime; and it is well for your patience, that I have learned that sublime things are best described in fewest words. It is certainly the finest I ever saw. There may be others equal to it, but the earth does not afford *room* for *many* such. What will it be, when it becomes "a living landscape of groves and corn-fields, and the abodes of men?" As it is, if the warrior, on whose tomb I stood, could raise his head, he would see it in nothing changed from what it was when his last sun set upon it.

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THOM'S GROUP OF STATUARY,

FROM BURNS'S TAM O'SHANTER.

THESE remarkable specimens of sculpture, have been recently exhibited in this city, and have attracted, we believe, universal admiration. The artist is a native of Ayrshire, Scotland,—which also gave birth to the Immortal Bard, whose conceptions are so happily illustrated by the genius of the sculptor. Not pretending ourselves to any of those mysterious capabilities, which are claimed by *connoiseurs* and *amateurs*, to judge of the productions of art; we rely upon our simple perceptions of what is both true and excellent, in their design and execution. The following is the passage from Burns, which the artist has chosen in order to give visible and tangible form to the poet's fancy:

Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely:
And at his elbow Souter Johnny,
His ancient trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growin' better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
The Souter tauld his queerest stories,
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Never perhaps, as is well observed by a political journal in this city, was the genius of art so truly impressed upon stone, as in the present instance,—to represent human bodies in a state of petrifaction. A reader of Romance, would almost imagine that the wand of enchantment had passed over the merry group, and had frozen the currents of life—without disturbing the mirth, enlivened feature, the arch and humorous look,—or the easy and careless attitudes of nature. We admire the productions of the great masters of modern times, or, of classical antiquity—but, whilst we gaze, we never once even *imagine* that the promethean spark might have animated the marble. Belonging, as most of them do, to the *ideal* schools of sculpture—imbodying all that is fair and beautiful, in the artist's conception; rather than what is absolutely true in the visible forms of nature,—they do not strike us with the same irresistible force, or so instantly seize upon our feelings—as does the rude, simple, but faithful sculpture of this unlettered and inexperienced Scottish stone-cutter. Considering that Mr. Thom was entirely ignorant of the rules of his art,—that he had not even the advantage of first modelling his productions in clay,—that the group from Tam O'Shanter is among his first efforts, and that each of these fine pieces, was hewn at once out of the shapeless stone, without the power of correcting the mistakes of his chisel as he proceeded,—the mind is lost in wonder at the vigor and originality of his genius. Such a man is worthy the birthplace of Robert Burns,—who little thought whilst he was sketching the hilarities of the ale-house, that one of his countrymen would so soon arise to present in the forms and models of a sister art, so fine a representation of the scene. The following detailed account of the artist, and of his singularly successful labors, is extracted from an Edinburg journal. We copy it from "*The People's Magazine.*" It will be highly interesting to most of our readers:

James Thom, the sculptor of these wonderful figures, is a native of Ayrshire, and of respectable parentage near Tarbolton. Although, like those of his countryman and inspirer, his relatives were all engaged in agricultural pursuits, (his brothers, we understand, possess large farms,) the young man himself preferred the occupation of a mason, and was, accordingly, apprenticed to a craftsman in Kilmarnock. This profession was probably selected as offering the nearest approach to the undefined workings and predilections of his own inexperienced mind, since he was not, as in the instance of several sculptors of eminence, thrown first into the trade of a stone mason by the force of circumstances. This would appear from his showing little attachment to the drudgery of the art: accordingly, his first master is understood to have pronounced him rather a dull apprentice. From the beginning, he seems to have looked forward to the ornamental part of his calling; and in a country town where there was little or no opportunity of employment in that line, to those more immediately concerned, he might appear less useful than a less aspiring workman. The evidences of young Thom's diligence and talent at this time, however, still remain in numerous specimens of carving in stone, which he himself still considers, we are told, as superior to any thing he has yet done.

His term of apprenticeship being expired, Mr. Thom repaired to Glasgow in pursuit of better employment. Here his merits were immediately perceived, and so well rewarded, that his wages were considerably higher than the ordinary rate.

In his present profession, Mr. Thom's career may be dated from the commencement of the winter of 1827. Being employed at this time in the immediate neighborhood, he applied to Mr. Auld, of Ayr, who afterwards proved his steady and judicious friend, for permission to take a sketch from a portrait of Burns, with the intention of executing a bust of the poet. This is a good copy of the original picture by Mr. Nasmyth, and is suspended in the very elegant and classical monument, from a design by Mr. Hamilton, erected to the memory of the bard, on the banks of the Doon, near "Allowa's auld haunted kirk." The permission was kindly granted; doubts, however, being at the same time expressed, how far the attempt was likely to prove successful, Mr. Thom not being then known in Ayr. These doubts seemed to be confirmed, on the latter returning with a very imperfect sketch, taken by placing transparent paper on the picture. These occurrences happened on the Wednesday, consequently nothing could be done till Thursday, when materials were to be procured, and other arrangements made, before the work was absolutely begun. The surprise then may be conceived, on the artist returning on the Monday following with the finished bust. In this work, though somewhat defective as a likeness, the execution, the mechanical details, and the general effect, were wonderful, especially when viewed in connexion with the shortness of the time and the disadvantage of being finished almost from memory—the very imperfect outline, already mentioned, being the only *external* guide. It was this general excellence that encouraged the proposal of a full length figure—a proposal to which the artist gave his ready assent, stating that he had wished to undertake something of the kind, but did not consider it prudent, without any prospect of remuneration, to hazard the expense both of the block of stone and the loss of time. On this Mr. Auld offered to procure any stone from the neighboring quarries which the artist might judge fit for his purpose. Several days elapsed in this search; in the meantime, the matter was rather laughed at than encouraged; and some apprehensions of failure, and exposure to consequent comments, being expressed, "Perhaps," said the artist, endeavoring to re-assure his friends, "I had just better try my *hand* at a *head*, as a specimen o' Tam." This being agreed to, he returned to Crosby church-yard, where he was then employed upon a grave-stone. The day following happened to be one of continued rain; and, finding that the water filled up his lines; probably, too, thinking more on "glorious Tam," than on the *memento mori* he was attempting to engrave, our artist resolved to take time by the forelock, and to set about the "specimen head" directly. Accordingly, pulling from the ruins of the church of Crosby a rabat of the door-way, as a proper material for his purpose, he sat himself down among the long rank grass covering the graves, and in that situation actually finished the head before rising. Nay, more, although the day has been described to us "as a dounright pour," so total was his absorption in the work—so complete his insensibility to every thing else, that he declares himself to have been unconscious of the "rattling showers," from the moment he com-

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menced. Such is the power of genuine and natural enthusiasm in a favorite pursuit. This head, which contained perhaps, more expression than even that of the present figure, decided the matter. Next day, the block requisite for a full-length of Tam o' Shanter, was brought into Ayr, a load for four stout horses, and placed in a proper workshop, within Cromwell's fort.

It may be interesting to mention a few particulars of the manner in which these figures have been composed and finished.—"Tam" was selected by the artist as a subject for his chisel. The figure is understood to bear a strong traditional resemblance to the well-known Douglass Graham, some forty years ago a renowned specimen of a Carrick farmer, and who, residing at Shanter, furnished to Burns the prototype of his hero.

——— Souter Johnnie,
His antient, trusty, drouthie cronie—

is said to be a striking likeness of a living wight—a cobbler near Maybole; not that this individual sat for his portraiture, but that the artist appears to have wrought from the reminiscences of two interviews with which he was favored, after twice travelling 'some lang Scotch miles,' in order to persuade the said "souter" to transfer his body, by means of his pair of soles, from his own to the artist's studio. The bribe of two guineas a-week, exclusive of "half-mutchkins withouten score," proved, however, unavailing, and the cobbler remained firm to the *last*. By this refusal, "the birkie" has only become poorer by the said couple of guineas, and certain "half-mutchkins drouthier," for so true has the eye of the sculptor proved, that every one is said instantly to recognise the cobbler's phiz and person. A strange perverseness, indeed, or fatality, or what you will, seems to have seized upon all the favored few selected as fitting archetypes for these admirable figures. For, Tam's "nether man" occasioning some anxiety in the perfecting of its sturdy symmetry, a carter, we believe, was laid hold of, and the *gamashins*, being pulled on for half-an-hour, Tam's *right leg* was finished in rivalship of the said gentleman's *supporter*. It appears to have been agreed upon that he should return at a fitting opportunity, having thus left Tam "hirpling:" but, in the interval, the story of the sitting unfortunately taking *air*, and the soubriquet of "Tam o' Shanter" threatening to attach to the lawful and Christian appellations of the man of carts, no inducement could again bring him within the unhallowed precincts of our sculptor's workroom. In like manner, though at a somewhat later period, while the artist was engaged upon the figure of the landlady, no persuasion could prevail upon one of the many "bonny lasses" who have given such celebrity to Ayr, to exhibit even the "fitting of their pearlings" to Mr. Thom's gaze. One sonsy damsel, on being hard pressed to grant a sitting, replied, "Na, na, I've nae mind to be nicknamed 'landlady;' and, as for gudewife, twa specrings maun gang to that name."

It will, doubtless, excite the admiration of every one in the slightest degree conversant with the Arts, that these figures, so full of life, ease and character, were thus actually executed without model, or drawing, or palpable archetype whatsoever. The artist, indeed, knows nothing of modelling; and so little of drawing, that we question if he would not find difficulty in making even a tolerable sketch of his own work. The chisel is his modelling tool—his pencil—the only instrument of his art, in short, with which he is acquainted, but which he handles in a manner, we may say, almost unprecedented in the history of sculpture.—This, however, is the minor part; for we think, nay, are sure, we discover in this dexterity of hand, in this unerring precision of eye, in this strong, though still untutored, conception of form and character—the native elements of the highest art. These primodial attributes of genius, by proper culture, may do honor to the country and to their possessor. At all events, instruction will refine and improve attempts in the present walk of art, even should study be unable to elevate attainment to a higher. Now, however, it would be not only premature, but unjust, to criticise these statues as regular labors of sculpture. They are to be regarded as wonderful, nay, almost miraculous, efforts of native, unaided, unlearned talent—as an approach to truth almost in spite of nature and of science; but they do not hold with respect to legitimate sculpture—the high-souled, the noblest, the severest of all arts—the same rank as, in painting, the works of the Dutch masters do as compared with the lofty spirits of the Romans—precisely for this reason, that while similar subjects are not only fit, but often felicitous, subjects for the pencil, they are altogether improper objects of sculptural representation.

Though, from the circumstance of being the principals in the composition, and from the intrinsic excellence of their conception, these two figures have chiefly occupied the public attention, they ought not to induce forgetfulness of the artist's other labors. These, besides the Landlord and his mate, consist of several* copies, in various sizes, of this original group, and of numerous sculptures, of different character and purpose, from a "headstone" upwards, executed by Mr. Thom, since his residence in Ayr as a professional stone-cutter. Here his studio is the resort of all intelligent strangers who visit this ancient and beautiful burgh; while his modest manners, and moral worth have conciliated the respect of every one. The character of the Landlady is well sustained, as the buxom bustling head of a well frequented "change-house." Her lord and master, on the other hand, is represented as one who has little to say in his own house, and better qualified to drink, than to earn his pint. The former seems by no means disinclined to reciprocate glances with Tam; while the latter is so convulsed with laughter at the Souter's stories, as to be hardly capable of maintaining the equipoise of the foaming tankard in his hand. Neither, however, is equal in graphic truth and humor to their two companions. A more gigantic, but by no means so happy a work, is the statue of the Scottish patriot, lately placed in the niche of the New Tower, just erected in Ayr, on the site of the ancient "Wallace Tower" of Burns. In fact, we regard this figure as nearly a failure. It possesses neither the truth of nature, nor the dignity of ideal representation. Omitting others of less moment, we shall pass to the most perfect of all Mr. Thom's works—the figure of "Old Mortality." This though only a model, and not yet, we believe, even commissioned in stone, offers by far the most striking evidence of genius in its author.† The costume, attitude, and expression of the old man, as he is represented sitting upon a grave-stone, which he has been occupied in cleaning, are most admirable; and perhaps no artist ever more completely realized the exquisite conception of the original mind. The history of this composition supplies a striking instance of the power of genius over spirits of a congenial stamp, and of the singular coincidences which sometimes take place in its manner of conceiving the same sentiment. During a voyage to London, in a Leith steam packet, Mr. Thom one day found in the cabin, Sir Walter's delightful tale of Old Mortality, which he had never read. Taking it up, he quickly became entirely engrossed in the narrative. The description of the old man, to whom posterity is indebted for many a record, else lost, of our single-minded sufferers for conscience' sake—so fixed itself upon the artist's imagination, that he instantly conceived the idea of representing it in sculpture. By way of concentrating his thoughts, he sketched a figure in the imagined attitude, on one of the boards of the book he had been reading. Pleased with his idea, he transferred it to his pocket-book. A few days after his arrival in London, he was introduced to our celebrated countryman, Wilkie, who, with his accustomed kindness, showed him his portfolios. Mr. Thom's surprise may be imagined, when in one of these he found a sketch of Old Mortality, almost identical with his own, executed by Wilkie several years before. The same thought had struck both, and almost in the same manner.

[We extract the following affecting story from the "*Western Monthly Magazine*." Though written in the form of romantic narrative, it presents one of the strongest cases we recollect to have seen, in which innocence is overborne by powerful but false appearances of guilt. It is certainly a strong illustration of the danger of convicting a fellow creature, upon what is technically called *presumptive evidence*, a topic upon which the gentlemen of the bar are furnished with as wide a field for the display of professional ingenuity, as upon any other in the

* There are now five sets; three of which are the size of life, and two, four and twenty inches high. One set is, or is to be deposited at the temple called the tomb of Burns, in Ayrshire.—Another belongs to Lord Cassili. The third is in this country.

† Since the above has been published, Thom has nearly finished his Old Mortality in a block too small for his conception, and which will oblige him to execute an entirely new figure.

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whole compass of jurisprudence. That it is often safe, and indispensably necessary however to rely upon such kind of evidence, is so obvious in itself—and so well established as a legal maxim—that the danger of sometimes convicting, upon a train of specious but deceptive circumstances, is less than the evil of acquittal in the absence of positive, conclusive, and infallible testimony.]

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

The circumstances which I am about to relate, are familiar to many now living. In some particulars I have varied from the truth; but if in the relation of an event which excited intense interest, at the time of its occurrence, I shall succeed in impressing upon any one, the delusive character of circumstantial evidence, my object will be attained.

Beneath the magnificent sycamores which bordered a lovely stream in the southwest part of Kentucky, a company of emigrants had pitched their encampment, for the night. The tents were set up, the night-fire threw its gleam upon the water, the weary horses were feeding, the evening repast was over, and preparations were made for repose. The party consisted of three brothers, with their families, who were wending their way to the new lands of the distant Missouri. On their visages, where the ague had left the sallow traces of its touch, few of the nobler traits of the human character were visible. Accustomed to reside upon the outskirts of society, little versed in its forms, and as little accustomed to the restraints of law, or the duties of morality, they were the fit pioneers of civilization, because their frames were prepared for the utmost endurance of fatigue, and society was purified by their removal. Theirs were not the fearless independence, and frank demeanor which marks the honest backwoodsman of our country; but the untamed license, and the wiley deportment of violent men, who loved not the salutary influence of the law, nor mingled of choice with the virtuous of their own species.

As they stirred the expiring fires, the column of light, mingled with the smoke and cinder, that rose towards the clear sky of the mild May night, revealed two travellers of a different appearance, who had encamped on the margin of the same stream. One was a man of thirty. Several years passed in the laborious practice of medicine, in a southern climate, had destroyed his constitution, and he had come to breathe the bracing air of a higher latitude. The wing of health had fanned into new vigor the waning fires of life, and he was now returning to the home of his adoption with a renovated frame. The young man who sat by him, was a friend, to whom he had paid a visit, and who was now attending him, a short distance, on his journey. They had missed their way, and reluctantly accepted a sullen permission of the emigrants to share their coarse fare, rather than wander in the dark, through unknown forests. Hamilton, the younger of the two, was, perhaps, twenty-seven years of age—and was a young gentleman of prepossessing appearance, of cultivated mind, and of a chivalrous and sensitive disposition. His parents were indigent, and he had, by the energy of his own talents and industry, redeemed them from poverty, and placed them in easy circumstances. In one of his commercial expeditions down the Mississippi, he had met with Saunders, the physician. An intimacy ensued, which though brief, had already ripened into mature friendship.

> 'Affection knoweth nought of time,
> It riseth like the vernal flowers;
> The heart pulse is its only chime,
> And feelings are its hours.'

Together they had hunted over the flowery barrens, and through the majestic forests of their native state—had scaled the precipice, and swam the torrent—had explored the cavern, and visited whatever was wonderful or curious in the region around them; and both looked forward, with painful feelings, to the termination of an intercourse which had been pleasing and instructive.—As they were to separate in the morning, the evening was spent in conversation—in that copious and involuntary flow of kindness and confidence which the heart pours out at the moment when friends are about to sever, when the past is recalled and the future anticipated, and friendship no longer silent, nor motionless, displays itself like the beauty of the ocean wave, which is most obvious at the moment of its dissolution.

Early in the morning, the two friends prepared to pursue their journey. As they were about to depart, one of the emigrants advanced towards them, and remarked:

'I reckon, strangers, you allow to encamp at Scottville to-night?'

'Yes,' said Saunders, 'I do.'

'Well, then, I can tell you a chute, that's a heap shorter than the road you talk of taking—and at the forks of Rushing river, there's a smart chance of blue clay, that's miry like, and it's right scary crossing at times.'

Supposing they had found a nearer and better road, and one by which a dangerous ford would be avoided, they thanked their informant, and proceeded on their journey.

In some previous conversations, Saunders had learned, that his friend had recently experienced some heavy losses, and was at this time much pressed for money, and wishing to offer him assistance, had from time to time deferred it, from the difficulty of approaching so delicate a subject. As the time of parting approached, however, he drew the conversation to that point, and was informed that the sum of five hundred dollars, would relieve his friend from embarrassment. Having a large sum in his possession, he generously tendered him the amount required, and Hamilton, after some hesitation, accepted the loan, and proposed to give his note for its repayment, which Saunders declined, under the plea that the whole transaction was a matter of friendship, and that no such formality was requisite. When they were about to part, Hamilton unclasped his breast-pin, and presented it to his friend. 'Let this,' said he, 'remind you sometimes of Kentucky—I trust, that when I visit you next year, I shall not see it adorning the person of some favored fair one.' 'I have not so much confidence in you,' laughingly returned the other; and, handing him a silver-hafted penknife curiously embossed, 'I am told that knives and scissors are not acceptable presents to the fair, as they are supposed to cut love, so I have no fear that Almira will get this—and I know that no other human being would cause you to forget your friend.' They then parted.

As Hamilton was riding slowly homeward, engaged in thought, and holding his bridle loosely, a deer sprang suddenly from a thicket, and fell in the road, before his

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horse, who started and threw him to the ground. In examining the deer, which had been mortally wounded, and was still struggling, some of the blood was sprinkled on his dress, which had been otherwise soiled by his fall. Paying little attention to these circumstances, he returned home.

Though his absence had been brief, many hands grasped his in cordial welcome, many eyes met his own in love, for few of the young men of the county were so universally beloved, and so much respected as Hamilton. But to none was his return so acceptable as to Almira ——. She had been his playmate in infancy, his schoolmate in childhood, in maturer years their intimacy had ripened into love, and they were soon to be united in the holiest and dearest of ties. But the visions of hope were soon to pass from before them, as the *mirage* of the desert, that mocks the eye of the thirsty traveller, and then leaves him a death-devoted wanderer on the arid waste.

A vague report was brought to the village, that the body of a murdered man was found near Scottville. It was first mentioned by a traveller, in a company where Hamilton was present; and he instantly exclaimed, 'no doubt it is Saunders—how unfortunate that I left him!' and then retired under great excitement. His manner and expressions awakened suspicion, which was unhappily corroborated by a variety of circumstances, that were cautiously whispered by those, who dared not openly arraign a person whose whole conduct through life had been honest, frank, and manly. He had ridden away with Saunders, who was known to have been in possession of a large sum of money. Since his return, he had paid off debts to a considerable amount. The penknife of Saunders was recognized in his hands—yet none were willing, on mere surmise, to hazard a direct accusation.

The effect of the intelligence upon Hamilton was marked. The sudden death of a dear friend is hard to be supported—but when one who is loved and esteemed, is cut off by the dastardly hand of the assassin, the pang of bereavement becomes doubly great, and in this instance, the feelings of deep gratitude which Hamilton felt towards his benefactor, caused him to mourn over the catastrophe, with a melancholy anguish. He would sit for hours in a state of abstraction, from which even the smile of love could not awaken him.

The elections were at hand; and Hamilton was a candidate for the legislature. In the progress of the canvass, the foul charge was openly made, and propagated with the remorseless spirit of party animosity. Yet he heard it not, until one evening as he sate with Almira, in her father's house. They were conversing in low accents, when the sound of an approaching footstep interrupted them, and the father of Almira entered the room. 'Mr. Hamilton,' said he, 'I am a frank man—I consented to your union with my daughter, believing your character to be unstained—but I regret to hear that a charge has been made against you, which, if true, must render you amenable to the laws of your country. I believe it to be a fabrication of your enemies—but, until it shall be disproved, and your character as a man of honor, placed above suspicion, you must be sensible that the proposed union cannot take place, and that your visits to my house must be discontinued.'

'What does my father mean!' inquired the young lady, anxiously, as her indignant parent retired.

'I do not know,' replied the lover, 'it is some electioneering story, no doubt, which I can easily explain. I only regret that it should give him, or you, a moment's uneasiness.'

'It shall cause me none,' replied the confiding girl: 'I cannot believe any evil of you.'

He retired—sought out the nature of the charge, and to his inexpressible astonishment and horror, learned that he was accused of the murder and robbery of his friend! In a state little short of distraction, he retired to his room, recalled with painful minuteness all the circumstances connected with the melancholy catastrophe, and for the first time, saw the dangerous ground on which he stood. But proud in conscious innocence, he felt that to withdraw at that stage of the canvass, might be construed into a confession of guilt. He remained a candidate, and was beaten. Now, for the first time, did he feel the wretchedness of a condemned and degraded man. The tribunal of public opinion had pronounced against him the sentence of conviction; and even his friends, as the excitement of the party struggle subsided, became cold in his defence, and wavering in their belief of his innocence. Conscious that the eye of suspicion was open, and satisfied that nothing short of a public investigation could restore him to honor, the unhappy young man surrendered himself to the civil authority, and demanded a trial. Ah! little did he know the malignity of man, or the fatal energy of popular delusion! He reflected not that when the public mind is imbued with prejudice, even truth itself ceases to be mighty. Many believed him guilty, and those who, during the canvass, had industriously circulated the report, now labored with untiring diligence to collect and accumulate the evidence which should sustain their previous assertions. But arrayed in the panoply of innocence, he stood firm, and confident of acquittal. The best counsel had been engaged—and on the day of trial, Hamilton stood before the assembled county—an arraigned culprit in the presence of those before whom he had walked in honor from childhood.

As the trial proceeded, the confidence of his friends diminished, and those who had doubted, became confirmed in the belief of the prisoner's guilt. Trifles light as air became confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ to the jealous minds of the audience, and one fact was linked to another in curious coincidence, until the chain of corroborating circumstances seemed irresistibly conclusive. His recent intimacy with the deceased, and even the attentions which friendship and hospitality had dictated, were ingeniously insisted upon as evidences of a deliberate plan of wickedness—long formed and gradually developed. The facts, that he had accompanied the deceased on his way—that he had lost the path in a country with which he was supposed to be familiar—his conduct on hearing of the death of his friend—the money—the knife—caused the most incredulous to tremble for his fate. But when the breast-pin of Hamilton, found near the body of the murdered man, was produced—and a pistol, known to have been that of the prisoner, was proved to have been picked up near the same spot—but little room was left, even for charity to indulge a benevolent doubt. Nor was this all—the prosecution had still another witness—the pale girl who sate by him, clasping his hand in hers, was unexpectedly called upon to rise and give testimony. She shrunk from the unfeeling call, and buried her face in her

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brother's bosom. That blow was not anticipated—for none but the cunning myrmidons of party vengeance, who had even violated the sanctuary of family confidence, in search of evidence, dreamed that any criminating circumstance was in the possession of this young lady. At the mandate of the court, she arose, laid aside her veil, and disclosed a face haggard with anxiety and terror. In low tremulous accents, broken with sobs, she reluctantly deposed, that the clothes worn by her brother, on his return from that fatal journey, were torn, soiled with earth, and bloody! An audible murmur ran through the crowd, who were listening in breathless silence—the prisoner bowed his head in mute despair—the witness was borne away insensible—the argument proceeded, and after an eloquent, but vain defence, the jury brought in a verdict of *guilty!* The sentence of *death* was passed.

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The summer had passed away. The hand of autumn had begun to tinge with mellow hues the magnificent scenery of the forest. It was evening, and the clear moonbeams were shining through the grates of the prisoner's cell. The unhappy man, haggard, attenuated, and heart-broken, was lying upon his wretched pallet, reflecting alternately upon the early wreck of his bright hopes, the hour of ignominy that was just approaching, and the dread futurity into which he should soon be plunged. It was the season at which his marriage with Almira was to have been solemnized. With what pride and joy had he looked forward to this hour! And now, instead of the wedding festivities, the lovely bride, and the train of congratulating friends, so often pictured in fancy, he realized fetters, a dungeon, and a disgraceful death! The well-known tread of the jailer interrupted the bitter train of thought. The door opened, and as the light streamed from a lantern across the cell, he saw a female form timidly approaching. In a moment Almira had sunk on her knees beside him, and their hands were silently clasped together. There are occasions when the heart spurns all constraint, and acts up to its own dictates, careless of public opinion, or prescribed forms—when love becomes the absorbing and overruling passion—and when that which under other circumstances would be mere unlicensed impulse, becomes a hallowed and imperious duty. That noble-hearted girl had believed to the last, that her lover would be honorably acquitted. The intelligence of his condemation, while it blighted her hopes, and withered her health, never disturbed for one moment her conviction of his innocence. There is an union of hearts which is indestructible, which marriage may sanction, and nourish, and hallow, but which separation cannot destroy—a love that endures while life remains, or until its object shall prove faithless or unworthy. Such was the affection of Almira; and she held her promise to love and honor him, whose fidelity to her was unspotted, and whose character she considered honorable, to be as sacred, as if they had been united in marriage. When all others forsook, she resolved never to forsake him. She had come to visit him in his desolation, and to risk all, to save one who was dear and innocent in her estimation, though guilty in the eyes of the world.

The jailer, a blunt, though humane man, briefly disclosed a plan, which he, with Almira, had devised, for the escape of Hamilton. He had consented to allow the prisoner to escape, in female dress, while she was to remain in his stead, so that the whole contrivance should seem to be her own. 'I am a plain man,' concluded the jailer, 'but I know what's right. It 'aint fair to hang no man on suspicion—and more than that, I am not agoing to stand in no man's way—especially a friend who has done me favors, as you have. I go in for giving every fellow a fair chance. The track's clear, Mr. Hamilton, and the quicker you put out, the better.'

To his surprise, the prisoner peremptorily refused the offer.

'I am innocent,' said he; 'but I would suffer a thousand deaths rather than injure the fair fame of this confiding girl.'

'Go, Dudley—my dear Dudley,' she sobbed: 'for my sake, for the sake of your broken-hearted father and sister—'

'Do not tempt me—my dear Almira. I will not do that which would expose you to disgrace.'

'Oh, who would blame me?'

'The world—the uncharitable world—they who believe me a murderer, and have tortured the most innocent actions into proofs of deliberate villainy, will not hesitate to brand you as the victim of a cold-blooded felon. And why should I fly? to live a wretched wanderer, with the brand of Cain on my forehead, and a character stamped with infamy?'—

He would have said more—but the form, that during this brief dialogue, had sunk into his arms, was lying lifeless on his bosom. He kissed her cold lips, and passionately repeated her name—but she heard him not—her pure spirit had gently disengaged itself, and was flown forever. Her heart was broken. She had watched, and wept, and prayed, in hopeless grief, until the physical energies of a delicate frame were exhausted: and the excitement of the last scene had snapped the attenuated thread of life.

Hamilton did not survive her long. His health was already shattered by long confinement, and the chafing of a proud spirit. Almira had died for him—and his own mother—oh! how cautiously did they whisper the sad truth, when he asked why *she* who loved him better than her own life, had forsaken him in the hour of affliction—she, too, had sunk under the dreadful blow. His father lived a withered, melancholy man, crushed in spirit; and as his sister hung like a guardian angel over his death-bed, and he gazed at her pale, emaciated, sorrow-stricken countenance, he saw that she, too, would soon be numbered among the victims of this melancholy persecution. When, with his last breath, he suggested that they would soon meet, she replied: 'I trust that God will spare me to see your innocence established, and then will I die contented.' And her confidence was rewarded—for God does not disappoint those who put their trust in him. About a year afterwards, a wretch, who was executed at Natchez, and who was one of the three persons named in the commencement of this narrative, confessed that he had murdered Saunders, with a pistol which he had found at the place where the two friends had slept. 'I knew it would be so,'—was the only reply of the fast declining sister—and soon after she was buried by the side of Dudley and Almira.—Reader, this is not fiction—nor are the decisions of God unjust—but his ways are above our comprehension.

EMILLION.

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LAW LECTURE AT WILLIAM AND MARY.

A LECTURE on the Study of the Law; being an introduction to a course of lectures on that subject, in the College of William and Mary, by Beverley Tucker, Professor of Law.—Richmond: T. W. White. Nov. 1834.

It is impossible for a Virginian not to feel an interest in old William and Mary. Recollecting the many able men who have been nurtured within its walls, and signalized as lawyers, legislators and statesmen, we cannot but feel gratified at every effort in its behalf that promises to be of use. From the time of Judge Semple's last appointment as Judge of the General Court, until the month of July, the law chair had remained vacant. A vacancy in so important a department continuing for so long a period, could not fail to be prejudicial to the institution. It was in vain that the other professorships were ably filled. The circumstance of the lectures in the law department being suspended, made many fear that the other professorships would one by one share the same fate—that this vacancy was but a precursor to others—that a failure to fill this would be followed by like failures hereafter—and that in a few years the doors of this venerable pile would be closed. These inferences are strengthened by the fact, that a very important professorship (the professorship of mathematics) had formerly been permitted to remain vacant for even a longer period than that which is the subject of these brief reflections. With such anticipations, it is no wonder that every class has latterly been characterized by the smallness of its numbers.

The Board of Visiters, at their meeting in July, resolved that the vacancy should continue no longer, and conferred the appointment of law professor upon Beverley Tucker. Mr. Tucker is well known as a writer upon constitutional questions, and his appointment to the bench of another state, after a short residence in it, affords evidence of the estimation in which his legal attainments were there held. The same professorship to which *he* is now appointed, was filled many years ago by his father *St. George Tucker*, whose edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, and subsequent appointment first in the state and then in the federal judiciary, have given him a reputation with members of the bar throughout the Union.

The letter and answer which precede the introductory lecture of Professor Tucker, sufficiently explain the circumstances under which that lecture is published.

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Williamsburg, October 27, 1834.

Dear Sir:—The students of William and Mary, highly gratified by your able and eloquent address, delivered before them this day, have held a special meeting, and by unanimous vote adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, (At a meeting of the students in the large lecture room on the 27th inst.) That a committee be appointed to address a note to Professor Tucker, for the purpose of expressing their admiration of the able and interesting lecture which he has this day delivered, introductory to his course on law, and to solicit the same for publication.

We hope for your assent to this request, and in performing this agreeable duty, we tender you our sentiments of respect and esteem.

JNO. W. DEW, CHAS. H. KENNEDY,
WM. T. FRENCH, JOHN MURDAUGH,
Professor Tucker. *Committee.*

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Williamsburg, October 28, 1834.

Gentlemen:—I acknowledge the receipt of your polite note, and am happy to comply with the request which it conveys. Identified with the College of William and Mary by the early recollections and warm affections of youth, I have nothing so much at heart as a desire to be found worthy to aid in restoring that venerable institution to all its former prosperity and usefulness. Your approbation is dear to me, as encouraging a hope that my efforts may not be unavailing. If I shall be so fortunate as to send out into the world but one more, to be added to the list of illustrious men, who are every where found upholding, with generous, devoted and enlightened zeal, the free institutions inherited from our fathers, in their true spirit, I shall have my reward. If I can succeed in impressing on my class the conviction, that freedom has its duties, as well as its rights, and can only be preserved by the faithful discharge of those duties, I shall have my reward. If I can do no more than to furnish to the profession members devoted to its duties, and qualified to sustain its high character for intelligence and integrity, by diligence and fidelity even in its humblest walks, I shall still have my reward. In either case I shall have rendered valuable service, to you, to this venerable institution, to this scene of my earliest, happiest and best days, and to Virginia—my mother—the only country to which my heart has ever owned allegiance. Far as my feet have wandered from her soil, my affections have always cleaved to her, and as the faithful mussulman, in every clime, worships with his face towards the tomb of his prophet, so has my heart ever turned to her, alive to all her interests, jealous of her honor, resentful of her wrongs, partaking in all her struggles, exulting in her triumphs, and mourning her defeats. May she again erect herself to her former proud attitude and walk before the children of liberty in the pathless desert where they now wander, as a "cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night."

For yourselves, gentlemen, and those whom you represent, be pleased to accept my acknowledgments for the compliment implied in your application. I would ask you to accept the expression of another sentiment, if I knew how to express it. Returning to Williamsburg after an absence commencing in early life, the long and dreary interval seems obliterated. I find myself remitted at once to the scenes and to the feelings of youth. It would seem more natural to me to come among you as a companion than as an instructer. But this may not be much amiss. My business is with your *heads*, but the road to them is through the *heart*, and if I can only bring you to understand and reciprocate my feelings, there will be nothing wanting to facilitate the communication of any instruction I may be capable of bestowing.

I remain, gentlemen, with high regard, your friend and obedient servant, B. TUCKER.

To *Messrs. J. W. Dew, John Murdaugh, Wm. T. French, and Chs. H. Kennedy.*

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Young Gentlemen:

I gladly avail myself of an established custom, to offer some remarks on the mutual relation into which we have just entered, and the studies which will occupy our attention during the ensuing course.

This day is to you the commencement of the most important æra of life. You have heretofore been engaged in studies, for the most part useful, but sometimes merely ornamental or amusing. The mind, it is true, can hardly fail to improve, by the exertion necessary to the acquisition of knowledge of any kind, even as the athletic sports of the boy harden and prepare the body for the labors of the man. But, in many particulars, what you have heretofore learned may be of little practical value in the business of life; and your past neglects may perhaps be attended with no loss of prosperity or respectability in future. Some of you are probably acquainted with sciences of which others are ignorant; but are not for that reason any better prepared for the new course of studies on which you are about to enter. Nor will such knowledge necessarily afford its possessors any advantage at

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the bar, or in the senate, or on any of the arenas, where the interests of individuals and nations are discussed, and the strifes of men decided. But the time is now past with you, young gentlemen, when you can lose a moment, or neglect an opportunity of improvement, without a lasting and irreparable detriment to yourselves. You this day put on the *toga virilis*, and enter on the *business of life*. This day you commence those studies on which independence, prosperity, respectability, and the comfort and happiness of those who will be dearest to you, must depend. For, trust me, these things mainly depend on excellence in the profession or occupation, whatever it may be, which a man chooses as the business of his life. The humblest mechanic will derive more of all these good things from diligence and proficiency in his trade, than he possibly can from any knowledge unconnected with it.

This, which is true of all occupations, is most emphatically true of that which you have chosen. To be eminent in *our* profession is to hold a place among the great ones of the earth; and they, who devote themselves to it, have the rare advantage of treading the path which leads to the highest objects of honorable ambition, even while walking the round of daily duties, and providing for the daily wants of private life. The history of our country is full of proof that the bar is the road to eminence; and I beg you to remark how few of its members have attained to this eminence in public life, without having been first distinguished in the profession. To win *its* honors, and to wear them worthily, is to attain an elevation from which all other honors are accessible: but to turn aside disgusted with its labors, is to lose this vantage ground, and to sink again to the dead level of the common mass. You should therefore learn to look on the profession of your choice, as the source from whence are to flow all the comforts, the honors, and the happiness of life. Let it be as a talisman, in which, under God, you put your trust, assuring yourselves that whatever you seek by means of it you will receive.

I have the more naturally fallen into these remarks, as they are in some sort suggested, and are certainly justified by the history of this institution. If you trace back the lives of the men, who at this moment occupy the most enviable pre-eminence in your native state, you will find that they received the rudiments of their professional and political education at this venerable but decayed seminary. There are certainly distinguished members of the profession, and illustrious men out of the profession, to whom this remark does not apply. But when Virginia (*Magna Parens Virûm*,) is called on to show her jewels, to whom does she more proudly point than to men who once occupied those very seats; who here received the first impulse in their career; who here commenced that generous strife for superiority which has placed them all so high.

The subject of our researches, young gentlemen, will be the municipal law of Virginia. The text book which will be placed in your hands is the American edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, published thirty years ago by one of my predecessors in this chair. You will readily believe that it would be my pride to walk, with filial reverence by the lights which he has given us, and that, in doing so, I should feel secure of escaping any harsh animadversion from those to whom I am responsible, and who still cherish so favorable a recollection of his services. I shall certainly endeavor to avail myself of this privilege; though it may be occasionally necessary to assume a more perilous responsibility. A brief sketch of the plan which I propose to myself, will show you how far I shall follow, and wherein, and why, I shall deviate from the path which he has traced.

Municipal law is defined by Mr. Blackstone, "to be a rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power of the state." By Justinian it is said, "*Id quod quisque populus sibi jus constituit, vocatur jus civile:*" which has been well rendered thus: "It is the system of rules of civil conduct which any state has ordained for itself."

Whatever definition we adopt, we shall find that municipal law is distinguishable into four grand divisions, which may be properly designated by the following description:

1. That which regulates the nature and form of the body politic; which establishes the relation that each individual bears to it, and the rights and duties growing out of that relation, which determines the principles on which it exercises authority over him; and settles a system of jurisprudence by which it operates to protect and enforce right, and to redress and punish wrong.

2. That which determines the relations of individual members of society to each other; which defines the rights growing out of that relation; and regulates the right of property, and such personal rights as must subsist even in a state of nature.

3. That which defines the wrongs that may be done by one individual member of society to another, in prejudice of his rights, whether of person or property, and provides means for preventing or redressing such wrongs.

4. That which defines and denounces the wrongs which may be done by any individual member of society, in violation of the duties growing out of his relation to the body politic, and provides means for preventing and punishing such violation.

The first of these divisions is treated by Mr. Blackstone in his first book, under the comprehensive head of "The Rights of Persons." Under the same head he includes so much of the second division as relates to such personal rights as must have belonged to man in a state of nature, and such

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as grow out of his relation to other individual members of society. Such are the *relative* rights of husband and wife, parent and child, guardian and ward, and master and servant—and the *absolute* rights, of personal liberty, and of security to life, limb and reputation. These rights are obviously not the creatures of civil society, however they may be regulated and modified by municipal law. They in no wise depend on "the nature or form of the body politic;" nor on "the relations which individuals bear to it;" nor on "the rights and duties growing out of that relation;" nor on "the principles on which it exercises authority over individuals;" nor on "the system of jurisprudence."

As little indeed do they depend on "the rights of property," but they have much in common with them. Together with them, they collectively form the mass of "individual rights," as contradistinguished from "political rights." Neither class derives its existence from civil society, although both are alike liable to be regulated by it, and the two together form the subject of almost all controversies between man and man. Now with rights in actual and peaceable enjoyment, law has nothing to do. It is controversy which calls it into action; and as both this class of personal rights, and the rights of property, have the same common origin—both subsisting by titles paramount to the constitutions of civil society; as both are the ordinary subjects of controversy between individuals; and as these controversies are all conducted according to similar forms, decided by the same tribunals, and adjusted by the like means,—it is found convenient to arrange them together in a course of instruction. Such I believe has always been the practice in this institution. Proposing to conform to it, I have thought it best, in the outset, to intimate this slight difference between this practice and Mr. Blackstone's arrangement.

There is another particular in which Mr. Blackstone's order of instruction has been advantageously changed at this place. His is certainly the true *philosophical* arrangement of the subject. When we are told that "municipal law is a rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power in the state," it is obvious to ask, "what is that supreme power, and whence comes its supremacy?" When we are told that it is "the system of rules of civil conduct, which the state has ordained for itself," the first inquiry is, "what is the state?" Thus whatever definition of municipal law we adopt, the subject of inquiry that meets us at the threshold is the *Lex Legum;* the law which endues the municipal law itself with authority.

If the individual to be instructed were one who had heretofore lived apart from law and government, yet capable (if such a thing were possible) of understanding the subject, it is here we ought to commence. To him it would be indispensable to explain, in the first instance, the structure of the body politic; to specify the rights surrendered by individuals; and to set before him the equivalent privileges received in exchange. *We* too might be supposed to require a like exposition before we would be prepared to submit to the severe restraints and harsh penalties of *criminal* law. But in regard to controversies between individuals we feel no such jealousies. In these, the law, acting but as an arbiter, indifferent between the parties, no question concerning its authority occurs to the mind. The readiness with which we acquiesce in its decisions, is strikingly manifested in the fact, that the whole of England, Ireland and the United States are, for the most part, governed by a law which has no voucher for its authority but this acquiescence. The same thing may be said of the authority of the civil law on the continent of Europe. It thus appears that the mind does not always require to be informed of the origin of the law which regulates and enforces, or protects individual rights, before it will condescend to inquire what are its behests. *Prima facie* it should be so; but being, in point of fact, born in the midst of law, habituated to it from our infancy, and accustomed to witness uniform obedience to its authority on the part of those whom we were taught to obey, we learn to regard it as a thing *in rerum natura*, rather than of human invention; a sort of moral atmosphere, which, like that we breathe, seems a very condition of our existence.

There is therefore no inconvenience to be apprehended from taking up the subject in an inverted order, treating first of individual rights, and reserving those that grow out of the relation of the citizen to the body politic, and the correlative duties of that relation, for future inquiry.

While there is nothing to be objected to this arrangement, there is much in favor of it. It is important that they who engage in the study of political law, should come to the task with minds prepared for it; well stored with analogous information, and sobered and subdued by the discipline of severe investigation. There is a simplicity in some views of government which is apt to betray the student into a premature belief that he understands it thoroughly; and then, measuring the value of his imagined acquirements, not by the labor that they have cost him, but by the dignity and importance of the subject, he becomes inflated, self-satisfied and unteachable; resting in undoubting assurance on the accuracy and sufficiency of such bare outline as his instructer may have thought proper to place before him. But in those countries where the authority of government rests on a questionable title, they who are entrusted with the education of youth, may naturally wish to keep them from looking into it too narrowly. Hence it may be a measure of policy with them, to introduce the student, in the first place, to the study of political law, in the hope of making on his raw and unpractised

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mind, such an impression, as may secure his approbation of the existing order of things. The faculty of investigating legal questions, and forming legal opinions, may almost be regarded as an acquired faculty; so that, in the earlier part of his researches, the student necessarily acquiesces in the doctrines which are pronounced *ex cathedra* by his teacher. At this time he readily receives opinions on trust; and if it be his interest to cherish them, or if he is never called on in after life to re-examine them, he is apt to carry them with him to the grave. This is perhaps as it should be in England and other countries of Europe. Having no part in the government, it may be well enough that he should learn to sit down contented with this sort of enlightened ignorance.

But with us the case is different. The authority of our governments is derived by a title that fears no investigation. We feel sure, that, the better it is understood, the more it will be approved. It rests too on a charter conferring regulated and limited powers; and the well being of the country requires that the limitations and regulations be strictly observed. Now every man among us has his "place in the commonwealth." It is on the one hand, the duty of every man to aid in giving full effect to all legitimate acts of government; and on the other, to bear his part in restraining the exercise of all powers forbidden or not granted. Every man therefore owes it to his country to acquire a certain proficiency in constitutional law, so as to act understandingly, when called on to decide between an alleged violation of the constitution, and an imputed opposition to lawful authority. Such occasions are of daily occurrence. Scarcely a day has passed, since the adoption of the federal constitution, when some question of this sort has not been before the public. Such is the effect of that impatience of restraint natural to man. So prompt are the people to become restive under laws of questionable authority, and so apt are rulers to strain at the curb of constitutional limitations, that one or the other, or both of these spectacles, is almost always before us.

When you come then, young gentlemen, to the study of political and constitutional law, you will find it no small advantage to have been engaged for some months before in studies of a similar character. The opinions you will then form will be properly your own. I may not be so successful as I might wish, in impressing you with those I entertain; but I shall be more gratified to find you prepared to "give a reason for the faith that is in you," whatever that faith may be, than to hear you rehearse, by rote, any political catechism that I could devise. I shall accordingly postpone any remarks on constitutional and political law, until your minds have been exercised and hardened by the severe training they will undergo in the study of the private rights of individuals, of wrongs done in prejudice of such rights, and of the remedies for such wrongs. All these topics are embraced in the second and third division of municipal law, that I have laid before you.

To these belong the most intricate and difficult questions in the science of law. In introducing you to the study of these, let me say, in the language of one from whom I am proud to quote, that, "I cannot flatter you with the assurance that 'your yoke is easy and your burden light.' I will not tell you that your path leads over gentle ascents and through flowery meads, where every new object entices us forward, and stimulates to perseverance. By no means! The task you have undertaken is one of the most arduous; the profession you have chosen one of the most laborious; the study you are about to pursue, one of the most difficult that can be conceived. But you have made your election. You have severed yourselves from the common herd of youth, who shrink from every thing that demands exertion and perseverance. You have chosen between the allurements of pleasure and the honors which await the disciples of wisdom. You yield to others to keep the noiseless tenor of their way in inglorious ease. You have elected for yourselves the path that philosophers and moralists represent as leading, up a rugged ascent, to the temple of fame. It may be the lot of some of you to elevate yourselves by talents and unabating zeal, in the pursuit you have selected. But these distinguished honors are not to be borne away by the slothful and inert. *Nulla palma sine pulvere.* He who would win the laurel, must encounter the sweat and toil of the *arena.* Nor will it suffice that he *occasionally* presses on to the goal. If he slackens in his efforts he must lose ground. We roll a Sysiphean stone to an exalted eminence. He who gives back loses what his strength had gained; and sinking under the toil his own indolence increases, will at length give up his unsteady efforts in despair."—1. T. C. Introduction, p. vi.

I can add nothing to these striking remarks but my testimony to their truth. There is, perhaps, no study that tasks the powers of the mind more severely than that of law. In it, as in the study of mathematics, nothing is learned at all that is not learned perfectly; and a careless perusal of Euclid's elements would not be more unprofitable, than that of a treatise on the laws of property. Nor will a mere effort of memory be of more avail in the one case than in the other. Both must be remembered by being understood; by being through the exercise of intense thought, incorporated as it were into the very texture of the mind. To this end its powers must be fully and faithfully exerted. As, in lifting at a weight, you do but throw away your labor, until you man yourself to the exertion of the full measure of strength necessary to raise it; so, in this study, you may assure yourselves that all you have done is of no avail, if you pass

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from any topic without thoroughly understanding it. And let no man persuade you that genius can supply the place of this exertion. Genius does not so manifest itself. The secret of its wonderful achievements is in the energy which it inspires. It is because its prompting sting, like the sharp goad of necessity, urges to herculean effort, that it is seen to accomplish herculean tasks. He is deceived who fancies himself a favored child of genius, unless he finds his highest enjoyment in intellectual exercise. He should go to the toil of thought like the champion to the lists, seeking in the very *certaminis gaudia* the rich reward of all his labors.

There may be something startling, I fear, in this exhibition of the difficulties that lie before you, and it is proper to encourage you by the assurance that by strenuous effort they may be certainly overcome. Remember too that this effort will be painful only in the outset. The mind, like the body, soon inures itself to toil, and wears off the soreness consequent on its first labors. When this is done, the task becomes interesting in proportion to its difficulty, and subjects which are understood without effort, and which do not excite the mind to thought, seem flat and insipid.

But lest the student should falter and give back in his earlier struggles, it is the duty of the teacher to afford him such aids as he can. This is mainly to be done by means of such an analysis and arrangement of the subject as may prevent confusion, and consequent perplexity and discouragement.

There are two sorts of analysis, each proper in its place. The one *philosophical*, by which the different parts of a subject are so arranged, as to exhibit in distinct groups those things that depend on the same or like principles, and such as are marked by characteristic points of resemblance; giving a sort of honorary precedence to the most important. The other sort of analysis may be termed *logical*. It is that method by which different propositions are so arranged, as that no one of them shall ever be brought under consideration, until all others which may be necessary to the right understanding of that one, have been established and explained. Of this last description are Euclid's elements, in which it is interesting to observe that no one proposition could with propriety be made to change its place; each one depending for its demonstration, directly or indirectly, upon all that have gone before.

Blackstone's Commentaries may be cited as an example of *philosophical* analysis. He has indeed been careful to avoid perplexing his reader, through the want of a strictly *logical* arrangement, by dealing chiefly in generalities, and never descending to such particulars as might be unintelligible for want of a knowledge of matters not yet treated of. This I take to be the reason why his work has been characterized as being "less an institute of law, than a methodical guide or elementary work adapted to the commencement of a course of study. He treats most subjects in a manner too general and cursory to give the student an adequate knowledge of them. After having pursued his beautiful arrangement, he is obliged to seek elsewhere for farther details. After having learnt the advantage of system, he is almost at the threshold of the science, turned back without a guide, to grope among the mazy volumes of our crowded libraries. This cannot be right. If system is of advantage at all, it is of advantage throughout. Were it practicable, it would be better for the student to have a single work, which embracing the whole subject, should properly arrange every principle and every case essential to be known preparatory to his stepping on the *arena*. Much, very much indeed, would still be left to be explored in the course of his professional career, independent of the *apices juris*, which the most vigorous and persevering alone can hope to attain."—Tucker's Commentary, Introduction, p. 4.

The justice of these remarks none can deny. It might be thought unbecoming in me to say how much the writer from whom I quote them has done to supply such a work as he describes. Yet I cannot suffer any feeling of delicacy to restrain me from the duty of recommending that work to your attentive perusal. I shall eagerly, too, avail myself of his permission to make frequent use of it, as I know of no book which so well supplies the necessary details to parts of the subject of which Mr. Blackstone has given only loose and unprofitable sketches. It is to be lamented that in doing this he has so strictly bound himself to the arrangement of that writer. That arrangement, as I have remarked, imposed on Mr. Blackstone the necessity of being occasionally loose and superficial. For want of one more strictly logical, the Virginia Commentator often finds it impossible to go into the necessary detail, without anticipating matters which properly belong to subsequent parts of his treatise; and too often, where this is impracticable, topics and terms are introduced, the explanation of which is, perhaps, deferred to the next volume.

An instance will illustrate my meaning:—Mr. Blackstone classes remedies for private wrongs, thus: "first, that which is obtained by the *mere act* of the parties themselves; secondly, that which is effected by the *mere act* and operation of *law;* and thirdly, that which arises from *suit* or *action* in courts." Now, it probably occurred to him, that he could not go into details on the two first of these three heads, without presenting ideas which would be unintelligible to any who had not already studied the third. In striving to avoid this, he has touched so lightly upon the other two, that his remarks on the important subjects of distress and accords, which come under the first head, leave the

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student nearly as ignorant as they found him. For this there was no real necessity, as a knowledge of the two first heads is by no means necessary, or indeed at all conducive to the right understanding of the third. Had the pride of philosophical analysis, and symmetry of arrangement, been sacrificed to the laws of logic and reason, there was nothing to forbid the introduction of treatises on these important topics, as copious and elaborate as those supplied by the diligence and research of the Virginia Commentator. The manner in which this has been done, has made it manifest how unfavorable the arrangement of Mr. Blackstone sometimes is to amplification and minuteness. The essays of the President of the Court of Appeals on distresses and accords, leave nothing to be desired. Yet no one can read them profitably without having first studied the law of remedies by suit or action.

These, and some other instances of the same sort, have led me to this determination. Wishing to avail myself of the labors of the Virginia Commentator, without losing the benefit of Mr. Blackstone's analysis, I propose to preserve the latter, but to make occasional changes in his arrangement, substituting one more logical, though perhaps less philosophical. This, and the postponement of the study of political law, are the only liberties I propose to take. The fourth division, which relates to crimes and punishments, will be the last considered. This will be done not only in a spirit of conformity to Mr. Blackstone's plan, but also because one of the most important branches of criminal law has reference to an offence of which no just idea can be formed without a previous and diligent study of the Constitution and of the science of government.

This last mentioned subject, young gentlemen, I should perhaps pass over but lightly, were I free to do so, contenting myself with a passing allusion to its connexion with the study of the law, and the encouragement you should derive from the honorable rewards that await distinguished merit in our profession. But this is not a mere school of professional education, and it is made my duty, by the statutes of the College, to lecture especially on the constitution of this state and of the United States. In the discharge of this duty it may be necessary to present views more important to the statesman, than to the mere practitioner. When I think of the difficulty and high responsibility attending this part of my task, I would gladly escape from it; but considerations of its importance and of the benefit to the best interests of our country which has heretofore resulted from its faithful execution, come in aid of a sense of duty, and determine me to meet it firmly and perform it zealously.

The mind of the student of law is the ground in which correct constitutional opinions and sound maxims of political law should be implanted. The study of the common law involves the study of all the rights which belong to man in a state of society. The history of the common law is a history of the occasional invasions of these rights, of the struggles in which such invasions have been repelled, and of the securities provided to guard against their recurrence. A mind thoroughly acquainted with the nature and importance of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and the trial by jury, and rightly understanding the indestructible character of the right of private property, will hardly fail to be awake to any attack which may be aimed at liberty from any quarter. Hence liberty finds in the students of the law a sort of body guard. Their professional apprenticeship serves as a civil polytechnic school, where they are taught the use of weapons to be wielded in her defence. The history of our country from the first dawning of the revolution is full of proofs and examples of this. The clear view of the rights of the colonies which led to the Declaration of Independence, was one which hardly any but lawyers could have taken, and of the accuracy of which none but lawyers could have been sure. It was from them the ball of the revolution received its first impulse, and under their guidance it was conducted to the goal. Some few others were placed forward by circumstances; but they soon fell back, or found their proper place of service in the field; leaving the great cause to be managed by those whose studies qualified them to know where to insist, and where to concede; when to ward, and when to strike. The state papers emanating from the first congress will, accordingly, be found worthy to be compared with the ablest productions of the kind recorded in history; displaying an ability, temper, and address, which prepares the reader to be told that a large majority of the members of that body were lawyers.

In Mr. Blackstone's introductory lecture are some remarks on the importance of the study of the law to English gentlemen, strictly applicable to this view of the subject. "It is," says he, "perfectly amazing, that there should be no other state of life, no other occupation, art, or science, in which some method of instruction is not looked upon as necessary, except only the science of legislation, the noblest and most difficult of any. Apprenticeships are held necessary to almost every art, commercial or mechanical: a long course of reading and study must form the divine, the physician, and the practical professor of the laws: but every man of superior fortune thinks himself *born* a legislator. Yet Tully was of a different opinion: 'it is necessary,' says he, 'for a senator to be thoroughly acquainted with the constitution; and this,' he declares, 'is a knowledge of the most extensive nature; a matter of science, of diligence, of reflection; without which no senator can possibly be fit for his office.' "

If the part in the government allotted to the people of England renders this admonition im-

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portant to them, how much more important must it be to us, who are in theory and in fact *our own rulers*. Not only is every office accessible to each one of us; but each, even in private life, as soon as he puts on manhood, assumes a "place in the commonwealth." In practice, as in theory, the SOVEREIGNTY OF THE STATE is in us. *Born to the purple*, the duties of that high destiny attach upon us at our birth; and unless we qualify ourselves to discharge them, we must cease to reproach the ignorance and folly, the passion and presumption, which so often disgrace the sovereigns of the old world, and heap wretchedness and ruin on their subjects. The same causes will have the like effects here as there. Power does not imply wisdom or justice, whether in the hands of the few or the many: and it is only by the diligent study of our duties in this important station that we can qualify ourselves so to administer its functions, as to save the free institutions inherited from our fathers, from the same reproach which the testimony of history fixes upon all other governments.

Not only is this true in reference to us as well as to the kings of the earth, but it is more emphatically true of us than of them. Whatever be their theory of sovereignty, and however they may prate about *divine right*, they all know, and feel, that, after all, they are but *kings by sufferance*. They may talk of absolute sovereignty, and claim for government that sort of *omnipotence* which is said to reside in the British parliament. But, after all, they know and feel, that there is much they cannot do, because there is much they dare not do. The course of events now passing in England is full of proof of this. We have just seen that same omnipotent parliament, new-modelling itself to suit the wishes of the people. This act indeed, was itself an exertion of this pretended omnipotence, but wisely and discreetly exercised, in surrendering power. It was certainly done with a very bad grace; and at this moment we see that body anxiously watching the temper of the multitude, and adapting its measures, not to the views of its members, not even to the views of the constituent body, but to the real or supposed interests of the great unrepresented mass. Such is the check, which in spite of all positive institutions, the physical force of numbers, however degraded, and, professedly, disregarded, must exercise over their rulers; and in this check, they find a motive to justice, forbearance, and circumspection, which, in a measure, restrains the abuse of power.

But may not we, the sovereign citizens of these states, abuse power too? When men are numerous and "strong enough to set their duties at defiance, do they cease to be duties any longer?" Does that which would be unjust as the act of ninety-nine, become just, as being the act of an hundred? Is it in the power of numbers to alter the nature of things, and to justify oppression, though it should fall on the head of only one victim? It would be easy to point to instances in which we all believe that majorities have done great wrong; and that under such wrongs we have suffered and are still suffering we all know. But where is the check on such abuse of power? Constitutional authority and physical force are both on the same side, and if the *wisdom* and *justice* of those who wield both does not freely afford redress, there are no means of enforcing it. "There is no sanction to any contract against the will of prevalent power."

The justice of these ideas is recognized in the forms of all our governments. The limitations on the powers of congress and the state legislatures, are all predicated on the certain truth "that majorities may find or imagine an interest in doing wrong." Hence there are many things which cannot be lawfully done by a bare majority; and many more, which no majority, however great, is authorised to do. Two-thirds of the senate must concur in a sentence of impeachment. The life and property of an individual cannot be taken away but by the unanimous voice of his triers; and all the branches of all our governments collectively cannot lawfully enact a bill of attainder, or an *ex post facto* statute.

But though such acts are forbidden by the constitution, they may nevertheless be passed, and judges may be found to enforce them, if those holding legislative and judicial offices shall be so minded. The constituents, too, of a majority of the legislature may approve and demand such acts. Where then is the security that such things will not be done? Where can it be but in the enlightened sense of justice and right in the constituent body?

I am not sure that such restraints on the powers of public functionaries are not even more necessary in a republican government than in any other. A king can scarcely have a personal interest in ruining one portion of his dominions for the benefit of the rest, and he would not dare to ruin the whole, while a spark of intelligence and spirit remained among the people. But in a republic, whenever the inclination and the power to do such a wrong concur, the very nature of the case secures the rulers from all fear of personal consequences. The majority is with them. Their own constituents are with them. To these is their first duty; and shall they hesitate to do that which is to benefit their constituents, out of tenderness to those who are not their constituents? We know how such questions are answered, when the occasion is one where a *fixed majority* have a *fixed interest* in the proposed wrong. Is not this the reason why legislative encroachment so much disposes men to acquiesce in executive usurpation? Is it not this, which, when the barriers of constitutional restraint are seen to fall, drives minorities, *as by a sort of*

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fatal instinct, to seek shelter under the arm of a *common master*, from the all pervading tyranny of majorities exercising the power of *universal legislation?* The wrongs of America were the act of the parliament of England, goaded on by the people. It was they who claimed a right to legislate in all things for the colonies. It was they who demanded a revenue from America; and the colonies, eagerly looking to the crown for protection, maintained an unshaken loyalty, until the king was seen to take part with their oppressors. The wrongs of Ireland are the act of the people of England. Ireland is the rival of England in agriculture, manufactures and commerce; and every concession to the former, seems to the multitude to be something taken from the prosperity of the latter. But the representation of Ireland in parliament is to that of England as one to five; and when the Irish people cry to parliament for redress, they are answered *as all appeals from minorities are answered by the representatives of majorities.* But how would they be answered if the representative and constituent bodies were both thoroughly instructed in the sacred character and paramount authority and importance of the *duties* which belong to the high function of sovereignty? We justly deny and deride the divine right of kings; and we assert and maintain *the divine right of the people to self government.* And it is a divine right. It is a corollary from the right and duty to fulfil the purposes of our being, which accompany each one of us into the world. The right and the duty both come from the author of that being. He imposes the one when he gives the other, and thus fixes on us a responsibility which clings to us through life. We deceive ourselves if we think to get rid of any portion of this responsibility by entering into partnership with others, each one of whom brings into the concern the same rights, the same duties, and the same responsibilities;—neither more nor less than ourselves. We do but multiply, and divide again by the same number. Each receives, by way of dividend, the same amount of right, duty, and responsibility that he carried into the common stock. Of so high a nature are these, and so vast are the interests with which they are connected, that it has been truly said, that, whether we mount the hustings or go to the polls, we may well tremble to give or to receive the power which is there conferred.

Gentlemen; if these ideas be just, how important is the duty imposed on me by that statute of the college which requires me to lecture on constitutional law! How desirable is it that there should be every where schools, in which the youth of our country should be thoroughly imbued with correct opinions and just sentiments on this subject! It was Agesilaus, I think, who said that "the business of education was to prepare the boy for the duties of the man." How pre-eminently important, then, must be that branch of education which is to qualify him to perform this highest of all social duties, and to bear worthily his part in that relation which has been characterized as "a partnership in all science, in all art, in every virtue, and in all perfection; a partnership, not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are yet to be born."

These striking words, which are from the pen of the celebrated Edmund Burke, call to mind the high testimony which he has borne in favor of the study of the law, as a school of political rights. After having acted an important part in procuring the repeal of the stamp act, he made his last effort in favor of the rights of the colonies, in March, 1775. On that occasion, laboring to dissuade the British parliament from pushing America to extremities, he descanted on the love of freedom, which he pronounced to be the predominating feature in the character of our fathers. The prevalence of this passion he ascribed to a variety of causes, none more powerful than the number of lawyers, and the familiarity of the people with the principles of the common law. His ideas I will give you in his own words, for it is only in his own words that his ideas ever can be fittingly expressed.

He says, "In no country perhaps in the world is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful; and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of the deputies sent to the congress were lawyers. But all who read, and most do read, endeavor to obtain some smattering in that science. * * * * * This study renders men *acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources.* In other countries, the people, more simple, and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; *here they anticipate the evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze.*"

Such, young gentlemen, is the important and useful influence which the study of our profession enables its members to exert. But if, instead of preparing their minds by this study, the very men to whom the people look up for light, do but provide themselves with a few set phrases contrived to flatter and cajole them, what but evil can come of it?

"The people can do no wrong." Why! this is but what all sovereigns hear from their flatterers. In one sense, it is indeed true of both, for there is no human tribunal before which either king or people can be arraigned. But neither can make right and wrong change places and natures.

"*Vox populi, vox Dei.*" "It is the voice of God."

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So said the Jews of the impious Herod. But the judgments of the insulted Deity showed how mere a worm he was; and *his* judgments are not limited to kings, nor withheld by numbers. We may preserve all the outward forms of freedom, the checks and balances of the constitution may remain to all appearance undisturbed, and yet he who can "curse our blessings" may give us over to all the evils of despotism, if we do not "lay to heart" the high duties of that freedom wherewith he has made us free.

I am sensible, young gentlemen, that, to many, these ideas will not be acceptable. And for an obvious reason. "Men like well enough," it is said, "to hear of their power, but have an extreme disrelish to be told of their duties." Yet in a government of equal rights, these are strictly correlative. The rights of each individual are the exact measure of the duties which others owe to him, and of course, of those he owes to others. This is so obviously true, that it needs but be stated, to be recognized at once as a man recognizes his face in the glass. But *he* "goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." Let not us do likewise.

But there is another reason why many will hear with impatience of the difficulties attendant on the proper discharge of duties, which are too often made the low sport of a holiday revel. None can deny the truth and justice of the remarks already quoted from Mr. Blackstone; but few, I fear, are willing to bring them home, and to acknowledge the necessity of such severe preparation to qualify themselves to exercise the franchises of a citizen. Let me hope, young gentlemen, that you will view the matter in a different light, and go to your task with the more cheerfulness, from the assurance that you will thus be qualified to derive a blessing to yourselves and to your country, from the discreet and conscientious exercise of a privilege, which others, from a want of correct information and just sentiments, so often pervert to the injury of both.

Before I conclude, give me leave to offer a few remarks on a subject in which every member of the faculty has an equal and common interest. If there be any thing by which the University of William and Mary has been advantageously distinguished, it is the liberal and magnanimous character of its discipline. It has been the study of its professors to cultivate at the same time, the intellect, the principles, and the deportment of the student, laboring with equal diligence to infuse the spirit of the scholar and the spirit of the gentleman. He comes to us as a gentleman. As such we receive and treat him, and resolutely refuse to know him in any other character. He is not harassed with petty regulations; he is not insulted and annoyed by impertinent *surveillance*. Spies and informers have no countenance among us. We receive no accusation but from the conscience of the accused. His honor is the only witness to which we appeal; and should he be even capable of prevarication or falsehood, we admit no proof of the fact. But I beg you to observe, that in this cautious and forbearing spirit of our legislation, you have not only proof that we have no disposition to harass you with unreasonable requirements; but a pledge that such regulations as we have found it necessary to make, *will be enforced*. If we did not mean to execute our laws, it might do little harm to have them minute and much in detail on paper. It is because we *do* mean to enforce them that we are cautious to require nothing which may not be exacted without tyranny or oppression, without degrading ourselves or dishonoring you.

The effect of this system, in inspiring a high and scrupulous sense of honor, and a scorn of all disingenuous artifice, has been ascertained by long experience, and redounds to the praise of its authors. That it has not secured a regular discharge of all academical duties, or prevented the disorders which characterize the wildness of youth, is known and lamented. But we believe and know, that he who cannot be held to his duty, but by base and slavish motives, can never do honor to his instructers; while we are equally sure that such a system as keeps up a sense of responsibility to society at large, is most conducive to high excellence. We think it right, therefore, to adapt our discipline to those from whom excellence may be expected, rather than to those from whom mediocrity may barely be hoped. Such a system is valuable too, as forming a sort of middle term between the restraints of pupilage and the perfect freedom and independence of manhood. Experience shows that there is a time of life, when the new born spirit of independence, and the prurience of incipient manhood will not be repressed. They will break out in the *airs* or in the *graces* of manhood. Between these we have to choose. The youth of eighteen treated as a *boy*, exhibits the *former*. Treated as a *man*, he lays aside these forever, and displays the *latter*. This system is thus believed to afford the best security against such offences as stain the name of the perpetrator. Of such our records bear no trace; nor is there, perhaps, a single individual of all who have matriculated here, that would blush to meet any of his old associates in this school of honor.

May we not hope then, young gentlemen, when so much is trusted to your magnanimity, that the dependence will not fail us? May we not hope, when we are seen anxious to make our relation, not only a source of profit, but of satisfaction to you, that you will not wantonly make it a source of uneasiness and vexation to us? I persuade myself that you, at least, commence your studies with such dispositions as we desire. If this be so, there

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is one short rule by which you may surely carry them into effect. "*Give diligent attention to your studies.*" This is the best security against all unpleasant collision with your teachers, and against that weariness of spirit which seeks relief in excess or mischief. It carries with it the present happiness, which arises from a consciousness of well doing; it supplies that knowledge which encourages to farther researches, and renders study a pleasure; it establishes habits of application, the value of which will be felt in all the future business of life; and lays the foundation of that intellectual superiority by which you hope to prosper in the world, and to be distinguished from the ignoble multitude who live but to die and be forgotten.

Williamsburg, October 27, 1834.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE MARCH OF MIND.

"*Tempora Mutantur.*"

The present is emphatically the age of useful invention and scientific discovery; and it is the peculiar good fortune of the present generation, that the indefatigable labors of a few gigantic minds have opened to it new and expanded sources of enjoyment, by the development of principles which have long eluded the grasp of philosophy, and by their practical application to the most ordinary affairs of life. Men are not now bewildered by the imposing mysteries in which scientific truth has been so long enveloped; nor are they deterred from a bold investigation into the solidity of theories and hypotheses, by the studied ambiguity of phrase in which the votaries of learning have veiled them. They have learned properly to appreciate the fallacy of those abstruse speculations and metaphysical researches, into which so many thousands, in pursuit of some vain chimera, have been inextricably involved—and have erected the standard of *utility* as that alone by which all the lucubrations of moonstruck enthusiasts, and all the experiments of visionary projectors are to be rigidly scanned and tested. The practical benefits which have resulted from the rapid march of mind, are to be seen in the application of steam to the propulsion of boats, and in the innumerable rail roads, canals, and other stupendous improvements, which have developed the resources of this extensive country, and multiplied the blessings so bounteously bestowed upon it by providence. But in the first glow of astonishment and exultation which these have excited in the minds of men, numerous beneficial changes of minor importance have followed the march of intellect, which from their comparative insignificance, have almost escaped observation.

Formerly, the professors of the complex sciences of law, medicine, and divinity, were regarded as exalted by their attainments, to an immeasurable height of superiority over the mass of mankind, because they shrouded the truths and principles of science from the vulgar eye, by a veil of unintelligible jargon and grandiloquent technicalities, entirely above the ordinary powers of comprehension. Years of laborious and incessant toil were requisite to master the hidden complexities of those venerated and "time-honored" professions; and he, who with martyr-like resolution and unwearied perseverance, devoted his time and talents to their attainment, was regarded by the "*vulgus ignobile*" with sentiments of respect and admiration, nearly approaching to the idolatrous reverence of a Hindoo, for the fabled virtues of his bloody Juggernaut. But the illusion has at last been dispelled by the refulgent light of truth, and those illustrious individuals, the Luthers of the age, who have stripped these hoary errors of the veil which concealed their enormity, may with merited exultation and triumph exclaim, "*Nous avons changé toute cela!*" The art of economising time has been simplified, and subjected to the grasp of the most obtuse intellect; so that a science which formerly required years of intense and unremitted study, united with long experience and observation, is now thoroughly understood and mastered in a fortnight! So rapid indeed has been the march of intellect, sweeping from its path obstacles heretofore deemed insurmountable, and scaling the most impregnable fortifications of philosophy, with a force no less astonishing than irresistible, that many of our most profound adepts in the "glorious science" of the law, are (*mirabile dictu!*) at once initiated into all its mysteries by a single perusal of "Blackstone's Commentaries" and the "Revised Code!" instead of toiling his way up the steep ascent of fame by consuming the midnight oil, by exploring the dark and forbidding chambers of the temple of law, dragging forth truth from the musty volumes of antiquity, and searching the origin of long established principles. Among the feudal customs of our Saxon progenitors, a man may now become "like Mansfield wise, and Old Forster just," by one month's attendance at the bar of a county court! At the expiration of that period, he can rivet an admiring audience in fixed attention, by the strains of Demosthenian eloquence, in which he asks if "the court will hear a motion on a delivery bond?" And will astound some illiterate ignoramus, by the consequential pomposity with which he prates of "contingent remainders," "executory devises," and all the labyrinthian subtleties of nisi prius! No one will then contest his right to perambulate the streets, with all the ostentatious dignity of a man "learned in the law," and to parade before the eyes of the admiring rabble, his colored bag of most formidable dimensions,—albeit, it may be filled with cheese and crackers to stay his stomach in the intervals of business.

But the inappreciable benefits which the "March of Intellect" has showered upon mankind, are easily discovered by referring to the stupendous revolutions it has achieved, not only in the science of law but in divinity, medicine, education, manners, and morals. Men do not now venerate the ancient fathers of the church for the profound erudition and wonderful acquirements displayed in those ponderous tomes which now and then greet the eyes of the bibliopole, exciting the same degree of astonishment as the appearance of a comet illumining the immensity of space with its brilliant scintillations, or some *lusus naturæ* like the Siamese twins. Far from it. Modern philosophers have discovered the inutility and absurdity of wading through the voluminous discussions of controversial theologists, and tracing the origin of some religious dogma or doctrinal schism, which has for ages furnished these pugnacious wiseacres with food for inquiry and research. Instead of

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wasting the time necessarily consumed in these ridiculous studies, men who formerly might have dragged out their lives in the vulgar vocation of a tailor, a butcher, or a hatter, spring forth in a single week armed cap-a-pie to defend their religion from the unhallowed assaults of infidels, and amply qualified to expound the sacred texts, and deal out damnation with the indiscriminate prodigality of a spendthrift, for the first time cursed with the means of gratifying his extravagant propensities.

Formerly too, the most attentive and patient observation of the progressive development of the mental faculties of a child were necessary to enable a parent to adapt his education to the sphere of life in which nature had destined him to move. Innumerable obstacles were to be encountered in tutoring his mind to the comprehension of the profession for which he was intended; and, perhaps, after years of incessant toil and intense parental anxiety, the young stripling blasted all the hopes of his kindred, by either becoming the hero of a racefield or the magnus apollo of a grog shop, or distinguished his manhood by the puerile follies of youth, or the incurable stupidity of an idiot. But the "March of Mind" has obviated or removed all these difficulties, by the discovery of the renowned science of phrenology. A parent, in this blessed age of intellectual illuminism, may by an examination of certain craniological protuberances, ascertain with mathematical exactness, whether his child is a hero or a coward, a philosopher or a—fool; and may regulate his education in conformity to the result. The safety and well being of society, too, is thus encompassed with additional safeguards, which will effectually protect it from those evils which have heretofore been only partially suppressed by legislation. If any ill favored monster of the human species happens to have the organ of destructiveness largely "developed," (*ut verbum est*) and not counteracted by any antagonist organ,—all the murders, rapes and thefts which he is morally certain to perpetrate,—with their attendant train of want, calamity and ruin, may be at once prevented by hanging the scoundrel in terrorem, as a kind of scarecrow to all evil doers. A desideratum in political economy will thus be also attained. The accounts of those "caterpillars of the commonwealth," clerks, sheriffs, lawyers, *et id omne genus*, who swarm around the treasury in verification of the old maxim of Plautus, "*ubi mel, ibi apes*,"—(Anglice—Where there is money, *there* are lawyers,) are balanced without the payment of a cent; for it is obvious that there is no necessity for all the tedious formalities of a trial at law, the guilt of the murderer being already ascertained and summarily punished by this *preventive* justice, and the commonwealth of course exempted from the expense of a prosecution.

It would require a volume to enumerate all the advantages which have resulted from the discovery of this science. But even these are about to be quadrupled by the successful experiments recently made in the immortal and euphoniously titled science of phrenodontology, by which a man's *grinders* are regarded as the unerring indices of his habits, manners and propensities; and should these last be of an evil nature, they can be entirely eradicated by the extraction of such of the *incissores* as indicate their existence. There is no necessity whatever of inculcating self denial, regular habits, fortitude and virtue, to correct the depravity and vice of any individual. Only knock out his teeth, (or as that method is somewhat too summary,) have them extracted *secundum artem* by a dentist, and you instantly metamorphose him into a paragon of moral purity!

But one of the principal benefits of the "March of Mind," is the salutary reformation effected in the opinions of mankind, in relation to numerous important subjects. All those low and grovelling ideas which once tenanted the crania of our honest yeomanry as to the education of their children, have now evaporated into thin air. Instead of tying their sons to a vulgar plough, bronzing their visages to the complexion of an Indian, as was formerly the absurd practice, they are now transplanted into the genial hothouse of a town life, where they are soon installed in all the fashionable paraphernalia of tights, dickey, and safety chain; and astonish their honest old dads by the dexterity with which they flourish a yardstick, and by the surprising volubility with which they can chatter nonsense, *a la mode du bon ton*. I have often been enraptured with the incontrovertible evidence of the "March of Mind," when I saw one of these praiseworthy youngsters, with his crural appendages, cased in a pair of eelskin inexpressibles, and his nasal adjunct inflamed to that rubicund complexion which Shakspeare has immortalized in the jovial Bardolph, quiz a country greenhorn, and *cut*, in the genuine Brummel style, some vulgar, lowborn, mechanic acquaintance, who insolently aspired to the honor of a nod! The improvement too, in the education of our young ladies, is "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ," of the rapid and resistless march of science and intellect. With a precocity of talent which would have absolutely dumbfoundered a belle of the olden time, they now arrive at full maturity at the age of thirteen; when

"My dukedom to a beggarly denier,"

they can out-manœuvre the most consummate coquette of fifty! They perfect their education with almost the rapidity of light; and prattle most bewitchingly in French or Italian, before their pretty mouths have been sullied by their vulgar vernacular. The odious and despicable practice of knitting stockings and baking pies, fit only for a race of Goths in an age of Vandalism, has been inscribed with "*Ilium fuit*," and is now patronised only by the rustic *canaille*, who still adhere to the horrid custom of rising at the dawn of day and attending to household business. Their proficiency too, in the science of diacousticks, or the doctrine of sounds, is truly amazing—and the whole *posse comitatus* of foreign fiddlers, jugglers, and mountebanks who kindly condescend to instruct them in music, (as they facetiously term it) are often thrown into raptures by the ease with which they produce every variety of noise on a piano, from the deafening roar of a northwester to the objurgatory grunt of a Virginia porker, unceremoniously ousted from his luxurious ottoman of mud!

But, as Byron says, greater "than this, than these, than all," are the wonderful phenomena which have occurred in the science of medicine. The physicians of modern times, have snatched the imperishable laurels from the brows of Galen and Hippocrates, and have compelled Old Esculapius himself, to "hide his dimi-

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nished head!" It had long been a source of the most poignant regret to the philanthropic observer of the ills and afflictions incident to human nature, that the benign system of medical jurisprudence, designed originally for the alleviation of human suffering, had been so dilatory and uncertain in its operation, and so fatally ill adapted to the eradication of numerous diseases from the human frame, as to effect only a partial accomplishment of its beneficent purpose. This radical disadvantage in that system of medical science, might reasonably have been attributed to the want of a proper firmness and adventurous temerity in its practitioners;—probably, also, it might have resulted from their lamentable ignorance of the structure and conformation of the human frame. This system, as was to have been expected, had met with numerous advocates, principally in consequence of their perfect personal indemnity from the frequently fatal result of their ignorance or mismanagement; it being well known that under this system a practitioner might, if he so chose, administer a deadly poison to his patient, who would naturally "shuffle off this mortal coil," while his afflicted relatives would piously attribute his decease to a dispensation of Providence; and the physician, composedly pocketing his fees, would have the satisfaction of seeing himself eulogised in his patient's obituary, as a man of "science and skill." It is obvious that under this system the patient's life was but

"A vapour eddying in the whirl of chance,"

and the distressing frequency with which we were called on to attend the remains of a fellow being to the gloomy prisons of the dead, imperatively demanded a radical and extensive reform.

But fortunately for the human species, the "March of Mind" has led to medical discoveries which have chained up the monster Death in impotence, and rendered him a plaything to "the faculty." The long and pompous pageants of M. D's diplomas, &c. &c. have ceased to overawe the eager aspirant for medical celebrity, and he now steps forward in the path of fame at the age of nineteen, *maximus in magnis*, greatest among the great! Diseases that formerly baffled the utmost skill of science, and preyed upon their victims for years, are now thoroughly extirpated in an hour! The long catalogue of noxious medicines with which the pharmacopia was crammed, and which served no other purpose than to swell

"The beggarly account of empty boxes,"

which the shelves of a rascally apothecary presented to view, are now discarded; and their places are supplied by medicines so simple and so efficacious, that the value of life, once considered so inestimable, has actually undergone a considerable diminution, merely because of the ease with which it may be enjoyed. It is now no longer necessary to watch the various diagnostics of an obdurate disease through their origin and development; it is no longer important that the unfortunate patient should be bolstered up in bed for months, and his stomach annihilated by a nauseous diet of mush and water gruel. This was but the quackery of the rapacious cormorants, who grew rich upon the credulity of their dupes. The patient may be on his feet in half an hour, by the salutary operation of some harmless medicine, which produces no other evil effect than a remarkable elongation of the visage, and divers contortions of the abdominal viscera! Instead of first ascertaining to what extent the body of the patient has been debilitated by the ravages of his disorder, it is only requisite to refer to a mystical talisman, vulgarly called a *teetotum*, which entirely supersedes the necessity of thought or reflection; and whose final position, after performing sundry gyrations on its point, informs the practitioner with unerring certainty, whether his patient should be *puked, sweated, or blistered!* The result is certain. The most complicated case of pulmonary consumption is instantly and thoroughly cured by *steam;* and an obstinate fever, produced by a superabundance of bile upon the stomach, is effectually extirpated by an injection of *cayenne pepper!* As revolutions never retrograde, these important changes in medical jurisprudence will only terminate in the actual resuscitation of a dead body, by an external application of camphorated salts! a "consummation devoutly to be wished," and most certain to be effected, by the rejection of all mineral medicines,—which the "March of Mind" has demonstrated to be hurtful,—and the substitution in their stead of a few simple vegetable remedies, accurately arranged, classified, and *numbered!*

But enough. No man can reflect upon these things, without applying, as I do, the trite quotation, "*tempora mutantur*," &c. Although it has been used for the ten thousandth time, by the whole tribe of newspaper scribblers and juvenile poetasters, yet it has never been more *apropos*. Times *are* changed; and "oh, *how* changed!" What mind does not expand at the delightful contemplation of these grand revolutions; and who does not look forward with eagerness to the memorable era when all the vulgar *bourgeois* qualities of common sense, common decency, and common virtue, will fade into nothingness before the resistless and all powerful "March of Mind!" V.

Lynchburg, Oct. 30, 1834.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE VILLAGE ON FOURTH JULY 183—.

A TALE.

Ergo agite, et lætum cuncti celebremus honorem.—*Virgil.*
Risum teneatis amici?—*Horace.*

I DO not know that the celebration of a Fourth of July in a country village has ever been thought worthy of appearing in print; nor do I know that a tale, founded on such a celebration, has ever been written; and I doubt whether the fancy of any of our geniuses has ever pictured such a subject, either with the pen or pencil. Many of your readers will perhaps be amazed at the thought of such a subject for a tale; but permit me to ask, why not a tale of the Fourth of July as well as any other? Is it because the hearts of a free people, rejoicing on the anniversary of the day which gave them liberty, throb in harmony, and therefore can afford neither novelty nor variety? Granted. But are there not various modes of manifesting, more or less appropriately, the inward emotions of our hearts? Are not our ideas dissimilar as to the manner of exhibiting our feelings, according to our various means, situations and vocations in life—high or low—in cities, towns and country? Then wherefore not? We have read of tales of wo, and tales of bliss, and tales of neither; and, this being the case, I am imboldened to this undertaking,

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leaving to the better judgment of the reader to assign it to whichever class it properly belongs.

—

At the foot of a slope, and on the right of a stream compressed between two abrupt and craggy hills, covered with oaks and pines, stands a small village, remarkable only for the rude and romantic scenery which surrounds it. Access to it from the left side of the stream can only be gained by a rocky, rugged and declivous road, the greater part of which seems to have been either blasted or hewed out of the side of a hill, around which it winds at a considerable height above the water—and, at its termination is a neat frame bridge, which when crossed admits you into the village. This stream bounds a conterminous portion of two counties bordering upon the Potomac, into which it empties itself at about five miles below the village, where the influx and reflux of the tides are felt. Although there is considerable depth of water at the village sufficient to float vessels of a large size, yet the clayey alluvion brought down by the stream, and reacted upon by the river at their junction, becomes a deposite which forms a kind of bar, over which none but small crafts can pass. The number of inhabitants may be estimated at from two to three hundred, the greater part of whom are attached to a cotton factory but recently erected, and the remainder, with the exception of a few families of consideration, are more or less connected with the country and merchant mills, established many years since, from which the village has its origin and perhaps its name.

The beating of a drum, and the shrill and false tones of a fife, at dawn of day, betokened to the villagers who still reposed upon their pillows, that the glorious birthday of independence was likely not to be passed unobserved, as hitherto it had been. This novel, and, in effect, startling ushering of the day, soon brought them upon their feet, and ere the sun had peered over the eastern, or crested the brows of the western, mounts, the streets, such as they are, had become quite enlivened. Most of the villagers had never heard the sounds of martial music, and the greater number of those who had, were indebted to the troops that had passed through the village during the late war. Those who had never seen nor heard the sounds of a drum and fife, disclosed their amazement by their gazing eyes and mouths agape. To a looker on, the performers could not but be remarkable. A European, tall, erect, lank, and already tippled, thumped away upon a drum, the vellum of the nether end of which was rent,—followed by a stout, awry necked, crumped backed and limping African, as *fifer*—a contrast at once striking and ludicrous, hobbled along, most earnestly occupied with their *reveille*, heedless of the gaze of the wonderstruck multitude—the din of their music echoing and reverberating from the surrounding hills. The *drummer* had been such in the United States Marines, and had but recently quitted the service—and though not sober, his performance was far from being bad. The *fifer* had served in that capacity during the revolutionary war. His finger, stiff from long disuse of the instrument, which he had preserved with religious care since that epoch, did not allow him to give but an imperfect specimen of his store of marches and quicksteps in vogue at that time, and his recollection of them was scarcely better; the tunes of the present times he knew nothing about. The drum used upon this occasion had been *put hors de combat* during the late war, as the troops passed through the village. This, together with the hallowed fife and veteran *fifer*, in connection with the day, did not fail to give rise to associations eminently calculated to excite enthusiasm.

It appears that the celebration of the day had originated with, and was suggested by, an honest son and follower of St. Crispin, (who had lived in a city and had acquired some knowledge of *l'art militaire*,) whose ambition to command a corps had led him to the most indefatigable exertion to inspire the villagers with the spirit of *amor patriæ*, and success having crowned his exertion, application had been made for commissions as well as for arms, in order to organize themselves in time for a parade on the approaching festival. In this however they were disappointed; for they had obtained neither when the day arrived, and having determined to celebrate it, in spite of their disappointment they would.

This resolution soon circulated through the adjacent country called the *forest*—its inhabitants *foresters*, who, anxious to witness the parade—"*the spree*," as they termed it, came flocking into the village on foot and horseback, singly and doubly, et cetera, by every byroad and pathway which led to and terminated there. By meridian the gathering was so great that the oldest inhabitants declared that such an influx was not within their recollection. As regards the character of the *foresters*, men and women, they are an honest, hardy, industrious and independent people, and on Sundays, high-days and holydays, cut a very respectable figure in the way of apparel and ornaments—and for this occasion particularly, no pains had been spared to make an *eclat*.

In consequence of the disappointment alluded to, every firearm that could be found was put under requisition, and the entire forenoon was consumed in collecting and preparing them for use, during which the music to arms continued without intermission. It was in this interval that the buzzing of an expected oration was heard, which swelled into a report, and heightened not a little the pre-existing enthusiasm.

Discharges of guns repeated at irregular intervals on the skirts of the village, was an indication that the parade was about to commence, and at a little after twelve o'clock the soldiery made their appearance. They wore no uniform, but were clad in their best "Sunday go to meetings;" and in the ranks were many of the foresters who had joined them—

"The rustic honors of the scythe and share"

being given up for the time, for the warlike implements then to be used.

Their arms were of divers descriptions; double barrelled guns, deer guns, ducking guns, and a blunderbuss, with powderflasks and horns swung round their shoulders,—and, volunteers in number exceeding arms, poles were substituted. A cutlass distinguished the captain; a horsewhip the lieutenant; a cane the second lieutenant. These three, together with the soldierly appearance of some, the rigidity of others, the apparent *nonchalance* of a few, and the deformity of several, presented a *tout ensemble* the most grotesque and diverting.

In the midst of this band was a small man, the stiffness of whose carriage and the peculiarity of whose countenance attracted the attention of the crowd. His eyes were small—appeared to be black and twinkling, and were set into the deep recesses of sockets which projected considerably, and surmounted by dark shaggy brows; his face was contracted—his features small—and his forehead, though retreating, was not sufficiently so to denote the entire absence of the reflective faculty, according to phrenology. In his hand he bore a scroll, and the dignity which his stiffness was meant to affect, was reasonably enough imputed to the importance which he attached to the part he was to act. The scroll was the Declaration of Independence, which was to be read by him; and from the peculiarly reverential manner with which it was held in his hand, he seemed to feel that it was an instrument coeval with the birth of, and coexisting with, a free and powerful nation, and demanded deference even from the very touch of his hand. This man was not altogether devoid of talent, for he had succeeded in earning for himself among the villagers a reputation of high literary acquirements; and on hearing the report of an expected oration, (suspicion fixed on him the origin of it,) had spontaneously proposed to verify it. Of course the proposition was well received, and dissipated at once any uncertainty. The spot at which it should be delivered was soon decided upon and designated—well known—and but a short distance out of the village. Thither the multitude repaired in advance of the military, who were not to arrive there until all the necessary arrangements for their reception had been made. This duty devolved upon a self-constituted committee of arrangement, who discharged it with all the zeal and ability which the briefness of the notice would allow.

The locality was well chosen, and seemed to have been designed by nature for the scene for which it was now appropriated. From the village and around the foot of the hill, winds a path that leads by an easy ascent to the summit of another hill, capped by a grove or cluster of huge pines and oaks, which overshadow a surface clear of undergrowth and interspersed with rocky prominences. These prominences, though rough, answered admirably well the purpose of seats for the auditory, and one of them being flat and overswelling the rest, was pitched upon as a rostrum from which the orator should hold forth. On one side of it, which might be called the rear, was planted a staff, to which was tacked an old bunting American ensign or flag, pierced with holes, received at the battle of Plattsburg. At the end of the staff hung a red woollen cap, the symbol of liberty—its color emblematic of the ardor of its spirit, as explained by the committee. At the foot of the staff stood a cask of "*old corn*," for the refreshment and entertainment of the *corps militaire*, in honor of the day and orator.

The village and country belles and beaux, attired in their gayest possible manner, by way of regard, were suffered to have precedence in the selection of places, and the former had possessed themselves of those crags which might best suit them to the convenient hearing of the oration. The assembled people were now impatiently awaiting the arrival of the orator and escort, when they were at length descried wending their way up hill, at the tune of *Molbrook*, sent forth to the air from the fife in fragments—and having arrived, the orator was conducted in form to the rostrum by the committee, which he mounted with unfaltering steps.

The bustle and buzz incident to the choosing of convenient places amid the rugged area having subsided, the *coup d'œil* presented was well worthy the pencil and genius of a Hogarth; the pen can convey but a faint idea. The gay females, elevated upon the asperated crags, overtopping every other object, seemed to shed lustre and life upon every thing around. Their attendants or beaux, resting in various postures at their feet, or lolling against a tree hard by, proved that the village and sylvan belles command the devotions of the rude sex no less than those of courts and cities. The boys were perched upon every oaken bough that overhung the spot that could bear their weight, and the military and the rest were strewed about thickly and promiscuously on the ground—sitting, squatting, kneeling; in fine, in every position indescribable which the human frame is susceptible of when adapting itself to some particular locality for its comfort.

The speaker being about to commence, many who had kept on their hats or caps were bid to uncover; the greater number of whom did so cheerfully; a few reluctantly; and several, more independent and less tractable, kept on theirs. To have insisted upon this point of decorum might have been attended with consequences to mar the rejoicing—so the point was very wisely given up. Silence obtained, nothing was heard but the rustling of the leaves, through which the breeze that prevailed passed and refreshed all below. The orator bowed and addressed his attentive auditory. His voice was clear and audible, and his words were carefully noted by a chirographer, and are here inserted.

"Citizens of the village and farmers of the forest!—I will not offer any excuse for the peramble that I will speak subsequent to the reading of this *glorious* document (holding up the scroll) of our ancestors. The honor with which you have extinguished me this day, by making me the reader on it, is duly depreciated.

"When you have heared the sentiments contained upon it, you will find your hearts in trepidation at the conjointure at which your forefathers dared to put their fists to it.

"While they was employed in this business, the immortal Washington, called the *frater pater*, because he had a brotherly and fatherly love for his countrymen, was commanding an army made up of such soldiers as *you* are. (Cheers.) It was with the like of you—such powerful men as you—with such cowrageous souls as yours, that John Bull was fighting with, running before and falling dead. (Great cheering.) The great Thomas Jefferson and John Adams was driving the quill in peace and comfort in Philadelphy, about this grand production, (stretching forth and unfolding the scroll,) because they knowed, and all that was there with them knowed too, that such soldiers as *you*, fighting for liberty, barefoot, bareback and half starved, just as you are now when you are all at home hard at work, was unresistible and unvincible. (The deafening and reiterated cheers interrupted the speaker for a short time.)

"Without you, what would have become to them, and this now free, brave and happy nation? Shall I tell you? Why they should have all been hanged or shot, and this nation would have been made up of

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slaves. They worked with their heads, and you with your arms; to use a learned expression, they physically and you bodily: and if it had not a been for your arms and bodies, they could never—they would never have dared to do nothing with their heads. You was the strong ramparts behind which they retrenched themselves to save their necks. (Cheers.)

"Your beloved Washington could work with ither his hand or his arm, but he showed his wisdom by choosing to work with his arm—that is, by flourishing the sword instead of driving the pen—by putting himself at your head in battle—facing the cannons of the enemy, and leading you to *victory* or *death!* (Tremendous cheering.) To make this plainer still to your understandings, which is very good,—suppose a man was to abuse you and call you hard names? Why, you would up fist and knock him down at once, if you could, in course; and if you did you would be safe enough, and the matter would end. This was Washington's maxim, and he acted up to it. Now-a-days, amongst them who drives the quill, when one abuse another, they go to writing, and when they have lost a heap of time to prove one another in the wrong—mind you, because they don't want to come up to the sticking point, they are at last obliged to end the difference by shooting at one another, or one murdering the other. Now what does it all amount to in the end? All their writing did no good, and they might as well have fight it out "right off the reel" at first—not with pistols and the like of that, but the arms that God gave them—their fists, (clenching his fist.) In times of war men fight with firearms and the like, because they can't come in contact man to man. (Cheers.)

"It was your worthy fathers and the like on 'em, who atchieved the freedom of your beloved country. Tom Jefferson and Jack Adams wrote down what they fought about, that you might have it in black and white—that you might never forget what your forefathers fought for, and that you might stimulate their actions. This is all that writing is fit or good for. Many of you don't know A from a bull's foot, but which amongst you could'nt take up a gun and shoot the crows that would come to your cornfields to destroy your crops. The British came here like crows to destroy what was yours, and you shot them down like crows and drove away the rest. (Cheers.)

"My brave friends! your present conditions is a proof of your being the ascendants of those naked and half starved warriors. You have turned out this day to prove to the world that you can depreciate the yearly anniversary of this fourth of July. You are now enjoying the blessings which they got for you by their lives, and at the peril of them who has outlived the revolution. You are now resting at ease, and listening to me, (for which I am complimented,) but they never rested at all—they was always on the go; they went through thick and thin—sunshine and rain—dust and mud—snow and ice—*fire and sword*—DEATH AND DESTRUCTION, (tremendous cheering,) and made less of it than you do now, for I can see that some of you is getting mighty restless. (A shriek from a female at this instant spread consternation in the assembly, which turned into a simultaneous burst of laughter as soon as it was discovered she had fallen from a crag, being unable to endure any longer the pain caused by its asperity.)

"I will not keep you any longer in distraint; but I cannot finish without saying a few words to the lovely gathering of our fair countrywomen, which has complemented me this day with their smiles.

"Your sex too, gentle hearers! had a helping hand in this glorious revolution. Your foremothers was industriously employed at home for your forefathers, while they was fighting for their country, their wives and their offstrings. With such lovely being as I see now gathered around me, this happy country need never fear of being in want of warriors. (Cheers.) Sweet lasses! may heaven send down upon you such partners as will make my prophecy come to pass."

The peal of applause which ensued and continued for some minutes, rung through the woods and welkin, and resounded from hill to hill, until lost in the distance, after which the orator proceeded to the reading of the Declaration of Independence. When he had read that part in these words—"To secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the *consent* of the *governed*. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the RIGHT of the PEOPLE to *alter* or *abolish* it, and to institute new governments,"* &c. in which his feelings were deeply enlisted, he concluded the clause by giving vent to them in the following fervid comments: "*Behold* Americans!" cried he, "*behold* the *whole* of *your* rights explained. Do you not *see* the figure which EVERY *one* of you cuts?! Out of you *the power* comes, and *nothing* can be done *without* you. Don't this prove what I said in my extompere address, '*that their heads cannot work without you?*'" (Here a voice was heard to cry, "By jingo, Jack, clap on your hat; ding it, do as I do!")

The reading ended, the assemblage broke up and dispersed, leaving the military to honor the day and orator in the manner already intimated, during which many national and sentimental toasts were drunk; after which they returned into the village in the military order they had left it for the purpose of parading.

Various evolutions were performed; among them occasionally a left wheeling for a right—a countermarch for a right or left face—keeping time with right or left foot indifferently. They carried arms either upon the right or left—trailing, supporting, sloping, advancing—just as it suited their own whim; in other words, *will*. In vain did their commander command, threaten or entreat. A volunteer, bolder than the rest, went so far as to ask the captain, "If he had forgot what they had heard from the Declaration?" and hinting at his being commander so long as they willed it. They felt that they were the sovereign people and only citizen soldiers.

At the order "halt!" they came to a stand, and were drawn out in a line, facing the stream, for the purpose of firing their *feu de joie*—an apt simile, by the way, of the state of their minds after the closing scene of the hill. The orders for execution were simply, "prime and load—ready—fire!" which was executed with tolerable precision. Three rounds being fired, they were ordered to "right face!" in order to file off and resume their march; but few only obeying the order, some confusion took place in the ranks. "*Right face!*" again

* In the extract the words are in italics and small capitals on which much stress was given by the reader

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vociferated the captain, whose impatience for shaking off his brief authority was very apparent. Still the contumaceous kept their position, declaring that they would not "*budge*" until they had received the word to fire a fourth round, for which they had already loaded. A dispute arose between the officers and men—the former asserting and endeavoring to enforce their authority—the latter denying and obstinately determined not to move until they had received the word to discharge their pieces, considering the reservation of their fire until the order be given a sufficient evidence of their subordination. The captain finally yielded, and crying out, "make ready—fire!" the fourth round went off, and the men filed off without further hesitation; some at a common time—some at a quickstep—some skipping, and one hopping; the captain brandishing his cutlass over the *drummer's* pate for not "*treading in a straight line*"—the *fifer* blowing off fractions of marches and quicksteps, and the lieutenants endeavoring to keep order in the ranks. In this style they once more marched out of the village, to partake for the last time of the refreshment at the hill, and crown the celebration.

The sun was just reclining upon the western mount when they made their third and final entry into the village, in a march, technically known as the "rout march," thereby showing that the effect of the "old corn" was predominating.

The omission of testifying their respect in a military manner to the chief magistrate of the village during their first parade, had occurred to them at the hill, and concluding that it had better be done late than never, they had returned to the village, contrary to their intention when they had left it, in the manner described, and drawing up in front of the dwelling of that excellent man, they commenced and kept up a tremendous firing, shouting and huzzaing until nightfall, when all who were able dismissed themselves, (their officers having abandoned them,) leaving many on the ground as it were *dead—pro tempore*.

Thus terminated the village celebration of the anniversary of the day out of which a great and virtuous nation was ushered into being. However much our mirth may have been excited by the description given, yet none will deny that the feeling which actuated them in their celebration, was the identical feeling that dictates the observance of the same day throughout the cities of the union—with this difference only, that *this* savours of the pomp and circumstances of wealth, pride and refinement, while *that* is perfectly in character with nature,—true, simple and unsophisticated. I will conclude with a quotation from Boileau.

"La simplicité plaît sans étude et sans art.
Tout charme en un enfant dont la langue sans fald,
A peine du filet encor débarrassée,
Sait d'un air innocent bégayer sa pensée.
Le faux est toujours fade, ennuyeux, languissant:
Mais la nature est vraie, et d'abord on la sent;
C'est elle seule en tout qu'on admire et qu'on aime."

T. P.

Alexandria, November 1834.

Extract from Lacon.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

University of Virginia, Nov. 13th, 1834.

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

Sir—If you think the following verses worthy of an insertion in the Messenger, you will gratify me by giving them a place. They were written two or three years ago, by a young lady of this state; and it certainly never was her intention to publish them, but I am induced to offer them to the public eye, because I think they are creditable, and that they will not appear disadvantageously in the Messenger. R.

TO D——.

I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee
In every moment of grief or of glee;
The memory will come of these fleeting hours,
Like the scent that is wafted from distant flow'rs;
Like the faint, sweet echo that lingers on
When the tones that waken'd it are gone.

There's many a thought I may not tell,
Hidden beneath the heart's deep swell;
There's many a sweet and tender sigh
Breath'd out when only God is nigh;
And each familiar thing I see,
Is blended with the thought of thee.

Thy form will be miss'd from the social hearth,
Thy voice from the mingling tones of mirth;
When the sound of music is poured along—
When my soul hangs entranced on the poet's song—
When history points from her glowing page,
To the deathless deeds of a former age—
When my eye fills up and my heart beats high,
I shall look in vain for thine answering eye.

When the winds are lulled in the quiet sky,
And the sparkling waters go surging by,
And the cheering sun invites to walk,
I shall miss thine arm and thy pleasant talk:
My rustling step—the leafless tree—
The very rock will speak of thee.

I'll think of thee when the sunset dyes
Are glowing bright in the western skies;
When the dusky shades of evening's light
Are melting away into deeper night—
When the silvery moon looks bright above,
Raising the tides of human love—
When the holy stars look bright and far,
I'll think of thee—my *guiding star!*

When all save the beating heart is still,
And the chainless fancy soars at will,
When it lifts the dark veil from future years,
And flutters and trembles with hopes and fears,—
When it turns to retrace the burning past,
And the blinding tears come thick and fast—
And oh! when bending the humble knee
At the throne of God—I will *pray* for thee!

And wilt thou sometimes think of me,
When thy thoughts from this stormy world are free?
When thou turnest o'erwearied from toil and strife
The warring passions of busy life,
May a still, small whispering, speak to thee,
Like a touch on thy heartstring—Love, think of me.

E.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

INVOCATION TO RELIGION.

Come blest Religion, meek-eyed maid,
In all thy heavenly charms arrayed,
Descend with healing in thy wing,
And touch my heart while yet I sing.

Heaven's own child of simple truth,
The stay of age, the guide of youth,
All spotless, pure and undefiled,
How blest are those on whom you've smiled.

Oh! come, as thou wert wont, and bless
The widow and the fatherless—
Temper the wind to the shorn lamb,
Pour on the wounded heart thy balm;

Strew softest flowers, where e're they stray,
And pluck, oh! pluck the thorns away.
Come like the good Samaritan,
Bind up the sick and wounded man;

Not like the Priest thy love display—
Just look devout, and turn away.
Oh! no—the bruised with kindness greet,
And set the mourner on his feet.

Teach me with warm affections pure,
That holy Fountain to adore,
From whence proceeds or life or thrift—
The source of every perfect gift:

Teach me thy fear—thy grace impart,
And twine thy virtues round my heart;
With pity's dew suffuse my eye,
And teach me heavenly charity—

That blessed love, which will not halt,
Or stumble at a brother's fault;
But with affection's tender care,
Will still pursue the wanderer.

Oh! teach my heart enough to feel,
For human woe and human weal.
Not that mad zeal, which works by force,
And poisons goodness, at its source;

But that mild, pure, persuasive love,
Which thou hast brought us from above.
Thro' thy fair fields, oh! fatal change,
Let no distempered *maniac* range,—

No frantic bigot spoil thy bowers,
And blight thy pure and spotless flowers.
Still, still, thou pure and heavenly dove,
Still speed thy work of perfect love.

Pursue the pilgrim on his road,
And oh! take off his heavy load.
Peace whisper to the troubled breast,
And give the weary mourner rest—

And when in that last awful hour,
Death shall exert his fatal power,
Oh! blunt the print of his keen dart,
And sooth the pangs that rend the heart.

When the last vital throb shall cease,
Oh! be then present, with thy peace:
Then let thy healing grace be given
To light and waft our souls to Heaven.

L.

Pittsylvania.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

BEAUTY AND TIME.

[Written under a vignette, representing a branch of roses with a scythe suspended over it, in a Lady's Album.]

Emblem of woman's beauty,
This blooming rose behold!
Time's scythe is hanging o'er it,
While yet its leaves unfold.

Alas! that Time is ever
To Beauty such a foe!
How can she shun his power?
How ward his withering blow?

Has she no art to foil him,
And turn his scythe aside?
Must she, who conquers others,
To him yield up her pride?

Yes, yes, there is a conquest
That Beauty gains o'er Time:
Forget it not, ye fair ones,
But prize the homely rhyme.

For every charm he pilfers
From Beauty's form or face,
Upon the mind's fair tablet,
Some new attraction trace.

Thus, Time's assaults are fruitless,
For, when her bloom is o'er,
Woman, despite his malice,
Is lovelier than before.

St.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

ANTICIPATION.

When life's last parting ray is shed,
And darkness shrouds this pallid form;
When I have laid this aching head,
Secure from ev'ry earthly storm—

Oh! then how sweet it is to think
That some fond heart yet warm and true,
Will cherish still the severed link
Which death's rude hand has snapt in two.

Who oft, at evening's pensive hour,
From all the busy crowd will steal,
To dress the vine and nurse the flower
That deck my grave, with pious zeal.

And ling'ring there, will lightly tread,
As fearful to disturb my sleep,
And oft relieve the drooping head
Upon her slender hand, and weep.

And oh! if in that world which rolls
Sublime beyond this earthly sphere,
That love still warms departed souls,
Which once they fondly cherished here.

Oh! yes, if in such hour is given,
And parted souls such scenes may see,
At that pure hour I'd leave e'en heav'n,
And kiss the heart that wept for me,

L.

Pittsylvania.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

HINTS TO STUDENTS OF GEOLOGY.

BY PETER A. BROWNE, ESQ.

NO. I.

THE word "*science*," in its most comprehensive sense, means "knowledge." In its general acceptation, it is "knowledge reduced to a system;" that is to say, arranged in regular order, so that it can be conveniently taught, easily remembered, and readily applied to useful purposes. An *art* is the application of knowledge to some practicable end,—to answer some useful or ornamental purpose. The sciences, are sometimes divided into the *abstract* and the *natural;* by the former we are taught the knowledge of reasons and their conclusions; by the latter we are enabled to find out causes and effects, and to study the laws by which the material world is governed. To the abstract sciences belong, first, language, whether oral or written, including grammar, logic, &c.; secondly, notation, including arithmetic, algebra, geometry, &c. Philosophy inquires into the laws that regulate the phenomena of nature, whether in the material or immaterial world; it is generally divided into three classes, two of which are material and one immaterial. The material are, first, those which relate to number and quantity; secondly, those which relate to matter. The immaterial are those which relate to mind. The second class of the material is called "natural philosophy" or "physics," and sometimes the "physical sciences." Natural philosophy, in its most comprehensive sense, has for its province the laws of matter, whether organic or inorganic. These laws may regard either the motions or properties of matter, and hence arises their division into two branches—first, those which regard the *motions* of matter, which are called *mechanics;* and secondly, those which regard the *properties* of matter, which are subdivided, and have various names, according to the different objects of investigation. When the inquiry is confined to organized bodies and life, it is called physiology; which is again subdivided into zoology and botany. When it treats of inorganic matter, it is subdivided into chemistry, anatomy, medicine, mineralogy and geology. The principles of natural philosophy rest upon *observation* and *experiment.* Observation is the noticing of natural phenomena as they occur, without any attempt to influence the frequency of their occurrence. Experiment consists in putting in action causes and agents, over which we have control, for the purpose of noticing their effects. From a comparison of a number of facts, obtained from either observation or experiment, the existence of general laws are proved. The laws of man are complicated; to understand their objects, we are often obliged to take the most circuitous routes; but the laws by which nature governs all her works are beautifully simple, and they are found to lead directly to the end she has in view. To study them, therefore, according to the rules that have been laid down, viz: from observation and experiment, is pleasant and easy. The principal difficulties that have arisen, are owing to the improper manner in which the subjects connected with natural history have often been treated. Natural philosophy regards what was the condition of natural bodies: but many persons exert the whole force of their genius to discover what they *might have been.* And as there is no department of natural philosophy into which this erroneous method of procedure has made greater inroads than geology, nor any science that has suffered so severely in such conflicts, it may not be amiss to appropriate half an hour to the inquiry whence this error has arisen; and, if possible, point out the best method of avoiding its dangerous tendency. The word geology is derived from two Greek words, signifying "the earth" and "reason;" and it is that science which teaches the structure of the crust of the earth, and ascertains its mineralogical materials, and the order in which they are disposed, and their relations to each other. Geognosy is used by the French as synonymous to geology, but in English is generally understood to be synonymous to cosmogony; which is an inquiry, or rather a speculation, as to the original formation or creation of the world; hence geognosy has sometimes been called "speculative geology." In pursuing the examinations to which geology leads, we reason from facts, as is done in other branches of natural science. The strata of the crust of the earth, owing to the disturbed manner in which we now find them, are in a great measure open to our examination; their composition, formation, deposition, eruption, depression, succession, and mineralogical contents, are all objects of sensation. The objects of geognosy (in the English sense of the word) are, on the other hand, for the most part, ideal, visionary and delusive. We are sensible that this earth exists and that it is material, and therefore we know that it must have been created. We know that it was not created by man, who hath not the power to add to it one single atom, nor diminish it by a single grain—so that it is manifest that it was created by a superior and omnipotent power; but by what process it was done is a mystery, and the more we seek to discover it the more we expose our ignorance. The geologist, like the mathematician, deals with the understanding; his advance is wary, admitting no conclusion until his premises are fully established. The professor of geognosy, on the contrary, addresses himself entirely to the imagination, and he delights in hypothesis and suppositions. The progress of the geologist is necessarily slow; he is like the patient miner, making his laborious but determined way into the solid rock: but the professor of geognosy will make a world or even a universe in an hour, for he deals in fancy and works in visionary speculations. The geologist delves into the bowels of the earth in search of useful metals, earths and combustible matters, which nature has kindly placed within his reach, and he strives to turn them to the best advantage in administering to the wants and increasing the comforts and convenience of his fellow creatures; but all the labors of the professor of geognosy are directed to discover a secret which appears to be hidden from human ken; a secret, the discovery of which would not, as far as we can judge, add any thing to the sum of human happiness. It excites our astonishment therefore, that so many persons of fine genius and brilliant talents should have wasted so much time in forming what are called theories of the earth, who might have been so much better employed in investigating the secondary causes by which the materials composing the crust of this earth obtained their present forms, and in examining the changes which those materials are daily undergoing. But so it is; the curiosity so natural to our

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species opens the way—the vanity of being supposed to have penetrated deeper than others into the abstruse mysteries of nature urges them forward—the silly pride of having in their own estimations discovered the hidden ways of Providence quickens their zeal; and, such is the love of the marvellous, that if they exhibit only a tolerable degree of ingenuity, and embellish their performances with a few flowers of rhetoric, they are sure to command more attention and praise from the general mass of readers, than can be extorted by the most laborious examination of nature's works. While Martin Lister was ridiculed by Doctor King for the laudable minuteness with which he described the different natural objects he met with in his journey through France, Mr. Thomas Burnet, for a fanciful theory of the earth, was extravagantly lauded by a writer in the Spectator. Saussure crossed the Alps in fourteen places; Humboldt traversed nearly one half of the habitable globe; Cuvier spent seven years in the study of comparative anatomy, as subservient to the study of fossil remains; and Hauy studied geometry for the sole purpose of obtaining a knowledge of crystalography; but neither of these distinguished philosophers have been able to win the laurels that have been heaped upon the brow of Count Buffon for a visionary hypothesis which he calls a theory of the earth.

The substitution of these hypotheses for knowledge, unfortunately, has not been confined to the early and dark ages of geology. One entirely new theory of the earth was published as lately as the year 1825—another in 1827—and a third in 1829. It is proper therefore that the student should be warned against their fascinating and baneful influence.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

ESSAY ON LUXURY.

Of the various researches, which engage this enlightened age, there is not one perhaps more important, whether we consider the public weal, or the general interest of humanity, than that which concerns *luxury*. It is regarded by some as the source of the greatest calamities; by others as a source of opulence and industry. It has been said and repeated thousands of times, that we often dispute, because we do not understand each other, and that we give a different meaning to words we use, because we do not define them with sufficient precision. This is frequently true; but cases will often arise where, though the words of a proposition are taken in precisely the same acceptation, and those who employ them reason alike, yet the result of their reasonings are diametrically opposite. Luxury has at all times been considered as a cause of the corruption of morals, and the destruction of empires; but in the last ages, it has not wanted its advocates—nay, they have even pretended, that it was necessary to render empires flourishing, to favor commerce, industry, circulation, manufactures; and that *it* alone would redress the inequality of various conditions, by making the superfluities of some contribute to relieve the necessities and wants of others. The contrary has always been held as an irrefragible axiom. But still its advocates maintain, that it nourishes all the refinements of good taste, and developes the talents of the artist, whose art and genius are encouraged by the profusion and prodigality which it produces. This is indeed the favorable side of the picture; but how often is it, that what we see in an object, is not all we might see there, and that one truth by intercepting the view of others, conducts us often to error. It is possible by considering the subject more attentively, though we may find all we have said, true to a certain degree, yet on the other hand, the evil, which excessive luxury produces, is infinitely more dangerous;—and speculation will confirm what the experience of all ages has demonstrated. It is an historical and invariable truth, that excessive luxury has always been the harbinger of the destruction of a state. I may add, it has always been the fatal cause. Labor and economy are the principles of true prosperity—the eclat of pomp and magnificence without them, is only a false splendor, which conceals inward misery. But it is here, we must stop for a moment, before we further advance, in order to have a precise idea, of what we understand by the word *luxury*. If by it, we mean every thing which exceeds the physical necessities of life, I should apologize to the learned. But I do not mean to fix the boundary by the laws of Lycurgus. I agree farther, that what may be luxury at one time, is not so at another; but it is in this gradation, which may be extended to infinity, that we ought wisely to seize that degree of the scale, where it degenerates into vice—I mean political vice, which far from being useful becomes prejudicial to a state. This distinction is still local, individual, and subject to different times and eras. What is a ruinous luxury in one country, would perhaps be useful or indifferent in another. A destructive and indecent luxury in one order of society, is honorable, indispensable and useful in another; and in short, in a country where a certain degree of luxury is necessary, there may be times, when sumptuary laws would be useful. If we proceed to analyze its principles, we shall see that though abstractedly, luxury may appear to produce certain advantages, yet in general it is the cause of the greatest disorders. If the expense or luxury of each individual were the thermometer of his fortune, the degree of luxury would certainly be the symptom of power, riches, industry and opulence of a state, but it would not on this account, be the cause; for what must be the consequence, when vanity and self-love excited by opinion, by custom and by pride, make us aspire at an external show far beyond our condition in life, and run into extravagancies, which we cannot support? This is to sap a commodious edifice in order to build a larger, which we can never erect. The state loses the house and does not gain the palace. In a country where luxury reigns, this example may be seen every day and in every order of the state. The "Luxury" then of which I speak, is that which prompts many to run into expenses, beyond what their circumstances will admit, by the respect attached to it, and by that contempt, with which those are treated, who do not maintain a similar profusion; by the universality of the custom; and by the opinions of others, which render the superfluous, the useless, the frivolous, almost necessary and indispensable. It is on this account, that the felicity, or apparent power, which luxury appears sometimes to communicate to a nation, is comparable to those violent fevers, which lend for a

moment, incredible nerve to the wretch, whom they devour, and which seem to increase the natural strength of man, only to deprive him at length of that very strength and life itself. It is likewise physically true, that excessive luxury impairs the body and destroys courage. Effeminacy enervates the one, and artificial wants blunt the other; wants multiplied become habitual, nor by diminishing the pleasures of possession, do they always diminish the despair of privation. Let us not say that the misfortunes of individuals, do not concern the public; when many suffer, the public must feel it. If it were true, that the possessions of those who are ruined, are found dispersed among other individuals, the ruin of the unfortunate would still be prejudicial to the state; because it is the number of individuals in easy circumstances, which create its wealth. But it is absolutely false, that those possessions are found in the mass of the public; if the possession of each individual consisted in silver, this might be so; but property for the most part is fictitious or artificial: industry, credit, opinion, form a great part of the riches of each individual,—which vanish, and are annihilated with the ruin of his former possessions, and are forever lost with respect to the state. Besides, lands are best cultivated, when divided among many hands. An hundred husbandmen in easy circumstances, are infinitely more useful to a state, than an hundred poor ones, or ten powerfully rich. It is the quantity of consumers, who regularly make an honest, well supported and permanent expense,—which augments industry, circulation, commerce, manufactures, and all the useful arts. But when excessive luxury causes, that the arts are lucrative in the inverse ratio of their utility, the most necessary become the most neglected, and the state is depopulated by the multiplication of subjects, who are a charge to it. It is then we fall precisely into the case of him, who cuts down the tree to get the fruit: what weakens each member of a body, must necessarily weaken the body itself; but excessive luxury weakens, without contradiction, each member of a body politic, physically and morally,—consequently it must undermine and destroy the constitution of that body. Another inconvenience attending luxury is, that according to the order of nature, the propagation of the species ought continually to increase in a country, if some inherent vice, either physical or moral, do not prevent it. We have seen in those times, when luxury prevailed only among the superior class, swarms issue from the state, without depopulating it, in order to establish themselves in other places. But the luxury of parents, whose baleful example is often the sole inheritance of their offspring, forces them necessarily into a state of celibacy; whereas it is evident, that by a division of property among their children, the latter might, with industry and care, having a principal to begin with, increase their hereditary wealth and enrich the state. Every thing conspires, where luxury reigns, to corrupt the morals. It eclipses, stifles, or rather destroys the virtues. It knows no object but the gratification of certain imaginary pleasures, more illusory than the honor, which it attracts. Mankind are born perhaps with no particular bias to fraud or injustice. It is want, either real or artificial, which creates the robber or the murderer; but for the most part, those crimes, which are most dangerous to society, take their origin from artificial wants, which ensue from "Luxury." The brother violates the strongest ties of nature—the patriot plunges the dagger into the bosom of his country. It was "Luxury," which called from Jugurtha his celebrated observation on Rome. It would be endless to attempt to enumerate the examples of ruin, and of those calamities, which have ever followed in its train. But how is this most dangerous of evils to be guarded against? Sumptuary laws would not always be efficacious. They do not always answer the end proposed. They are eluded by refinements upon "Luxury" until it becomes "Luxury" in excess. It must be the province of the legislature to prevent this abuse. The most effectual laws would be those, which would remove that ridiculous respect, which is paid to frivolous exteriors, and would attach real respect to merit alone; which would destroy that unjust contempt into which modest simplicity has fallen by a depravity of taste and reason. He, who by a wise legislation would discover the secret of banishing those prejudices, would render an essential service to humanity. Virtue and emulation would flourish—vice and folly no longer appear. After all, I would not have it forgot, that I have agreed, that what would be "Luxury" at one time, and for one order of people, is not so for another. The "Luxury" which destroys a republic, would not perhaps destroy a large kingdom; but there is a degree of "Luxury" prejudicial to the most opulent monarchy. The universal use of wine would be ruinous to this country, but not so to France. The detail and analysis of those distinctions, are perhaps the most important object to humanity. I am persuaded, that the public good, the repose of families, and the happiness of the present and future generations depend upon it.

B. B. B. H.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO * * *

"*Agite Mais Constant.*"

"Though the speed with which we are hurried through the immensity of space, is not perceptible to our vision; yet the *truth* that '*Time* is ever on the wing,' should teach us to be wise while it is called '*to day*.'"

PLEASURES of *time* and *sense* can give
No hope or real joy;
They leave an aching void behind,
Are mixed with base alloy.

Say, wouldst thou twine a lasting wreath
To deck thy forehead fair,
Go—wipe away the *widow's* tear,
And sooth the *orphan's* care.

Wouldst thou be meet to join the choir
Who sing in endless bliss,
Go—drink at that Eternal Fount,
Whose stream shall never cease.

Wouldst thou improve the talents here,
Transmitted from above;
Go—turn the sinner from his way,
And prove a Saviour's love.

POWHATAN.

Extract.

MEN will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; any thing but—*live* for it.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

ELOQUENCE.

In the long list of powers and endowments, we can select no faculty or attainment more useful and ennobling than that of eloquence. Brightening the gloom of intellect, and awakening the energies of feeling, it holds reason mute at its will and enkindles passion with its touch. The soldier on the tented field is incited to the charge, and animated in the conflict, and his last moments sweetened, by the magic of its influence. The cries of injured innocence it converts into notes of gladness, and the tears of sadness and sorrow into smiles of pleasure and rejoicing. The miser, gazing on the beauty of his coin, and living on the manna of its presence, and kneeling to its power as his idol, is taught to weep over his error, bow to his Creator, and despise the degrading destroyer of his peace. The infidel, unswayed by the voice of divinity, and ignorant of its attributes, and doubtful of its existence, enraptured with the glowing efforts of ethereal eloquence, is convicted of his depravity, and yields to the resistless current, which swelling in its onward course, dispels the cloud that obscures the mind, and leaves it pure and elevated. In the courts of justice, the criminal, his heart imbittered with torturing despair, and his soul torn with agonizing anguish, beholds his arms unshackled, his character unsullied by even suspicious glance, and futurity studded with honors, station and dignity. In the halls of legislation, corruption is unmasked, intrigue is exposed, and tyranny overthrown. Where is its matchless excellence inapplicable? The rich and the poor experience its effects. The guilty are living monuments of its exertion, and the innocent hail it as the vindicator of its violated rights and the preserver of its sacred reputation. In the cause of mercy it is ever omnipotent; bold in the consciousness of its superiority, and fearless and unyielding in the purity of its motives, it destroys all opposition and defies all power. The godlike Sheridan, unequalled and unrivalled, swayed all by its electric fire, charmed and enthralled the weak and the timid, and chained and overpowered the profound and the prejudiced. Burke, the great master of the human heart, deeply versed in its feelings and emotions, "struck by a word, and it quivered beneath the blow; flashed the light'ning glance of burning, thrilling, animated eloquence"—and its hopes and fears were moulded to his wish. Curran, whose speeches glitter with corruscations of wit, and sentiment, and genius, and whose soul burned with kindred feelings for its author, and teemed with celestial emanations, astonished, elevated and enraptured. Pitt, and Fox, and Henry, and Lee, and other great and gifted spirits of that golden age, have all unfolded the grandeur of its sublimity, the richness of its magnificence, and the splendor of its sparkling beauties.

At a later period, when the rising generation caught the living spark as it fell from the lips of their giant fathers; a Phillips has pleased and fascinated by the grace and vigor of his action, the strength and fervor of his imagination, and the dignity and suavity of his manner; by the warmth of his feelings and the quickness of his perceptions. A Canning, by the brilliance of his mind, beaming with gems of classic literature; the perspicuity of his diction, rich in the beauties of our language; and the commanding force of his voice, now surpassing in its deep sternness the echoing thunder, and now, soft, and sweet, and mellow as the dying cadence of a flute, has never failed to arouse, and enliven, and convince. And a Brougham, with a profound and comprehensive intellect, deep and capacious as ocean's channels, with great powers of close and sound reasoning; with an extensive knowledge of the past and the present, with untiring energies and unremitted industry, wields a concentrated mass of overwhelming argument, and hurls a thunderbolt of eloquence, subduing and crushing in its impetuous course. In our own country, so fertile in the highest orders of mind, and so successful in nurturing, and expanding, and invigorating its faculties, we may point to Calhoun, and Webster, and Clay, and McDuffie, as the master spirits of the age. Their varied endowments; their chaste language; their pure and sublime style; their bitter and withering irony; their keen and searching sarcasm; their vast range of thought and unequalled condensation of argument, command the admiration and excite the wonder of men.

That eloquence has been productive of immense good, no one can deny or doubt. From the earliest ages it has been assiduously cultivated, and ranked among the highest attainments of the human mind. So great and elevated was it deemed by the Athenians—so grand the results of its application, and so distinguished in their councils were those who possessed it—that the young Demosthenes, inspired with quenchless ardor for its acquisition, bent all the energies of his gifted intellect to the task—opposed and triumphed over every obstacle that nature presented to his advancement—heeded not the scoffs and hisses of the multitude on the decided failure of his first endeavors—and at length as the recompense for his toils, reached the pinnacle of renown—received the gratulations of an admiring age, and beheld his brow encircled with the wreath of victory, immortal as his glory, and unfading as the memory of his deeds. While language continues to exist, and breathe in beauty and vigor the conceptions of mind, his phillippics, rich in forcible and magnificent expression, in sublime thought, and bold and resistless eloquence, will survive. And the fervent, and holy, and incorruptible patriotism that speaks in every line, must elicit unbounded veneration. His matchless powers, never exerted but for the public good, inspired his enemies with respect and fear, and forced the mighty Philip to acknowledge, "that he had to contend against a great man indeed." Cicero too, entitled by a contemporary philosopher and orator,* one by no means addicted to flattering or giving even unnecessary praise, "The Father of his Country," has proved by a long and active career of usefulness and honor, the beneficial effects of this inestimable power. Who can conceive any thing more thrilling and overwhelming than his orations against Cataline? We can see the patriot orator, sternly bold, from the magnitude of his cause—for the lives of millions depended upon his success—hatred and abhorrence depicted in his face; indignation flashing from his eye—for love of country was his impelling motive; energy and passion in his every action, and the living lava bursting from his lips;—and the victim, shrinking awe-stricken away—his baseness exposed—his treacherous schemes unfolded to public

* Cato of Utica.

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gaze; he flies a blasted and withering thing—a reckless and degraded outlaw. This is but one of his numerous triumphs, which, stamped with the seal of immortality, have secured to him a fame as imperishable as time itself. It was by eloquence that the apostle of christianity so aroused the apprehensions and pierced the hardened conscience of the heathen Agrippa, that in the fulness of contrition he exclaimed, "thou almost persuadest me to be a christian." With it, the fisherman* of Naples declared to the populace the sanctity of their rights—explained the violation of their chartered privileges, and pointed out the means of securing justice—denounced their rulers as tyrants, and swore upon the altar of his country to revenge them. The multitude, through instinctive esteem for intellectual capacities, however humble the station of their possessor, and urged by the enthusiasm he had excited, obeyed his every word. Passive in his hands, he guided them to the maintenance of their freedom and the expulsion of domestic foes. To its influence we may ascribe the commencement of our Revolution, and the tameless spirit which animated our fathers in the struggle. Even now its effects are visible every where around us. We see that the seducer is lashed into remorse and contrition, and the traitor has received the reward for his crime. In the chambers of congress its fire burns with increasing lustre, and sheds unending sparks of brilliancy and strength. When properly directed, it is the inseparable companion of liberty; and so long as it continues thus—so long as its efforts are characterized by purity and patriotism, the prosperity, union, and above all, the freedom of these states, will remain secure.

H. M.

LETTERS FROM NEW ENGLAND.—NO. 2.

Our readers will participate with us in the pleasure of reading the second letter from *New England*, by an accomplished Virginian, whose easy and forcible style is so well employed in depicting the manners and character of a portion of our countrymen, separated from us not more by distance, than by those unhappy prejudices which too often spring up between members of the same family. The acute observation of men and things which these letters evince, will entitle them to be seriously read and considered,—and they will not have been written in vain, if they serve to remove the misconceptions of a single mind. We repeat what we stated in our last number, that although they were originally published in the Fredericksburg Arena, they have since undergone the revision and correction of the author expressly for publication in the Messenger.

Northampton, Mass. July 25, 1834.

Of *Yankee hospitality* (curl not your lip sardonically—you, or any other Buckskin,)—of *Yankee hospitality* there is a great deal, *in their way*—i. e. according to the condition and circumstances of society. Not a tittle more can be said of Virginia hospitality. Set one of our large farmers down upon a hundred, instead of a thousand, acres; let him, and his sons, cultivate it themselves; feed the cattle; rub down and feed the horses; milk the cows; cut wood and make fires; let his wife and daughters alone tend the garden; wash, iron, cook, make clothes, make the beds, and clean up the house; let him have but ten acres of wood land, in a climate where snow lies three, and frosts come for seven, months a year; surround him with a dense population—80, instead of 19, to the square mile; bring strangers, constantly, in flocks to his neighborhood; place a cheap and comfortable inn but a mile or two off; give him a ready and near market for his garden stuffs, as well as for his grain and tobacco—and ask yourself, if he could, or would, practise our "good old Virginia hospitality?" To us, who enjoy the credit and the pleasure of entertaining a guest, while the drudgery devolves upon our slaves; the larger scale (wastefully large) of our daily *rations*, too, making the presence of one or more additional months absolutely unfelt;—hospitality is a cheap, easy, and delightful virtue. But put us in place of the yankees, in the foregoing respects, and any man of sense and candor must perceive that we could not excel them. Personal observation and personal experience, make me "a swift witness" to their having, in ample measure, the kindliness of soul, which soothes and sweetens human life: a kindliness ready to expand, when occasion bids, as well towards the stranger, as towards the object of nearer ties. No where have I seen *equal* evidences of public spirit; of munificent charity; of a generous yielding up of individual advantage to the common good. No where, more, or lovelier, examples of domestic affection and happiness—evinced by tokens, small it is true, but not to be counterfeited or mistaken. And no where have I had entertainers task themselves more to please and profit me, as a guest. Yet, as you know, few can have witnessed more of Virginia hospitality than I have. It would be unpardonable egotism, and more *personal* than I choose to be, even in bestowing just praise; besides "spinning my yarn" too long—to do more than glance at the many kindnesses, which warrant the audacious heresy, of comparing our northern brethren with ourselves, in our most prominent virtue. Gentlemen, some of them of advanced years, and engaged in such pursuits, as make their time valuable both to themselves and the public, have devoted hours to shewing me all that could amuse or interest a stranger, in their vicinities—accompanying me on foot, and driving me in their own vehicles, for miles, to visit scenes of present wonder, or of historic fame: patiently answering my innumerable questions; and explaining, with considerate minuteness, whatever occurred as needing explanation, in the vast and varied round of moral and physical inquiry. In surveying literary, charitable, and political institutions—in trying to ascertain, by careful, and doubtless, troublesome cross-questionings, the structure and practical effects of judicial, and school, and pauper systems—in examining the machinery (human and inanimate) of manufactories—in probing their tendencies upon minds and morals—in 'stumbling o'er recollections,' in Boston, on Bunker's hill, and around Lexington—I found guides, enlighteners, and hosts, such as I can never hope to see surpassed, if equalled, for friendliness and intelligence. A friend of ours from Virginia, who was in the city of Boston with his family when I was, carried a letter of introduction to one of the citizens. "This gentleman, for three days," said our friend, "gave himself up entirely to us; brought his carriage to the hotel, and carried us in it over the city, and all its beautiful environs; in short, he seemed to think that he could not do enough to amuse and gratify us." To enjoy such treatment as this, one must, of course, in general, come introduced,

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* Massaniello.

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by letter or otherwise. Then—nay, according to my experience, in some instances without any introduction, —the tide of kindness flows as ungrudgingly as that of Virginia hospitality, and far more beneficially to the object: at an expense, too, not only of money, but of time —which here, more emphatically than any where else in America, *is money*. When travelling on foot, I had no letters to present—no introduction, except of myself. Still, unbought civilities, and more than civilities, usually met me. A farmer, at whose house I obtained comfortable quarters on the first night of my walk, refused all compensation, giving me at the same time a hearty welcome, and an invitation to stay to breakfast. Next day, a man in a jersey wagon, overtook me, and invited me to ride with him. I did so, for an hour, while our roads coincided: and found him intelligent, as well as friendly. Whenever I wanted, along the road, refreshing drinks were given me;—cider, switchell, and water—the two first always unasked for. One *gudewife*, at whose door I called for a glass of water, made me sit down, treated me abundantly to cider; and, finding that my object was to see the country and learn the ways of its people, laid herself out to impart such items of information as seemed likely to interest me: wishing me 'great success' at parting. Many similar instances of kindness occurred. It is true, none of the country people invited me to partake of their meals, except my first host just mentioned—an omission, however, for which I was prepared, because it arose naturally from the condition of things here. One testimonial more you shall have, to New England benevolence, from a third person. A deserter from the British navy—moneyless, shoeless, with only yarn socks on; feet blistered—and actually suffering from a fever and ague—told me that he had walked all the way from Bath, in Maine, to the neighborhood of Hartford, where I overtook him, entirely upon charity; and *had never asked for food or shelter in vain*. A lady that day had given him a clean linen shirt. There was no whining in this poor fellow's tale of distress: his tone was manly, and his port erect: he seemed, like a true sailor, as frank in accepting relief, as he would be free in giving it.

The result of all my observation is, that the New Englanders have in their hearts as much of the *original material* of hospitality as we have: that, considering the sacrifices it costs them, and the circumstances which modify its application, they *actually use* as much of that material as we do; and that, although their mode of using it is less *amiable* than ours, it is more *rational*, more *salutary*—better for the guest, better for the host, better for society. And most gladly would I see my countrymen and countrywomen exchange the ruinous profusion; which, to earn, or preserve, a vainglorious name, pampers and stupifies themselves and impoverishes their country, for the discriminating and judicious hospitality of New England: retaining only those freer and more captivating traits of their own, which are warranted by our sparser settlements, our ampler fields, and our different social organization.

Yet, while such praise is due to the general civility and kindness of the New Englanders, it must be qualified by saying, that several times, I have experienced discourtesy, which chafed me a good deal: but always from persons who, in their own neighborhoods, would be considered as vulgar. The simplest and most harmless question, propounded in my *civilest* manner, has occasionally been answered with a gruffness, that would for half a minute upset my equanimity. For example—"Good morning sir" (to a hulking, rough, carter-looking fellow, one hot morning, when I had walked eight miles before breakfast)—"how far to Enfield?" "Little better 'an a mile,"—was the answer; in an abrupt, surly, unmodulated tone, uttered without even turning his head as he passed me. Two or three of "mine hosts," at inns, were churlishly grudging in their responses to my inquiries about the products, usages, and statistics, of their neighborhoods. For these, however, I at once saw a twofold excuse: they were very busy and my questions were very numerous—besides the irritating circumstance, that answers were not always at hand—and to be *posed*, is what flesh and blood cannot bear. And it makes me think no worse than before, either of human nature in general, or of Yankee character in particular, that such slights occurred, nearly in every instance, whilst I was a somewhat shabby looking way-farer on foot; scarcely ever, while travelling in stage, or steamboat. Such distinctions are made, all the world over: in Virginia, as well as elsewhere.

A Southron, not accustomed to wait much upon himself, here feels sensibly the scantiness of the personal service he meets with. Even I—though for years more than half a Yankee in that respect—missed, rather awkwardly, on first coming hither, the superfluous, and often cumbersome attentions of our southern waiters. Besides having frequently to brush my own clothes, I am put to some special trouble in the best hotels, to get my shoes cleaned. In many village inns, sumptuous and comfortable in most respects, this last is a luxury hardly to be hoped for. This scarcity of menial service arises partly from the nice economy, with which the number of hands about a house is graduated to the general, and smallest possible, quantity of necessary labor; and partly, from a growing aversion to such services among the "help" themselves, caused, or greatly heightened, by the increased demand and higher wages for them in the numerous manufactories throughout the country. Almost every where, I am told of their asking higher pay, and growing more fastidious, and intractable, as household servants. "*Servants*" indeed, they will not allow themselves to be called. A "marry-come-up-ish" toss, if not an immediate quitting of the house, is the probable consequence of so terming them. The above, more creditable designation, is that which must be used—at least in their presence. By the by, though the gifted author of "Hope Leslie" says that the *singular* plural, "help," alone, is proper, I find popular usage ("*quem penes arbitrium*"--you know) sanctioning the regular plural form "helps," whenever reference is made to more than one.

The spirit, and the habits, which oblige one to do so much for himself within doors, produce corresponding effects without. Useful labor is no where disdained in New England, by any class of society. Proprietors, and their sons, though wealthy, frequently work on the farms, and in the gardens, stables, and barns. Two or three days ago, I saw an old gentleman (Squire * * *) a justice of the peace, and for several years a useful member of the Legislature, toiling in his hay harvest. Two of the richest men in this village—possessing habitations among the most elegant in this assemblage of

elegant dwellings—I have seen busy with hoe and rake, in their highly cultivated grounds. The wife of a tavern-keeper, in Rhode Island, worth $40,000, prepared my breakfast, and waited upon me at it, with a briskness such as I never saw equalled. Similar instances are so frequent and familiar, as to be unnoticed except by strangers. Many of New England's eminent men of former days, were constant manual laborers; not only in boyhood, and in obscurity, but after achieving distinction. Putnam, it is well known, was ploughing when he heard of the bloody fray at Lexington; and left both plough and team in the field, to join and lead in the strife for liberty. Judge Swift, of Connecticut, who wrote a law book* of some merit, and, I believe, a History of Connecticut, was a regular laborer on his farm, whilst he was a successful practiser of the Law. An amusing story is told (which I cannot now stop to repeat) of his being severely drubbed by the famous Matthew Lyon, then his indented servant; while they worked together in the barn. Timothy Pickering, after serving with distinction through the revolution—being aid to General Washington, Representative and Senator in Congress, and Secretary of State—spent the evening of his unusually prolonged and honored life, in the culture of a small farm of 120 or 130 acres, with a suitably modest dwelling, near Salem, Mass.: literally, and through necessity, (for he was always poor) earning his bread by his own daily toil. With Dr. Johnson, I deride the hacknied pedantry of a constant recurrence to ancient Greece and Rome—without, however, being quite ready to "knock any man down who talks to me about the second Punic War." But, in contemplating the stern virtues, that poverty and rural toil fostered in those earlier worthies of New England, and that still animate the "bold yeomanry, a nation's pride," who yet hold out against the advancing tide of wealth, indolence, and luxury—I cannot forbear an exulting comparison of these my countrymen, with the pure and hardy spirits that graced the best days of republican Rome:

> Regulum, et Scauros, animæque magnæ
> Prodigum Paulum superante Pœno,
> * * * * * *
> Fabriciumque,
> Hunc, et incomptis Curium capillis
> Utilem bello, tulit, et Camillum,
> Sæva paupertas, et avitus apto
> Cum lare fundus.

In the household economy of these thrifty and industrious people, it were endless to specify all the things worthy of our imitation. Their use of cold bread conduces to good in a threefold way: a less quantity satisfies the appetite, and it is in itself more digestible than warm bread; thus doubly promoting health: while there is a sensible saving of flour. The more frugal scale upon which their ordinary meals are set forth, is another point in which for the sake of economy, health, and clearness of mind, we might do well to copy them. By burning seasoned wood, kept ready for the saw in a snug house built on purpose, and by the simple expedient of having the doors shut and all chinks carefully closed, they secure warm rooms with half the fuel that would otherwise be necessary. I cannot, however, forgive their bringing no buttermilk to table. The *natives* seem wholly ignorant, how pleasant and wholesome a food it is for man; and give it to their pigs. The hay-harvest lasts from four to six weeks; it has been going on ever since the 1st of July. Of course, the hay cut at such different periods must vary greatly in ripeness: and here they confirm me in a long standing belief, which I have striven in vain to impress upon some Virginia hay farmers—that the hay, cut before the *seeds* are nearly ripe, is always best. The earlier part of the mowing, (where the crop is about equally forward) is most juicy, sweet and tender. The corn is now in tassel, having attained nearly its full height: the height of about five feet, on rich land! It is a sort differing from ours: small in grain and ear, as well as in stalk; and very yellow grained. It ripens in less time than ours; adapting itself to the shorter summers of this latitude. It is planted very thick: three or four stalks in a hill, and the hills but three feet apart.

With many vegetables and fruits, the season is five or six weeks later here than in Virginia. Thus, garden peas are still, every day, on the tables: I had cherries in Boston last week, of kinds which ripened with us early in June; and it is but a fortnight, since strawberries, both red and white, were given me in Connecticut—by the way, it was *at breakfast.*

On the margin of this village, is a curious agricultural exhibition. It is a large tract of flat land upon Connecticut river, of great fertility and value (one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars an acre,) containing altogether several thousand acres. With one or two trifling exceptions, it has no houses or dividing fences upon it, though partitioned among perhaps two hundred proprietors. Hardly an opulent, or *middling* wealthy man in Northampton, but owns a lot of five, ten, twenty, or fifty acres, in this teeming expanse. The lots are all in crops, of one kind or other; and being mostly of regular shapes (oblongs, or other four sided figures,) the various aspects they present, accordingly as the crop happens to be deep green, light green, or yellow—mown, or unmown—afford a singular and rich treat, to an eye that can at once survey the whole. Most opportunely, Mount Holyoke (the great lion of western Massachusetts, to scenery-hunters,) furnishes the very stand, whence not only this lovely plain is seen, but the river, its valley, and the adjacent country, for twenty or thirty miles around. Nearly a thousand feet below you, and not quite a mile from the foot of the mountain, the low ground, fantastically chequered into lots so variously sized and colored—dwindling too, by the distance, into miniatures of themselves—reminds you of a gay bed-quilt. A lady of our party (we ascended the mountain this afternoon, and staid till after sunset,) aptly compared it to a Yankee *comfort;* the elms and fruit trees dotted over the surface, and shrunk and softened in the distance, representing the tufts of wool which besprinkle that appropriately named article of furniture. The whole landscape, seen from Mount Holyoke, it would be presumptuous in me to try to describe. I have said, twenty or thirty miles around: but in one direction, we see, in clear weather, the East and West Rocks, near New Haven—about seventy miles off. Fourteen villages are within view. The whole scene is panoramic: it is as vivid and distinct as reality; but rich, soft and mellow, as a picture. We descended; and as we recrossed the river by twilight, the red gleams from the western sky, reflected in

* On Evidence, and Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes.

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long lines from the dimpling water, forced upon more than one mind that fine passage in a late work of fiction, where the remark, that "no man can judge of the happiness of another," is illustrated by the reflection of moon-beams from a lake. But I am growing lack-a-daisical: and must conclude.

I set off in the stage for Albany, at two o'clock in the morning. Good night.

We copy the following production of Mrs. Sigourney from the "*American Annuals of Education and Instruction*," a periodical published in Boston. It is difficult to decide whether the prose or poetry of this distinguished lady is entitled to preference. Her noble efforts in behalf of her own sex deserve their gratitude and our admiration.

On the Policy of Elevating the Standard of Female Education.

Addressed to the American Lyceum, May, 1834.

The importance of education seems now to be universally admitted. It has become the favorite subject of some of the wisests and most gifted minds. It has incorporated itself with the spirit of our vigorous and advancing nation. It is happily defined by one of the most elegant of our living writers, as the "*mind of the present age, acting upon the mind of the next.*" It will be readily perceived how far this machine surpasses the boasted lever of Archimedes, since it undertakes not simply the movement of a mass of matter, the lifting of a dead planet from its place, that it might fall, perchance, into the sun and be annihilated, but the elevation of that part of man whose power is boundless, and whose progress is eternal, the raising of a race "made but a little lower than the angels," to a more entire assimilation with superior natures.

In the benefits of an improved system of education, the female sex are now permitted liberally to participate. The doors of the temple of knowledge, so long barred against them, have been thrown open. They are invited to advance beyond its threshold. The Moslem interdict that guarded its hidden recesses is removed. The darkness of a long reign of barbarism, and the illusions of an age of chivalry, alike vanish, and the circle of the sciences, like the shades of Eden, gladly welcome a new guest.

While gratitude to the liberality of this great and free nation is eminently due from the feebler sex, they have still a boon to request. They ask it as those already deeply indebted, yet conscious of ability to make a more ample gift profitable to the *giver* as well as to the *receiver*. It seems desirable that their education should combine more of thoroughness and solidity, that it should be expanded over a wider space of time, and that the depth of its foundation should bear better proportion to the height and elegance of its superstructure. Their training ought not to be for display and admiration, to sparkle amid the froth and foam of life, and to become enervated by that indolence and luxury, which are subversive of the health and even the existence of a republic. They should be qualified to act as teachers of knowledge and of goodness. However high their station, this office is no derogation from its dignity; and its duties should commence whenever they find themselves in contact with those who need instruction. The adoption of the motto, that *to teach is their province*, will inspire diligence in the acquisition of a knowledge, and perseverance in the beautiful mechanism of pure example.

It is requisite that they who have, in reality, the *moulding of the whole mass of mind in its first formation*, should be profoundly acquainted with the structure and capacities of that mind; that they who nurture the young citizens of a prosperous republic, should be able to demonstrate to them, from the broad annals of history, the blessings which they inherit, and the wisdom of preserving them, the value of just laws, and the duty of obeying them. It is indispensable that they on whose bosom the infant heart is laid, like a germ in the quickening breast of spring, should be vigilant to watch its first unfoldings, and to direct its earliest tendrils where to twine. It is unspeakably important, that they who are commissioned to light the lamp of the soul, should know how to feed it with pure oil; that they to whose hand is entrusted the welfare of a being never to die, should be able to perform the work, and earn the wages of heaven.

Assuming the position that *females are by nature designated as teachers*, and that the mind in its most plastic state is their pupil, it becomes a serious inquiry, *what they will be likely to teach*. They will, of course, impart what they best understand, and what they most value. They will impress their own peculiar lineaments upon the next generation. If vanity and folly are their predominant features, posterity must bear the likeness. If utility and wisdom are the objects of their choice, society will reap the benefit. This influence is most palpably operative in a government like our own. Here the intelligence and virtue of every individual possesses a heightened relative value. The secret springs of its harmony may be touched by those whose birth-place was in obscurity. Its safety is interwoven with the welfare of all its subjects.

If the character of those to whom the charge of schools is committed, has been deemed not unworthy the attention of lawgivers, is not *her* education of consequence, who begins her labor before any other instructor, who pre-occupies the unwritten page of being, who produces impressions which nothing on earth can efface, and stamps on the cradle what will exist beyond the grave, and be legible in eternity?

The ancient republics overlooked the worth of that half of the human race, which bore the mark of physical infirmity. Greece, so exquisitely susceptible to the principle of beauty, so skilled in wielding all the elements of grace, failed to appreciate the latent excellence of woman. If, in the brief season of youth and bloom, she was fain to admire her as the acanthus-leaf of her own Corinthian capital, she did not discover, that like that very column, she might have added stability to the temple of freedom. She would not believe that her virtues might have aided in consolidating the fabric which philosophy embellished and luxury overthrew.

Rome, notwithstanding her primeval rudeness, and the ferocity of her wolf-nursed greatness, seems more correctly, than polished Greece, to have estimated the "weaker vessel." Here and there, upon the storm driven billows of her history, the form of woman is distinctly visible, and the mother of the Gracchi still stands forth in strong relief, amid that imagery, over

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which time has no power. Yet where the brute force of the warrior was counted godlike, the feebler sex were prized, only in their approximation to the energy of a sterner nature, as clay was held in combination with iron, in the feet of that mysterious image which troubled the visions of the Assyrian king.

To some of the republics of South America, the first dawn of liberty gave a light which Greece and Rome, so long her favored votaries, never beheld. Even in the birth of their political existence, they discovered that the sex whose *strength is in the heart*, might exert an agency in modifying national character. New Grenada set an example which the world had not before seen. Ere the convulsive struggles of revolution had subsided, she unbound the cloistered foot of woman, and urged her to ascend the heights of knowledge. She established a college for females, and gave its superintendence to a lady of talent and erudition. We look with solicitude toward the result of this experiment. We hope that our sisters of the "cloud-crowned Andes," may be enabled to secure and to diffuse the blessings of education, and that from their abodes of domestic privacy, a hallowed influence may go forth, which shall aid in reducing a chaos of conflicting elements to order, and symmetry, and permanent repose.

In our own country, man, invested by his Maker with the "right to reign," has nobly conceded to her, who was for ages a vassal, equality of intercourse, participation in knowledge, guardianship over his dearest possessions, and his fondest hopes. He is content to "bear the burden and heat of the day," that she may dwell in plenty, and at ease. Yet from the very felicity of her lot, dangers arise. She is tempted to rest in superficial attainments, to yield to that indolence which spreads like rust over the intellect, and to merge the sense of her own responsibilities in the slumber of a luxurious life. These tendencies should be neutralized by an education of utility, rather than of ornament. Sloth and luxury, the subverters of republics, should be banished from her vocabulary. It is expedient that she be surrounded in youth with every motive to persevering industry, and severe application; and that in maturity she be induced to consider herself an ally in the cares of life, especially in the holy labor of rearing the immortal mind. While her partner stands on the high places of the earth, toiling for his stormy portion of that power or glory from which it is her privilege to be sheltered, let her feel that to her, in the recesses of the domestic sphere, is entrusted the culture of that knowledge and virtue, which are the strength of a nation. Happily secluded from lofty legislation and bold enterprise, with which her native construction has no affinity, she is still accountable to the government by which she is protected, for the character of those who shall hereafter obtain its honors, and control its functions.

Her place is in the quiet shade, to watch the little fountain, ere it has breathed a murmur. But the fountain will break forth into a stream, and the swelling rivulet rush toward the sea; and she, who was first at the fountain head and lingered longest near the infant streamlet, might best guide it to right channels; or, if its waters flow complaining and turbid, could truest tell what had troubled their source.

Let the age which has so freely imparted to woman the treasures of knowledge, add yet to its bounty, by inciting her to gather them with an unremitting and tireless hand, and by expecting of her the highest excellence of which her nature is capable. Demand it as a debt. Summon her to abandon inglorious ease—Arouse her to practise and to enforce those virtues, which sustain the simplicity, and promote the permanence of a great republic. Make her answerable for the character of the next generation. Give her this solemn charge in the presence of "men and of angels,"—gird her for its fulfilment with the whole armor of education and piety, and see if she be not faithful to her offspring, to her country, and to her God! L. H. S.

We beg our readers to amuse themselves with the following article from Mr. Fairfield's Magazine. We cannot however, whilst we value the importance of having an euphonous and pleasant sounding name, sympathise very sincerely with Mr. Rust in the horror he has conceived towards his own. We had rather be Lazarus in all his misery than Dives in "purple and fine linen."

From the North American Magazine.

MY NAME.

"Quid rides? mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur."—*Horace, Sat. 1. Lib. I. 70.*

"Nil admirari" has always been my maxim, yet there is one thing which excites my wonder. It is astonishing, that a man, who leaves his son no other legacy, cannot at least give him a good name. What could have been my father's motive, in inflicting upon me that curse of all curses—my name, I cannot determine. Trifling as so small a matter may appear, it has been my ruin. Bah! I shudder when I think of it! shade of my honored parent! would nothing but a scripture name satisfy thee? Why didst thou not then entitle me Ezra?—Zedekiah?—Nimri?—anything—it must out—but Lazarus!

Yes—Lazarus Rust—that is my name; and, if any man can now blame me for being a misanthrope, let him come forward. As I said, my name has been my ruin. It has made existence a curse since my childhood; even at school, I was tormented almost to madness. I was the only boy who was not nicknamed. The most malicious were satisfied; they could not improve upon Lazarus.

Of all men, the most impertinent are your stage agents. They have a trick of asking your name, with an insulting coolness, which, to a man of delicate sensibilities, is extremely annoying. I shall never forget my first stagecoach journey. The fellow at the desk looked me full in the face, and camly asked my name. I felt the blood boiling in my face, and my first impulse was to knock him down. But I was a prudent man, even when a boy; so I satisfied myself with turning contemptuously on my heel. The fellow was by my side in a moment. "Sir," said he, in the silver tones of a lackey, "will you allow me to inquire your name?" This was too much. "Allow me to tell you, sirrah," I cried, almost suffocated with rage, "that you are an impertinent scoundrel."

The bar room was in a roar. That laugh is sounding still in my ears, like the roar of a mighty cataract. What diabolical music some men make of laughing! When the agent explained to me the reason of his inquiry, I felt so consummately silly, that I forgot my

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usual precaution of giving only my initial, and, in a voice painfully distinct, I answered—Lazarus Rust!

They did not laugh. I could have borne a deafening shout: but that suppressed smile! let me not think of it. Of all mortal sufferings, the keenest is the consciousness of being the object of ridicule, mingled perhaps with pity. O! Heaven! what did I not suffer—what have I not suffered, from this one source?

All this comes of my father's—what shall I call it?—madness, in calling me Lazarus. By the by, they tell me that, when I was baptized, a murmur of laughter arose from the whole congregation; and even the minister, as he uttered the solemn form, could not entirely conceal the smile, which, in spite of his utmost exertions, played upon his lips.

A history of my ludicrous misfortunes would fill a volume. Perhaps the most ludicrous of all was at my marriage. "A rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet; and a Lazarus may love as ardently as a Dives. I confess I did love Phœbe McLarry—(how sweetly the name flows from your lips!) she was not beautiful, but she loved me notwithstanding my name, "and I loved her that she did pity me." So we were married. But, when the priest repeated, "Son, Lazarus, take Phœbe," &c. I could not refrain from laughing myself.

They say that the constitution of our habits is such, that, by degrees, we can become reconciled to anything, but I am not yet satisfied with my name. I still persist in writing it L. Rust. I have seen a good deal of human nature; and, I must think, notwithstanding Shakspeare's opinion, that there is something in a name. Indeed, a man's name tinges his whole character. If it is a good one, he may sign even a mortgage deed with a light heart; and, if he writes a neat hand, he will rise from the desk a happy man. His flowing autograph, and more flowing name, make even poverty tolerable. But your Nimris, and Obadiah's! that which, to some men, is the pleasantest thing in existence—the seeing their names in print, is to them, utter and hopeless agony. And then their officious friends are eternally superscribing their letters with the name written out in full. There is one member of Congress, who, throughout the whole session, most perseveringly franks his dull speeches to Lazarus Rust, esq. One would think L. Rust was sufficiently definite, and it certainly has the advantage in point of euphony. I wish he was in Heaven. I know of no damper to ambition like a bad name. I would not immortalize myself if I could. Lazarus Rust, indeed,—that would look well inscribed on a monument! I say with Emmett, "Let no man write my epitaph." It would perhaps run thus:

"Here lies the body of Lazarus Rust
With what a horrible name the poor fellow was *cust*."

No—not for me is the laurel wreath of immortality. When I die, let me be forgotten. If there is any truth in the doctrine of transmigration, I may yet take my chance. "I bide my time."

After all, I sometimes endeavor to persuade myself that it is a mere matter of taste. We have no reason to suppose that Lazarus was the worst name in the Hebrew genealogy. It must be confessed, however, that there are some disagreeable associations connected with it, aside from its sound; and, to speak the plain truth, it is a most disgusting appellation, fit only for a monkey. Yet I am compelled to bear it about with me—a thorn in the flesh, from which I cannot escape; it adheres to me like the poisoned tunic of Nessus. I would appeal to the Massachusetts Legislature, but my friends have a decided partiality for Lazarus, and would never know me by any other name. So, as Lazarus I have lived, Lazarus will I die.

I have redeemed my father's error, in naming my own children; I cannot, 'tis true, rub off the Rust: but, for the matter of Christian names, I defy the Directory to furnish a more princely list. When my eldest son was born, I vowed he should never be ashamed of his name, so I called him Henry Arthur Augustus George Bellville—so far, so good—it breaks my heart to add—Rust. The sly rogue has since improved his cognomen, by spelling it with a final e—thus: Henry A. A. G. B. Ruste—how it takes off the romance to add—eldest son of Lazarus Rust, esq.!

Finally, as I have the misfortune, like my namesake of old, to be of that class of mortals, denominated "poor devils," I can say, with the utmost sincerity, "who steals *my* purse, steals trash; and he who filches from me my good name," has decidedly the worst of the bargain.

J. D.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

The following lines are from the pen of Dr. *J. R. Drake*. Sacred be his memory! A warmer patriot never breathed. The piece was written at the time of the invasion, and but a few days previous to the brilliant victory of the eighth of January. It is addressed to the defenders of New Orleans.

HAIL! sons of gen'rous valor!
Who now embattled stand,
To wield the brand of strife and blood,
For freedom and the land;
And hail to him your laurel'd chief!
Around whose trophied name,
A nation's gratitude has twin'd,
The wreath of deathless fame.

Now round that gallant leader,
Your iron phalanx form;
And throw, like ocean's barrier rocks,
Your bosoms to the storm—
Though wild as ocean's waves it rolls,
Its fury shall be low—
For justice guides the warrior's steel,
And vengeance strikes the blow.

High o'er the gleaming columns
The banner'd star appears;
And proud, amid the martial band,
His crest the Eagle rears—
As long as patriot valor's arm
Shall win the battle's prize,
That star shall beam triumphantly—
That Eagle seek the skies.

Then on! ye daring spirits!
To danger's tumults now!
The bowl is fill'd, and wreath'd the crown,
To grace the victor's brow;
And they who for their country die,
Shall fill an honored grave;
For glory lights the soldier's tomb,
And beauty weeps the brave.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

VALEDICTORY IN JULY 1829,

*At the final breaking up of the ——— School, in consequence of the ill health of Mrs. ****, the Principal, after it had continued for eight years.*

Among the numerous analogies, my young friends, which have been traced between the body and the mind, there is not one that requires more of our attention than the necessity of constantly supplying each with its appropriate food, if we would keep both in sound, vigorous health. Although the nutriment of the first be altogether material, and that of the second spiritual, yet the same want of daily supply is equally obvious in regard to the improvement and preservation of mental as well as bodily qualities. Without our daily bread we must all in some short time sicken and die; without some daily intellectual repasts, the soul must soon become diseased and perish. It is true that in each case the food may be much and often beneficially diversified—although there are some standard articles that cannot be dispensed with on any occasion without inconvenience, if not actual injury. Such for example are bread for the body and some moral aliment for the mind. Upon this principle it is that I have always deemed it essential, every time I have addressed you, to mingle some moral instruction with every thing I have said, since it is *this* which constitutes the true leaven of the bread of life—and *this* it is which will always prove an acceptable part of their mental food, to all whose appetites and tastes have not been depraved by mental condiments, which stimulate and gratify the passions at the expense of the soul.

An irresistible inducement on the present occasion to pursue towards you the course to which I have so long been prompted both by principle and habit, is, that *this* is certainly the last opportunity I shall ever have of addressing you as pupils. The connexion of teachers and scholars which has subsisted for so many years between yourselves and my family, is about to be dissolved forever. But this circumstance has greatly augmented my solicitude to render the last admonitions I shall ever give you in my character of adviser, of some permanent service to you. They will relate to such endowments of mind and qualities of heart as you will most frequently have occasion to exercise in future life. These are, self-control, gentleness and benevolence of disposition, purity and rectitude of conduct, courtesy and politeness of manner.

The necessity for acquiring self-control arises, not only from the impossibility of gratifying all, even of our lawful wishes—to say nothing of those unhallowed ones which increase in a tenfold proportion from every indulgence—but from the almost continual calls for its exercise in all our intercourse with society. At home or abroad—in the depths of solitude, or in the busiest haunts of men—in all our domestic relations, as well as in those which place us in a more extended sphere of action, this all important quality is in continual demand. In governing ourselves it is indispensable; nor is it much less necessary when duty requires us to govern, direct or persuade others. Even when we are casually brought into the company of strangers, and for a short time only, it often enables us to command respect and to gain esteem, by manifesting the vast superiority of a well regulated mind over one which yields to every impulse of passion that assails it. This inestimable quality of self-control gives additional zest to all our lawful pleasures, and enhances our highest enjoyments, by causing us always to stop short of satiety; while it enables us by God's help, resolutely and undisturbed, to meet all the crosses and trials to which others may subject us. In a word, it arms us against the strongest temptation of our own passions, and empowers us to disregard the worst that can be attempted against us by the passions of other people. It is in fact the *regulator*, (if I may so express myself,) which governs all the machinery of our minds in such a manner as to prevent them from going either too fast or too slow. How many mortifications and disappointments—how much anger, resentment and grief does it not prevent our suffering from the envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness of the world around us! How often does it save us from the shame and degradation of sensual indulgence; from the turpitude of sin; from the anguish of remorse. It is the effectual check to the depravity of our nature, which a merciful God will enable us always to apply, if we will only ask it of him as we ought—that is, by continual prayer and supplication.

The other qualities, gentleness, benevolence, purity, rectitude, courtesy and politeness, when accompanied by good sense and a well cultivated mind, constitute the great charm of domestic and social life. Indeed, they may well be called indispensable requisites, since there can be no happiness and very little comfort without them. There never was a greater, a more fatal mistake, than the too common one of supposing that the chief use of such qualities is in society at large; in other words, when we are acting a part before the world, in our ridiculous struggles for distinction and power. Selfishness is the mainspring of all such efforts, and it so sharpens our sagacity as to convince us that our bad qualities *must* be restrained in public, or they will frequently subject us to punishment if we attempt to disturb others by their indulgence. But in private life, and particularly in the family circle, there are few so insignificant or destitute of means to disturb others as not to possess the power of causing much annoyance, if not actual unhappiness. A single individual of a waspish, irritable, jealous, gossipping, envious and suspicious temper,

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in these situations, may destroy the peace and poison the domestic enjoyments of a large family. No incident is too trivial to excite some one or other of their bad passions; no person too unoffending to provoke them; no conduct so guarded as to escape malignant remark. Their approach, like the sirocco of the desert, produces an irresistible depression of spirits; constraint and embarrassment spread a gloom over every countenance, and the voice of joy and gladness dies away in their presence. On the other hand, the emanations of a gentle, benevolent disposition, produce the same impression on our hearts, that the balmy breezes and sweet smelling flowers of the vernal season do on our senses. It is a something that we feel deeply in the inmost recesses of our bosom, but cannot well describe. It is an atmosphere of delight in which we would gladly breathe during our whole life.

By purity of thought and rectitude of conduct, in which are comprehended the inestimable virtues of truth, candor and sincerity, we secure for ourselves the unutterable enjoyment of an approving conscience, at the same time that we obtain from others their esteem, their admiration, and their love. We may manifest these qualities in every part of our intercourse with others; for whether we speak or act, occasions continually present themselves to prove that we possess them. By conversation we show the purity of our sentiments; by conduct we manifest the rectitude of our principles—so that in all we either say or do, we supply others with the means of ascertaining what manner of persons we are. True we may deceive some by playing the hypocrite; but the persons whose good opinion is really worth gaining, are not so easily gulled, and our loss, if the game is once seen through, is irretrievable.

In regard to courtesy and politeness, they may justly be called the offspring of benevolence, since their chief object is to promote the ease, the comfort, the pleasure, and happiness of others. It must be admitted there are counterfeit qualities which sometimes pass undetected. But *they* are the base born children of art and selfishness, aiming solely to promote their own interests by deceiving other people into a belief that *their* gratification is the end of all their efforts to please. To say nothing of the continual labor and constraint necessary to enable these circulators of false coin to escape discovery and exposure, the superior ease and safety of genuine courtesy and politeness, should be a sufficient inducement with all young persons to study most assiduously to acquire them, even on the supposition that we had no better guide for all our actions in relation to others. That honesty *in manner*, as well as *in conduct*, will ever be found to be the best policy, amid all the varying forms, fashions and practices of the world, is I believe, as certain as that truth is better than falsehood—virtue preferable to vice. Another argument greatly in favor of genuine courtesy and politeness is, that they are the most current and easily procurable coin you can possibly use, being equally well adapted (if I may keep up the metaphor,) to make either large or small purchases. The articles procured too in exchange, always greatly exceed in real intrinsic value, all that you ever give for them. This is merely the manifestation of a sincere, an earnest desire to please; while the precious return is almost always the cordial expression of truly friendly feeling, the look of pleasurable emotion, and the affectionate regards of a grateful heart, particularly where the intercourse has been of sufficient duration to admit of some little development of character. Let it not be said that a cause apparently so slight is inadequate to produce such strong effects. There lives not a human being who has ever felt the influence of genuine courtesy and politeness, but can testify to the truth of what has been said in their praise. Nor is it easy to imagine the possibility of any individual's remaining insensible of their value, who like you my young friends, have always been accustomed to the society of ladies and gentlemen. Knowing this as I do, I should consider it somewhat like a work of supererogation to press upon you the absolute necessity of your constantly cultivating these invaluable qualities, if I were not thoroughly satisfied from painful experience, that almost all young persons require at least occasional admonition on this subject. In vain do some parents solicit, persuade—nay, beseech their daughters, never for a moment to forget what is due to the character of a lady, both in manners and deportment; in vain do they implore them with aching hearts to make a better return for all a mother's care and affection; to no purpose do they pray for that purity of heart and rectitude of principle in their offspring, which is the only true source of good manners: their unfortunate, wayward children continue to act, as if the chief purpose of their existence was to prove to the world how little influence their parents have over them. They seem utterly reckless of the parental tie—regardless of all the disparaging inferences which may be drawn from their own conduct in relation to the characters of their connexions—and continue hardened alike against advice or reproof, in whatever language or manner it may be offered to them. God forbid that such should be the moral portrait of any of my present auditors; but you have all sufficient experience to know that it is not a fancy picture, nor one wherein the features are so exaggerated and caricatured, as to be unlike any person who has ever lived. If none of your schoolmates have ever resembled it, you have either seen or heard of some others in the world whom it would fit. Should your own consciences acquit you, as I sincerely trust they do, of all liability to pursue so reckless a

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course, both in regard to parental and other admonition—let me beseech you, my young friends, not to tax your imaginations with laboring to conjecture whether I aim at any particular individuals, for I do not; but strive most assiduously to examine your own hearts thoroughly as to all these points, and study so to act on all occasions and towards every person with whom you may have any thing to do, that the praise not only of courtesy and politeness may ever be yours, but likewise the far more exalted merit of right minds and pure hearts.

When I look back on the years that have passed away since this school commenced; when I reflect on the many anxious hours which your teachers have spent in meditating on the most effectual means to render their instructions and admonitions conducive to your eternal as well as temporal welfare; and when I recollect the several instances wherein I am persuaded they had good cause to believe that an all bounteous Providence had favored their humble labors, my heart is filled with gratitude for the past; and I cherish the fond hope that *you too*, my young friends, will be added to the number of those, who by the exemplary character of your future lives, will cause your instructers to rejoice that *you* likewise have once been their pupils. Three or four of you have been so from the first to the last, and the rest have been long enough members of our family to be thoroughly acquainted with the whole course of our instruction. You cannot therefore be ignorant either of the chief objects at which you have always been taught to aim, or of the means recommended to be invariably pursued for their attainment. If you have failed to profit by them the fault must rest somewhere; the awful responsibility attaches to one or both parties; and let us all earnestly pray to God, that the purity and rectitude of our future lives, should it please him to spare us, may avert the punishment justly due to such offences. That none may plead forgetfulness, let me briefly recapitulate once more, and for the last time, what our course has been. The primary objects always most earnestly pressed upon your attention have been, first and above all, to prepare yourselves for another and a better world, by a life of usefulness in the present; by the love and fear of God; by cheerful obedience to his will; and by continually doing good to your fellow creatures whenever you had the means and the opportunity. Your secondary objects have been the study of sciences and languages, physical and intellectual improvement, with a view, not to foster pride and vanity, but solely to increase your power of being useful. Lastly, you have been taught to acquire certain arts usually ranked under the head of "accomplishments," but you have been invariably and perseveringly admonished to consider them merely as *recreations*, innocent if indulged in only occasionally, but sinful when made, as they too often are, the principal business of life. On all occasions too, you have been persuaded never so far to confide in the maxim that "youth is the season for enjoyment," as to forget that, like old age it *may*, and too often *is*, the season of suffering also. A preparation for such contingencies *must* be made by all, or the hour of misfortune, although every human being is destined to meet it, will overwhelm those who are unprepared for it with a degree of misery which admits of neither alleviation nor cure. Young as you all are, and little as you have yet seen of human life, you have already felt, if not in your own persons, at least in the case of others, something of the effect produced by sudden and unexpected calamity, bursting like a thunderclap on the heads of its devoted victims. But a few days have passed away since you were witnesses to such an event in the case of two of your school companions. The morning on which it happened shone upon them cheerful and happy as any among you, unconscious of any impending misfortune, undisturbed by any anticipations to mar their peace. Yet, in a very few hours from that time, they were both plunged into the deepest affliction; both by a single blow reduced perhaps to poverty; both suddenly called by the most awful death of a parent of one of them, to return to a wretched family bereft of its chief support, and crushed to the earth in all the helplessness of irremediable wo. Alas! my young friends, how few of you ever think of drawing from such occurrences the many salutary lessons they are so well calculated to impart! How many turn away from them as matters to be banished as speedily as possible from your remembrance; as events never likely to happen to yourselves! Yet every hour that we live—every moment that we breathe—not one among us, no not one single individual, can truly say, "*I* am free—*I* am exempt both from present and contingent calamity." Far, very far am I indeed, from wishing you to be so constantly absorbed in gloomy anticipations, as to prevent you in the slightest degree from enjoying every innocent gratification suitable to your respective ages and situations in life. But I would have you all to know and to feel in your inmost heart, that "sweet are the uses of adversity," and that none should think themselves fit to live until they feel prepared to die the death of the righteous before God and man. Hard as this requisition may seem, thousands upon thousands, and of your age too, have complied with it to the very letter. Thousands have furnished angelic examples, even to the aged and hoary headed, that the fresh, the blooming, the joyous period of youth may be dedicated to God, as well as that worn out remnant of life when all power of earthly enjoyment is supposed to be dead within us, and nothing remains to be offered to heaven but exhausted faculties and fast decaying intellects.

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Has not our blessed Saviour himself declared, when speaking of children, that "of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and in illustration of this truth, are not all the images of cherubim and seraphim presented to our senses, always represented with juvenile countenances, glowing with all the innocence and loveliness of youth? Shall the youth then of the present day—the youth of our own country—but especially the female portion of them, ever adopt the fatal delusion that *theirs* is an age too immature for the acquisition and exercise of the highest moral and religious attainments. Shall *they* fall into the ruinous error that it is yet time enough for them to attend to spiritual matters, and that the prime and vigor of their lives are to be wasted in merely temporal pursuits unworthy the characters and disgraceful to the rational creatures formed for a state of eternal happiness? Far better would it be that they never had been born; or that the hand of misfortune—the saddest hours of unmitigated suffering, should continue to press on them with all their weight, until they could be brought to know their duty to God, to their fellow beings, and to themselves. Heaven forbid, my young friends, that such awful discipline should be necessary to bring *you also* to a proper sense of all you owe to the Divine Author of your existence, and to that society of which you may become either the blessing or the curse. Heaven forbid that any of you should so far forget the high destinies for which you were formed—the glorious purposes to which your lives should be devoted—and the everlasting happiness promised in another world to all who fulfil their duties in this, as to neglect for a moment any of the means essential to improve your hearts and minds to the utmost attainable degree. Nothing—no nothing within the range of possibility can enable you to do this, but continual, earnest, heartfelt prayer to God for the aid of his holy spirit in all your undertakings; frequent and deep meditation on all the vicissitudes of life; frequent and serious forethought in regard not only to what you may probably enjoy in the present world, but to what you may possibly be devoted to suffer. Gay and happy as you all now are in the joyous anticipations so natural to youth and health, it *may* be your fate (but God forbid it ever should,) to see one by one of your nearest and dearest connexions drop into the grave—some in the very blossom and promise of juvenile years—others worn down by care, disease and old age. It *may* be your fate to be the very last of your race, reserved to mourn over all who have gone before to another world. All this, my children, and yet deeper affliction may possibly be *your* lot—for it *has been* that of thousands, aye of millions before you. Can it be of *no importance* then; nay, is it not of *the last, the highest, the most vital importance*, that you should make at least some small preparation for such appalling contingencies, lest they befal you utterly unawares? Will you ask me what *is* that preparation? It is simply so to use all your good gifts as not to abuse them; so to cherish all the powers both of your bodies and minds that they may last as long as nature intended they should, and fulfil all the purposes for which they were designed; so to divide your time between useful occupation and necessary recreation, that none may be said to be wasted or lost; in a word, *so to live* that you may never be found *unprepared to die*. The joys of heaven should ever be the beacon to guide your course; and the road by which you should travel through the present life to reach them, should be *that* and *that only* which your heavenly Father, through his blessed Son, has commanded and besought you to take. Thousands who have steadily pursued this course have testified that it is "a way of pleasantness and a path of peace" to all who have once attained the dispositions, feelings and principles enjoined upon those who have made it their choice, in preference to all other reputed roads to happiness; while not a solitary human being who has ever tried these other roads, has ever yet been heard to bear witness in their favor, after the experiment has been fully made. Woful then must be your mistake, most fatal your error, in choosing "the way in which you should go," should you rather be led by the sinful allurements of illicit pleasure, than the universally concurring testimony of the good, the wise, and the just throughout the world.

In a few fleeting hours more this school will cease to exist, and your present monitor will have uttered the last words of admonition which he will ever address to you as pupils. Anxiously, most anxiously do I desire to fix them indelibly on your minds. But alas! I feel too sensibly my own inability, as well as the evanescent nature of all language in the form of advice, to hope for more than a temporary impression. If I make even *that*, I shall in part at least have attained the sole object of all that I ever said to you, which has been your own intellectual improvement, your own happiness. Let me entreat you, my dear young friends; let me implore you for the last time, never to forget (whatever other things you may suffer to escape your memories,) any of the various moral and religious instructions which you have received under our care. I feel well assured that they will not fail to come home to your bosoms—probably too with greatly augmented force, should the withering blasts of misfortune ever spread desolation and wo among you. But I pray for something more for you. I would have you bear them continually in remembrance, even in your happiest hours of prosperous fortune. I would have each of you individually meditate on them "when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou

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risest up." Then, but not until *then*, will you be fully prepared both for adversity and prosperity; and then indeed may you confidently trust that the God of all mercy and goodness will vouchsafe to impart to you the true christian's last, best hope, both for time and eternity.

Separated from us all as you will soon be, perhaps forever, and about to enjoy, as I earnestly desire, a happy meeting with the beloved friends and relatives from whom you have been so long withdrawn, accept for the last time our heartfelt assurances that our best wishes, our anxious prayers for your happiness, will accompany you through all the vicissitudes of life; that we shall always sympathise both in your joys and your sorrows; and that our own enjoyments will ever be greatly augmented by hearing that you are all leading exemplary and happy lives. For power to do this, forget not—oh! never for a moment forget, that your sole reliance must be on your heavenly Father and his holy spirit, which hath been promised abundantly to all who ask it in truth and sincerity.

"May the blessing of an all merciful God be ever on you and around you. May his grace be a lamp unto your feet and a light unto your path. May it guide, strengthen and support you in all the troubles and adversities of this life, and bring you, through faith in our Redeemer, to eternal blessedness in that which is to come."—AMEN.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE SEASONS.

THE verdant spring, decked in her brightest gems, and arrayed in her most gorgeous vesture, has driven hoary winter to his icy caverns, and leads forth her sportive train to kindle a smile upon the face of nature. The mountain streamlets, revelling in joyous gaiety at their disenthralment from the chains of winter, are playfully meandering among the flowrets which deck their velvet banks; and the smiling vallies, embosomed amid the lofty mountains, put forth their verdure, as if in commemoration of him who "holdeth in his hand the destiny of nations!" The blushing rose has expanded beneath the genial rays of the resplendent god of day, and scents with its fragrance the vernal zephyrs which stoop to kiss it as they pass. The woods, and rivers, and mountains, all clad in their variegated garments, seem to mingle in the celebration of the grand jubilee of nature!

The flowers of spring have faded. The refulgent sun has ascended yet higher in his brilliant pathway through the heaven; the gay vesture of the earth is yellowing beneath his scorching rays. The fruit, of which the vernal blossoms gave such fair and glorious promise, has ripened into maturity under his golden influence. Voluptuous summer has been ushered in upon the stage of time, accompanied and heralded by myriads of gleesome fairies, wantonly disporting upon the rich carpets, rivalling in splendor the purple of ancient Tyre, which nature has spread over the earth for her reception. The chaste Diana holds her nocturnal course through the blue expanse of ether, studded with countless gems, the brightest jewels in heaven's diadem, shedding her mild and mellow light over the sombre forests, and gilding the sparkling streamlets, which placidly repose beneath her beams. Earth, sea and air, encompassed by a heavenly serenity, seem to blend their beauties into one rich picture of loveliness, and offer up their united orisons to the sovereign Lord of all!

The revolving wheels of time, in their ceaseless and eternal gyrations, have rolled away the glories of the regal summer into the vast charnel house of the past—and the demon of decay, like the fiend consumption, breathing its fatal influence upon the roseate cheek of youthful beauty, has withered the tresses which hung in wild luxuriancy upon the bosom of the earth, and has stamped upon her brow the impress of his iron signet, as if to shadow forth her approaching doom. The limpid streams which veined her surface, and under the mild sway of the queenly summer, danced and sparkled in the sun's meridian beam, now roll lazily along in their channels, as if performing the funeral obsequies of the buried past. The vallies, but lately decorated in the blooming apparel of spring, have now assumed a more variegated and gorgeous hue, which like the hectic flush which fitfully crimsons the pallid cheek of consumption's hopeless victim, only indicates the accelerated progress of decay. A deep, monotonous, unbroken stillness reigns o'er the hills and vallies, but lately teeming with life and animation. A creeping, deathlike, insidious languor, the sure precursor of winter's despotic reign, pervades the works of nature, hushing the breezes which ripple o'er the surface of the placid lake, and fettering the whole earth in supine inertness. The face of nature is robed in melancholy sadness, as if mourning over the faded glories of the declining year!

Onward, in cold and gloomy grandeur, advance the frowning heralds of the despot winter! Every vestige of vernal beauty has faded from their presence. The mountains, vales and rivulets, as if anticipating his hateful arrival, have veiled themselves in a frigid, chilling vesture of white! Even the tears which sympathising heaven sheds upon the bosom of the earth, become congealed and frozen beneath his blighting influence. The volcanic fires which rage in the bosom of the towering mountain cower in dismay from his terrific glance. At length the tyrant, with his iron sceptre and icy crown, is seated on his throne. His attendant ministers rush to assist in the frightful coronation, and amid the demoniac yells which announce the termination of the loathsome ceremony, the harsh old Boreas shrieks forth the requiem of the departed year!

V.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

BYRON'S LAST WORDS.

BY D. MARTIN.

Summer was in its glory. Night came down,
With a light step upon the virent earth;
Sepulchral silence reigned on every side;
And the winds—those heralders of storm
Which curl the billows on Old Ocean's brow,
In their low breathings were inaudible,—
When a gifted son of Genius sought his home,
And threw himself upon a lowly couch,
And as his being's star went slowly down,
He thus communed in low and faltering tone:—

Oh! it is hard to die!
To leave this world of amaranthine green,
Whose glittering pageantry and flowery sheen,
Vie with the glorious sky!

But alas! the hand of Death,
Has laid its icy grasp upon me now;
The cold sweat rests upon my feverish brow,
And shorter grows my breath!

Well be it so!
And I will pass away like light at even,
Unto the Houri's amethystine heaven,
Where all immortal go!

Yet I have drank
Unto its very dregs, the cup of Fame,
And won myself a green, undying name,
In Glory's rank!

And yet!—oh, yet,
"Break but one seal for me unbroken!
Speak but one word for me unspoken!
Before my sun is set!"

Oh, for one drop
Of the black waters of that stream sublime,
Which follows in the stormy track of Time,
This breath to stop!

It may not be!
Yet I would pray that Memory might rest,
Like the wan beauty of the sunlit west,
In dark oblivion's sea!

Thus did he commune—and when the god of day
Rose like a monarch from his sapphire throne,
His spirit had passed away like morning mist—
And winged its way unto that far off land,
Where burns fore'er eternity's bright star!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

How beautiful, fair girl, art thou,
All robed in innocence and truth!
Upon thy calm and snowy brow,
Beam, like a crown, the smiles of youth;
Heaven's sunshine falls and lights thy way,
As one too pure and bright for sorrow—
And virtue's soft and seraph ray
Flings lustre on thy dawning morrow,—
Giving a promise, that thy life
Will ever be, with pleasure, rife!

Upon those dark, bright eyes of thine,
That soft, like moonlit waters, beam,
I love to gaze, and, as they shine,
Of those ethereal beings dream,
That oft, on us, have smiled, in sleep,
Then quickly flown, and made us weep,
That e'er to man, so much of heaven
Should just be shown,—ah! never given!

How soft the rose upon thy cheek,
Blent with the lily's milder hue,
Whose mingling tints of beauty speak
A sinless spirit—calm and true!—
The smile, that wreathes thy rosy lip,
Is young affection's radiant token—
Beauty and Truth in fellowship!—
The symbol of a heart unbroken;
Within thy bosom, holy thought,
As in a temple, hath its shrine,
Refulgent with a glory caught
From the pure presence of thy mind,
Whose lustre flings a hallowing ray,
Around thee, calm as orient day!

Oh! may thy life be ever bright,
As aught thine early dreams have framed,
And not a shadow dim its light,
Till heaven, in mercy, shall have claim'd
Thee, as a being fit for naught
That earth can boast, all sorrow-fraught
As are its brightest visions. May
Thy life be one long dream of love,
Unbroken 'til the final day,
When heaven shall waft thy soul above,
And crown thee, as an angel *there*,
Who wast indeed an angel *here!*

A. B. M.

Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES IN AN ALBUM.

As sets the sun upon the wave,
At twilight, when the day is done,
Casting a glory round his grave,
That lingers, though his race be run;—
A glory, that attracts the gaze
Of many a bright, uplifted eye,
Leading the spirit, where his rays
Blend with the quiet, azure sky,
Till evening's star, with diamond beam,
Mirrors his last effulgent gleam;—

So I would now, upon this page,
At parting, *this* memorial leave,
O'er which, perhaps, in after age,
Some pensive eye may kindly grieve,
And mourn the loss of him, who though
His life was all unknown to fame,
Left still behind a feeble glow,
Hallowing, in friendship's sky, his name,—
A light, that, like a star, will beam,
Long, long, he trusts, in memory's dream!

* * * * * *

And now my wish for happiness
To thee, I mingle with mine own,—
A wish—a *prayer*, that heaven may bless,

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And keep thee, kind and gentle one,
Free from all sorrow, care and strife,—
A being far too pure and bright
To wander 'mid the storms of life,
That dim affection's vestal light,—
A seraph form'd like those above,
For only joy, and peace, and love!

I need not tell thee, time can ne er
Thy name from memory's tablet blot,
For thou art to my heart too dear,
To wrong its worship, by the thought;
No! though the world may sorrow bring,
And bear thee far away from me,
It from remembrance ne'er can wring
The thoughts, that aye will turn to thee,
As Chaldea's maiden to the star,
She worships in its sphere afar! A. B. M.

Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

PARTING.

FAREWELL!—my hand is trembling yet,
With the last pressure of thine own;
Oh! could my troubled heart forget
The sadness, 'round that parting thrown,—
Could memory lose the imaged smile,
Bright sparkling through thy gushing tears,
Which played upon thy cheek, the while
Hope struggled with her prophet fears,
That love and bliss no more would throw
Their beams around us, as of erst,
Or happiness, with seraph glow,
Upon our rapturous *meetings* burst,—
I then might lose a sorrowing thought,
But one, with deep affection fraught!

Yet go!—I would not keep thee here,
When "it is best to be away,"—
Go, seek thy distant home, and ne'er
Let memory 'round these visions stray,
When happiness, and love and joy,
Unto our mingling hearts were given;—
Oh! go, and ne'er may pain annoy,
Or sorrow dim thine eye's blue heaven,
But peace and pure affection hold
Their vigils 'round thine angel way,
And blessedness thy form enfold,
And keep thee, 'til "the perfect day,"
When heaven shall join the hearts of those,
Who here have loved, through countless woes!

Go!—and I will not ask, or give
A sigh,—a tear,—a single token,
To prove our cherished love will live,
Forever true, in faith unbroken;—
Though wayward fate has severed far
Our fortunes, by a cruel lot,
Yet love will live, with being's star,
And never,—never be forgot;—
God's blessings on thee!—if the smile
Of heaven e'er lights a seraph's path,—
Protecting it from blight the while
It wanders here, 'mid sin and wrath,—
Its smiles upon *thy* path shall beam,
And light it, like an Eden dream! A. B. M.

Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Lines suggested on Viewing the Ruins at Jamestown.

MONUMENTS of other years, on ye I gaze
As yonder sun sheds forth its dying rays;
And as I read these marbles, reared to tell
Who lived beloved, and much lamented fell;
A feeling sad comes o'er my soul, and then
My fancy brings their tenants back again.
Not these alone, but those whose footsteps trod
The soil before, and worshipp'd nature's god
Free from scholastic trammel, and adored
Him thro' his works, without the zealot's sword
To force belief. Where are ye now? Bright star
That shed'st thy soft light thro' the skies afar,
Art thou the same that didst thy pale beams shed
O'er the last broken-hearted Indian's bed?
When death was glazing fast his eagle eye,
Say, didst thou gleam from yonder deep blue sky
O'er his dim vision, and point out the way
Thro' death's dark vestibule to endless day?—
How did he die? With curses loud and deep
(Startling the panther from his troubled sleep,)
All wildly bursting from his soul for those
Who came as friends, but--proved the worst of foes?
Say, did he breathe his untamed spirit out,
With the stern warrior's wild unearthly shout
Quiv'ring along his lip, all proudly curled,
Which seem'd to say, "defiance to the world?"
Or was the lion quiet in his heart?
And did a gush from feeling's fountain, start
Adown his swarthy cheek, when o'er his soul
Came tender feelings he could not control.
Thoughts of the past perhaps; his aged sire;
His mother bending o'er the wigwam's fire;
His brothers, sisters, and the joyous chase;
The stream he used to lave in oft, to brace
His manly sinews; and perchance the maid,
With whom in brighter days he oft had strayed
Mid the hoar forest's over spreading shade.
Came there a group past mem'ry's straining eye
To teach the *brave* how hard it was to die?
What boots it now to know? Yet fancy warms
With strange imaginings, and the gaunt forms
Of forest heroes pass her eye before,
As a strange feeling steals the spirit o'er.
Is that Apollo* with his polish'd bow
And quiver--with rich locks that freely flow
Adown his neck of graceful form--whose eye
Seems like some bright orb beaming from the sky?
O! shade of Powhatan! I would not dare
To breathe one word upon this balmy air
To make thee sad--for as I look around,
I *feel* this mournful spot is sacred ground!
If thou dost mark my footsteps, where I tread
Unthinking, o'er those warrior's mounds, who bled
Contending bravely for their own green hills,
Their sunny fountains and their gushing rills,
Their fields, their woods, their partners and their sons,
This noble stream which to the ocean runs,—
Shade of the mighty Werowance† forgive!
No trifling thoughts within this bosom live;

* It is said of West, the celebrated painter, that on being shown an Apollo, he exclaimed, "My God, how much like a young *Mohawk warrior*."

† Indian term for a great man.

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No throb unhallowed thrills my bosom here,
As o'er these mounds I drop a mournful tear.
But day declines; the hosts of heaven ride
All brightly—while the moon, pale as a bride
When at the altar her young vows are given,
Smiles sweetly from her altitude in heaven.

The red man and the white, together sleep
That dreamless slumber, and the waves' hoarse sweep
Awakes them not—and I a wandering boy,
Will not with my sad song their manes annoy.

I drop a parting tear, thou sacred pile,
To thy strewn columns and thy moss grown aisle;
Thy broken pavement, and thy ruined arch,—
How rapid Time, thy desolating march!

Farewell! farewell! thou sacred, solemn spot;
What I have felt shall not be soon forgot:
Rest, rest, ye slumberers! would that I could sleep;
Your's is all calm, but *I* must live to weep.

SYLVANUS.

August, 1834.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

ODE WRITTEN ON A FINE NIGHT AT SEA.

How softly sweet this zephyr night!
To Venus sends her brilliant light!
And Heav'n's inhabitants unite
Each kindly beam,
To put fell darkness' train to flight,
With gentle gleam.

The vessel's sides the waters wake,
And waveless as the bounded lake,
A solemn slumber seem to take
Extending wide;—
Along the ship they sparkling break
And gem the tide.

Midst such a scene, no thoughts can find
An entrance in the pensive mind,
But such as virtue has refined,
The past must smile—
And flatt'ring fancy will be kind,
And hope beguile.

Blest silence! solitary friend—
My thoughts with thee to *home* I send;
And *there* absorbed my sorrows end—
In vain I roam—
As blossoms to the day-star tend,
So I to home.

Not more I owe that glorious ray
That beams the blessing of the day;
Not more my gratitude I pay
For air and light—
Than for that Home now far away—
First, best delight.

A little while, and that blest spot,
From mem'ry shall raze each blot,
And all my wand'rings there forgot,
At last I'll rest—
No sorrow shall disturb the cot
So loved, so blest.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

AUTUMN WOODS.

A DEEP ton'd requiem's in the sigh
Of the moaning blast, as it hurries by
Yon fading forest;
Upon its rushing wings is borne
A voice sad as the anthem's tone
Above the dead:
It is the wild wind's hymn of death,
Which pours in plaintive strains its breath
O'er autumn woods;
When hurl'd to earth by the fitful storm,
Some frail leaf's wan and wither'd form
Sinks to its tomb.
Sad relics of the dying year;
Thy springtide glories now are sear,
And all departed:
Where now's thy fairy robe of spring,
The sunbeam and the zephyr's wing
Once wove for thee?
Say, where's that gush of melody
Thy sylvan minstrels pour'd for thee
In thy summer bowers?
Or where's the Æolian song thou wouldst wake
When some sporting zephyr's breath would shake
Thy rustling leaves?
Thy robe—thy song have past away,
And the funeral pall and the funeral lay
Alone are thine!
How oft when summer's azure sky
Was bath'd in the golden, gorgeous dye
Of sunset's glow,
I've lov'd to wander through thy bright
And verdant bowers, gilt with light
Of parting day;
To list to the soft, faint melody
Of thy vesper hymn, as it floated by
On the passing breeze—
Or view, when on the stream's bright sheen
Was pictured all thy fairy scene
In mimic art;—
How calm that stream, in its slumber seeming,
Of thee and all thy pageant dreaming
Reflected there.
But thro' thy shades 'twas not alone
I stray'd. With me there wander'd one
Of gentler mould,
Around whose serpah form awakening,
Young beauty's morning light was breaking
In roseate beam—
And round whose stainless brow fond Love,
And Hope and Joy a wreath had wove
Of freshest bloom.
Thou sad memento of the tomb!
Say, shall that wreath, with its sunny bloom,
E'er fade like thee?
Shall Time's chill mildew on it light,
Or sorrow breathe its *autumn* blight
Upon its flowers?
A voice is in each falling leaf
Which says, "earth's brightest joys are brief"—
Thus fade its hopes!
Then mid that wreath of fading flowers
Fond pleasure weaves, to deck her bowers,

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Oh! twine that flower
Whose fadeless hue, whose springtide bloom
Immortal lives, beyond the tomb—
Bright SHARON'S ROSE. H.

WE extract the following sprightly effusion from the *North American Magazine*, published in Philadelphia. It bears a strong resemblance to the grace and freedom, and *piquancy* which distinguish the muse of Halleck, one of the most highly gifted poets in America. We hope our fair readers, however, will not suppose that the author's satire is adapted to our meridian. The BEAUTIES of our southern clime, are too generous and disinterested to be won by the sordid allurements of splendid edifices, bank shares and gold eagles!—at least we hope so, and should be sorry to find ourselves mistaken.

THE DECLARATION.

THE lady sat within her bower,
Where trellissed vines hung o'er her,
With flashing eye and burning cheek,
Down knelt her fond adorer;
He took her soft white hand, and in
Her bright eye fondly gazing,
Sought for a look, to show that he
An equal flame was raising;
Yet still her eyes were turned away,
And as his heart waxed bolder,
And he devoured her lily hand,
The lady's look grew colder.

And then he swore by all the stars,
That in the sky were shining—
By all the verdant vines that o'er
Her gentle bower were twining—
By mountains, valleys, seas and streams,
And by the moon above her,
And everything therein that e'er
Sophi or saints discover—
He never could know peace again
On earth, till he had won her;
Yet still she answered not the look
Of love he cast upon her.

And then he swore, at her command,
To show his love, he would do
What never mortals did before,
And none but lovers could do,
That he would climb up to the moon,
Or swim the ocean over—
Would dine one day at Sandy Hook,
And sup next night at Dover;
Then jump from thence to London, and
Alight on St. Paul's steeple—
Then pull the Premier's nose, and make
O'Connell damn the people.

Or that he would put armour on,
And, like a knight of yore, he
Would fight with giants, castles scale,
And gain immortal glory.
Then go and build a kingdom up,
And be a mighty winner;
Bowstring the Sultan Mahmoud—and
His TURKEY eat for dinner.
Then follow Lander's dismal track,
And on the Niger's banks
An Empire of the Darkies found,
And merit Tappan's thanks!

If HARDER tasks she did demand,
He would reform the nation,
Make talent, honesty, and worth,
Essentials to high station—
Make politicians tell the truth,
Give consciences to brokers,
And put upon the temperance list
An army of old soakers—
Make lawyers "keep the people's peace,"
Physicians kill them CHEAPER—
A cloud was on the lady's brow,
Which, as he spoke, grew deeper.

He swore she had the brightest eyes,
That ever look'd on mortal;
And that their light was like the rays
That stream from Heaven's own portal;
That by her cheek, the opening rose
Would look but dim and faded;
And darker than the raven's wing,
The hair her fair brow shaded;
That Venus by her side would look
A common country dowdy;—
The lady blushed and smiled, and then
Her brow again grew cloudy.

Up sprung the lover then, and said,
"Will you be Mrs. Popkins—
Miss Julia Jane Amelia Ann
Matilda Polly Hopkins?
I have a house four stories high—
We'll live in splendid style, and
A handsome countryseat upon
Lake George's sweetest island—
Ten thousand eagles in the mint,
Bankshares, untold, percented"—
The lady bent her cheek to his,
Her gentle heart relented!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

FROM MY SCRAP BOOK.

You ask me B—ty, why I mourn,
Yet dry'st the tearful eye?
You ask me why I look with scorn,
And check the heaving sigh?

Time was, when I could carol forth,
To tune of lively glee;
But dark despair has left no hope—
Nor sigh—nor tear—for me.

Like me—perchance some wayward sprite,
Might dazzling lead astray;
Then leave you on the giddy height,
To perish far away:

Take heed while yet you have the choice,
Avoid the Syren's way;
Nor listen to the artful voice,
Which calls—but to betray;
For sigh from him that is deceived,
Or tear from eye that once believed,
Is sought in vain—tho' fill'd with grief,
Nor sigh nor tear can bring relief;
'Tis *time* alone can steel the heart,
And foil the Syren's pointed dart.

Petersburg, Dec. 19, 1834. POWHATAN.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE MECHANICIAN AND UNCLE SIMON.

About the period of what "*I am gaun to tell*," the ancient aristocracy of Virginia had passed through its death struggle; the times when the rich were every thing and the poor nothing, had passed away; and the high pretensions of the sons of the Cavaliers had yielded to the more levelling opinions of the Roundheads. The badges of distinction, such as coats of arms and liveries, had become too odious to be generally kept up; occasionally however the latter were seen, but so rarely, that they looked like the spectres of departed greatness, and excited a feeling of contempt or pity for the weakness of the master, rather than respect for his wealth and rank. There was one class of people nevertheless, who retained all their attachment to these distinctive marks; and indeed they do so to this day: I mean the class of servants who belonged to the old families. They were the veriest aristocrats upon earth, and hated with the most unrelenting hatred all the ignoble blood of the land, and deeply deplored the transition of property from the nobles to the serfs. Though their own "*ancient but ignoble blood*" had literally almost "*crept through scoundrels ever since the flood*," they detested the poor and adored the rich. I shall never forget the Fall of the year ——. I had just graduated at one of our northern colleges, and received my two diplomas, with their red ribbons and seals attached. They were deposited by my good friend Andrew McMackin, the most expert diploma rigger in all the village, in a plain cylindrical case of pasteboard, for safe keeping, and would have remained there probably to this day unmolested, had not the rats made an inroad upon them, and in a single night demolished sigillum and signature—all that it had cost me years of hard labor to obtain—aye, and twenty dollars to boot. Not satisfied, I suppose, with the attestation of the president and venerable board of trustees, they were desirous of adding their own ratification of my pretensions to science. Be that as it may; full of delightful anticipation at the prospect of returning to my native state, after an absence of four years, I took my seat in the mail stage, and travelled three hundred miles without once going to bed. Such a journey at this day of steamboat and railroad car would be nothing, but at that time it was a great undertaking, and attended with much fatigue. The vehicles were crazy and often broke down, and the passengers had the pleasure of paying dearly for the privilege of walking many a mile through the mud. At length I arrived at the little town of F———, the end of my journey on the great mail route, where I expected to meet with some kind of conveyance to take me into the country to my uncle's. As I leaped from the carriage to the pavement, where many loiterers were gathered to witness the arrival of the stage, I found myself suddenly locked in the arms of some one, who exclaimed, "*There he is, the very moral of his grandpapa!* God bless your honor, how do ye do? I'm so glad to see you." Extricating myself with some degree of embarrassment, because of the crowd around me, I perceived that the salutation proceeded from one of our old servants, who stood gazing upon me with the most benevolent smile. His appearance was quite outré to one who had lived so long at the north. His old and faded livery, was blue turned up with yellow; he held in his hand a horseman's cap, without the bearskin; his boots had once been white-topped, but could no longer claim that distinctive epithet; like Sir Hudibras, he wore but one spur, though probably for a different reason; his high forehead glistened in the sun, and his slightly grey hair was combed neatly back, and queud behind with an eelskin so tight that he could hardly wink his eyes, exhibiting a face remarkably intelligent and strongly marked, with a nose uncommonly high and hawkbilled for a negro. Perceiving my embarrassment, he drew back with a very courtly bow, and begged pardon, declaring he was so glad to see me, he had forgotten himself and made too free. I made haste to assure him that he had not—gave him a hearty shake by the hand—called him Uncle Simon, a name he had been always accustomed to from me, and drawing him aside, overwhelmed him with questions about every body and every thing at home. Tell me, said I, how is my uncle? "I thank you sir, quite hearty, and much after the old sort—full of his projjecks, heh! heh! perpechil motion, and what not." What, said I, is he at that still? "Oh yes—oh yes—and carridges to go without hawses; God love you, Mass Ned, I don't think they ken go without animel nater." And how does my aunt like all this? "Ah!" said he, putting up his hands with an air of disgust, "She can't abide it—things go on badly. You 'member my four greys? So beautiful!—my four in hand!—all gone, all sold. Why, sir, I could whistle them hawses to the charrut jest as easy as snap my finger. Our fine London charut too! *that's gone*—and my poor Missis your aunt, has nothin to ride in, but a nasty, pitiful push phaton." I am sorry to hear it, Simon. "Why, Mass Ned, what mek you all let them Demmy Cats sarve you so? What you call 'em? Publicanes? Yes, *I'd* cane 'um as old master used to do." But Simon, how is cousin Mary? "Miss Mary? Oh, Miss Mary is a beauty; gay as a young filly, and she walks upon her pasterns ——." Well, well, said I, interrupting him, Simon let us be off; what have you brought for me to ride? "Old Reglus, sir, your old favorite." Having taken some refreshment, and transferred my clothes to the portmanteau, I mounted Regulus, who still shewed his keeping. He was a bright bay, and his hair was as glossy as silk under Simon's management; his eye still glanced its fire, and his wide nostrils gave token of his wind. He knew me, I shall ever believe it, for my voice made him prick his ears, as if listening to the music of former days. It seemed to inspire him with new life; he flew like an arrow, and Simon found it impossible to keep up with me, mounted as he was on a high trotting, rawboned devil, that made the old man bound like a trapball, whenever he missed his up-and-down-position movement. His figure, thus bobbing in front of a monstrous portmanteau and bearskin, was so ludicrous, I could not forbear laughing; and reining up my steed, I told him I would ride slower for the sake of conversation with him. "Do, my good sir," cried he, "for this vile garran will knock the breath out of my body. If I had but my old hawse Grey Dick alive agin—that hawse, Mass Ned, was the greatest hawse upon the face of the yearth; I rod him ninety miles the hottest day that ever come from heaven, and when I got through our outer gate, he seized the bit between his teeth, and run away with me, and never stopped till he got clean into

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the stable. Whenever I fed him, I was 'bliged to shet the stable door and go away, for if he heard me move or a stirrup jingle, he would'nt eat another mouthful, but stood with his head up and his eyes flying about, impatient for me to mount." I knew this was the moment to put in a leading question to bring out a story I had heard a thousand times. That was not the horse that ran away with you when a boy? "No—no—that was Whalebone; *your* grandpapa used always to go to court in his coach and six; I can see him now, in his great big wig, hanging down upon his shoulders, and powdered as white as a sheet. I was then a little shaver, and always went behind the carridge to open the gates. Waitinman George rod the old gentleman's ridin horse Bearskin, and led Mass Bobby's hawse Whalebone; Mass Bobby rod in the carridge with old master. Well, one day what should George do but put me up upon Whalebone, as big a devil as ever was; soonever I got upon him, off he went by the coach as hard as he could stave; old master hallooed and bawled—he'll kill him—he'll kill him—George how dare you put Simon upon Whalebone? Pshey! the more he hallooed the more Whalebone run. I pulled and pulled till I got out of sight, and turned down the quarter stretch, and then *I did give him the timber*—Flying Childers was nothin to him. When old master got home, there I was with Whalebone as cool as a *curcumber*. I made sure I should get a caning, but all he said was, D—n the fellow! I 'blieve he could ride old Whalebone's tail off—heh! heh! heh!"

I am sorry I cannot do more justice to the eloquence of Simon, who excelled in all the arts of oratory. His eyes spoke as much as his tongue; his gestures were vehement, but quite appropriate; he uttered some words in as startling a voice as Henry Clay, and his forefinger did as much execution as John Randolph's. As to his political opinions, he was the most confirmed aristocrat, and thought it the birthright of his master's family, to ride over the poor, booted and spurred. It was his delight to tell of his meeting one day, as he swept along the road with his smoking four in hand, a poor man on horseback, whom he contemptuously styled a *Johnny*. He ordered the man to give the road; but as he did not obey him as readily as he desired, he resolved to punish him. By a dexterous wheel of his leaders, he brought the chariot wheel in contact with the fellow's knee, and shaved every button off as nicely as he could have shaved his beard with a razor. But enough of Simon. I beguiled the way by drawing him out upon his favorite topics, until we got within sight of my uncle's house, a fine old mansion, with an avenue of cedars a mile in length. They had been kept for several generations neatly trimmed, and he who had dared to mar their beauty with an axe, would have been considered a felon, and met his fate without benefit of clergy. I have lived to see them all cut down by the ruthless hand of an overseer, who sees no beauty in any thing but a cornstalk. However, this is wandering from my present theme. Then they were in all their evergreen loveliness, and I hailed them as my ancient friends, as I galloped by them, with a joyous feeling at approaching the scene of my childhood. The folding doors soon flew wide open, and the whole family rushed out to meet me with true-hearted old fashioned Virginia promptitude. I must not attempt to describe a meeting which is always better imagined than described. Let it suffice, that after the most affectionate greeting, which extended to every servant about the premises, I was ushered to my bed room at a late hour, with as much of state as could be mustered about the now decaying establishment, and soon sunk into a profound slumber, well earned by the toils and fatigues of my journey. Early the next morning, before I left my room, my excellent and revered uncle paid me a visit, and ordered in the never failing julep,—*such a one as would have done honor to Chotank*. At the same time he suggested to me that he would greatly prefer my taking a mixture of his own, which he extolled as much as Don Quixotte did his balsam to Sancho, or Dr. Sangrado his warm water to Gil Blas. It was a pleasant beverage, he said, compounded of an acid and an alkali. He had discovered by close observation, that all diseases had their origin in acid, and that alkali of course was the grand panacea; even poisons were acids, and he had no doubt that he should be able to form a concrete mass, by means of beef gall and alkali, which would resemble and equal in virtue the mad stone. If I felt the slightest acidity of stomach, I would find myself much relieved by one of his powders. He had written to Dr. Rush on the subject, and he shewed me a letter from that gentleman, at which he laughed heartily, and in which the Doctor protested he might as well attempt to batter the rock of Gibraltar with mustard seed shot as to attack the yellow fever with alkali. I could not help smiling at the earnestness of my dear uncle, and assured him that I had no doubt of the virtues of his medicine, but as I was quite well, I would rather try the anti-fogmatic; and if I should feel indisposed, would resort to his panacea; although I secretly resolved to have as little to do with it as Gil Blas had with water. Having dressed myself and descended to the breakfast room, I there met my aunt and cousin, who soon made me acquainted with the present condition of the family. Every thing was fast declining, in consequence of the total absorption of the mind of my uncle in his visionary schemes; and I saw abundant evidence of the wreck of his fortune, in the absence of a thousand comforts and elegancies which I had been accustomed to behold. He soon joined us, and such was his excellence of character, that we most carefully avoided casting the smallest damp upon his ardor. Indeed, he was a man of great natural talent and much acquired information, and was far above the ridicule which was sometimes played off upon him by his more ignorant neighbors. I almost begin to think that *we* were the mistaken ones, when I look around and see the perfection of many of his schemes, which I then thought wholly impracticable. When old Simon thought that a carriage could never go without *animel nater*, he certainly never dreamed of a railroad car, nor of the steam carriages of England; and when my uncle gravely told me that he should fill up his icehouse, and manufacture ice as he wanted it in Summer, by letting out air highly condensed in a tight copper vessel, upon water, I did not dream of the execution of the plan by some French projector. I must not be thus diffuse, or I shall weary the patience of my reader. A ride was proposed after breakfast, and my uncle immediately invited me to try his newly invented vehicle which could not be overset.

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I have constructed, said he, a carriage with a moveable perch; by means of which the body swings out horizontally, whenever the wheels on one side pass over any high obstacle or ground more elevated than the other wheels rest upon; and I shall be glad to exhibit it to a young man who is fresh from college, and must be acquainted with the principles of mechanics. I readily accepted his proposal, although I trembled for my neck; but declared I had no mechanical turn whatever, and could not construct a wheelbarrow. He was sorry to hear this, as he was in hopes I would be the depositary of all his schemes, and bring them to perfection in case of his death, for the benefit of his family. We soon set off on our ride; and Simon was the driver. As I anticipated, in descending a hill where the ground presented great inequality, the whole party were capsized, and nothing saved our bones but the lowness of the vehicle. Never shall I forget the chagrin of my uncle, nor the impatient contemptuous look of Simon, as he righted the carriage; he did not dare to expostulate with his master, but could not forbear saying that he had never met with such an accident when he drove his four greys. "Ah, there is the cause," said my uncle, much gratified at having an excuse for his failure; "Simon is evidently intoxicated; old man, never presume to drive me again when you are not perfectly sober; you will ruin the most incomparable contrivance upon earth." Simon contented himself with a sly wink at me, and we made the best of our way home; my uncle promising me another trial in a short time, and I determining to avoid it, if human ingenuity could contrive the means. The next day, as I was amusing myself with a book, my uncle came in from his workshop, with a face beaming with pleasure; and entering the room, proceeded in the most careful manner to close all the doors; and producing a small crooked stick, said to me with a mysterious air, "My boy, this stick, small and inconsiderable as it seems to be, has made your fortune. It is worth a million of dollars, for it has suggested to me an improvement in my machine for producing perpetual motion, which puts the thing beyond all doubt." Is it possible, cried I, that so small a stick can be worth so much? "Yes, depend upon it—and I carefully closed the doors, because I would not be overheard for the world. Some fellow might slip before me to the patent office, and rob me of my treasure." I observed that nobody was there who could possibly do so. "Yes, somebody might be casually passing, and I cannot be too vigilant. I take it for granted, he resumed, that you are apprised of the grand desideratum in this business. You do not imagine, with the ignorant, that I expect to make matter last longer than God intended; the object is to get a machine to keep time so accurately, that it may be used at sea to ascertain the longitude with precision. Do you know that a gentleman has already constructed a time piece, for which the Board of Longitude paid him fifty thousand pounds; but owing to the metallic expansion, it would not be entirely accurate." I answered that I had not so much as heard of the Board of Longitude—and he proceeded to explain his improvement, of which I did not comprehend a syllable. All that I felt sure of, although I did not tell him so, was that he would not succeed in realizing the million of dollars; and, accordingly, when admitted as a great favor into his sanctum sanctorum, the work shop, to witness his machine put in motion, it stood most perversely still after one revolution, and "*some slight alteration*" remained to be made to the end of the chapter,—until hope became extinct in every breast save that of the projector. I could fill a volume with anecdotes of this sort, but will add only one, as descriptive of the very great height to which visionary notions may be carried. My uncle was a federalist, and of course hated Buonaparte from the bottom of his soul. He told me as a most profound secret, that he had discovered the means of making an old man young again, by removing from him the atmospheric pressure, and that nothing deterred him from patenting his discovery, but the fear that Buonaparte would attach his machinery to a body of soldiers and fly across the British Channel, and thus light down in the midst of England, and make an easy conquest of the only barrier left upon earth to secure the liberties of mankind. Eheu! jam satis! thought I. In this way did my poor uncle spend his time, to the utter ruin of a fine estate, which was surrendered to the management of that most pestilent of the human race, an overseer,—who would not at last be at the trouble of furnishing the old gentleman with wood enough to keep him warm in his spacious edifice. The means he resorted to, to reprove the overseer, were not less characteristic and laughable than many of his singular notions. One very cold day he sent for him; the man attended, and was ushered with much solemnity into an apartment where a single chump was burning feebly in the chimney place, and a table was standing in the centre of the room, covered with papers, pen and ink. My uncle received him with unusual courtesy, and ordered the servant to set a chair for Mr. Corncob by the *fire*,—with a peculiar emphasis on the word. "I have sent for you, Mr. Corncob," said he, "to get you to witness my will. You see, sir," pointing at the same time to the fire—"you see, sir, how small a probability there is that I shall survive the present winter. I am anxious to settle my affairs previous to my being attacked by the pleurisy, and have therefore sent for you to aid me in doing so." This was a severe reproof, and the man having done as he was bid, retired with an air the most sheepish imaginable. I fill up the picture by stating that I married my cousin, and inherited the estate in due course of time; but a mortgage swallowed it up as effectually as an earthquake—and poor old Simon died of a broken heart when Regulus was knocked off at the sale of his master's property at twenty dollars, to the man whom he hated of all others, Christopher Corncob, Esquire.

NUGATOR.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES WRITTEN IMPROMPTU,

On a Lady's intimating a wish to see some verses of mine in the Messenger.

A LADY requests me to write
  Some lines for your Messenger's muse,
And I cannot be so impolite,
  By any means, as to refuse.

So I scribble these words in my way,
  In spite of Minerva, you see;
But Venus will smile on my lay,
  And that is sufficient for me.

A. B.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE PEASANT-WOMEN OF THE CANARIES.

Beautiful Islands, how fair you lie
Beneath the light of your cloudless sky,
And the light green waves that around you play,
Seem keeping forever a holiday;—
Beautiful Islands, how bright you rise
'Twixt the crystal sea and the sunny skies!

The luscious grape, with its royal hue
Veil'd in a tint of the softest blue,
Hangs on the vine in its purple prime
As proud to garnish its own sweet clime,
And the olive sports in your soft, sweet air
Its pale green foliage—a native there.

Music is ceaseless your trees among,
Thou Island-home of a choral throng;
Music unheard on a foreign shore;—
Songs of the free—which they will not pour
When exile-minstrels compelled to roam—
They're sacred songs to their sweet isle-home.

Why, though it's light in the Olive-bower,
And fragrance breathes from the Orange-flower,
And the sea is still and the air is calm
And the early dew is a liquid balm—
Why are the young ones forbade to roam,
Or stray from the door of their Cottage-home?*

In the light that plays through the Olive-bower,
In the scent that breathes from the Orange-flower,
In the liquid balm of the early dew,
In the smooth, calm sea with its emerald hue,
Can the Peasant-mother no charm descry
To protect from the curse of the "evil eye."

While they shall loiter the trees among,
Echoing the wild Canary's song,
The "*mal de ajo*" may on them rest
And blight the pride of the mother's breast;
Her bosom throbs with a secret dread,
Though paths of Eden her loved ones tread.

Lo, from the Peak, with its hoary crown,
The "*el a pagador*" sails down,
And over the Cot in the moon-light floats,
Foreboding death in its awful notes—
Who in that Cottage but pants for breath,
And hears that voice as the voice of death?

Richly the vine with its deep green leaf,
Girdles the base of the Teneriffe,—
Yet there, in the prime of the sunny day,
The Peasant-maiden dares not to stray,
Till the secret charm to her arm is set,
And her bosom throbs to an amulet.

When, oh! when, shall darkness flee,
From the rosy Isles of the sunny sea?
The light of Truth with its living ray,
Pour on their dwellers a clearer day,
And *Mind* from the chain of its darkness rise,
Like a bird set free, to its native skies?

Maine. ELIZA.

* D. Y. Brown's Superstitions of the Canary Islands.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE HEART.

Man's heart! what melancholy things
Are garner'd up in thee!—
What solace unto life it brings
That none the heart can see—
'Tis shut from every human eye,
Close curtain'd from the view;
The scene alike of grief or joy—
Man's Hell and Heaven too.

Should all mankind combine to tear
The curtain, thrown around,
Their labor would be spent in air—
It is his hallow'd ground:
Within thy magic circle, Heart!
So potent is his spell,
No human hand hath strength to part
Or turn aside the veil.

In sadness, there's a pleasure soft,
"Which mourners only know;"
My heart affords this treasure oft,
And there I love to go;
It is the chosen spot where I
Can live my life anew—
My Home!—my Castle!—my Serai!
Which none must dare break through.

In thee, my Heart! I am alone
Quite unrestrained and free,
Thou'rt hung with pictures all my own,
And drawn for none but me;
All that in secret passes there,
Forever I can hide;
Ambition—love—or dark despair—
My jealousy—or pride.

Yes, when ambitious—ardent—young—
I thought the world my own,
My glowing portraits there were hung;
How have their colors flown!—
Some are by Time, defaced so far
I look on them with pain;
But Time nor nothing else can mar
The portrait of my Jane.

I placed her there who won my soul;
No creature saw the maid;
I gazed in bliss, without control,
On every charm displayed:
It was a sweet, impassion'd hour,
When not an eye was near
To steal into my lonely bower,
And kiss her image there.

Earth held not on its globe the man
Who breathed that holy air;
No mortal eye but mine did scan
My folly with my fair;
Sole monarch of that silent spot,
All things gave place to me;
I did but wish—no matter what—
Each obstacle would flee.

And did she love? She loved me not,
But gave her hand away;

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I hied me to my lonely spot—
In anguish, passed the day;
And such a desolation wide,
Spread o'er that holy place,
The stream of life itself seemed dried,
Or ebbing out apace.

But what I did—what madly said—
I cannot tell to any—
Her portrait in its place hath staid,
Though years have flown so many;
Nor can each lovely lineament
So deep impress'd, depart,
Till Nature shall herself be spent,
And thou shalt break, My Heart.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Mr. White,—I send you a Parody upon Bryant's Autumn, apparently written by some disconsolate citizen of Richmond after the adjournment of the Legislature in time past. If the picture be faithfully drawn, it may perhaps amuse the members of the assembly who are now in your city. NUGATOR.

PARODY ON BRYANT'S AUTUMN.

The very dullest days are come, the dullest of the year,
When all our great Assembly men are gone away from here;
Heaped up in yonder Capitol, how many bills lie dead,
They just allowed to live awhile, to knock them on the head;
Tom, Dick, and Harry all have gone and left the silent hall,
And on the now deserted square we meet no one at all—
Where are the fellows? the fine young fellows that were so lately here
And vexed the drowsy ear of night with frolic and good cheer.
Alas! they all are at their homes—the glorious race of fellows,
And some perhaps are gone to forge, and some are at the bellows.
Old Time is passing where they are, but Time will pass in vain;
All *never* can, though *some* may be, *transported* here again:
Old "*What d'ye call him*," he's been off a week, or maybe more,
And took a little negro up, behind and one before;
But *What's his name* and *You know who*, they lingered to the last,
And neither had a dollar left and seemed to be down-cast;
Bad luck had fallen on them as falls the plague on men,
And their phizzes were as blank as if they'd never come,
And then when comes December next, as surely it will smile again;
To call the future delegate from out his distant home,
When the sound of cracking nuts is heard in lobby and in hall,
And glimmer in the smoky light old Shockoe Hill and all,
An old friend searches for the fellows he knew the year before,
And sighs to find them on the Hill Capitoline, no more;
But then he thinks of one who her promise had belied,
The beautiful Virginia, who had fallen in her pride.
In that great house 'twas said she fell where stands her gallant chief,
Who well might weep in marble, that her race had been so brief—
Yet not unmeet it was he thought—oh no, ye heavenly powers!
Since she trusted those good fellows, who kept such shocking hours.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Adire magnos jam videor duces
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos.—*Hor. Car. L. ii. 1.*

I stood upon the heights above Charlestown, and was silently contrasting the then peaceful aspect of the scene with that which it presented on the day of wrath and blood which had rendered the place so memorable in story, as my fancy filled with images of the past and once more crowded the hill—not indeed with knights and paladins of old,

Sed rusticorum mascula militum
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
Versare glebas, et severae
Matris ad arbitrium recisos
Portere fustes.—*Hor. Lib. iii. Car. 6.*

As the silent hosts arose in imagination before me, I thought of the complicated feelings which on that day must have stirred their hearts; I thought of the breasts which kindled under the insult of invasion and were nerved with the stern determination to play out the game upon which was staked their all of earthly hope or fear, and it struck me that the gallant Warren, whose voice had often made the patriot's heart to glow and nerved the warrior's arm, might perhaps have addressed them in sentiment something as follows:

THE BATTLE OF BREED'S HILL.

Look down upon the bay, my men,
As proudly comes the foe;
Ah! send them back their shout agen,
That patriot hearts may glow.

They come to us in pomp of war—
The tyrant in his gold;
Our arms are few—they're stronger far,
But who will say as bold?

No Briton ever forged the chains
Shall bind our hands at will;
The Pilgrim spirit still remains,
Out on the western hill.

Their power may awe the coward slave,
But not the stalwart free;
Their steel may drive us to the grave,
But not from liberty.

Our fathers spirit boils along
Impetuous through our veins;
We ask to know, where are the strong,
To bind us in their chains?

Then let the foe look to his steel,
And count his numbers strong;
We bide him here for wo or weal,
As he shall know ere long.

We'll dare him to the last of death—
We've sworn it in our hearts;
We stand upon our native heath—
We'll hold till life departs.

Oh! what is death to slavery!
The dead at least are free:
And what is life for victory!
We strike for *liberty!*

This sod shall warm beneath our feet,
All reeking in our gore,
And hearts that gladly cease to beat,
The foe must trample o'er.

Our boys are bold--their mothers stern,
Will rear them true and brave,
And many noble hearts shall burn
To free a father's grave.

Let every tongue be hushed and still,
Each soldier hold his breath—
They're marching up the sloping hill,—
And now prepare for death. ALPHA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO A LADY.

Oh! do not sing—my soul is wrung
When those sweet tones salute mine ear;
Thou canst not sing as *thou hast* sung—
As *I have heard*, I cannot hear.
Then do not breathe to me one strain
Of those I loved in years gone by;
Their melody can only throw
A darker cloud upon my sky.

Speak not to me!—thine accents fall
By far too sadly on my ear;
They *told* of love, and hope, and joy—
They *tell* of life made lone and drear.
No word speak thou! The tones are changed
That breathed to me thy young heart's vow
Of all-enduring fondness; aye!
Thou canst but speak in *kindness* now.

And worse than all would be the smile
Which once was mine, and only mine;
Thou wert my hope—thy love my pride—
Thy heart my spirit's chosen shrine.
But *now*—oh! smile not on me *now;*
'Tis insult—worse, 'tis mockery!
Estranged, and cold, and false, thou art;
Smile if thou wilt—but not on me. M. S. L.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO IANTHE.

Think of me when the morning wakes,
With a smile that's bright and a blush that's new;
And the wave-rocked goddess gently shakes
From her rosy wings, the gems of dew.

Think of me, when the day-god burns
In his noon-tide blaze and his purest light;
And think of me when his chariot turns
To the sombre shades of silent night.

Think of me, when the evening's store
Of brilliance, fades on the wondering eye;
And think of me, when the flowers pour
Their incense to the star-lit sky.

Think of me when the evening star,
Through the deep blue sky shall dart his beams;
And think of me when the mind, afar,
Shall chase the forms of its joyous dreams.

Think of me in the hour of mirth—
Think of me in the hour of prayer—
Aye! think amidst each scene of earth,
You feel my spirit is mingling there.

For morning's beam—nor evening's light—
Nor days of woe—nor hours of glee—
Nor e'en religion's holiest rite,
Can steal or force my thoughts from thee. FERGUS.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUES OF CAMOENS.

BY R. H WILDE, *Of Georgia.*

Sonnet xliii. of the edition of 1779—1780.
"O cysne quando sente ser chegada," &c.

They say the Swan, though mute his whole life long,
Pours forth sweet melody when life is flying,
Making the desert plaintive with his song,
Wondrous and sad, and sweetest still while dying;
Is it for life and pleasure past he's sighing,
Grieving to lose what none can e'er prolong?
Oh, no! he hails its close, on death relying
As an escape from violence and wrong:
And thus, dear lady! I at length perceiving,
The fatal end of my unhappy madness,
In thy oft broken faith no more believing,
Welcome despair's sole comforter with gladness,
And mourning one so fair is so deceiving,
Breathe out my soul in notes of love and sadness.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EPIGRAMME FRANCAISE.

Lit de mes plaisirs; lit de mes pleurs;
Lit on je nais; lit on je mours;
Tu nous fais voir combien procheins
Sort nos plaisirs de nos chagrins.

TRANSLATION.

Couch of Sorrow; Couch of Joy;
Of Life's first breath, and Death's last sigh;
Thou makest us see what neighbors near
Our pleasures and our sorrows are.

The above was the execution of a task proposed by a French gentleman, who, boasting the piquant terseness of his language, said that the original could not be rendered into English.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TRUE CONSOLATION.

He had wept o'er the honored, in age who die;
O'er the loved,—in beauty's bloom;
O'er the blighted buds of infancy:
Till all earth was to him a Tomb.

And sorrow had drunk his youthful blood,
And hastened the work of Time;
And the cankering tooth of ingratitude
Had withered his manhood's prime.

But he turned from earth, and he looked to the sky,
His sorrow by faith beguiling;
Where Mercy sits enthroned on high,
With his loved ones round her smiling.

He looked to Eternity's bright shore,
From the wreck of perished years;
And Mercy's voice, through the storm's wild roar,
Came down to sooth his fears.

That gentle voice has charmed away
The frenzy from his brain;
And his withered heart, in her eye's mild ray,
May bud and bloom again;

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And her smile has chased the gloom from his brow,
So late by clouds o'ercast;
And his cheek is bright with the sun-set glow,
That tells that the Storm is past.

And his heart returns to the world again,
But forgets not the world above;
For Heaven sends love to sooth earthly pain,
But Heaven's whole bliss is Love.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SONNET.

BY R. H. WILDE, *Of Georgia.*

Thou hast thy faults VIRGINIA!—yet I own
I love thee still, although no son of thine;
For I have climb'd thy mountains, not alone—
And made the wonders of thy vallies mine,
Finding from morning's dawn 'till day's decline
Some marvel yet unmarked—some peak whose throne
Was loftier; girt with mist, and crown'd with pine,
Some deep and rugged glen with copse o'ergrown,
The birth of some sweet valley, or the line
Traced by some silver stream that murmured lone;
Or the dark cave where hidden crystals shine,
Or the wild arch across the blue sky thrown;*
Or else those traits of nature, more divine
That in some favored child of thine had shone.

[The following letter, written by a distinguished President of the oldest College in Virginia, has been already or rather formerly before the public;—but no apology is necessary for transferring it to the columns of the "Messenger." Its elegant style and still more excellent sentiments, will always command admiration,—and we doubt whether we could render a more essential service to society than to republish it annually, in order that every young married lady (at least within the range of our subscription) should receive the benefit of its precepts. Certain we are, that more wholesome advice conveyed in more agreeable language, we have seldom seen contained in the same space. It is of itself a volume of instruction, and we do most cheerfully recommend it to the softer sex, whether married or single; for the married may profit by it even after years of conjugal tranquillity—and the single may at least *expect* to profit. It is more especially applicable, however, to her who has just sworn her vows on the altar of hymen—whose life of bliss and peace, or misery and discord, may depend upon the first six or twelve months of "prudent, amiable, uniform conduct."

Let it not be understood, however, that we are believers in the doctrine, that the pleasures of the matrimonial voyage are wholly dependant upon the conduct of the lady. She is but the second in command, and still greater responsibilities rest upon him who stands at the helm and guides the frail bark of human happiness We should indeed be thankful if some of our highly gifted and experienced friends would prepare a *counterpart* to this valuable letter of advice, designed more particularly for the edification of such of us lords of creation as have either contracted or are likely to contract the nuptial bond. As to the old bachelors they are an incorrigible race, upon whom such advice would be wasted, and therefore they need not trouble themselves to read it.]

Advice from a Father to his Only Daughter.

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

My dear Daughter,—You have just entered into that state which is replete with happiness or misery. The issue depends upon that prudent, amiable, uniform conduct, which wisdom and virtue so strongly recommend, on the one hand, or on that imprudence which a want of reflection or passion may prompt, on the other.

You are allied to a man of honor, of talents, and of an open, generous disposition. You have, therefore, in your power, all the essential ingredients of domestic happiness; it cannot be marred, if you now reflect upon that system of conduct which you ought invariably to pursue—if you now see clearly, the path from which you will resolve never to deviate. Our conduct is often the result of whim or caprice, often such as will give us many a pang, unless we see beforehand, what is always the most praiseworthy, and the most essential to happiness.

The first maxim which you should impress deeply upon your mind, is, never to attempt to control your husband by opposition, by displeasure, or any other mark of anger. A man of sense, of prudence, of warm feelings, cannot, and will not, bear an opposition of any kind, which is attended with an angry look or expression. The current of his affections is suddenly stopped; his attachment is weakened; he begins to feel a mortification the most pungent; he is belittled even in his own eyes; and be assured, the wife who once excites those sentiments in the breast of a husband, will never regain the high ground which she might and ought to have retained. When he marries her, if he be a good man, he expects from her smiles, not frowns; he expects to find in her one who is not to control him—not to take from him the freedom of acting as his own judgment shall direct, but one who will place such confidence in him, as to believe that his prudence is his best guide. Little things, what in reality are mere trifles in themselves, often produce bickerings, and even quarrels. Never permit them to be a subject of dispute; yield them with pleasure, with a smile of affection. Be assured that one difference outweighs them all a thousand, or ten thousand times. A difference with your husband ought to be considered as the greatest calamity—as one that is to be most studiously guarded against; it is a demon which must never be permitted to enter a habitation where all should be peace, unimpaired confidence, and heartfelt affection. Besides, what can a woman gain by her opposition or her differences? Nothing. But she loses every thing; she loses her husband's respect for her virtues, she loses his love, and with that, all prospect of future happiness. She creates her own misery, and then utters idle and silly complaints, but utters them in vain. The love of a husband can be retained only by the high opinion which he entertains of his wife's goodness of heart, of her amiable disposition, of the sweetness of her temper, of her prudence, and of her devotion to him. Let nothing upon any occasion, ever lessen that opinion. On the contrary, it should augment every day: he should have much more reason to admire her for those excel-

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* The Natural Bridge.

lent qualities, which will cast a lustre over a virtuous woman, when her personal attractions are no more.

Has your husband staid out longer than you expected? When he returns, receive him as the partner of your heart. Has he disappointed you in something you expected, whether of ornament, or furniture, or of any convenience? Never evince discontent; receive his apology with cheerfulness. Does he, when you are housekeeper, invite company without informing you of it, or bring home with him a friend? Whatever may be your repast, however scanty it may be, however impossible it may be to add to it, receive them with a pleasing countenance, adorn your table with cheerfulness, give to your husband and to your company a hearty welcome; it will more than compensate for every other deficiency; it will evince love for your husband, good sense in yourself, and that politeness of manners, which acts as the most powerful charm! It will give to the plainest fare a zest superior to all that luxury can boast. Never be discontented on any occasion of this nature.

In the next place, as your husband's success in his profession will depend upon his popularity, and as the manners of a wife have no little influence in extending or lessening the respect and esteem of others for her husband, you should take care to be affable and polite to the poorest as well as to the richest. A reserved haughtiness is a sure indication of a weak mind and an unfeeling heart.

With respect to your servants, teach them to respect and love you, while you expect from them a reasonable discharge of their respective duties. Never tease yourself, or them, by scolding; it has no other effect than to render them discontented and impertinent. Admonish them with a calm firmness.

Cultivate your mind by the perusal of those books which instruct while they amuse. Do not devote much of your time to novels; there are a few which may be useful in improving and in giving a higher tone to our moral sensibility; but they tend to vitiate the taste, and to produce a disrelish for substantial intellectual food. Most plays are of the same cast; they are not friendly to the delicacy which is one of the ornaments of the female character. History, Geography, Poetry, Moral Essays, Biography, Travels, Sermons, and other well written religious productions, will not fail to enlarge your understanding, to render you a more agreeable companion, and to exalt your virtue. A woman devoid of rational ideas of religion, has no security for her virtue; it is sacrificed to her passions, whose voice, not that of God, is her only governing principle. Besides, in those hours of calamity to which families must be exposed, where will she find support, if it be not in her just reflections upon that all ruling Providence which governs the Universe, whether animate or inanimate.

Mutual politeness between the most intimate friends, is essential to that harmony, which should never be once broken or interrupted. How important then is it between man and wife!—The more warm the attachment, the less will either party bear to be slighted, or treated with the smallest degree of rudeness or inattention. This politeness, then, if it be not in itself a virtue, is at least the means of giving to real goodness a new lustre; it is the means of preventing discontent, and even quarrels; it is the oil of intercourse, it removes asperities, and gives to every thing a smooth, an even, and a pleasing movement.

I will only add, that matrimonial happiness does not depend upon wealth; no, it is not to be found in wealth; but in minds properly tempered and united to our respective situations. Competency is necessary; all beyond that point, is ideal. Do not suppose, however, that I would not advise your husband to augment his property by all honest and commendable means. I would wish to see him actively engaged in such a pursuit, because engagement, a sedulous employment, in obtaining some laudable end, is essential to happiness. In the attainment of a fortune, by honorable means, and particularly by professional exertion, a man derives particular satisfaction, in self applause, as well as from the increasing estimation in which he is held by those around him.

In the management of your domestic concerns, let prudence and wise economy prevail. Let neatness, order and judgment be seen in all your different departments. Unite liberality with a just frugality; always reserve something for the hand of charity; and never let your door be closed to the voice of suffering humanity. Your servants, in particular, will have the strongest claim upon your charity;—let them be well fed, well clothed, nursed in sickness, and never let them be unjustly treated.

ORIGINAL LITERARY NOTICES.

VATHEK—An Oriental Tale, by Mr. Beckford, author of Italy, &c. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1834.

The publishers of this *fashionable* romance, by way of smoothing its path to general reception and favor, have attached to the title page various opinions expressed by English journalists,—to wit: The *Quarterly Review* says, "a very remarkable performance. It continues in possession of all the celebrity it once commanded." The "*Printing Machine*" (a paper we presume of that name) says, "As an Eastern story, we know nothing produced by an European imagination that can stand a comparison with this work." The *Morning Post* exclaims, "The finest Oriental tale extant!" and the "*Gentleman's Magazine*," pronounces it "a creation of genius that would immortalize its author at any time, and under any taste." These are very imposing authorities, and superadded to them all, it is said that Mr. Beckford is now living, is one of the richest men in England, and occupies so high a rank in social life, that royalty itself has been known to court his society. Nor is this all. Lord Byron pronounced "Vathek" to be a most surpassing production—far superior as an Eastern tale, to the "Rassalais" of Johnson,—and whatever has been said by Lord Byron, especially in matters of taste, will pass with some persons as incontrovertible orthodoxy. We have not examined particularly to ascertain what our own critics have said on the subject; but we believe that some of them at least, have echoed the plaudits of the British periodicals. Be this as it may, we happen to have an honest opinion of our own, and we must say, in our poor judgment, that a more impure, disgusting, and execrable production, than this same "Vathek," never issued from the English or American press. That the author was a youth of extraordinary genius, is acknowledged; (he wrote before twenty years of age)—but it was ge-

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nius totally perverted and poisoned at its source. The work could have been written by no one whose heart was not polluted at its very core. Obscene and blasphemous in the highest degree, its shocking pictures are in no wise redeemed by the beauty and simplicity of Oriental fiction. We should pronounce it, without knowing any thing of Mr. Beckford's character, to be the production of a sensualist and an infidel—one who could riot in the most abhorred and depraved conceptions—and whose prolific fancy preferred as its repast all that was diabolical and monstrous, rather than what was beautiful and good. We shall not even attempt a detailed account of this volume—but when such works are recommended to public favor, we think it is time that criticism should brandish its rod, and that the genius of morality—if there be such a spirit in our land—should frown down the effort.

LEISURE HOURS, or the American Popular Library; conducted by an Association of Gentlemen. Boston: *John Allen & Co.* 1835.

Here is another contribution to the constantly increasing store of popular literature. If the present generation does not surpass all its predecessors in the acquisition of knowledge in its various forms, it will not be from any deficiency of intellectual food. In England, the Family Library, the Libraries of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, the Penny Magazine, and innumerable other productions of the same class, are employed to diffuse through every portion of society, sound and valuable instruction; and many of these excellent publications are not only reprinted in the United States, but the time is not distant when we may justly boast of others of entirely domestic origin. The work before us seems to have been commenced under favorable auspices, and with laudable objects. The editors in their advertisement, which we quote at length for the benefit of our readers, "propose to publish, at convenient intervals, a series of volumes of standard merit, calculated to interest and instruct every class of the community. Although they have chosen for the title of the series, the name of the American Popular Library, it is not to be understood that it is to consist wholly, or even principally, of American works. Nor, on the other hand, will any work, however popular, be introduced into the series, unless, in the opinion of the editors, it shall possess such a character as will secure to it a continued reputation, after it shall have ceased to interest by its novelty. In their selections they do not propose to be limited to any one class of works, but to include such books in each department, as shall appear to them to be most deserving of a place in the library of an enlightened christian family.

It seems to them important, that the attention of our reading community should be turned to works of more *permanent* value, than belongs to most of the periodical literature of the day, or at least that it should not be confined exclusively to works of only a temporary interest. The spirit of the times appears also to demand, that the separation, which has too often been made between elegant literature and pure christianity, should cease to exist, and that a christian literature should take the place of that, which has, in many cases, begun and ended in infidelity. It is the design of the editors of this publication to promote, so far as shall be in their power, the union of polite literature, sound learning and christian morals. Beyond this they do not suppose it necessary that they should pledge themselves to the public. A sufficient security for their patrons seems to be provided, in leaving it optional with the purchaser to take only such part of the series as he may choose.

"It is intended that a volume of nearly uniform size shall be issued every two or three months, or in such a manner that four or five volumes shall appear annually."

As a specimen of the work, we select at random the following story of

MY TWO AUNTS.

Philosophers tell us that we know nothing but from its opposite; then I certainly know my two aunts very perfectly, for greater opposites were never made since the formation of light and darkness; but they were both good creatures—so are light and darkness both good things in their place. My two aunts, however, were not so appropriately to be compared to light and darkness as to crumb and crust—the crumb and crust of a new loaf; the crumb of which is marvellously soft, and the crust of which is exceedingly crisp, dry and snappish. The one was my father's sister, and the other was my mother's; and very curiously it happened that they were both named Bridget. To distinguish between them, we young folks used to call the quiet and easy one aunt Bridget, and the bustling, worrying one, aunt Fidget. You never, in the whole course of your life, saw such a quiet, easy, comfortable creature as aunt Bridget—she was not immoderately large, but prodigiously fat. Her weight did not exceed twenty stone, or two-and-twenty at the utmost—but she might be called prodigiously fat, because she was all fat; I don't think there was an ounce of lean in her whole composition. She was so imperturbably good natured, that I really do not believe that she was ever in a passion in the whole course of her life. I have no doubt that she had her troubles: we all have troubles, more or less; but aunt Bridget did not like to trouble herself to complain. The greatest trouble that she endured, was the alternation of day and night: it was a trouble to her to go up stairs to bed, and it was a trouble to her to come down stairs to breakfast; but, when she was once in bed, she could sleep ten hours without dreaming; and when she was once up, and seated in her comfortable arm-chair, by the fireside, with her knitting apparatus in order, and a nice, fat, flat, comfortable quarto volume on a small table at her side, the leaves of which volume she could turn over with her knitting needle, she was happy for the day: the grief of getting up was forgotten, and the trouble of getting to bed was not anticipated. Knowing her aversion to moving, I was once saucy enough to recommend her to make two days into one, that she might not have the trouble of going up and down stairs so often. Any body but aunt Bridget would have boxed my ears for my impertinence, and would, in so doing, have served me rightly; but she, good creature, took it all in good part, and said, "Yes, my dear, it would save trouble, but I am afraid it would not be good for my health—I should not have exercise enough." Aunt Bridget loved quiet, and she lived in the quietest place in the world. There is not a spot in the deserts of Arabia, or in the Frozen Ocean, to be for a moment compared for quietness with Hans-place—

"The very houses seem asleep;"

and when the bawlers of milk, mackerel, dabs, and flounders, enter the placid precincts of that place, they scream with a subdued violence, like the hautboy played with a piece of cotton in the bell. You might almost fancy that oval of building to be some mysterious egg, on which the genius of silence had sat brooding ever since the creation of the world, or even before Chaos had combed its head and washed its face. There

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is in that place a silence that may be heard, a delicious stillness which the ear drinks in as greedily as the late Mr. Dando used to gulp oysters. It is said that, when the inhabitants are all asleep, they can hear one another snore. Here dwelt my aunt Bridget—kindest of the kind, and quietest of the quiet. But good nature is terribly imposed upon in this wicked world of ours; and so it was with aunt Bridget. Her poulterer, I am sure, used to charge her at least ten per cent. more than any of the rest of his customers, because she never found fault. She was particularly fond of ducks, very likely from a sympathy with their quiet style of locomotion; but she disliked haggling about the price, and she abhorred the trouble of choosing them; so she left it to the man's conscience to send what he pleased, and to charge what he pleased. I declare that I have seen upon her table such withered, wizened, toad-like villains of half-starved ducks, that they looked as if they had died of the whooping-cough. And if ever I happened to say any thing approaching to reproach of the poulterer, aunt would always make the same reply,—"I don't like to be always finding fault." It was the same with her wine as it was with her poultry: she used to fancy that she had Port and Sherry; but she never had any thing better than Pontac and Cape Madeira. There was one luxury of female life which my aunt never enjoyed—she never had the pleasure of scolding the maids. She once made the attempt, but it did not succeed. She had a splendid set of Sunday crockery, done in blue and gold; and, by the carelessness of one of her maids, the whole service was smashed at one fell swoop. "Now, that is too bad," said my aunt; "I really will tell her of it" So I was in hopes of seeing aunt Bridget in a passion, which would have been as rare a sight as an American aloe in blossom. She rang the bell with most heroic vigor, and with an expression of almost a determination to say something very severe to Betty, when she should make her appearance. Indeed, if the bell-pull had been Betty, she might have heard half the first sentence of a terrible scolding; but before Betty could answer the summons of the bell, my aunt was as cool as a turbot at a tavern dinner. "Betty," said she, "are they all broke?" "Yes, ma'am," said Betty. "How came you to break them?" said my aunt. "They slipped off the tray, ma'am," replied Betty. "Well, then, be more careful another time," said my aunt. "Yes, ma'am," said Betty.

Next morning, another set was ordered. This was not the first, second, or third time that my aunt's crockery had come to an untimely end. My aunt's maids had a rare place in her service. They had high life below stairs in perfection; people used to wonder that she did not see how she was imposed upon: bless her old heart! she never liked to see what she did not like to see—and so long as she could be quiet she was happy. She was a living emblem of the Pacific Ocean.

But my aunt Fidget was quite another thing. She only resembled my aunt Bridget in one particular; that is, she had not an ounce of lean about her; but then she had no fat neither—she was all skin and bone; I cannot say for a certainty, but I really believe, that she had no marrow in her bones: she was as light as a feather, as dry as a stick, and, had it not been for her pattens, she must have been blown away in windy weather. As for quiet, she knew not the meaning of the word: she was flying about from morning till night, like a fagot in fits, and finding fault with every body and every thing. Her tongue and her toes had no sinecures. Had she weighed as many pounds as my aunt Bridget weighed stones, she would have worn out half-a-dozen pair of shoes in a week. I don't believe that aunt Bridget ever saw the inside of her kitchen, or that she knew exactly where it was; but aunt Fidget was in all parts of the house at once—she saw every thing, heard every thing, remembered every thing, and scolded about every thing. She was not to be imposed upon, either by servants or trades-people. She kept a sharp look out upon them all. She knew when and where to go to market. Keen was her eye for the turn of the scale, and she took pretty good care that the butcher should not dab his mutton chops too hastily in the scale, making momentum tell for weight. I cannot think what she wanted with meat, for she looked as if she ate nothing but raspings, and drank nothing but vinegar. Her love of justice in the matter of purchasing was so great, that when her fishmonger sent her home a pennyworth of sprats, she sent one back to be changed because it had but one eye.

She had such a strict inventory of all her goods and chattels, that, if any one plundered her of a pin, she was sure to find it out. She would miss a pea out of a peck; and she once kept her establishment up half the night to hunt for a bit of cheese that was missing—it was at last found in the mouse-trap. "You extravagant minx," said she to the maid, "here is cheese enough to bait three mouse-traps;" and she nearly had her fingers snapped off in her haste to rescue the cheese from its prison. I used not to dine with my aunt Fidget so often as with my aunt Bridget, for my aunt Fidget worried my very life out with the history of every article that was brought to table. She made me undergo the narration of all that she had said, and all that the butcher or poulterer had said, concerning the purchase of the provision; and she used always to tell me what was the price of mutton when her mother was a girl—two pence a pound for the common pieces, and twopence-halfpenny for the prime pieces. Moreover, she always entertained me with an account of all her troubles, and with the sins and iniquities of her abominable servants, whom she generally changed once a month. Indeed, had I been inclined to indulge her with more of my company, I could not always manage to find her residence; for she was moving about from place to place, so that it was like playing a game of hunt the slipper to endeavor to find her. She once actually threatened to leave London altogether, if she could not find some more agreeable residence than hitherto it had been her lot to meet with. But there was one evil in my aunt Fidget's behavior, which disturbed me more than any thing else; she was always expecting that I should join her in abusing my placid aunt Bridget. Aunt Bridget's style of house-keeping was not, perhaps, quite the pink of perfection, but it was not for me to find fault with it; and if she did sit still all day, she never found fault with those who did not; she never said any thing evil of any of her neighbors. Aunt Fidget might be flying about all day like a witch upon a broomstick; but aunt Bridget made no remarks on it; she let her fly. The very sight of aunt Fidget was enough to put one out of breath—she whisked about from place to place at such a rapid rate, always talking at the rate of nineteen to the dozen. We boys used to say of her that she never sat long enough in a chair to warm the cover. But she is gone—*requiescat in pace*;* and that is more than ever she did in her life-time.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

In presenting the fourth number of the "Messenger" to the public, we are gratified in announcing the continued support of our friends and correspondents, and the increasing ardor with which the work is patronized. Far more to the great cause of southern literature, than to our own humble efforts, is it owing that we are encouraged from a variety of quarters to persevere in our labors; and our generous well wishers may rely, that we are not disposed to look back or falter in our course,—borne as we are upon the "full tide of successful experiment." Let but our friends continue to take an interest in our cause, and this work will soon be placed beyond contingent evils. It will become the

* May she rest in peace.

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arena, where southern minds especially, may meet in honorable collision; and when we say *southern* minds, let us not be understood as slighting or undervaluing the rich and valuable aid which we hope to receive from our northern and eastern brethren. Far from it. We desire to emulate their own noble efforts in behalf of American literature, and to stir up our more languid countrymen, to imitate their industry, and to hope for their success.

The rights and duties of the editorial chair, especially in the infancy of a literary work, are extremely delicate. Taste is so subtle, variable and uncertain a quality, that, for an editor to establish his own, as a fixed and immutable standard—would seem invidious, if not absolutely odious. On the other hand, some judgment and discrimination must be exercised, or the consequences might be still more injurious. The indiscriminate admission of *all* pretenders, would be disparaging and unjust to those whose claims are unquestionable. The true view of the subject we take to be this—not to exclude all contributions which do not display a high degree of merit—especially if their authors are young and evince a desire to excel. One object of a work like the "Messenger," is to *improve* the exercise of thought and the habit of composition. A literary novice, when he sees himself in print, and contrasts his productions with those of more mature minds and more practised hands, will muse himself to greater effort. It may encourage and stimulate him to more decided and brilliant exertion. Fine writing is not the acquisition of a day or a year; it requires, in order to the full attainment of success,—long, continued and unwearied application.

We make these remarks, because we are not entirely satisfied ourselves, with *all* the articles either in prose or verse, admitted into the present number. We did not think, however, that any of them deserved exclusion. In some of those which are published, may be perceived undoubted indications of genius,—and in the rest, evidences of high capacity to excel.

In noticing some of the pieces, we hope it will not be supposed that we pass sentence of inferiority upon such as we omit to mention. Our object is to ask the particular attention of the reader to those which have afforded us peculiar pleasure.

It is with unalloyed satisfaction, that we continue the very able and interesting account of "*Tripoli and the Barbary States.*" The author has thrown around authentic narrative, all the charms of romance; and we perfectly agree with a contemporary editor in this city, that he has reached in a very high degree the interest and dignity of the true historic style.

The description of *Howard's Bottom*, under the head of "*Western Scenery,*" will be at once recognized as the production of a practised and polished pen.

If the "*Hints to Students of Geology,*" by an able proficient in the science, shall serve to stimulate the languor which prevails in Virginia on that subject, we shall be more than gratified.

In the "*March of Intellect,*" by V, there is a singular mixture of the serious and comic—of truth and caricature—which may not perhaps be agreeable to all readers. All, however, will concede to the author, vigor and fertility of mind,—with much of the "*copia verborum*" in style. We should have taken the liberty to apply the pruning knife to the luxuriant foliage of the "*Seasons,*" from the same pen,—had we not feared doing some injury to the fruit. The author has only to cultivate his fine talents, in order to attain a high rank in the art of composition.

There is a good deal of humor in the description of a Virginia "*Fourth of July,*"—and we hope the writer will repeat his effort. In the local and distinctive traits of our national manners, there is a wide field for the pencil.

With the "*Essay on Luxury,*" by B. B. B. H. we have taken some liberties, and crave his indulgence if we have been too free. Sometimes the finest thoughts and strongest reasoning, suffer injustice by inattention to style.

The author of "*Eloquence*" has our earnest exhortations to press on in the path which leads to renown. If we mistake not, he is actuated by the noble ambition to acquire distinction.

The "*Valedictory in July* 1829," now for the first time published, will command attention for the excellence of its precepts and doctrines upon the all important subject of female education. No one could be better qualified than the author, to enforce serious truths in a graceful and agreeable manner.

We beg the reader's particular attention to the original tale of "*Uncle Simon and the Mechanician.*" The author's admirable sketches derive additional value from the fact that they are not the mere creations of fancy, but exact copies from nature.

Some of our readers may perhaps complain, that more than a due proportion of the present number is devoted to the Muses. It may be so; but our apology is, that some of the pieces have been so long on hand, that to delay their publication would almost amount to exclusion. If all the poetry is not of equal quality, there is still enough which is excellent; enough to demonstrate beyond all question, that if our Bards would only take courage, and rise superior to the fear of foreign rivalry, the highest success would crown their efforts. Among the pieces which have afforded us more than ordinary pleasure, we may be allowed to enumerate the "*Peasant-Women of the Canaries,*" "*The Heart,*" and that which we have taken the liberty to designate by the title of "*True Consolation.*" The oftener that we read these, the more we like them; but we shall restrain the ardor of our own feelings, lest our readers should suppose we indulge the presumptuous thought of influencing their judgments.

It is with real pleasure that we insert two productions from the pen of the *Hon. R. H. Wilde.* These would be enough of themselves to disprove the charge of plagiarism preferred against that gentleman during the Georgia election, in respect to the charming lines which appeared in our first number, and which we stated were generally ascribed to him. It is to us passing strange, that the sacred repose of the republic of letters, should be disturbed by the agitations and conflicts of party politics. Notwithstanding that the authorship of "*My Life is like the Summer Rose,*" has been confidently claimed by some for O'Kelly, an Irish poet,—and by others for an ancient Greek bard named Alceus, we still adhere to the opinion that that beautiful effusion is the bona fide and genuine offspring of Mr. Wilde's muse. Upon this subject, however, we shall reserve a more particular expression of our sentiments for a future number.

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We have already expressed our opinion of the bards of Mobile and Tuscaloosa. May we not expect a continuance of their favors?

The humorous "*Parody on Bryant's Autumn*," or rather on his piece called the "*Death of the Flowers*," will strike every one acquainted with the productions of the New York bard, as an admirable imitation of his style. It is the more excellent, as Bryant's sombre imagery has been made to assume a light and sportive dress.

We could say much in commendation of many of our other poetical contributors, if it were not somewhat improper to invade too much the province of our readers. We hope, therefore, that they will not for a moment believe that we slight or undervalue their favors.

Extracts from the Letters of Correspondents.

FROM AN EMINENT LITERARY GENTLEMAN, NOW A RESIDENT OF LOUISIANA.

"I am domiciliated in the south for the residue of my days; and so far as residence, pursuit, and the home of those most dear to me may be supposed to impress local preferences, I am and long have been a southern man. But we all love our dear common country better than all that belongs to district and climate; and so loving my country, and so being proud of its best fame and honor, its literary advancement, I was decidedly pleased with your periodical. The writing, the printing, *the revision of the proofs*, the *ensemble*, are all unquestionably creditable to you. I am too old and too much hackneyed in the style of periodicals to compliment. The Richmond Messenger gives respectable promise. Periodicals have to me a kind of physiognomy. Some look sickly and death-doomed from their birth. Yours give signs of a vigorous and healthful vitality. May it live long and prosper.''

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FROM A DISTINGUISHED LITERARY LADY IN NEW YORK.

"I owe you a very humble apology for not having earlier acknowledged your first communication and the receipt of the first number of your work, which you were so kind as to send me. I was absent on a very long journey when they reached my residence, and then my reply fell into the ever open grave of deferred duties. I have since been gratified to hear from various sources that your enterprise was succeeding. It could hardly be otherwise, if you could once rouse the minds in your beautiful state, where inspiring subjects every where abound. Your request is very flattering to me, and I should most willingly comply with it, but that I have at present more work on my hands than I have energy to accomplish. At some future time, should you continue to desire my services, it will give me pleasure to render them."

—

FROM EASTERN VIRGINIA.

[A correspondent from whom we have received many favors, indulges in the following sportive strain. So far from being willing that he should "*sail before the mast*," we would rather see him take rank as OUR POST CAPTAIN.]

"I sincerely rejoice in the success thus far of your undertaking, and trust you have now been sustained long enough to give time to abler men to come to your assistance. I wish you a good crew and a pleasant voyage for your little frigate. I shall still occasionally sail with you before the mast as a common sailor, until somebody gives me the cat-o'-nine-tails, and then perhaps I shall stay at home and mind my business, which is *clodhopping*, and which is perhaps more suitable than the occupation I have lately been following."

—

"To read your paper is the *only one thing needful* to enlarge its circulation, to attract the attention, and to gain the affections of the reading part of the community. It is a work peculiarly interesting to southern literature, as its appeals are direct to the love of letters, to the generous pride, and to the chivalric patriotism of southerners. The monotonous sound of politics cannot but be disgusting."

Acknowledgements to Contributors, Correspondents, &c.

WE tender our thanks to the editor of the *Farmers' Register* for setting us right in respect to Mr. Peter A. Browne's letter on the mineral resources of Virginia. The republication of that letter in the Register had escaped our recollection entirely. We shall be much gratified in having the able co-operation of Mr. Ruffin upon a subject we have much at heart, to wit: a geological and mineralogical survey of the state. When the legislature shall have settled the exact limits of federal power, and the precise boundaries of state rights—if indeed these things can be done in our time—or when we shall have laid the broad and permanent foundation of a system of internal improvement,—we hope then at least to see Virginia treading in the paths of other states, and turning her attention to her own vast, and in some respects, hidden resources.

We owe a similar acknowledgement to Mr. Fairfield, editor of the North American Magazine, who informs us that Mr. Browne's letter also appeared in one of his numbers, but which in like manner escaped our notice.

The "*Remarks Delivered to the Law Class at William and Mary*," upon a subject deeply interesting to the south, shall appear in our next number.

The "*Letters from a Sister*," we have only had opportunity to glance at. We have no doubt that they will furnish a rich store for the entertainment of our readers.

The *Selections from the Manuscripts of Mrs. Wood*, are reluctantly but unavoidably excluded from the present number, but shall certainly appear in our next.

We have on hand a variety of poetical contributions, from which we shall cull liberally for our pages. As some literary appetites however, are cloyed by too many dainties, we must be somewhat particular in the arrangement of our table.

☞ The *Publisher* offers an apology to his patrons for the delay in the publication of the present number. The close of the year being, by common consent, a season of holiday recreation rather than of business, all just allowances will be made. He promises (always excepting unforeseen accidents and contingencies) to be more punctual hereafter. It is his desire to issue the Messenger, if possible, regularly between the 20th and last day of each month. Contributors ought to be governed accordingly. He tenders the compliments of the season to his patrons.

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

Vol. I.] RICHMOND, JANUARY 1835. [No. 5.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

And Present Condition of Tripoli, with some accounts of the other Barbary States.

No. III.

From 1798 to 1803, William Eaton, formerly a captain in the army of the United States, was their consul* in Tunis. As the character of this remarkable man will be best illustrated by the account of his proceedings in Barbary, it will be sufficient to premise that he had, before his mission to that country, given proofs of more than ordinary courage and capacity, and that the utmost confidence was placed in his honor and integrity by those who possessed the means of forming an opinion with regard to him. These are admirable qualities for a diplomatic agent; on the other hand, he was irritable and cynical, and was considered eccentric by persons who were unable to comprehend his views or his plans. Ever open and liberal himself, he could not easily conceal his contempt for those in whom he discovered signs of duplicity or meanness; and his irrepressible frankness on such occasions, was not calculated to render him an object of favor with a government which reprobated treachery only when it was unsuccessful.

The Bey Hamouda, to whom Eaton was accredited, was a man vastly superior to the generality of Barbary sovereigns; though free from none of the vices which appear to have fixed their seat in that portion of the earth, he was yet by no means their slave, being neither a brutal ruffian nor a luxurious sybarite. His passions, though violent, seldom obscured his observation, or led him to the commission of imprudences or wanton cruelties; and it was only by means of sagacity, energy and laboriousness such as he possessed, that the throne of Tunis could have been held by one man for thirty-two stormy years (1782 to 1815).

The intercourse between these two shrewd and fiery spirits, was a continued series of discussions and struggles, of attempted encroachments on the part of the Bey, and of obstinate resistance on that of Eaton. The African Prince soon perceived that the American was of a different stamp from the consuls to whom he had been hitherto accustomed, and whom he regarded in general as mere intriguers, or instruments for the conveyance of flattery and presents; and Eaton, although he could not like or respect the Bey, yet seems to have excepted him from the anathema of contempt in which he involved all other inhabitants of Barbary. In the accounts of their interviews, we see Hamouda ever anxious to secure advantages, yet at times displaying something like a feeling of national pride; Eaton placing the honor of his country as the first consideration, yet mindful of its smallest interests when they could be reconciled with this primary object: the Bey endeavoring to inveigle or surprise the American consul into a promise of his influence to obtain some future concession from his government; Eaton carefully avoiding, or boldly refusing the slightest encouragement to such expectations, well knowing that it would be construed and afterwards quoted as a definite or a partial engagement. These accounts are indeed only to be found in the despatches of Eaton. But independently of the character of the writer, his details bear every mark of truth, and together present one of the most original and interesting specimens of negotiation to be found in the annals of diplomacy. The strength and the weakness of these anomalous governments are there clearly exposed; and after the demonstrations thus given, it would have been unpardonable in the Americans to have longer persisted in the submissive course which they had been induced to adopt.

Eaton's first business was to have amendments made in a treaty which had been concluded between the United States and Tunis, through the agency of a Frenchman named Famin; this was effected, after a display of great ingenuity on both sides, and some mutual concessions. Then came the arrangement of the presents from the American government, which the Bey attempted to raise far beyond the amount agreed on, hinting that war might be the consequence of refusal. It was on this occasion that Eaton commenced his solicitations for the despatch of an American squadron to the Mediterranean—"Send the *stipulated* presents," said he, "but accompany them by a respectable force, and let them be tendered under our guns; if then refused, the obligation is at an end; delay, and we shall soon be obliged to redeem our citizens from slavery." No ship of war appearing to support the resistance of the American consul, the Bey increased his demands, requiring at one time a frigate, and afterwards ten thousand stand of arms. At length the appearance of Dale's squadron (1801) induced him to lower his tone and to suspend his exactions.

The war between the United States and Tripoli soon occasioned new difficulties, in the course of which the Bey showed himself well acquainted with the received principles of national law; and unfortunately the manner in which the operations of the American squadron were conducted, gave him the advantage in the argument. Tripoli had been declared in a state of blockade; yet months elapsed during which no ship appeared on the coast to enforce it; indeed the frigates (of which, with the exception of the schooner Enterprize, the American squadron was entirely composed,) were nearly useless for that purpose; the shallowness of the water enabling lighter vessels to leave or enter the port, by running some distance close to the shore. Eaton was unceasing in his solicitations to his government, and to the officers of the squadron, for the pursuance of more energetic measures; but his government adhered to its system of caution, and the naval commanders appear to have been affected with that jealousy or distrust which always exists in the minds of

* The consuls residing in the Barbary States, are considered as the representatives of their several governments, and are essentially diplomatic agents; although they are not so termed, out of respect for the Porte.

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such officers with regard to the representatives of their nation abroad, particularly towards those who are termed consuls. They received his recommendations with hauteur, and treated them with neglect; and on one or two occasions only could he obtain their co-operation.

The Bey seeing this, demanded passports for his vessels to carry grain to Tripoli, which they had been in the habit of supplying with that article. Eaton refused, alleging that it would be an infringement of the blockade. The Bey replied that no blockade existed *de facto;* and a series of discussions ensued, in which we see the Barbary Prince insisting on an observance of the rules of national law, and the American representative agent upholding a paper blockade.

The difficulties between Eaton and the Bey were much increased by the intrigues of the Tunisian ministers and officers; particularly by those of Sidi Yusuf, the *Seid-e-Tapa*, or Keeper of the Seal, commonly called the Sapatapa, a wretch who by the most infamous practices had amassed an immense fortune, and raised himself from the condition of a Georgian slave to the highest place in the ministry. To their ceaseless importunities for presents Eaton at first yielded; but finding that compliance only rendered them more frequent, and that the requests put on the form of exactions, he at length plainly refused, frequently clothing his denial in a sarcastic dress, or accompanying it by observations which no interpreter could soften into compliments. Indeed, on several occasions, when the inferior agents were insolent, he did not scruple to lay his cane over their shoulders; and even Famin the Frenchman, who had been the representative of his government in the negotiation of the treaty, felt the weight of his arm. These circumstances rendered him obnoxious to the whole Tunisian government, and every attempt was made to get rid of him, in order to obtain another consul who might be of more pliable stuff. Intimidate him they could not, but they succeeded fully in disgusting him.

Circumstances at length occurred which revived his hopes of seeing the honor of his country vindicated, and its relations with the Barbary powers established on a fair and firm basis. It has been stated that Hamet, the exiled Prince of Tripoli, had sought refuge in Tunis from the persecutions of his brother; he was there received and supported by the Bey, partly from compassion, but principally from political motives, as he might thus be employed to keep Yusuf in check. In the summer of 1801, it was suggested to Eaton by the ex-consul Cathcart, that the restoration of Hamet to the throne of Tripoli might in all probability be easily effected through the assistance of the United States, and that it would prove highly advantageous to American interests. Eaton at first paid but little attention to the suggestion; but afterwards having obtained information from Tripoli on which he could rely, that the Pasha was very unpopular, and his subjects ripe for revolt, he became acquainted with the Prince, and gradually communicated to him his views. He proposed that Hamet should proceed to Tripoli with the whole American squadron, and be there presented to the people as their rightful sovereign; if accepted, peace was to be made, on terms of which the principal were stated, one of them being the delivery of Yusuf to the Americans; if the inhabitants should however refuse to receive him, the war was to be prosecuted with vigor to a conclusion.

Hamet at first appeared to enter into the plan, and communicated information from which its success appeared still more probable; but his natural irresolution soon returned, and innumerable difficulties presented themselves to his imagination. The most serious ground of objection taken by him was, that his family were still retained as hostages in Tripoli, and the ruthlessness of his brother's character rendered it highly probable that he might exercise towards them any degree of violence, when prompted either by interest or revenge. To this, Eaton opposed the consideration, that the appearance of an overwhelming force, with the country too in arms against Yusuf, would impress upon him the inutility of resistance, and oblige him to enter into some arrangement for the release of Hamet's family, and the surrender of the throne. The exiled Prince would however make no promises, until he had been assured of the assistance of the American force, which Eaton immediately endeavored to obtain; but neither his instructions, nor those of the commander of the squadron, would warrant such proceedings; and indeed, as the proposition came from Eaton, it was of course reprobated and pronounced visionary by the latter. The consul therefore wrote to his government, detailing his plan, and urging its attention; and his health being much enfeebled, he determined to await an answer in Italy, for which country he sailed in December, 1801.

These projects could not be devised so secretly as to escape the vigilance of the Tunisian government; and they were soon communicated to Yusuf, by one of its ministers whom he kept in pay. They created in him the utmost alarm. He had just then involved himself also in a war with Sweden, and a fleet from that country had already entered the Mediterranean under Admiral Cederstrom, who had orders to act in concert with the Americans. His two largest vessels were lying useless at Gibraltar; and Morat Rais, without whom he could do little towards equipping others, was also at that place closely watched by his enemies.

In this state of things, he endeavored to amuse the Americans with propositions of peace; and the sovereigns of Algiers and Tunis being in consequence engaged by him as mediators, sounded the consuls of the United States at their respective courts, as to the dispositions of their government. Nothing definite could be drawn from either: they merely hinted what they hoped and believed, that nothing would be paid, either for peace or as tribute; and the mediators were not disposed to continue their good offices on such grounds. The Emperor of Morocco also undertook to load the ships lying at Gibraltar with wheat, and to procure for them, as his own property, American passports for Tripoli. These were however refused by the consul of the United States at Tangiers, and by the commander of their squadron; at which the Emperor was so much incensed, that he ordered the American consul to quit his dominions, and commenced hostilities against their commerce. Morat Rais, the Scotch renegade, was however conveyed on board a British ship of war to Malta, whence he easily passed over to Tripoli, much to the disappointment of Eaton, who considered him as the chief exciter of the difficulties, and as the only person in the Pasha's ser-

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vice at all acquainted with naval affairs. But very little advantage was derived from his skill; worthy Peter had indeed found it much easier to profit by the licenses of his new creed, than to submit to its restrictions, and some of his old propensities had probably been revived during his residence at Gibraltar; for after his return to Tripoli, he remained some time in a constant state of intoxication.

Yusuf still carried on his preparations for defence with great energy. Moors and Arabs were called in and enrolled, some principal persons from each village or tribe being kept as hostages in the castle. The Swedish and American prisoners were employed in repairing the fortifications, making gun carriages, &c.; and as no vessels could be built in Tripoli, some were purchased and prepared for use as cruisers.

But he had another object in view, of still greater importance; which was to get Hamet again in his power. In this the Bey of Tunis consented, it is said reluctantly, to aid him. Hamouda had no objection to see the Pasha of Tripoli in an embarrassed state, or indeed to have Hamet placed on the throne; but he was little inclined to favor the pretensions of the latter on the score of *legitimacy*, he himself being a usurper, and the heir to the throne of Tunis by regular descent, being a prisoner in his castle; he also apprehended that the success of Eaton's plan would encourage other christian powers to interfere in the concerns of Barbary. It was therefore proposed to Hamet to return to the government of Derne, which with his family, Yusuf offered to restore to him; and the proposition was accompanied by a hint that he would receive no farther supplies in case he remained in Tunis. The poor Prince thus driven to extremities was obliged to yield; a Russian vessel was in consequence engaged to convey him to Derne, and he was to be escorted by a guard of honor consisting of forty Tripoline soldiers, who had been sent to Tunis for the purpose.

Had these arrangements proceeded much farther, there can be little doubt as to what would have been the fate of Hamet; but information of them was conveyed to Eaton by the Sapatapa, whose services he had engaged before leaving Tunis. He was then at Leghorn, awaiting the determination of his government; no answer to his communication with regard to the restoration of Hamet had arrived, but he had just received a letter from the Secretary of State which authorized him to suppose that his plan would be favorably received. Therefore considering that the present circumstances were too important to permit delay, he hastily purchased and manned a vessel of fourteen guns, called the Gloria, and sailed in her for Tunis, where he arrived on the 12th of March, 1802. The Bey instantly demanded of him a passport for Hamet and his suite, who were on the point of departure. This he of course refused. Hamouda became outrageous, threatened to imprison him, and to declare war against the United States; but threats only suggested new resources to this energetic man, and his determination was soon taken. In order to secure himself however, he called a consultation of the principal Americans then in Tunis who having approved his measures, the Gloria was despatched with letters, to be delivered to the commander of the first American ship of war which could be met with, communicating the state of the affair, and requesting assistance to prevent the Prince from entering the Tripoline territory. The frigate Boston was luckily soon found; her commander, O'Niell, readily agreed to what was requested, and having commissioned the Gloria as an United States ship, to act against Tripoli, he sailed for the coast of Derne, in order to intercept the vessel carrying Hamet. The Gloria returned in a few days to Tunis. In the meantime Eaton had, by a promise of ten thousand dollars to the Sapatapa, to be given in case of the success of his plans, opened a communication with the Tripoline Prince, whom he was not permitted to see. Every means was used to operate on his hopes, his fears, and even his superstitious feelings. The prospects of his restoration by the aid of the United States, were contrasted with the danger, nay the certainty, of death, to which he exposed himself, by confiding in his cruel and perfidious brother; the prophecies of a Marabout, respecting his being replaced on the throne of Tripoli, by a people from the setting sun, were gravely and ingeniously repeated; and when all these representations had proved ineffectual, he was plainly assured that he would not be allowed to reach Derne, but that he would be attacked on his passage by the American squadron, and treated if taken, as a Tripoline enemy. The miserable exile had no other resource than to throw himself on the protection of the American consul. It was therefore arranged that he should sail ostensibly for Derne, furnished with a passport and also a private letter from Eaton, to be delivered to any American commander or other authority with whom he might fall in; and that the vessel should on the way put into Malta, under pretence of avoiding the Americans and Swedes. This was done, and Hamet landed safely at that island on the 11th of April.

The news of his arrival excited the strongest interest throughout Barbary. The Bey of Tunis pronounced that all was over with Yusuf, unless he made peace at once. The people of Tripoli were also much excited, as they expected an attack to be immediately made. Yusuf, though greatly alarmed, continued his preparations for defence; and it is said, assembled in the course of the summer, fifty thousand troops about the city; this was probably however, an exaggerated statement. His naval force ready for sea, amounted to one vessel of eighteen guns, one of sixteen, three of fourteen, and one of ten; with these, Morat Rais when a little sobered, proposed to sail for Gibraltar, and after releasing and manning the two vessels there lying, to put out on the Atlantic, where he expected to reap a rich harvest of prizes. In order to escape observation, he had provided his sailors with the dresses of christian nations; but this *ruse*, as well as the plan it was intended to promote, were soon communicated to the watchful Eaton, and by him to the officers of the squadron.

However Tripoli was so carelessly blockaded, that some of the vessels got to sea, one of which captured the brig Franklin, of Philadelphia, and carried her into Algiers, where an attempt was made to dispose of her and her crew. The American Consul at Algiers, remonstrated against this proceeding, and endeavored to procure the surrender of the brig and men, on the grounds that the Dey was bound, as guaranty of the peace between the United States and Tripoli, to cause her deli-

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very. The Dey replied, that he had engaged to act only as mediator, but not to employ force in having the treaty respected; and that moreover the principal parties to it being then at war, and the United States actually holding Tripoli under blockade, the treaty as well as the guaranty were in fact at an end. However, after some delay, the Tripoline was ordered to quit the place, which he did, taking his prize with him, to the little port of Biserta, in the Tunisian territory, sixty miles from the capital; and the next day (July 8) the brig and her crew were advertised for sale at Tunis. What were the feelings of Eaton on this occasion may be conceived; his application to Commodore Murray who commanded the squadron nominally blockading Tripoli produced no effect; and to his mortification he saw the cruiser quit the place with the American captives in irons, (the brig being left at Biserta,) and heard of its safe entry into Tripoli actually in sight of the frigate Constellation. As a last resource, in order to alleviate the miseries of their captivity, he wrote a moderate and conciliatory letter to the Pasha, recommending him not to allow the American prisoners to be sold as slaves, but to have them treated with lenity, to refrain from farther hostilities, and even to receive Mr. Morris, the captain of the Franklin, as the agent of the United States until affairs could be arranged.

The American ships of war soon after quitted that coast, to which they did not return until the spring of 1803, leaving the consuls to defend as they could their refusal to grant passports for Tripoli. Eaton maintained his ground with obstinacy, the others yielded; the consul at Algiers gave his passport to vessels which he knew were to be laden with wheat for Tripoli; and the agent at Tangiers actually gave his, to one of the Tripoline vessels of war which had been lying at Gibraltar, and which accordingly sailed for Tripoli, laden with wheat from Morocco. These circumstances when known, put an end to all consideration and respect for the American consul, and even for the American name in Tunis; as Eaton says, "it was a matter of exultation at that piratical court, that *the American consul had been abandoned by his countrymen*, and the occasion was seized *to humble his pride*." He had involved himself in great expenses in furtherance of his plans respecting Hamet, without authorization from his government; a portion of the sums expended had been obtained in Tunis, and the ten thousand dollars promised to the Sapatapa as a bribe, and which had been forfeited by his treachery, were now demanded as the balance in a mercantile transaction. Neither party could bring any written proofs, the case was therefore referred to the Bey, who of course decided against Eaton, and the successful minister on retiring from the hall of justice, sarcastically remarked, that *in Tunis they knew how to keep consuls to their promises*. The demand for a frigate from the United States was renewed, which Eaton, in spite of threats and attempts to bribe him, having refused even to submit to his government, his brig, the Gloria, was seized and charged with the conveyance of a letter to the President, containing the requisition; she however got safely to Leghorn, where she was sold.

All these things Eaton could only represent to his government, which he did in forcible language; he demonstrated the weakness of the Barbary States, and showing that they had not a single ship capable of withstanding a sloop of war, again urged the employment of smaller vessels. Finally he expressed a desire to "*be supported or displaced*," and that "*if farther concessions were to be made, he might not be the medium through which they were to be presented*."

Although Eaton almost despaired of procuring the means for executing his plan upon Tripoli, yet he maintained an active correspondence with Hamet, for whose support he advanced the necessary funds. Soon after the arrival of that Prince at Malta, he had met with Captain O'Neill, of the Boston, who appeared ready to forward the project by every exertion in his power, as also did the Swedish commander. Commodore Murray too, who came there with the Constellation, thought better of the affair, and offered to take him to Derne; but he preferred going privately, in an English brig, which he had chartered, and at length sailed in November (1802) for that place, where he was received with every demonstration of affection by the inhabitants, and the surrounding Arab tribes. He was soon after joined by a nephew, who had been living in exile in Egypt, at the head of a considerable force; and thus considering himself strong enough to commence his march upon the capital, he despatched a confidential messenger to Eaton, in order to inform him of the state of his affairs, and to hasten the arrival of the expected succors; he even assured him that the appearance of a single American frigate before Tripoli, would be sufficient to cause its surrender.

The receipt of this information must have been martyrdom to Eaton; he restrained his vexation as he could, and kept the messenger concealed in his house. At length, on the 22d of February, 1803, Commodore Morris appeared off the harbor in the frigate Chesapeake, and soon after landed with one or two of his officers. The object of his visit was to contest the demand made by the Bey, for the restoration of some Tunisian property, which had been seized in an Imperial vessel while it was endeavoring to enter Tripoli. After some discussion, it was agreed that the property should be restored; but this compliance only emboldened the Bey and his minister, to demand immediate payment of all Eaton's debts in Tunis, real or pretended; and on refusal of both the commodore and the consul, the former was actually detained in Tunis, and not allowed to communicate with his ship. As they were thus completely in the power of the Bey, who had besides, at least the semblance of right in his pretensions, nothing was left but to pay the money, which was done. During these proceedings Eaton by his animated remonstrances, and by the charges which he openly advanced against the minister, had so far irritated the Bey, that he ordered him immediately to quit the place, declaring, "that he was a man of a good heart, but a wrong head; too obstinate and violent;" and that he "must have a consul more congenial with the Barbary interests." Eaton therefore took his leave, and quitted Tunis on the 10th of March. Before his departure he had introduced Hamet's agent to the commodore, and the plans and resources of that Prince were exposed to him. Morris however, either did not partake of Eaton's conviction relative to the practicability of the scheme, or did not anticipate from its success results so favorable to his country as to warrant his interference. He therefore refused all immediate

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assistance, and only promised to appear before Tripoli in June, when, "*provided an equivalent were guaranteed to the United States in the event of success,*" he would furnish Hamet with "*twenty barrels of powder.*" He did indeed appear before Tripoli about the end of May, with five frigates and a schooner; but, with the exception of an unsuccessful attempt to destroy some vessels laden with wheat, which had been chased into the harbor of Old Tripoli, (the ancient Sabrata) he confined himself entirely to negotiations. Yusuf demanded two hundred thousand dollars and the expenses of the war "*for a peace,*" and on this being refused, he told the Commodore that "the business was at an end, and that he must depart." Morris quitted the coast immediately, leaving two frigates to blockade the port; he soon after received orders to return to America, where he was tried before a court martial, and received a severe censure for his inactivity and incapacity. Captain John Rodgers who was left in command, succeeded on the 21st of June in destroying the Tripoline ship of war of twenty-two guns, which as before stated had sailed from Gibraltar, loaded with wheat by the Emperor of Morocco. With Hamet no communication appears to have taken place.

Eaton arrived at Boston on the 5th of May 1803, and in June proceeded to Washington, to adjust his accounts, and to urge the adoption of more rigorous measures towards the Barbary powers. He appears to have been coldly received. His expenses incurred on Hamet's account, were not allowed by the Department of State, nor indeed were they completely admitted until they had been before Congress during its two ensuing sessions. His desire to be relieved from his situation, unless a more determined course were pursued, was considered as a resignation of his office, in which Mr. Cathcart had been appointed to succeed him; and instructions had been forwarded to that gentleman to negotiate both with Tripoli and Tunis, *on the amount* to be paid as presents and yearly tribute. To crown all, a letter had been written to the Bey, in which Eaton was declared "*to have gone beyond the letter and spirit of his instructions,*" and his acts were "*disclaimed as in opposition to his orders.*" With all these circumstances he was not indeed made acquainted immediately; but the manner of his reception did not impress him favorably with respect to the members of the Administration, and much increased his natural irritability.

The American government did not however neglect to take advantage of his information and experience; and news having arrived of some success on the part of Hamet, it was determined to send a much larger force to the Mediterranean. This squadron sailed on the 13th of August, under the command of Commodore Preble; and after halting a few days in the Straits of Gibraltar, in order to settle affairs with the Emperor of Morocco at Tangiers, it joined the other ships off Tripoli in October. A circumstance here occurred of the most disastrous nature, and which probably contributed more than any other, to prevent the dethronement of Yusuf, or the termination of the differences between the United States and the Barbary nations, in a manner entirely satisfactory to the former. The frigate Philadelphia, while in chase of a Tripoline ship on the 31st of October (1803), struck upon a rock at the entrance of the harbor of Tripoli with so much violence, that she remained immoveable by any means at the disposition of the crew, and consequently defenceless. Her situation being ascertained in the city, a number of gun boats were instantly sent out, to which, as no resistance could be made, she was of necessity surrendered. The crew, consisting of three hundred, with their captain Bainbridge, were transferred to the city; two days after the ship was got off, towed into port, and being easily repaired, was likely to prove a valuable accession to the naval strength of the Pasha.

The capture of the Philadelphia was however calculated to produce a moral effect infinitely more injurious to the American cause than the mere loss of the ship, and her acquisition by Tripoli. The skill, and even the personal bravery of the naval men of the United States, had been rendered doubtful by the proceedings of the two previous years; these doubts now assumed the form of a certainty, the most unfavorable and mortifying; and unless something had been immediately done to retrieve the honor of the flag, it must have quitted the Mediterranean in disgrace, or designated every ship over which it waved, as the bearer of tribute.

But there were noble spirits in the American squadron who determined that this should not be. On the night of the 15th of February, 1804, Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, accompanied by seventy resolute men, entered the harbor of Tripoli, in a small schooner which he had previously taken and called the Intrepid, and succeeded in boarding the Philadelphia, then lying under the guns of the castle. In a few minutes the Tripoline crew were overpowered; many were killed, others swam to the shore, and communicated the astounding facts. A terrible fire was instantly opened upon the ship from the castle and batteries, aided by those of two vessels lying near; and it being impossible to carry off the Philadelphia, she was set on fire. The Americans retreated to the Intrepid; a breeze fortunately sprung up; they were soon beyond the power of their enemies, and reached the ship which awaited them, without losing a man. The Philadelphia was totally destroyed.

This heroic achievement restored confidence to the Americans, and determined Commodore Preble to make a desperate attempt upon the city. His force had however been much reduced by the loss of the Philadelphia and the recall of other ships; and judging that an addition was necessary to afford any prospect of success, he proceeded to Naples, where he obtained from the King the use of two bomb vessels and six gun boats. These were strong, heavy, flat bottomed vessels, bad sailers, but manageable by oars, and well calculated for harbor operations. The gun boats mounted each a long twenty four pounder, and were manned by thirty-five men; the bombs carried thirteen inch mortars and forty men; several Neapolitan gunners and bombardiers were also engaged to assist in working them. The whole American force thus amounted to one frigate, (the Constitution,) three brigs, three schooners, two bombs, and six gun boats, carrying in all about one hundred and twenty guns, and one thousand and sixty men; and with this armament Preble appeared before Tripoli on the 25th of July, 1804.

Yusuf was not however taken unawares, and he had made formidable preparations for resistance. The number of his troops in the city was supposed to be twenty-five thousand; the batteries mounted one hundred and

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fifteen pieces of cannon; besides which, the harbor was defended by nineteen gun boats, two gallies, two schooners of eight guns each, and a brig of ten guns.

The weather was for several days unfavorable for an attack. At length on the 3d of August the American squadron approached the harbor, and began to throw shells into the town. The fire was returned from the batteries and vessels, and during five hours a constant cannonade was kept up on both sides. Three of the Tripoline gun boats were boarded and taken; their other vessels were materially injured, and much damage was done to the town and fortifications: but as nothing more could be effected, the squadron withdrew, having lost only one man, Lieutenant James Decatur, and had thirteen wounded.

The results not proving sufficient to bring Yusuf to terms, another attack was made on the 7th of August, which terminated less favorably to the Americans; one of their prizes having been blown up, and their whole loss amounting to fourteen killed, and four wounded, without having produced any notable injury to the Tripolines. On the evening of this day a frigate arrived from the United States, bringing information that a large reinforcement might be soon expected, under the command of Commodore Samuel Barron, who being the senior officer, would supercede Preble. This news caused a suspension of the attacks, during which Yusuf made offers of peace, on consideration of receiving five hundred dollars as the ransom of each of his prisoners. This offer was rejected at once, and the expected reinforcement not appearing, Tripoli was bombarded on the night of the 24th of August. On the 28th another attack was made, by which the castle and town suffered considerably, and three of the Tripoline gun boats were destroyed; and on the 3d of September another, with less success.

On the 4th a bold attempt was made to set fire to the vessels lying in the harbor, and injure the batteries. The schooner Intrepid, with which Decatur had executed his enterprise on the Philadelphia, was converted into a fire ship, being filled with powder and combustibles; and in it, with merely a boat attached in order to return after the fire had been communicated, Lieutenants Wadsworth, Somers and Israel embarked, and steered in the direction of the vessels. Two of the Tripoline gallies were seen to row towards the Intrepid, and place themselves one on each side of her; a terrific explosion then took place; the three vessels were shivered into atoms, and a number of shells fell, spreading destruction on the unfortunate town. Of those who had embarked in the Intrepid, nothing was ever heard. It is supposed that seeing escape impossible, they had involved themselves and their enemies in one common destruction.

No more attempts were made upon Tripoli during this season. The storms which prevail on that coast in the Autumn had commenced, and it was considered improper to expose the small vessels to their violence. They were therefore sent to Syracuse, the Constitution and two brigs remaining to keep up the blockade.

Information of the capture of the Philadelphia did not reach the United States until March, 1804; and it seems to have produced upon the American government the same effects which it had upon the officers of the squadron. It infused energy into its councils, and determined the President to act with more vigor than he had hitherto manifested; he resolved "to send to the Mediterranean a force which would be able, beyond the possibility of a doubt, to coerce the enemy to a peace, on terms compatible with the honor and the interests of the country." Four frigates were prepared for this purpose, and placed under the command of Commodore Samuel Barron, who was furnished with extensive authority, to act against or treat with the Barbary powers.

News had arrived that Hamet had met with some successes in his expedition from Derne against his brother, and the President "considering that concerted operations by those who have a common enemy were entirely justifiable, and might produce effects favorable to both, *without binding either to guaranty the objects of the other*," says in his instructions to Barron, "with respect to the ex-Pasha of Tripoli, we have no objection to your availing yourself of his co-operation with you against Tripoli, if you shall upon a full view of the subject, after your arrival upon the station, consider his co-operation expedient." Eaton had been appointed to accompany the squadron as navy agent for the Barbary states, with a view to his being employed, in case a junction with Hamet were determined on; but he was placed entirely under the orders of the Commodore, and is merely mentioned in the instructions to that officer as likely to be "*extremely useful*." Before the departure of the squadron, information was received that Hamet had been deserted by his followers, and had taken refuge in Egypt. Of his expedition no particulars appear to be on record, and no account can be obtained of the circumstances which led to his failure: but between Yusuf in possession, and Hamet as pretender, unsupported too by any man of strong character, and without resources, the contest could not have been doubtful. No change however was made in the destination of Eaton, who sailed with the squadron in the above mentioned capacity, in July, 1804, and arrived at Malta on the 5th of September following. He there learnt that Hamet, fearing to trust himself in the hands of the Turkish authorities in Egypt, had taken refuge among the revolted Mamelukes, in one of the provinces up the Nile. This did not discourage Eaton; determining at least to have an interview with the exiled Prince, he prevailed on Commodore Barron to commit the affair to his charge, and sailed with Captain Isaac Hull in the brig Argus for Alexandria, where he arrived on the 25th of November, 1804.

(*To be continued.*)

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

IMPROMPTU,

On seeing that the Publisher of the Messenger had changed the color of its covers.

So *you're changing your colors*, I see, master White,
But say now d'ye think it is perfectly right?
Yet I own, on reflection, it is not so wrong,
And the reason, I think, is sufficiently strong:
Give it up? Then I'll tell you at once to your shame,
You're a man of all colors yourself—by your *name*;
For all the seven colors, you know, must unite
To make the commixture that people call *white*.

P. Q.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Mr. White,—On looking over a young lady's Album a few evenings since, I met with the following lines, of which, with her permission, I immediately took a copy. I now enclose them to you for insertion in the Messenger, hoping that some one of your numerous readers may not only be able to tell me in what language they are written, but let me still further into the secret by giving me a translation of them.

"'Adhmhur mar dhia neo bhasmhor 'ta
"'N t'oglach gu caidreach a shuis re d 'sqa:
"Sa chluin, sa chith re faad na hùin
"Do bhriara droigheal, 's do fhrea gradh cùin."

I was also allowed to transcribe from the same source, two other pieces which I send you herewith, under an impression that they are well worthy a place in your interesting miscellany. * * *

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO MISS ————.

Younger heads will bow before thee,
Younger hearts than mine adore thee,
Younger lips due praises sing thee,
Younger hands choice flowers shall bring thee—
But when Time's unmelting frost,
Once hath chill'd Love's altar-flame,
Breasts, to passion's impulse lost,
Never after burn the same:
Then what has Age like mine to do
With youthful Beauty, pretty Lou?

Brighter eyes will sparkle near thee,
Quicker ears rejoice to hear thee,
Gayer forms around thee pressing,
Woo thy gentle arms' caressing:
But when Fate's severest blow,
Bursts the heart's most cherish'd ties;
Lays its long-nurs'd wishes low,
Hope dismay'd from misery flies:
Then what has grief like mine to do
With joyous Beauty, pretty Lou?

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE SYBIL'S LEAF.

Raven-hair'd! and yet so fair, in opening youth!
Dark-eyed! with snowy brow of beaming truth!
How can thy Destiny but happy be?
Loved of a hundred hearts! bright rising star!
Light that shall bless admiring eyes afar!
How many breasts shall wildly throb for thee?

Thine too, for one of kindred worth shall sigh,
With thought deep-seated in his soft blue eye,
Fair, but with sun-tinged roses on his cheek;
Liberal in speech, in action bold and free,
Save when with timid love he bows to thee
And silent muses what he dare not speak.

Thou hast not yet beheld, but shalt ere long—
And loved, drink in the music of his tongue,
And feel thy bosom a strange thrill pervade:—
Fortune and health shall on your union smile,
And lisping lips shall every care beguile,
Till late in peace, thy lamp of life shall fade.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

And Ruth said, entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.—Ruth i. 16, 17.

TO MY WIFE.

Where e'er thou goest I will go,
And share with thee in weal or wo—
And where thy wearied footsteps rest,
Thy head shall pillow on my breast.

Thy people shall my people be—
Thy kindred find a friend in me—
Thy God shall be my God—one hope
Shall bear our fainting spirits up.

My earthly joys with thee shall die,
And in thy grave forgotten lie—
So God in justice deal with me,
If aught but death part me and thee.

HANOVER.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE KISS.—*A la Moore.*

'Tis a sweet boy! his eye is bright,
Smooth is his cheek, and velvet soft,
And his rosy, pulpy lips invite
The kiss I give, in sooth, full oft.
How glows my eye, and my heart, how wild
It beats, as I kiss the lovely child!

But there's a cause ye little ken,
Why thus I love to kiss the boy!
If *thou wert absent*, Julia, then,
The kiss I love so soon would cloy,
'Twould not be half so oft as now,
'Twould not be half so sweet, I trow.

I mark when thy lip presses his,
And, ere the dewy moisture's flown,
I steal it with another kiss,
And dream I sip it from thy own!
E'en *such* a kiss thrills through my heart,
What bliss would thine own lips impart!

Written in the summer of 1827. P. H.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LOVE—MUTUAL BUT HOPELESS.

O! the light of thine Eye is the beam that falls
Through the narrow grate, on the Dungeon floor,
To show the sad captive the strength of his walls,
And remind him of joys he must taste no more.

And that melting voice is Love's whispered breath,
By night through that grated casement stealing,
To rouse him from slumbers as heavy as death,
To hopeless wishes, and useless feeling.

But that voice is dear to his wasted heart,
And dear to his eye is that lonely ray;
Though they wound his bosom, he loves the smart,
Nor wishes for death, but when these are away.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO DESPAIR.

Hail to thy tranquil and secure abode,
The gloomy refuge of the tortured breast;
Where anxious Care resigns his weary load;
And wasted Sorrow sighs herself to rest.

No treacherous Hope here flatters and deceives,
No shortlived Rapture cheats the ravished sense;
No airy dreams delirious Fancy weaves;
Hope—Rapture—Fancy—all are banished hence.

Here Fear, with startling cry, no more appals,
For he who knows the worst no harm can dread:
And keen affliction's dart as harmless falls,
As the vain storm that pelts the senseless dead.

Here no *fierce* Passions agitate the breast,
But Rage is quelled, and Hate forgets his foe:
Pride stoops; Ambition vails his haughty crest;
And Envy covets nought that kings bestow.

But Love still feeds the never dying flame,
Whose cold pale light scarce breaks the settled gloom,
Like the Sepulchral lamp, whose livid gleam
Watches above the Silence of the Tomb.

That light no more the dazzled sense beguiles;
That flame no more the frozen bosom warms;
Yet dear, as when, all bright in rosy smiles,
It led my faithful Laura to my arms.

But she is lost; and now this calm abode
Affords a refuge to my weary breast;
And Care, at length resigns his weary load;
And wasted Sorrow sighs herself to rest.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

My grandfather who had died at the age of eighty-six, was the first object I examined; his snowy locks had become, through the influence of the leaden mantle which enveloped him, of a blood color, &c. &c.—*Prince Puckler Muskau's visit to the vault of his ancestors.*

"Have ye torn away the fun'ral pall?—
Did ye strip each corpse to sight?—
Then leave me, in my ancestral hall,
I visit the dead to-night—"

The clock struck twelve and I took the lamp
With a solemn step and slow—
Down—down I went, and my echoing tramp
Rang deep in the vault below.

I saw the dust of centuries round;
And I felt my courage droop;—
My eyes were rivetted—strained—spell-bound—
By three of that awful group.

I stood in the charnel house of those,
Whose blood in my veins now ran;
My current of life seem'd nearly froze
As I strove the scene to scan.

An aged man with his "*gory locks*"
And sightless sockets was there,—
And *staring* seem'd from his leaden box
With a stern—reproachful air.

Wrapp'd in embroider'd cloth of gold,
Lay a noble knight and tall—
And I knew at once the warrior bold,
Who hung in my castle hall.

At head of his Cuirassiers,—there he
Was charging the flying Swede;
But here—oh pitiful sight to see!
The victor lay low indeed.

In a gorgeous robe of silk, here lay
The finest of female forms;
I did but touch her—she pass'd away—
My hand was alive with worms.

I sunk on my knees in fervent prayer;
Tears fell—and my bosom thaw'd;
Horror gave place to the feeling, there
Of trust in the mighty God.

I rose without or shudder or dread,
And I kiss'd that aged face;
I took a lock from the sightless head,
And calmly quitted the place.

But never again till I drink the cup
Of death—will I enter there—
The power of prayer, might bear me up—
But God, he hath said—forbear!!!

At the suggestion of a friend, whose fine taste selected the following effusion of the celebrated "Ettrick Shepherd," from some of the periodicals of the day, we gladly insert it in our columns. It is a most touching tribute of fraternal affection to an elder sister, from one of the most distinguished bards of modern times.

THERE'S NAE LADDIE COMING.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

There's nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean,
There's nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean;
I hae watch'd thee at mid-day, at morn, an' at e'en,
An' there's nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean.
But be nae down-hearted though lovers gang by,
Thou'rt my only sister, thy brother am I;
An' aye in my wee house thou welcome shalt be,
An' while I hae saxpence, I'll share it wi' thee.

O Jeanie, dear Jeanie, when we twa were young,
I sat on your knee, to your bosom I clung;
You kiss'd me, an' clasp'd me, an' croon'd your bit sang,
An' bore me about, when you hardly dought gang.
An' when I fell sick, wi' a red watery ee,
You watched your wee brother, an' fear'd he wad dee;
I felt the cool hand, and the kindly embrace,
An' the warm trickling tears drappin aft on my face.

Sae wae was my kind heart to see my Jean weep,
I closed my sick ee, though I wasna asleep;
An' I'll never forget till the day that I dee,
The gratitude due, my dear Jeanie, to thee!
Then be nae down-hearted, for nae lad can feel
Sic true love as I do, or ken you sae weel;
My heart it yearns o'er thee, and grieved wad I be
If aught were to part my dear Jeanie an' me.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Remarks on the Review of Governor Tazewell's Report.

Mr. White:—I have just read the Review of Governor Tazewell's Report to the Legislature, upon the subject of a Deaf and Dumb Asylum, in your last number, and am sorry to find that, amongst many things which I like, it contains some misstatements which, I think, do great injustice to that document, and to its author; and which I must therefore beg leave to correct.

In the first place, in noticing that part of the paper in which the Governor argues that as the last census shews that the whole number of deaf mutes in our State is only about four hundred and twenty-two, and the experience of other States, particularly Pennsylvania and Connecticut, has proved that only one-fifteenth of the whole number in any community can be drawn to such an institution, it is fair to conclude that the actual number of pupils who could be drawn to our asylum would not exceed twenty-eight; the Reviewer remarks that the Governor "seems to have founded his argument upon the supposition that the deaf and dumb pupils to be educated at the proposed asylum in Virginia, are to be maintained from their own resources, or the private liberality of their friends; whereas the very object of applying for legislative aid, is to enable many of these indigent children of misfortune to obtain instruction at the public expense." But this is obviously a misapprehension of the document; for the Governor says expressly in a passage quoted by the Reviewer himself, "the question seems to be resolved into this,—Can the Legislature reasonably promise itself, that *by the employment of any means which it ought to use*, it may concentrate at any point within this State *sufficient inducements* to draw thither the proper number of such pupils?" But it is quite apparent that among the "any means," and "sufficient inducements," which he was here speaking of, he included a provision for the support of indigent pupils, as a matter of course. Indeed, the very *object* of the establishment, as the Reviewer himself remarks, *implies* the propriety of such a provision, and the whole tenor of the Report accordingly takes it for granted throughout.

But the Reviewer asks: "If this was not the ground of the Governor's reasoning, why does he suppose that not more than one-fifteenth of the whole number of deaf mutes could be induced to resort to a seminary for instruction?" Why, for the reasons which he has so clearly stated, and which the Reviewer ought to have *understood*; that such had been the experience of other States, particularly Pennsylvania and Connecticut, and there was nothing to authorize the hope of a different result in our own case. Yet he asks, "Does he mean that a larger number could not be obtained if the public expense were proffered for their education and subsistence?" Undoubtedly he means this; for he says expressly in a passage which the Reviewer quotes, that in those States to whose experience he refers, "the *most liberal means* have been employed to attract to their long established asylums *all* of that class who might be induced to resort thither;" and he adds still more explicitly in another passage which the Reviewer does not quote, but which he ought to have read, speaking of the same institutions of Pennsylvania and Connecticut, "*The* only other aid" (besides acts of incorporation,) "which either of these seminaries has ever received since, from the several States within the limits of which they are situated, has been *the appropriation of a sum of money annually to pay for the instruction of a certain number of persons, the children of citizens of these States respectively, whose parents were in such indigent circumstances as not to be able to defray the charge of their education.*" It is apparent, then, that the Governor's reasoning on this point is entirely sound; whilst the criticism of the Reviewer upon it is founded altogether upon a mere misconception of his own.

But taking it for granted that the number of pupils in our asylum would not exceed twenty-eight, the Governor proceeds to inquire whether it would not be better to provide for the support and education of them, that is, of the indigent ones of course, at the asylum of one of our sister States, rather than to establish a new seminary for them within our own bounds; and suggests several reasons in favor of such a course. First, it would aid the cause of science, which he thinks would be much better promoted, in the "more sublime and long-hidden" branches of it at least, by all communities sending in their contributions to a common stock, wherever that may happen to have been first begun, rather than by their separately exerting themselves to domesticate those mysterious novelties prematurely within their respective bounds. Secondly, it would save money, which is the sinews of charity as well as of war, and ought therefore to be husbanded with great care. And thirdly, and above all, the proceeding, or rather perhaps the principle which it involves, would tend to strengthen the union, and bind the states together. Thus he says: "To all this let me add, that if there is any thing better calculated than any other to cement our union, and to keep bright the chain which I trust will bind these states together while time lasts, it will be found in the contribution of each to objects approved by all, without any jealous regard to the actual spot at which such a general good may commence. If a generous spirit of this sort is but once manifested, its effects will be soon seen and felt by all. Acts of kindness will not fail to induce forbearance, and to generate sympathy. When each State shall feel that for the aid it requires to accomplish any object of general utility, it may rely confidently on its co-states, there will be no more applications to the federal government to pervert the language of the constitution, in order to accomplish the unholy scheme of robbing a minority to enrich a majority. Then those who contend but for the spoils of the vanquished, may be safely left to the contempt which such a motive cannot fail to inspire with all the generous and the good. It would have been worthy of Virginia to set such an example; it is worthy of her to imitate that which others have already taught."

Now these views of the Governor may not be exactly correct, and I freely acknowledge that I do not adopt them myself; but what is there in any of them, I ask, that ought to excite the alarm, or kindle the indignation of the Reviewer? Obviously nothing at all. Yet after quoting them at full length, he proceeds to comment upon them in the following words: "It is in these passages that we think lurks the fallacy, and we might add the *mischief* of the Governor's views. He sets out first by deprecating all legislative interference on the subject." Where? In what part of the Report? For I

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have not seen such a thought in it; and I have read the whole, though the Reviewer it seems has not; and the passages under his notice most certainly do not suggest any thing like it. On the contrary, they directly advise that the Legislature *shall* interfere in the case, although not precisely in the Reviewer's way. But he goes on: "'Let us alone' is his cardinal maxim, and the maxim of the school of politicians to which he belongs. Let individuals take care of themselves, and of each other; but let not government presume to thrust its paternal care upon the community." And where does he get this idea from again? Not certainly from any thing in the Report before him. And was it right, then, was it courteous in him to travel out of the record to arraign the *political* opinions of the Governor, and the school of politicians to which he belongs? Was it proper even to glance at such a martial topic in the amicable columns of the *Literary* Messenger? Or if it was, and if the Reviewer believed that the favorite maxim of the Governor, and the school of politicians to which he belongs, is, "Let us alone," did he think it fair to represent him as holding it in all the extent of its terms, without limitation or reserve? Or, is the maxim itself utterly and absolutely false, to all intents and purposes whatever? And is there nothing—nothing at all—to which it may be properly applied? Is there nothing which the Legislature ought not to meddle with? If this is his opinion, it is easy to see to what class of politicians *he* belongs, and it is one whose *latitudinarianism*—but I will not follow the bad example which he has set me, and abuse your peaceable pages to expose the danger of its doctrines, and the folly of its flights.

But the Reviewer proceeds: "In the next place, however, if the State, according to his Excellency's notions, will officiously obtrude into these private matters, why then let the funds of the Commonwealth go abroad and enrich some sister State. These kind offices will brighten the chain of union which binds the states together. They will teach us all to rely more upon each other, and less upon the general government.—This is the sum and substance of the Governor's reasoning; and dangerous and fallacious as we believe it to be, we feel the stronger obligations, coming from the high quarter it does, to resist and refute it if we can." But is this a fair representation of the Governor's reasoning? Is it not rather a gross caricature of it? For, has the Governor hinted any thing like a proposal that our State should send her funds abroad to aid all the institutions of her sister states, instead of keeping them at home to support her own? On the contrary, does he not say expressly, "I will not admit that there is a single citizen within the limits of Virginia more desirous than I am to domesticate here every thing needful to the well being of the State?" And does he not accordingly take good care to confine his recommendation of a contribution to the institutions of other states, to cases of a peculiar character, in which, as in the instance of a deaf and dumb asylum, the object in view is to furnish a small portion of our citizens with the means of access to the "more sublime and long-hidden truths of modern science?" And does he not, moreover, declare it to be a part of his plan that every other State shall reciprocate the generosity of ours, so as to return a pretty fair *quid pro quo* into our exchequer? And what is there, then, that is so very "dangerous" in the Governor's reasoning? Nothing at all that I can see. Yet our Reviewer is so much alarmed at it, or rather at a phantom of his own imagination which he mistakes for it, that he flies off from the true point of inquiry, and instead of calmly answering the argument before him, as he might have done, breaks out into a warm and impassioned strain of protestation against a mere figment of his own, which is truly imposing; but unfortunately without object, and of course without point. Thus he asks, "did any one ever dream that Kentucky had given cause of offence to her sister states by erecting an asylum for the poor deaf mutes? We apprehend not." Why then does he ask the question? Has the Governer written any thing which fairly suggests such a singular query? Or was the Reviewer himself dreaming when he wrote? Yet he adds, "the truth is, that his Excellency the Governor is entirely mistaken in his views upon the subject!"—whereas the truth is, that his Highness the Reviewer is entirely mistaken in his views of the Report. But he keeps on, and adds: "What a ridiculous business it would be, if twenty-four families in the same neighborhoood were to act upon the principle, that each was to take care of all the rest in preference to itself!" Very true; but it is his own idea. The Governor's seems to be, that if the good old lady at the head of any one of these families should choose to send her little deaf and dumb daughter to the learned French master who was teaching a class of *sourd-muets* in her neighbor's house, instead of importing another Frenchman, (or Yankee, who stands ready to take any body's place,) to open a similar school in her own domicile, it might save money and increase love—especially if all the rest would act on the same principle in return. And is there any thing so very ridiculous in this? The same sort of hallucination runs through the remainder of the paragraph; but I cannot think it necessary to expose it any further.

I will only add that I agree entirely with the Reviewer in much, and perhaps all, that he has written so handsomely in favor of internal improvement, in the fullest sense of the phrase. I agree with him, more particularly, and most cordially, in thinking that we ought, by all means, to furnish and adorn our native state, as soon as possible, with every thing that can promote her happiness and honor, and make her as perfect and complete within her own limits, as any kingdom or commonwealth on earth can be. Of course, I agree with him also in condemning and stigmatizing, as he does, that abject and disgraceful spirit of apathy which has so long paralyzed our citizens, but which, I trust, we have now shaken off forever. But, at the same time, I am persuaded that Governor Tazewell would cheerfully unite with us in these views, to a considerable extent; and I cannot think it right or fair to charge him, either directly or by implication, with errors which, I am confident, he does not hold, and which, most certainly, he has not avowed in his Report.

A READER.

We extract the following from the "*Remains of the Rev. Charles Wolfe*," being the description of the "Dargle," or "Glen of the Oak," an enchanting scene in Wicklow county, Ireland, of which country Mr. Wolfe was a native.

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THE DARGLE.

We found ourselves at Bray about ten in the morning, with that disposition to be pleased which seldom allows itself to be disappointed; and the sense of our escape from every thing not only of routine, but of regularity, into the country of mountains and glens and valleys and waterfalls, inspired us with a sort of gay wildness and independence, that disposed us to find more of the romantic and picturesque than perhaps Nature ever intended. If, therefore, gentle reader, thou shouldest here meet with any extravagances at which thy sober feelings may be inclined to revolt, bethink thee, that the immortal Syntax himself, when just escaped from the everlasting dulness of a school, did descry a landscape even in a post,—a circumstance which probably no one had ever discovered before.

We proceeded to the Dargle along the small river whose waters were flowing gently towards us after having passed through the beautiful scenes we were to visit. It was here a tranquil stream, and its banks but thinly clothed; but at the opening of the Dargle-gate, the scene was instantly changed. At once we were immersed in a sylvan wilderness, where the trees were thronging and crowding around us; and the river had suddenly changed its tone, and was sounding wildly up the wooded bank that sloped down to its edge. We precipitated ourselves towards the sound,—and when we stopped and looked around us, the mountains, the champaign, and almost the sky had disappeared. We were at the bottom of a deep winding glen, whose steep sides had suddenly shut out every appearance of the world that we had left. At our feet a stream was struggling with the multitude of rude rocks, which Nature, in one of her primeval convulsions, had flung here and there in masses into its current; sometimes uniting into irregular ledges, over which the water swept with impetuosity;—sometimes standing insulated in the stream, and increasing the energies of the river by their resistance;—sometimes breaking forward from the bank, and giving a bolder effect to its romantic outline. The opposite side of the glen, that rose steeply and almost perpendicularly from the very brink of the river, was one precipice of foliage from top to bottom, where the trees rose directly above each other (their roots and backs being in a great degree concealed by the profusion of leaves in those below them,) and a broken sunbeam now and then struggled through the boughs, and sometimes contrived to reach the river.

The side along which we proceeded was equally high, but more sloping and diversified; and the wooding, at one time retiring from the stream, while at another a close cluster of trees of the freshest verdure advanced into the river, bending over it in attitudes at once graceful and fantastic, and forming a picturesque and luxuriant counterpart to the little naked promontories of rock which we before observed. Both sides of the glen completely enclosed us from the view of every thing external, except a narrow tract of sky just over our heads, which corresponded in some degree to the course of the stream below; so that in fact the sun seemed a stranger, only occasionally visiting us from another system. Sometimes while we were engaged in contemplating the strong darkness of the river as it rushed along, and the pensive loveliness of the foliage overhanging it, a sudden gleam of sunshine quietly yet instantaneously diffused itself over the scene, as if it smiled almost from some internal perception of pleasure, and felt a glow of instinctive exhilaration. Thus did we wander from charm to charm, and from beauty to beauty, endlessly varying, though all breathing the same wild and secluded luxury, the same poetical voluptuousness. This new region, set apart from the rest of creation, with its class of fanciful joys attached to it, seemed allotted to some creature of different elements from our own,—some airy being, whose only essence was imagination. As the thought occupied us, we opened upon a new object which seemed to confirm it. The profuse wooding which formed the steep and rich barrier of the opposite side of the river, was suddenly interrupted by a huge naked rock that stood out into the stream, as if it had swelled forward indignantly from the touch of cultivation, and, proud of its primitive barrenness, had flung aside the hand that was dispensing beauty around it, and that would have intruded upon its craggy and original majesty. It was here that our imaginations fixed a residence for the Genius of the river and the spirit of the Dargle. A sort of watery cell was formed by the protrusion of this bold figure from the one side, and the thick foliage that met it across from the other, and threw a solemn darkness over the water. In front, a fragment of rock stood in the middle of the current, like a threshold, and a spreading tree hung its branches directly over it, like a spacious screen in face of the cell. From this we began gradually to ascend, until *our* side became nearly as steep as the opposite, while the wooding was thickening on both at every step; so that the glen soon formed one steep and magnificent gulf of foliage. The river at a vast distance, almost directly below us; the glad sparkling and flashing of its waters, only occasionally seen, and its wild voice mellowed and refined as it reached us through thousands of leaves and branches; the variety of hues, and the mazy irregularity of the trees that descended from our feet to the river,—were finely contrasted with the heavier and more monotonous mass that met it in the bottom, down the other side.

In stepping back a few paces, we just descried, over the opposite boundary, the top of Sugar-loaf, in dim and distant perspective. The sensations of

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a mariner, when, after a long voyage without sight of shore, he suddenly perceives symptoms of land where land was not expected, could not be more novel and curious, than those excited in us by this little silent notice of regions which we had literally forgotten,—so totally were we engrossed in our present enchantment, and so much were our minds, like our view, bounded by the sides of the glen. This single object let in a whole train of recollections and associations: but the charm could not be more gradually and more pleasingly broken. The glen, still retaining all its characteristic luxuriance, began gracefully to widen,—the country to open upon us, and the mountains to rise; and at length, after a gentle descent, we passed the Dargle-gate, and found ourselves standing over the delightful valley of Powerscourt. It was like the transition from the enjoyments of an Ariel to those of human nature,—from the blissful abode of some sylphic genius, to the happiest habitations of mortal men,—from all the restless and visionary delights of fancy, to the calm glow of real and romantic happiness. Our minds that were before confused by the throng of beauties that enclosed and solicited them on every side, now expanded and reposed upon the scene before us. The sun himself seemed liberated, and rejoicing in his emancipation. The valley indeed "lay smiling before us;" the river, no longer dashing over rock and struggling with impediments, was flowing brightly and cheerfully along in the sun, bordered by meadows of the liveliest green, and now and then embowered in a cluster of trees. One little field of the freshest verdure swelled forward beyond the rest, round which the river wound, so as to give it the appearance of an island. In this we observed a mower whetting his sithe, and the sound was just sufficient to reach us faintly and at intervals. To the left was the Dargle, where all the beauties that had so much enchanted us were now one undistinguishable mass of leaves. Confronting us, stood Sugar-loaf, with his train of rough and abrupt mountains, remaining dark in the midst of sunshine, like the frowning guardians of the valley. These were contrasted with the grand flowing outline of the mountains to our right, and the exquisite refinement and variety of the light that spread itself over their gigantic sides. Far to the left, the sea was again disclosed to our view, and behind us was the Scalp, like the outlet from Paradise into the wide world of thorns and briers.

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From the Cincinnati Mirror.

PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS.

There never was an important discovery presented to the consideration of men, which was not opposed by all the force that scepticism could call to its assistance.—Truths, which at the present time are universally recognized, had to accomplish conquests over many obstacles, before their necessity or importance was admitted. The all-important and sublime discoveries of Galileo, Newton and Hartly, were first sneered at, then ridiculed, after a while considered, and subsequently adopted. Truths do not burst in splendor from heaven on the benighted understandings of men; but their progress ever has been and ever must be gradual. Night, in the intellectual as in the outward world, relinquishes its empire slowly; and hence, doctrines appertaining to science, which seem at this time to contain within themselves the qualities of their own illumination, were originally rejected as unworthy of the sanction of the understanding.

Phrenology has offered no exception to the general rule which we have referred to. Whether it be true or false, it has at least participated in the destiny common to truth. It has been met at every stage of its progress with whatever of reason, ridicule, or wit, subtlety or ingenuity could suggest. Ardent opponents have inflicted what they have supposed deadly wounds upon it, and have anticipated the epitaph which would be written to its memory. But these visions have not, unfortunately for the reputations of those who indulged them, been realized; and the period at which they predicted the extinction of the science, has been the season of its proudest triumphs. If it be a heresy, it is a bold one; and, like that of the Albigenses, spreads most where opposition is deadliest.

Phrenology is emphatically a science of observation;—by it, it has been built up; and on it, it mainly depends. Observation and application form the tests of scientific doctrines, and they are invoked as the formidable auxiliaries of this science. To a mind disposed to investigate before it decides upon the merits of doctrines, a few interrogations present themselves forcibly. Among the advocates of phrenology, have not some names, remarkable for ability and inquiry, been numbered? Were these men imposed on by the fallacies of the science, or did they wish to impose a fallacy upon the credulity of others? Are not these suppositions effectually silenced by an appeal to the well-determined moral and intellectual qualities of those advocates? If phrenology be false, how has it happened that a science which triumphantly appeals to observation, and which, in consequence, must be susceptible of easy support or overthrow, has for years sustained itself against the combined efforts of genius and intelligence? Is it asked why scientific individuals have not universally ranged themselves under the banners of this science? Two answers immediately suggest themselves:—First; the reluctance with which the human mind ever foregoes or substitutes its acquisitions; and, secondly, the disinclination which men always manifest at prosecuting inquiries into the nature of

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doctrines which are not corroborated by previous studies, and which they are pleased to term innovations.

Phrenology must stand or fall by facts; supported by them, it must be sustained; opposed in this wise, it must fall. Without committing ourselves in favor of, or in opposition to its doctrines—for, in truth, we have not yet yielded its doctrines our assent—we desire to record a few facts which make for its truth, and which have come within our notice.

Doctor Powell, well known as an able and enthusiastic advocate of phrenology, at present lecturing in the city, confident in the truths of the science, pronounces upon character agreeably to the external configuration of the crania with fearlessness the most perfect. Since his arrival here, we have known him examine three different crania, which were presented to him for the purpose of testing the truth of phrenological doctrines. The two first were handed him by Mr. Dorfeuille, the intelligent proprietor of the Western Museum. The first one, which Doctor Powell saw, he immediately perceived the preponderance of the vicious propensities over the moral sentiments, and unhesitatingly said, its owner, according to the laws of the land, deserved hanging, if he were not actually executed. The second one was presented, and he forthwith pronounced its possessor equally bad with the former, although unpossessed of his recklessness, and greatly more cautious and secretive. Mr. Dorfeuille then stated, that the sculls belonged to two negro fellows who were executed some years ago in New Orleans, and whose heads after execution were stuck on pikes. The first fellow was notoriously vile and daring; the other was more shy, and against him no absolute proof could be brought; but he was convicted on evidence so strong as to defy the resistance of the judgment. The delineation of their characters upon the principles of phrenology he acknowledged to be most complete.

On last Monday evening, professor Cobb, of the medical college, sent a cranium to Doctor Powell for examination, in the presence of his class. He took it up and pronounced its prominent developments to be those of combativeness, destructiveness, secretiveness, acquisitiveness: he said that each of these propensities might have manifested itself singly; but the probability was that they co-operated, and the consequence was, that their subject was addicted to robbery on the highways, and was highly combative. After he had finished his examination, he called on professor Cobb to state what he knew of the character of the individual. He arose, and said that, so far as he was aware, the lecturer had determined truly. The skull had belonged to a Spaniard confined under suspicion of piracy, in the Cincinnati jail last winter, and who, while there, had committed suicide, and thus escaped trial.—An examination of his body proved what the lecturer had said in regard to his combativeness, as it was scarified in many places. We have since understood, that this Spaniard was arrested for attempting to stab a person in the street, and while in confinement, was recognized as a pirate, and, in order to avoid the consequences of a trial on the charge of piracy, he had cut the principal arteries of both arms, and died from the wounds thus inflicted. Dr. Powell had no intimation of the character of either of the individuals, which he portrayed with such exactness; but relied solely on phrenological science. If the doctrines be untrue, how are these results ascertained by them to be accounted for?

Our only object has been to give the lecturer as well as the science he espouses, the benefit of facts we have narrated, and to which they are so justly entitled. We leave comment for those who are curious upon the subject. We feel assured that what we have stated must be interesting to those who are desirous of investigating the science, for the purpose of determining the amount of plausibility on which it is grounded.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Mr. White,—As a subscriber and very sincere friend to your paper, let me beg of you to find room as soon as you can, for three extracts, all of which together, will not occupy more than three or four pages of the Messenger, and yet embrace as much deeply interesting matter on the all important subject of education, as can any where be found within the same compass. The first two you will find in the September number for the past year, of "*The Annals of Education*," a periodical published in monthly numbers of forty-eight pages each, for three dollars and fifty cents a year; or for three dollars if paid by the first of April, or for two dollars and forty cents if five copies are taken together and paid for in advance. Of this work I can affirm, without hesitation, that it contains more highly useful information on the subjects of which it treats, and at less cost, than all the other works together that are published in the United States on the same topics. Nay, I will venture farther to assert that there is not a parent or teacher in our whole country, who might not derive essential service from its perusal. This, my good sir, is no exaggeration, but my deliberate opinion; given, I acknowledge, with some hope of promoting the circulation of this highly valuable periodical from Yankee land, but without any other interest in it than every man ought to feel who is so thoroughly persuaded as I am, of the absolute necessity for educating our whole people on principles materially different from any that have yet been put into practice among us.

The third extract is from a new work by James Simpson, lately republished in New York and

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Boston, on "*The Necessity of Popular Education as a National Object.*" The short introduction is all that I will ask you to insert in your paper, as I have persuaded myself to believe that no friend to popular education can read it without feeling a strong desire to peruse the whole volume. It contains a mass of facts, illustrations, and arguments, exhibited in a style at once so perspicuous, forcible, and persuasive, as must carry conviction to every understanding capable of comprehending and feeling the vital importance of the subject in all its bearings, both upon individual and national happiness. In numbers one and two of the appendix, the topics of criminal and medical jurisprudence are treated of in a manner which, although concise, is well worthy the deepest attention of every legislator and statesman, for they contain hints for improving our criminal code that seem to me of the utmost importance to the general good.

Deem me not importunate if I petition you to publish *another* extract of quite a different character from the foregoing. It is from the pen of the admirable *Mrs. Norton*, and expresses conjugal affection with so much touching pathos, that surely no married man, especially one from the Emerald Isle, can read it without deep emotion. It is called

SONG OF THE IRISH PEASANT WIFE.

Come, Patrick, clear up the storm on your brow,
You were kind to me once,—will you frown on me now?
Shall the storm settle *here*, when it from Heaven departs,
And the cold from without find the way to our hearts?
No, Patrick, no; surely the wintriest weather
Is easily borne, while we bear it together.

Though the rain's dropping through from the roof to the floor,
And the wind whistles free where there once was a door;
Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm wash away
All the warm vows we made in love's early day?
No, Patrick, no; surely the dark stormy weather
Is easily borne,—so we bear it together.

When you stole out to woo me, when labor was done,
And the day that was closing, to us seem'd begun,
Did we care if the sunset was bright on the flowers,
Or if we crept out amid darkness and showers?
No, Patrick; we talk'd while we brav'd the wild weather,
Of all we could bear, if we bore it together.

Soon, soon, will these dark dreary days be gone by,
And our hearts be lit up by a beam from the sky;
Oh! let not our spirits, imbittered with pain,
Be dead to the sunshine that comes on us then:
Heart in heart—hand in hand—let us welcome the weather,
And sunshine or storm, we will bear it together.

From the New England Magazine.

A GLIMPSE AT BASIL HALL.

At the palace of the Prince Borghese in Rome, several young English and American artists were engaged, last winter, in copying the renowned productions of the old masters. Portray to yourself, kind reader, two large halls—the walls of which are lined with paintings, and intercommunicating by a side door, now thrown open for the benefit of the parties. In the first of these apartments are erected three easels—before which, in the attitude of painters, stand—first, a Virginian, intent upon the exquisite Magdalene of Correggio,—opposite, the native of a country town of Great Britain—transferring, as nearly as possible, the Prodigal Son, of the great Venetian,—while, within a few feet of the former, a Londoner is travailing for the inspiration of Titian, by contemplating his "Sacred and Profane Loves." The artists may thus be said to occupy, relatively, the three points of an isosceles-triangle. Gaze now, through the above-mentioned passage, and behold, at the extremity of the second and lesser hall, the figure of a Baltimorean—fancying, perchance, the surprise of the natives when they see *his* copy of the inimitable Cupid beside him.

These worthy followers of the rainbow art were wont to amuse themselves, and beguile the time, with conversations upon the merits and manners of their respective countries; and occasionally, by a very natural process, such amicable debates would assume not a little of the earnest spirit of controversy. Then would the brush fall less frequently upon the canvass—their eyes linger less devotedly upon the great originals around, and ever and anon the disputants would step a pace or two from the object of their labors, raise aloft their pencils—as though, like the styles of the ancients, they subserved equally the purposes of art and of warfare, or wave their mottled pallets as shields against the errors of argument. A full history of these discussions, hallowed by the scene of the combat, diversified by the characters of the combatants, and disguised by the nature of the points contested—would doubtless be a valuable accession to our literature. The great topics of national policy, domestic manners, republicanism, aristocracy, slavery, corn laws, etc. as unfolded, in the elegant and discerning disputations of the absentees in a Roman palace, would prove something new, vivid and seasonable. But to me falls the humbler task of narrating one scene of the drama, as illustrative of the wisdom and safety of keeping one's own secret.

On a day, when the war of words had ran unusually high, there was a momentary, and, as it were, a spontaneous quietude. After the manner of their predecessors in the same city—years bygone, the gladiators rested upon their arms. There was an interlude of *silence*. They gradually reassumed the appropriate occupations of the hour. A few unusually fine touches were bestowed upon the slowly-progressing copies—when the aspiring portrayer of the beautiful parable thus opened a new cannonade:

"Well, smooth over, as you may, the blot of slavery—and deny or palliate, as you best can, the charge of non-refinement, the world will never admit the existence of true civilization in a country where so barbaric a practice as *gouging* prevails."

At the commencement of this speech, the pencil of the Virginian had stopped transfixed within an inch of the pensive countenance on his canvass; and with nerves braced in expectancy, he awaited the issue. And when the orator, like a second Brutus, paused for a reply, his adversary was mute—perhaps from indignation, probably in the absorption consequent upon

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preparing to refute and chastise. The Londoner wheeled around, and, with a nod of congratulation to his brother islander, and a provoking and triumphant smile upon the Virginian, begged to be informed "of the origin and nature of the *American* custom of gouging?" When lo! there were heard quick steps along the polished floors, and as the eyes of the artists followed their direction, the form of the Baltimorean emerged from the adjoining hall His painter's stick, pallet and brush, were grasped convulsively in his left hand, as with energetic strides he reached the centre of the arena, and gazed meaningly upon the disputants.

"You would know, sir," he exclaimed, eyeing fiercely the hero of the British capital, "what is gouging? Go, sir, to Basil Hall—your literary countryman: when ascending the Mississippi, *he* was put on shore by the captain of a steamboat for ungentlemanly deportment—and on the banks of that river, sir, *he was gouged!*" As the last emphatic words exploded, a gentleman, who had been viewing the paintings, abruptly left the room. The Londoner looked wonders, his compatriot tittered, the Cupid-limner wiped his brow. "Who was that?" inquired the Virginian. "That, sir, was Captain Hall!"

H. T. T.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE PASSAGE OF THE BERESINA.

"The moan of mortal agony which arose from the despairing multitude became at this crisis for a moment so universal, that it rose shrilly audible over the voice of the elements and the thunders of war, above the wild whistling of the tempest and the sustained and redoubled hourras of the Cossacks. The witness from whom we have this information, declares that the sound was in his ears for many weeks. This dreadful scene continued till dark, many being forced into the icy river, some throwing themselves in, betwixt absolute despair and the faint hope of gaining the opposite bank by swimming, some getting across only to die of cold and exhaustion."—*Scott's Napoleon, Vol. II. Page 385.*

What scene is here? The dying moan, the wailing cry
Come on the gusty blast that speeds so swiftly by;
The river rolls heavy as it struggles with dead,
Who writhe in their blood ere the spirit hath fled—
And chafed by the winds in the wrath of the storm,
Its red clotted waters flow tortured and warm.
Thousands lie here; kindred and aliens in race,
They are rigid and fixed in death's cold embrace;
They clench and they cling in the last dying grasp,
And the living, the dead, reluctantly clasp:
Or, fearing a friend in his last cold embrace,
They spurn him beneath to his dark dreary place.
A many-voiced moan now saddens the air,
Whose tones are all blent with wild curses and prayer;
And the deep hollow moan that wails o'er the flood,
As spirits pass away in storm and in blood.
In the sad welkin tremble heart-rending shrieks,
So piercing, that startled, the deep echo speaks.
There's mirth that's of madness, one laughs in his fear,
And prayer thrills in tones of the wildest despair;
And the deep solemn curse from the blasphemer stern,
Who weeps not, who wails not, tho' his dying soul burn.
Oh spirits pass away so sad in their strife,
That the living still cling more closely to life:
With unearthliest cries, grim phantasied shapes
Brood o'er the senses ere the spirit escapes;
On the wings of the wind how swift speeds the blast,
With pinions all viewless it fleets as the past;—
Oh say, does it bear the spirits that have fled,
In the last bitter strife, ere the dying be dead?
To the last dying sense comes a vision more dread,
For Death flaps his wings o'er the fields of the dead:
His deep hollow tones called away and away
Spirits immortal, disengaged from their clay;
And rearing aloft his deep sable plume,
On wings of the wind rose in shadow and gloom,
Still bearing them on with invisible trace,
As he swept the broad fields of infinite space—
Whilst Terror, all wild in his deep, horrid lair,
Made sad with his moans the invisible air.

The night wind sighs drear, in its last dying breath;
The clouds fleet away, like the shadows of death,
From the face of the moon, whose sepulch'red light
Steals softly upon the dark bosom of night,—
As the last smile of hope, ere the spirit hath fled,
Lingers tranquil and bright o'er the face of the dead.

ALPHA.

The lines which follow ought to be preserved in a more permanent form than the columns of a newspaper. They were written and published before Mr. Johnston's lamentable death. It will be recollected that he perished by the explosion of a steamboat, ascending the Red River.

After the above was penned, the melancholy intelligence reached us of Mr. Davis's death. Patriotism will mourn his loss, and the Columbian Muse hang a garland over his tomb.

From the Augusta (Geo.) Chronicle.

The following beautiful parody, which we met with in the hands of a respected friend, and were permitted by him to take a copy for publication, is attributed to the Hon. Warren R. Davis of South Carolina—a gentleman no less distinguished, admired and beloved for his many and striking literary acquirements, private virtues, social qualities, fine manners, polished, varied and brilliant wit and vivid fancy,—than for his ardent patriotism, open and fearless honesty, independence, eloquence, and disinterested devotion to his gallant and glorious state. It is said to have been written, on the sportive suggestion of the moment, as a contribution to the Album of the talented, accomplished and witty lady of the Hon. Mr. Johnston of the United States Senate from Louisiana. The old air of "Roy's Wife of Aldavalloch" is, we think, one of the most rare and beautiful specimens of that class of Scottish music, which was probably introduced from Italy, in the time of the brilliant but unfortunate Queen Mary.

PARODY.

Johnston's wife of Louisiana!
Johnston's wife of Louisiana!
The fairest flower that ever bloomed
In southern sun or gay savannah.*

---

* "The gayest scene in nature is a southern savannah, enamelled with its rich variety of flowers."—*Humboldt.*

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The Inca's blood flows in her veins—*
The Inca's soul her bright eyes lighten;
Child of the sun, like him she reigns,
To cheer our hopes, our sorrows brighten.
Johnston's wife of Louisiana!
Johnston's wife of Louisiana!
The fairest flower that ever bloomed
In southern sun or gay savannah.

Johnston's wife of Louisiana!
Johnston's wife of Louisiana!
She hath a way to win all hearts,
And bow them to the shrine of Anna!
Her mind is radiant with the lore
Of ancient and of modern story—
And native wit of richer store
Bedecks her with its rainbow glory.
Johnston's wife of Louisiana!
Johnston's wife of Louisiana!
She hath a way to charm all hearts,
And bow them to the shrine of Anna!

Johnston's wife of Louisiana!
Johnston's wife of Louisiana!
The hapless bard who sings her praise,
Now worships at the shrine of Anna?
Twas such a vision, bright but brief,
In early youth his true heart rended,
Then left it like a fallen leaf,
On life's most rugged thorn suspended.
Johnston's wife of Louisiana!
Johnston's wife of Louisiana!
The hapless bard who sings her praise
Wept tears of blood for such an Anna!

* "The Incas claim their descent from the sun."—*Las Casas.*

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

BEAUTY WITHOUT LOVELINESS.

He looked on the chiselled *form* and *face*,
And the roseate blush beguiling,
And the arch of the eye-brow's pencilled trace,
And the lip in moisture smiling:

He looked on the raven *curls* that fell
O'er the *brow* of Parian whiteness,
And the *silken lash* that softened the spell
Of the *eye* that swam in brightness:

He looked on the *slender hand* that shone,
Where the sparkle of gems abounded,
Like the star of eve on her vesper throne,
By the pearls of the sky surrounded:

He looked on the *arm*, as in floating grace,
It waved o'er the chords entrancing,
And the feathery *foot*, as it marked each trace
Of the melody in dancing.

He looked on all these, while links of gold
With the silken chain were blended;
And yet in his bosom calm and cold,
No wave of the soul ascended.

No rapture glowed in his tranquil gaze,
The tremulous thought revealing;
He looked for the light of soul in the face,
And saw not a ray o'er it stealing.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

HAPPY LOVE.

The Nightingale sings to the midnight air,
All darkling and alone:
And the Lover's lute, mid the gloom of despair,
Gives forth its sweetest tone.

But the Lark springs up with the morn's first blush,
And mounts the clouds above;
As he sings to his mate, in the hawthorn bush,
The tale of his happy love.

But hark, that note from the clustering shade!
It has reached his listening ear;
And, with pinions closed, to her leafy bed,
He comes, like a falling star.

O! happy Love! O happy pair!
O for that tuneful art!
That I might breathe in my Lucy's ear
The voice of a happy heart.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SORROWS OF LOVE.

TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL ON SEPARATION.

Oh! weep not tho' we're bid to part,
Since time nor distance e'er can sever
The links that bind my changeless heart,
To thy angelic form forever.

As summer clouds that hide the sun,
When once removed restore him brighter;
This night of woe as soon as done,
Will make our love-day morn the lighter.

Affliction now our hearts has proved,
And shown our passion's depth more clearly;
In joy we might have known we loved,
But grief has taught us, oh! how dearly.

The foregoing was written by a gentleman of fine genius, and is published without the author's knowledge.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EXTEMPORAL LINES

On hearing Mr. Wickham's Speech at the Bar of the House of Delegates, on the 6th instant.

When Wickham stood up at the bar of the House,
And every one there was as still as a mouse,
I trembled myself, (to acknowledge the truth,)
Lest his age should forget the fine feats of his youth;
And I thought that his Horace had warned him in vain,
"Release the old racer in time from the rein,
Lest he falter at length in a laughable pace,
And finish his course in diverting disgrace."
But soon, very soon, all my fears were relieved,
And hopes took their places that were not deceived;
For I saw that his motions were sprightly and strong,
And, spite of his weights, he went gaily along,
Till, safe at the goal, pleasure broke from my lips,
And I cried out delighted, "hurrah for Eclipse!"*

January, 1835.

* Solve senescentem maturè sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et illa ducat.
[*Hor. Epist. Lib.* i. 1.

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MRS. WOOD'S MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

The pious and excellent Mrs. Jean Wood, who died in this city some years since, was the relict of General James Wood, a distinguished officer of the revolution, and afterwards Governor of Virginia. The qualities for which she was remarkable, were familiarly known to a very large circle of friends, by whom, at least such as survive her, her memory is still held dear. She was indeed in the justest sense, a mother in Israel,—a lady of shining christian benevolence, whose kindly feelings towards her race did not consist in mere sentiment only,—but were evinced in a life of active, useful, and unostentatious charities and labors of love. Her piety moreover, though profound and ardent, was free from austerity; and there was a grace and cheerfulness in her manner and conversation, which won upon all of every age and condition who approached her. Well known as she was however, and universally respected for her virtues, there were but few comparatively who were apprised of her varied endowments or who knew that her practical good sense and experienced judgment were united to the lighter attractions and more ornamental graces of the intellectual character. Literature was to her the solace which refreshed the intervals in her works of goodness; it furnished that balmy repose to the spirit,—which it often needs amidst the conflicts and agitations of human life, even in its most favored condition. The proud, the selfish and avaricious, or the gay and luxurious, may each indulge in his own enjoyment or follow his own delusive phantom,—but next to the consciousness of doing good, there is no earthly happiness so pure and unalloyed as that which springs from the silent communion with our own spirits, or with the marvellous and multiform external objects which surround us. "There is a pleasure in poetic pains which only poets know." There is an exalted sense of enjoyment in contemplating all that is beautiful and good in the moral and physical world, and this indeed constitutes the empire of poetry in its more general and unrestricted sense. We do not claim for Mrs. Wood very extraordinary powers in this enchanting department of literary effort,—for how few of the thousands who have ever essayed to climb the hill of Parnassus have reached its highest pinnacle; and on the contrary how many have been content to tune their unambitious lays in humble seclusion—without courting or even desiring renown. Mrs. Wood wrote neither for fame nor the public eye, and it is this circumstance alone which will impart an additional interest to the natural and unstudied effusions of her muse. Her numerous friends and relatives will at least experience a melancholy pleasure, in tracing in these *memorabilia* of their deceased friend, some of those qualities of mind and heart, which rendered her in life an object of respect and love,—and in death,—of veneration and regret.

The first poem we have selected, entitled "Retrospection," appears to have been written in 1809—when a severe illness threatened the life of her husband. In the frame of mind natural under such circumstances, she recalls the principal sorrows of her life, and among them there was none more poignant than the loss of an only child, a daughter of eighteen years old. The closing lines will indicate the source to which she was accustomed to look in the season of human affliction.

RETROSPECTION.

Why should mysterious Heaven bestow
  A warm and feeling heart—
Yet doom it naught but pain to know,
  And rankle in its smart?

That it might agonize and bleed
  At every suffering pore,
The soft affections why decreed
  To centre in its core?

The tender ties my heart has proved
  That heart has held most dear,
And those most dearly, fondly loved,
  Have cost the bitterest tear!

A tender parent's weeping nurse
  My early youth I pass'd;
And Heaven did but those tears disperse
  To bid them flow more fast:

For rich in worth, a youth appear'd—
  I gave my virgin heart;
But Hymen scarce our vows endeared
  Ere we were doomed to part:

He, through war's ravaged fields to roam
  Eight sad revolving years—
I, droop'd, a widow'd wife at home,
  In unavailing tears:
But ah! the pang was yet to feel,
  (The worst the heart can know,)
The pang no earthly power can heal,
  The climax of all woe!

To me a cherub fair was given,
  I placed it next my heart;
It seemed the choicest gift of Heaven—
  My bosom's dearest part:
While yet I mark'd each opening charm
  That graced its baby brow,
Disease approach'd, in direful form,
  To lay each promise low.

And oh! how worse than death to see
  The ruins of a mind,
Which, in its dawning, seem'd to be
  For better hopes design'd;
To watch with anxious hopes and fears
  The daily deep'ning gloom,
Till eighteen sad and suffering years
  Haid laid her in the tomb.

Though keen the parting pang I felt,
  And did my child deplore;
Yet soon in gratitude I knelt—
  Her sufferings were no more.
My mind's composure once regain'd,
  A competence still ours;
My loved companion, too, remain'd
  To cheer my lonely hours:

Fondly I hoped life's evening shade
  Might yet in peace descend,
And grief no more my heart invade
  Till closing life should end.

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But now alas! the transient calm
Flits fast and far away—
The hope that o'er my fancy swam,
And soothed my wasting day;
For dire disease again appears
To break the mild serene;
Again commands my streaming tears,
And clouds our closing scene!

Why, then, my God! thus closely twine
Around this bursting heart,
Those fond affections which are mine,
Such misery to impart!
Dare I, presumptuous, seek to know
What mocks our mortal sight;
Enough for me, thou will'st it so—
It, therefore, must be right.

The piece which follows, our readers will agree with us, is not only very agreeable verse, but what is still better, is replete with pure moral sentiment.

THE CAPTIVE BIRD.

Say, little caged flutterer, say,
Why mournful waves thy drooping wing?
Why silent sit, the live-long day?
Nor Vespers chaunt, nor Matins sing.

When first a captive thou wert made
And in thy wiry dwelling swung,
Suspended in the leafy shade
Or sunny door, you gaily sung.

My careful hand supplied thee store
Of ripest berries from the hill;
Thy cup replenished, strewed thy floor
With glittering gravel from the rill.

Beneath the same luxuriant vine,
The same kind hand supplies thy fare;
The sun's first cheering rays are thine,
Yet thou art sad and silent there.

Ah! little captive, couldst thou see
What passes in this wayward breast,
Thou'dst ask, perhaps, the same of me,
And why vain wishes break my rest.

Thou'dst ask me, why this quiet shade
Which late a paradise I deem'd,
Though still in verdant sweets array'd,
A melancholy prison seemed?

And bid me mind, each passing day
That wholesome viands crown'd my board,
That flowers and fruits and sunshine gay
For me, too, vernal sweets afford.

Nay, more,—that liberty is mine
And lends a ray to every joy—
While sad captivity is thine,
Mingling with all its sad alloy.

Thou "still small voice" that will be heard,
Whose whispers thrill the inmost soul!
Reproving friend—beloved and feared—
Conscience, this is thy mild control!

Oft hast thou urged this conscious truth,
When gloomy tears have fill'd mine eye;
Or discontent, with brow unsmooth,
Was fain to force th' unwilling sigh.

'Tis thy reproving voice I hear,
When from the poor and lowly cot
Content and cheerfulness appear,
Though mark'd by penury their lot.

Then shall I bear a pining heart—
While friendship, health, and peace combine
Life's dearest comforts to impart—
Ah! shall a thankless heart be mine!

No sure—content's too cold a name
For what my bosom ought to feel;
Thus favored, gratitude's sweet claim
With thanks unceasing bids me kneel:

Bids me, thus lowly bending, vow
Before the awful throne of Heaven—
Children of want, to share with you
The good its gracious power has given.

In the lines which we next select, it will be perceived that to minds of delicate fibre and poetic temperament,—the most familiar objects in nature will often suggest mournful images and recollections. A flower will awaken affecting reminiscences of some long lost and beloved object.

The Belle du Jour, or Convolvulus Minor.

Sweet floret! beauty of a day,
And transient as thou'rt sweet;
Scarce opening to the morning ray
Ere shrinking from its heat:

Noon faded sees each early charm,
Thy blue eye closed in death;
And evening's breeze, thy wasted form
Wafts lightly o'er the heath.

While thus, sweet child of summer skies,
I see thee bloom and die;
What tender recollections rise
To prompt the pensive sigh:

For once in this lone bosom grew
As fair, as sweet a flower,
That smiled and budded forth like you
In morn's propitious hour;

But ah! while joy and hope were new
And promised bliss secure;
Like you, it drooping faded too—
And sunk to bloom no more.

Oft as I through the twilight gloom
A wandering mourner stray;
Pale shadowy tenant of the tomb,
She seems to cross my way:

For every object, every scene
Does my lost love recall,
From cheerful morning's rising beam
To mournful evening's fall.

Our readers must not be induced to cast aside the

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following poem, from its length. It is full of genuine feeling and pious sentiment.

EVENTIDE.

[Written in a dejected and visionary state of mind.]

SWEET beams the cheerful morn o'er happy hearts,
And every smiling scene new bliss imparts;
Each gay unfolding bud, each new born flower
Exhaling odors, owns the sun's warm power;
The new-waked birds their notes of gladness raise,
The trembling dew-drop rainbow tints displays,
In pendant beauty gems the lofty bough,
Or glitters in the velvet turf below.

On active wing abroad, the industrious bees
Their busy hum mix with the passing breeze,
The light breeze curls the silver-bosom'd flood,
Or freshening whispers through the waving wood;
The sun, now mounting, gilds the eastern skies,
Bright'ning the landscape with its glowing dyes—
Gay beauty smiles along each field and grove—
Congenial smiles—for youth, for joy, and love.

But when the soul, long since, has ceased to prove
The tender fallacies of youthful love—
And soberer joys, no more, the way adorn,
The sad heart, sick'ning, turns from sprightly morn—
Turns, pensive eve, to seek thy milder charms,
And dewy haunts, which no gay sunbeam warms.

When closing day shuts o'er its busy cares,
And onward stealing, twilight meek appears,
Drowns in obscurity the distant scene,
And casts a softening charm o'er all between—
'Tis then the sad, the lacerated mind,
Does in thy gentle gloom a soother find—
Sighs with less pain beneath its load of cares,
And mourns its sorrows with relieving tears.

Disrobed of gayer tint and gaudy hue,
Sweet Eventide! thy objects meet the view;
In modest russet clothed each shrub and flower,
Shades ever sacred to thy silent hour—
Shades how congenial! every heart must find,
Which long, long suffering, feels, but is resign'd.
So we oft see in life's bright morn display'd,
A youthful beauty gorgeously arrayed!
Unbent by care, her form erect she bears,
Bright are her eyes, unsullied yet by tears;
By thought unclouded her fair polish'd brow,
Nor does her buoyant heart a sorrow know:
Gay as the lark's first carol is her song,
As with light agile step she moves along;
Each young unwary heart to love she warms,
A sparkling wonder, and a blaze of charms!

But when this dazzling radiance is o'er
And morn's bright beauties fade to bloom no more;
When noontide clouds for evening showers prepare,
And the gay crowd no longer hail her fair—
Then, if beneath this form so heavenly bright
Some latent virtues rest—obscured from sight,
(By suffering taught its own intrinsic worth)
The struggling heart first learns to call them forth:
Taught by her own to feel another's woes,
The sweets of Heaven-born charity she knows;
While sympathetic tears unbidden flow,
And gentle pity does its balm bestow.
Now softened every gaudy trait is seen
To milder russet changed her vivid green;
Her morning splendors caught the young and gay,
But the meek mourner loves her eventide ray.

Ah! hour of twilight russet—thou art past—
And hope, sweet star of eve! has shone its last—
Nor can a ray of cheering light impart
Where midnight darkness ever wraps the heart.

At thy soft silent hour, in pensive mood,
Sweet eventide, I love to seek the wood;
And as I, musing, wind my devious walk,
With visionary forms hold fancied talk;
Forms that the cold embrace of death enfolds,
But which my soul in fond remembrance holds,
Down the lone walk, or midst the cluster'd trees,
I hear a well known voice in every breeze—
The passing object, or the shadowy green
Through their tall bolls in dim perspective seen,
Soft flitting forms present to fancy's eye,
That seem to glide with gentle greetings by.

Hail gentle spirits! Shades of friends revered—
By tender recollections now endeared;
And you, my earliest loss, parental pair—
Though o'er your tombs the oft revolving year
Has shed its winters frost and vernal dew,
Still faithful memory fondly turns to you—
For often in idea still are seen
Your silver locks, and venerable mien.
If conscience tells me I have err'd in aught,
Your cold reproving frown straight strikes my thought;
But if my heart acquits me of all guile,
It feels the joy of your approving smile.
A brother here, the worthiest of mankind—
Oft I recall—with pain and pleasure joined;
Two sisters—one advanced in matron grace,
Strong sense and feeling blended in her face;
Plain worth and warm affections fill'd her heart,
And to each action did their hue impart:
Benevolence and truth still led her way
And held their tenor through each well spent day:
The other, just a bride, in youthful charms,
With grace and beauty fill'd her husband's arms—
When Heaven, aware a mind so finely wrought,
So mild, so gentle, so refined in thought,
With erring mortals peace could never know,
Hasted to call her from a scene of woe;
And early placed her in those blest abodes
Where care no more afflicts, nor grief corrodes.
Sure, thou Supreme! of all thy works, the part
Most form'd for woe, is the soft female heart;
Her breast, the seat of innocence and love,
Was doom'd, alas! composure ne'er to prove—
What others felt, with but a passing sigh,
Kept the meek tear forever in her eye;
The varying blush that mental suffering speaks
In quick suffusion on her lovely cheeks—
Ah gentle Anna! leave thy Heaven awhile,
Greet a lone sister with one tearful smile.

Aerial music oft I seem to hear
In gentle breathings, strike my listening ear—

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Full and melodious sounds, in swelling strains,
Then soothing soft, each dying note complains;
High o'er my head in trembling cadence plays,
Or lightly passes on the sighing breeze—
The ambient air a balmy fragrance fills,
And the charm'd sense each earth-born sorrow stills;
A lambent light pervades the dewy scene,
Illumes each branch and brightens o'er the green.
Sweet powers of Fancy! can this work be thine,
Or are these sounds, these forms, indeed, divine?
For see, where lightly borne on seraph wing,
An angel band their hallelujahs sing—
Its course, a form etherial this way bends,
Stooping to earth, and at my feet descends!

Oh, beauteous shade of what was once my child!
Wept when I wept, and smiled but as I smiled;
Phantom of what long filled this vacant heart,
That still would claim thee as its dearest part—
That still must hold thy cherish'd memory dear,
And greet thy much loved image with a tear.
In thy translated spirit sure I trace
Each mortal beauty of thy gentle face;
Shaded by silken curls of auburn hue,
Meet thy soft eyes of mild etherial blue;
Their look of patient innocence still feel
Touch my heart's finest nerve, with tender thrill,
See them in silent fondness fix'd on mine,
See thee for my maternal kiss incline—
With offer'd lip and fond extended arms,
While love ineffable my bleeding bosom warms!

Oh vision fair, of many an airy dream!
Of all my youthful hopes the darling theme;
Wreck of an anxious mother's early cares,
Loved object of her late regrets and tears—
Why, beauteous messenger, why hither sent,
On what mild purpose is thy errand bent?
For thou couldst only leave the blest above
On errands mild, and purposes of love.
Comest thou to warn me from this life of pain?
To bid me hope we soon shall meet again?
Sure in thy dulcet voice I hear thee say,
"Come, poor lone mourner, come to peace away:"
Welcome the sounds, for wretched must I be
While weary life divides my soul from thee.
Ah, no! that softly sorrowing look declares
Thou comest to chide my impious grief and tears—
Grief, that would thee recall to pain and woe,
Tears, that alone from selfish motives flow:
To bid me sink on an adoring knee
And thank my God, whose mercy shelter'd thee!
Who, while he seem'd, in each severe command,
To press me with a harsh chastising hand,
Prepared the balm that now my heartfelt woes
And anguished bosom, can alone compose;
And bad me know, in the conviction blest,
Though here thy suffering body knew no rest—
That thy pure soul, as spotless as 'twas given,
By his creating hand has wing'd its way to Heaven.

With sad solicitude 'twas mine to watch,
In silent woe, my angel's midnight couch,
Guide her uncertain steps the live-long day,
Or pine in trembling terrors when away—
To see the impending stroke I could not ward,
And mourn the sufferer that no love could guard;
But this blest certainty my heart repays,
And bids it throb with gratitude and praise.
Yet pardon, Lord! my bosom's sorrowing swell,
When on past scenes I yet too fondly dwell;
And you who ne'er have felt the cruel pang,
Who still can o'er your cherish'd darlings hang;
Who have not learn'd how hard it is to part,
And bear about a sad bereaved heart—
Or not possessing, ne'er conceive the charm
With which maternal love the heart can warm—
With kind indulgence hear pale sorrow's moan,
Nor lightly judge the woes you have not known.

Should the Supreme a cherub fair bestow,
More sweet than all his hand e'er form'd below;
While all that helpless infancy endears
Wakes into life a mother's hopes and fears—
And if thy heart shall love as mine has loved,
And prove the bitter pangs that mine has proved,
Then may'st thou judge—for thou wilt truly know
That keenest pang, a tender mother's woe;
Then wilt thou, pitying, hear pale sorrow's moan,
And kindly mingle with her sighs, thy own.

Thus, shadowy eve, allured and soothed by thee,
A wand'ring visionary I shall be—
And when o'er earth thy dewy breezes sweep,
Seek thy sequestered shades to muse and weep;
Not bitter tears—or without comfort shed,
A tribute to the loved, the honor'd dead.

Hail gentle spirits! while thus memory true
In fancy's wanderings oft communes with you,
This world recedes—the silent grave appears
A blest asylum from all earthly cares!
And faith, the hope inspiring, sooths my breast,
That *there* the sad and weary shall have rest.

We shall for the present, conclude with the following "*Lines written on hearing a lady use the expression of smiling autumn.*"

SMILING AUTUMN.

Autumn, how should that languid air
That smoothed thy brow erewhile,
Be (though a frown thou dost not wear)
Mistaken for a smile?

The glow that dyes thy tawny cheek,
The gleam that lights thine eye,
Nor smiling grace, nor joy bespeak—
Thy every breath's a sigh.

Or if, perchance, a transient smile
Breaks o'er the fading scene,
To cheer thy plaintive brow the while
And wake its sad serene;

'Tis like the sickly smile that sits
On hidden sorrow's brow,
Or with the last faint hectic flits
When life is ebbing low.

From such heart-chilling smiles as these
Winter, I turn to thee—
Thy frowning skies and leafless trees
More welcome are to me.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Study of the Latin and Greek Classics.

Of all the "death-bed sayings" on record, none please me more than that of Beausobre to his son: Go, said he,

"Argentum et marmor vetus, æraque et artis
Suspice.
Suspice, et forma non fragilis
Movebit in pectore delectationis multum.
Ibi, cum Euroauster, tum erit admiratio—
Flori felicitatis suavis et jucunda."

Moving among the solid temples of "silver," and of "marble," reared by ancient literature, the intruder finds the holy beauty around him giving softness to his step, and banishing all ungentle levity. The plastic mind gradually yielding to the touch of that loveliness which has crept in through the senses, becomes of itself grand and lovely. The heart too receives its coloring—even as the cheek is colored, when standing beneath the stained windows of some real temple.

These truths have come home to *me*, at too late an hour, and a quill or two will not be worn out sinfully, in an attempt to impress their importance upon younger men.

If I fail, as most probably I shall, the consciousness of having consumed a day in useful effort, will be a tolerable reward—perhaps reward enough.

"The inner man moulds the outer," is an old and true saw. Its truth may be seen, reader, by looking around you—indeed, by looking *at yourself*. If you are a philosopher—a genuine philosopher—your glass will image forth an aspect of serene dignity. If a sophist, one of perplexed cunning. In the first instance, your *manner* will be lofty yet affable—a key to the better feelings of all:—in the latter grovelling, yet scornful—to every one food for the most unreserved contempt. Yielding that these different appearances are produced by the workings of the inner man, can you hit upon a mode for ennobling these workings, in themselves confused and feeble, so evidently effectual as the introduction of knowledge and its all-arranging hand? Some may say that the manner is of no moment. The effects produced under every one's own observation would, if remembered, serve to stifle this assertion. Why was it that the most eloquent of Grecians struggled for years to remove the defects of a faulty bearing, if no valuable end was to be attained?

It follows then that dignity and suavity are of service: that these—in many cases essential—are the offspring of a confidence in one's own knowledge. And now, I ask, whence may we draw richer supplies of this than from the pages of ancient writers? Are they not rife with all the useful reasoning—the philosophic intelligence—the happiness of application, that cultivated man could devise for the assistance of untutored intellect?

From the logic of the sage we learn, by a spirit of imitation natural to human beings, to quicken our own powers of reasoning. The perspicuity of arrangement and expression, so admirable in our master, becomes gradually a part of our own style. We are led by the strength of example to lop off the redundancies of a corrupt method, and by the acquirement of correct notions of purity, enabled to render our productions chaste and clear. And these improvements in the reasoning powers are effected at the same time that we possess ourselves of the richest treasures of lore!

But this is only one source of advantage among many as valuable. Wit, a power of the mind seldom granted with a liberal hand by nature—receives, in the course of communion with the playful and keen, a training of no little value. Charmed by the attic grace which softens and mellows the satire of our companions, (for let us conjure up at the hearthside the great masters of the past, and through their works hold with them 'pleasant converse,') our efforts will be to increase by farther intercourse, the small store already laid up perhaps unintentionally. Thus may we, if naturally possessed of wit, so polish and sharpen the gift of nature, that no armor may resist its progress: or, if destitute of this strong weapon, form for ourselves one less beautiful indeed, but of scarce less real worth.

Without this chastening influence, native wit degenerates into a harshness excessively grating to the ear of refinement, and productive of no single good effect.

Thus is improved or created a quality allowed by all to be of much utility in the contests between mind and mind. And what is life but a field of conflict, wherein the passions of one—perpetually at strife with those of another—are forever calling to their assistance the weapons of intellect!

I have before spoken of the effect produced on the manner by a confidence in one's acquired resources. Carrying this a step farther, I will remark, that many of the qualities regarded as amiable among men, such as urbanity and modesty, may be gained not only by the act of storing the mind, but from the actual lessons and counsels of the bland teachers from whom these stores are received. Will any one deny the happy consequences of an urbane and modest deportment, in man's intercourse with his fellows? Surely none would so far forget the beauty of virtue as thus to sneer at its manifestations.

We can scarcely find among the various pursuits of men, one in which the pursuer may not be assisted by the experience and lessons of his predecessors on the same path. The painter esteems himself happy when able to collect in his studio the meanest of the antique models. The sculptor contemplates among the relics of the past those master-efforts, so deservedly famous, and is indefatigable in a study essential to the production of

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purity in his own manner. Extend this to eloquence. Most truly the orators of antiquity have been sturdy pioneers upon a noble path, and to neglect their guidance would retard the pursuer of the same course, and entangle him in many difficulties. Indeed, with the works of these, elocutionists have invariably recommended familiarity. The strength of Demosthenes,—*monte decurrens velut amnis*—the 'abundant grace' of the polished Tully, are of themselves milk for a giant's nurturing. But they have not come forth alone from the wreck of time. They are attended by worthy companions.

The depths of a strong mind teem with the seeds of fine thought. Ideas lofty and rich are then in embryo, and it is a tedious but an essential task to bring them to maturity. The lessons and practice of those by whom excellence was most nearly approached, cannot do other than afford aid of the strongest nature to the student, who has in immediate view an anxious care of these germs, and looking forward to the season when a gigantic growth has rewarded his culture, longs with a virtuous ambition for its coming, that he may scatter among men the fruits of mature strength. Let all remember this, and seek not only rule of guidance, but successful illustration among the pages of the past.

It would be no difficult matter to point out other important qualities, ripened by a study of the ancient classics. To show how strongly assisted the organs of judgment, &c. may be by the strength-infusing food of knowledge, winnowed as it has been by time, would be truly *labor absque labore.* But I have already trespassed on the reader's courtesy, and shall leave the unfilled catalogue to be completed, if he thinks it worth the while, at his own leisure.

It has been my object to show that "the classical student's own good and that of his fellows, would be advanced by his assiduity:" and as I have not yet remarked distinctly upon the latter, I will do so now, and briefly.

Men unable individually to defend and protect their rights, enter into compacts for mutual assistance. Certain laws are drawn up, guiding the administrator of justice. This justice is the main duct by which the social body is supplied. With it, order and tranquillity shed their light upon a nation's progress towards happiness. Without it, the members within, and the body sinks under a benumbing paralysis. It is, then, the part of every good citizen to see that justice be maintained free from impurity, and by precept and example to enliven its energies. And what is it that gives weight to counsel, if it be not the adviser's learning and reputation?

"Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui."

What, in a just man's practice, so softens down to our feelings all necessary roughnesses, as a secret veneration for himself?

I have shown, or attempted to show, that the character becomes chaste by communion with those exalted spirits from whom are drawn the supplies of wisdom; and we now see that both the possession of these supplies and the reputation gained thereby, are of service to the public—moreover that skill, necessary in the management of public affairs, is generated, or to say the least increased—so rendering the ruler more capable of furthering the interests of the ruled.

We see then, that the individual and the public good are advanced by the study in question. Let us now examine whether this advancement may not be effected by confining ourselves first to translations, secondly to our own legitimate literature.

With regard to the first, others have pointed out the futility of all such transfers. The Turk exchanges his turban and robe for the habiliments of the Christian. Through the mask of this assumed garb what eye can detect the original Mussulman? Is he swarthy! others of his adopted brethren are equally so. Does the tuft of long hair by which Houri hands are to draw the faithful into Paradise, differ from the unshorn locks of those around him? his assumed head-gear conceals the difference.—Thus does he lose all trace of his former being, and since the assumed qualities sit on him but indifferently, the change is always for the worse. Are we to doubt the truth of this illustration? All experience forbids us so to do. The sterling gold of Shakspeare—converted into French tinsel—was only so converted to meet with ridicule and contempt.

Secondly, may not these advantages be gained by researches into our own literature? I would say, in the first place, that this latter is but a branch engrafted on the ancient tree; and if we wish to effect thorough familiarity, we must examine downward—solving difficulties as we proceed—until we come to the root, from whence springs all lore. Farthermore:—Acquaintance with "our own literature" being but one move towards the attainment of thorough knowledge, this very admission stamps it as an inferior degree of excellence, and will any one doubt the utility of gaining the greatest in a generous pursuit?

This connexion of past lore with the present, suggests to me an important point, upon which I shall linger for a brief space.

Few are ignorant of the close connexion between the ancient and modern languages themselves. It was the influence of the polished and manly Latin that gave euphony to the barbarous jargon brought by the German tribes from their forests. It was this that spread over the nations of modern Europe, mellowing in one instance the roughness of the Norman idiom, and in fine, entwining itself inseparably with the mongrel plant

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brought into being in England, after the conquest of Duke William. Indeed, so much incongruity pervaded this, that many great writers have believed it a vehicle too rude and perhaps unsafe, for the conveyance of their harvests to posterity. Under this belief Bacon wrote his "*Novum Organum*," as well as many of his more important works, wholly in Latin.

So close, therefore, is the union, that familiarity with one of the principal languages of antiquity has become absolutely essential to a *thorough* intimacy with our own.

Upon the connexion with the other I will barely remark, that the precept and practice of learned men most assuredly carry a weight at home, and was it not natural for these, filled as they were with the beauty of that tongue, whose melody and richness had lent a charm even to the outpourings of wisdom, to introduce its merits into their own less noble one? This they have done; and so originated a connexion important and harmless, inasmuch as it has benefitted the one greatly, without injuring the other.

I will now observe upon the time of life most suited to an attainment of that skill, essential in opening to the neophyte these well-stored magazines of useful and pleasing information. If the candidate for distinction in any, the simplest profession, had at the time of entering upon it, yet to master the rudiments of his language, would he not contemplate the double task in despair? Knowing that the greatest genius on earth, if without the means of expressing the teeming thoughts of a crowded mind, is but a "mighty savage," he feels, if success be his object, the absolute necessity of beginning the almost endless labor. From childhood to manhood he should be furbishing this key to his mind's resources.

And the case is the same with regard to the study of the elements which throw open the riches of the past to our conception. These riches are very seldom possessed when the means of doing so are not gradually acquired in very early years. The hours are not then counted—the labor does not present itself in a huge and startling mass to the narrow view of youth, but is seen part by part as the student advances. With years of inactive life before him, his time is his own, and we may almost say unlimited. Undeterred by the calls of the world, he has leisure to possess himself of every requisite for enjoying the feast to be partaken of hereafter. Turn to one who, after neglecting the acquisition of that which he has at length learned to look upon as most valuable, attempts to rectify his error. With the duties of life accumulating every moment on his hands—with the toil to be endured spread out like a map before his eye, he rarely has energy enough to persevere. The task is given up as a hopeless one, and his judgment, on the ground of interference with essential duties, sanctions the decision urged by timidity. Then deprived of all means of gaining the treasure, he laments the error by which its acquisition was deferred until too late a season.

I have said nothing of the exquisite entertainment to be drawn from the study before us. My object has been to work on the feelings of real and palpable interest, so effectual in ruling men of the present day.

Let us now turn to a picture, to me of great beauty. The strifes and toils of the world are left behind us. We have sought the shades of retirement, to consume in domestic happiness the few remaining years of our earthly term. The merchant has come from the hills and valleys of the east to the banks of the Nile. He brings with him

"Munera terræ
Et maris extremos Arabas distantes et Indos."

His wanderings have been among the groves of spice, and over the sands of the great deserts. His cheek has been shaded by the palm and the cool cedar, but it has too been blistered by a scorching sun. All this is at length passed, and chaunting the "Allah Acbar," wearied—yet joyful in his weariness—he plants his pavilion on the quiet shore, there in patience to abide the coming of Dyerm or Xebeck, appointed for his passage to the destined mart. Thus after experiencing the various fortunes of active life, we sink into ease.

To him who has no '*munera scientiæ*'—no attachment to polite research, from which to draw pleasure in the hours of solitude, this seclusion is worse than a foretaste of that grave so soon to succeed it. His mind is a mere void, aching to be filled. Accustomed to satiety, before the affairs of life were relinquished, the contrast is now all the more painful. It is this that accounts for the discontent of those "*refugees from the closed shop*," whom we see around us. But on this picture I do not love to linger. There is another, possessing in the home of his retirement, a home of placid delight. Surrounded by the fruits of mental exertion—the parent tree long dead—he revels among the richly flavored and the luscious, until existence becomes one continued feast. His influence in the world is undiminished—his works are remembered with feelings of reverence and affection. Afar from the restless crowd he is, as has been beautifully said, like the moon in her relation with ocean; and rendered no less influential by the tranquil steadiness with which he keeps aloof from the scenes of his influence. To such a man the treasures of ancient lore are invaluable; they are charms possessing power to call up the host of worthies, by nature and assiduous cultivation, great and excellent. In the sacred recesses of his studio he communes with these. He is cheered by his intercourse with companions so pleasing, and his path to the grave is smoothed by

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flowers of the softest leaf. At length the drama draws to a close! Like the chaste Talbot, he breathes his gratitude to those who have been to him the fountains of 'sweet joy.' It is his last breath. Loved for his virtues, and venerated for his good works, he sinks to the grave, on whose brink he has long been lingering, and whose ideal horrors, the lessons of true knowledge have rendered to him objects to be welcomed, not dreaded—loved, not feared.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MEMORY.—AN ALLEGORY.

An evil genius visited the happy islands which repose upon the bosom of the deep blue sea. In these smiling gardens the blest recline, remote from the turmoil and confusion of life: there are trees loaded with golden fruits—flowers of a thousand hues, and sweet fountains of limpid water spread their silvery lines along the emerald lea. The melody of singing birds, the soft murmur of running streams, and sounds of distant music, fall upon the ravished ear. The wanton breeze steals fragrance from the flowers as it passes on, and sweet perfumes scent the air. Here childish innocence reposes on beds of flowers; there groups of maturer years recline on verdant knolls, enjoying the passing hour. Pairs wander arm in arm in pursuit of pleasures that never pall, and gay crowds lightly dance their hours away in mirth and song. The genius pronounces the fatal word, and each breathing figure is transformed to mute and changeless stone The voice of mirth is hushed, the tones of music have fled, years roll away, and the living statues still look in marble coldness on the changing scene. Its flowers wither—its trees of golden fruits die one by one away—the birds flee from their green retreats, and the creeping serpent hisses in the tangled brake—tall rank grass covers the favorite walks, or choke the streams, whose turbid waters force their sluggish way. At length a passing vessel stops—a stranger wanders over the wondrous scene. On a pillar an inscription is engraved; he pauses to read the word, and instantly the spell is broken—the marble statues melt into silent shadows of the human form, and flitting forth in pairs and groups, they wander over their once loved home. They seek their familiar haunts; they search for the objects of their love; and each shadow as it passes, whispers, *gone:* and returning to their places, their forms resume their marble lineaments, and stand once more cold monuments of their former selves. Such indeed is the human mind. First comes youth's genial season; hopes linked with loves in happy pairs, wander around the smiling scene, which fancy decks with flowers. Here joy dancing to the song of mirth, lightly whiles his hours away; there young affections and gentle thoughts, like virgin sisters of a primeval race, pursue their quiet way to the bright abode which fancy hath created so beautiful and fair. But at length sorrow comes to breathe its spell. How many hopes, and loves, and pure affections, and pleasant thoughts, are changed and gone! Inurned in icy coldness, they are sepulchered in memory's cave; and yet, perhaps, some simple word of other times is breathed, its spell evokes departed joys and buried loves. Dim shadows of the past arise—they fleeting come. But fancy too is changed; it no longer forms the gay creations of its youth, but fills its gloomy fields with pictures at which the heart doth shrink. The very thoughts for which we sighed, are now without a home, and seek to pass away.

ALPHA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

The following lines were found, written in a "delicate bird-quill hand," on a blank leaf on the Petrarch of one, among the prettiest of my fair cousins. The authoress perhaps caught a certain quaintness of expression from the strained verses of the Italian lover; but the idea I am inclined to believe original, notwithstanding the assertion "This was stolen from Boccacio," with which the lines are capped. Stevens, the Puck of commentators, asks "What has truth or nature to do with sonnets?" and Byron echoes the question. There may be some truth in this, though the opinion of the first sprung from hatred towards Malone, and that of the latter from chagrin at his own want of success. If the proper characteristic of the sonnet be an artificial quaintness, my cousin has succeeded admirably,—which I presume Mr. White will have too much gallantry to deny.

THE CREATION OF THE ANTELOPE.

The tone of coming Ariel's voice was sweet
To wise Prospero; he had flown the girth
Of this green sphere, and gifts from wave and earth
Were bound with flowers upon his pinions fleet,
As singing came he to his master's feet.
Four aspen leaves plucked in the shivering north—
The Palmiste bough and fruit—of eastern birth—
And leaf of Abelè—a thorny sheet—
Were there: And in a cask of quaint device
Was pent the flash thrown from the gaudy plume
Of Sonor's empress-bird, of thousand dyes—
Then by this flash begot—from glamour's womb,
Gleamed into being two most gorgeous eyes
Like those twin stars that lit creation's gloom.

And hoofs most delicate the wise man wrought
Of Ariel's gift of restless aspen leaves:
And skilfully as slim Tarantul' weaves
The curtain to her silken couch, soon brought
The sheet of Abelè to beauty: naught
Torn from Earth's Edens by his wily thieves
So soothed their master as this gem of leaves!
With downy softness from his magic caught,
It lay a snowy skin. Next of the bough
And fruit pluck'd from the Palmiste's sinewy stem,
A neck and graceful head formed he: Life's glow
Then tinged each vein. " 'Tis done—gleam thou bright gem,"
Pleased Prospero said, "on Hemalaya's brow,
A living jewel to his diadem!"

E. D.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LETTERS FROM NEW ENGLAND.—NO. 3.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

Pittsfield, Mass., July 26th, 1834.

One means by which Prussian tyranny sought to break down the spirit and health of Baron Trenck, during his long and rigorous imprisonment at Magdeburg, was to have him roused by a sentinel, every fifteen minutes of his sleeping hours. You can form a lively conception of the efficacy of the plan, if you have ever been compelled by exhausted nature to woo her "sweet restorer" in a stage-coach, over a very uneven road: but what think you of dozing it *outside*, on the driver's seat? Instead of *two* this morning, the waiter called me at *one*; when I had not slept a single wink—("sleepless myself, to give my readers sleep.") Sickened by the motion of the close and crowded coach, I presently mounted beside the driver; where drowsiness soon overcame me. So, tying one arm with my handkerchief to the iron on the stage roof, I took, for about two hours, such slumber as was permitted by the heavings of our vehicle, on a hilly road: such slumber, as one might enjoy while tossed in a blanket, or "upon the high and giddy mast," rocking his brains, "in cradle of the rude imperious surge." On fully awaking, half an hour before sunrise, I found we were ascending a mountain (part of the Green Mountain,) by a gentle slope of three or four degrees, continuing for six miles. The scenery, (wildly picturesque in itself,) bursting thus suddenly upon the view, was particularly striking. Indeed, no day of my tour has presented a greater number of boldly beautiful landscapes. That I never try to spread these beauties upon my page, you must ascribe to the fear that they would but 'evanish' in the endeavor, and by no means to any profane contempt—unpardonable, you know according to Dr. Beattie, for

> ——————"the boundless store
> Of charms which Nature to her votary yields;
> The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
> The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
> All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
> And all that echoes to the song of even;
> All that the mountains sheltering bosom shields,
> And all the dread magnificence of Heaven"—

I most devoutly worship them all. But humbler themes befit and demand my pen.

It is a New England custom, to bury all the dead of a township, or of a certain subdivision of it, in a common grave yard; usually, not within any village, and apart from any church. This yard is enclosed with a wall; and every grave is marked by a stone (commonly hewn marble,) with a neat and simple inscription of name and years, supplying "the place of fame and elegy." By a sort of tacit consent, each family is allowed to cluster its dead together in a separate portion of the ground; sometimes in a capacious vault, marked with the family name. The curious may at any time find an hour's amusement—aside from the more serious thoughts proper to the place—in reading, on the tombstones, the surnames common and peculiar to New England, and the Christian names—mostly scriptural—betokening the original and enduring sway of Puritanism. A southerner naturally wonders why the grave yards are without the villages. To an inquiry of mine into the reason, a 'cute female (evidently far wiser than her husband, who was also in company,) answered, that it was "to accommodate those who live at a distance." How it did this—or how, if the distant on one side were accommodated, those on the other were not equally incommoded—my sage instructress did not expound. The village itself (at least its ordinary *nucleus*, the meeting-house) is usually central to the town, for the equal convenience of all. It seems more probable that *health*, and the readier command of space, influence the location of burying grounds.

One of the objects that have struck me most pleasingly, is the *Liberty Pole*, in almost every village. Its use is to hoist a flag upon, on the Fourth of July, and other festal days. It figures exquisitely in "McFingal"—that best poem, of its length, that America has produced; so often quoted for Hudibras, and so inadequately honored, not only in the south, but here, in its native north. Do take down the book, or, if you have it not, go straight and buy it; turn to the second or third canto—I forget which—and be grave if you can, while you read how the Tory hero "fierce sallied forth" attended by

> "His desperate clan of tory friends:
> When sudden met his angry eye
> A pole ascending thro' the sky:—"

the ceremonies of its rearing and consecration; the attack, not *wordy* alone, of the hero upon it; his inglorious discomfiture; his wadling flight,

> ("With legs and arms he worked his course,
> Like rider that outgoes his horse;")

his fall, and decoration with tar and feathers; the hoisting of the tory constable by a rope fastened to his waistband,

> "Till, like the earth, as stretched on tenter,
> He hung, self-balanced, on his centre;"

where, as Socrates (according to a witty comic poet of his day) got himself swung in mid air to clear his perceptions,

> "Our culprit thus in purer sky,
> With like advantage raised his eye;
> And looking forth in prospect wide,
> His *tory errors clearly spied*."

I had enjoyed so many a laugh at the whole scene, that when a Liberty Pole was first shown me (at Hartford) by an interesting fellow traveller, it required all my phlegm to refrain from clapping my hands with pleasure.

Albany, July 27.

It was nearly eleven—two hours later than usual—when we arrived last night. A series of little casualties delayed us: a thunder storm, quite as magnificent as most that we have in Virginia, only our thunder and lightning are far superior; a tree, of eight or nine inches diamater, blown across the road by a *semi*-tornado that accompanied the cloud; and divers other detentions. The storm met us near the top of a mountain, upon the line of Massachusetts and New York; obliging us to halt, and fend off the rain as best we might, by buttoning down the curtains. The descent hitherward, winds, for perhaps a mile, along the steep mountain side; commanding a fine view of the pretty village of Lebanon, and its prettier valley. Near Lebanon is a settlement of Shakers. The only incivility I have

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yet experienced from a stage driver, was a few miles this side of Lebanon; when, availing myself of a brief halt at a hotel to get some refreshment, I received an indistinct notice that the stage could not wait: and a minute or two after, some one called to me, "you are left, sir!" On going to the door, sure enough, the horses were in a sweeping trot, twenty or thirty yards (or, as they say here, four or five rods) off. I soon overtook them; and was admitted, the driver surlily grumbling at the unreasonableness of expecting him to *wait all day*. He was soured by being so late. And whoever considers how nice a point of honor—aye, and of duty, and interest—it is with that fraternity to be punctual, will not blame him very severely. They have been civil and obliging to me; the one by whom I slept yesterday morning, was even kind.

So well established is this good character of New England stage drivers, that ladies often travel by stage for scores of miles, with no other protector. And the driver does protect them, vigilantly. Every way, however, the freedom with which females trust themselves abroad there, and in the south, is remarkably different. I have seen handsome young ladies, of refined appearance, driving in a chaise, with no male attendant, to a town seven or eight miles from their home. And such things are of every day occurrence, attracting no especial notice. This freedom arises, I believe, from several causes. It is unquestionably owing, in part, to the sober, honest, and peaceful habits of the people, and to the certainty, that any wrong or insult offered to a female, would be promptly resented and punished; as in Ireland, under the reign of Brien the Brave, a beautiful damsel, richly attired, could walk alone, safe and fearless, from end to end of the kingdom.* Contiguity of residences aids this effect. Then, in the country villages of the north, there are many more ladies than gentlemen, from the emigration of the latter westward, and from their resorting to the maritime cities and to the ocean, for trade and seafaring employment. Besides, New Englanders have less time for pleasure than we have; and no Virginian will deny that "to tend the fair" is a *pleasure*. But the freedom of female movements is partly attributable also to the prevalence, among the New England men, of a less tender and obsequious *manner* at least, towards the fair sex, than southrons habitually shew. They do not practise those minute, delicate attentions—that semi-adoration—ingrained in the very constitutions of our well bred men. (Not dandies—I speak of *men*.) Indeed our claim to superiority may be pushed still further. In affability to inferiors, our northern brethren are decidedly behind us. In their middling and lower classes, nay and in the lower *tier* of their upper classes, this short-coming is particularly discernible: and extends even to their deportment towards equals. Clowns and servants—I beg pardon—"*helps*"—seem not to expect, or to relish, the courtesy which, in the Old Dominion, every true gentleman pays to the poorest man. Soon after entering the country, I found it necessary, if I would have respect from them, to abate much of the respectful address, which habit had rendered essential to my own comfort. Can these deficiencies of manner—supposing them to exist—and *my* belief of them is confirmed by that of others—be ascribed to the utter proscription of *duelling*—that vaunted nurse of courtesy? I should rather attribute them to three other causes. *First*—a dislike to outward displays of emotion; a hard-featured sturdiness of soul, which, content to *feel* kindly and deeply, and to *act* kindly too in things of solid import, forgets or disdains the petty blandishments of *manner*, as idle forms, often the offspring of deceit, and unworthy of a mind bent upon substantial good. This estimable, but unamiable trait—derived purely from his sire, John Bull—makes Jonathan disliked on a superficial view. But those who consider him with candid attention, and bearing in mind the true saying of honest Kent, that

> "They are not empty-hearted, whose low sound
> Reverbs no hollowness"—

perhaps find the unsightly iron casket stored with the richest jewels. *Second*—(a less creditable cause; applicable only to the imputed want of courtesy towards inferiors)—The employment of whites, as servants. A master cannot treat these as his equals: it is utterly incompatible with the relation. His demeanor towards them, he naturally extends to their kindred, and to their class; that is, to all the poor around him. According to that general principle of divine wisdom and goodness, which, by a counterpoise of good and evil, equalizes every human lot, the blighting curse of slavery seems to carry this mitigation along with it—a more delicate and scrupulous regard, in the free, to even the *minute* gratification of their fellow-free. Hence—and from their greater leisure to cultivate *manner*—chiefly arises, we may suppose, the superiority of slave-holders in the several points of politeness. Just so, according to Montesquieu, good-manners characterize a monarchy. Those who can see in this, a recompense either for a privation of the glorious right of self-government, or for the unmeasured ills entailed by domestic slavery upon a community, are welcome to the consolation. *Third*—(applicable, like the last, only to intercourse with inferiors)—the system of electioneering practised in the northern states. Usage and public opinion allow no man to declare himself a candidate for office. His doing so, would be political suicide. He must be *nominated* by a CAUCUS—or CONVENTION, as "ears polite" now require it to be called. The convention is got up in this wise: One, or two, or three, tolerably influential men, having a friend whom they wish to exalt, call a private meeting of those over whom their influence especially is, and after insinuating his merits into the minds assembled, get a resolution passed, for a general *caucus*, of the whole party, in the *town*, or election district. All who were at the private meeting, bestir themselves diligently to congregate at the caucus, such persons, chiefly, as they, or some of them, can control: and in this they are so successful, that a nomination there, of the individual designated by the first movers of the scheme, is almost sure to result. This nomination goes abroad, as made by a *meeting of the people*; and unless some more skilfully conducted or powerfully headed counter movement take place, our candidate may count with reasonable certainty upon his election. Such is the machinery by which aspirants get themselves hoisted into office; as explained to me by one familiar with it—who had actually profitted by it more than once—and who owned that it was rather a shabby

* See T. Moore's Irish Melody—

> "Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

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feature in the politics of his country. All aspirants, therefore, (and in our country, how few are not so—openly or covertly!) pay court, not to the people at large, but only to the known leaders of the caucus Contemning the passive wires and puppets, they regard only the hand that works them. Thus the commonality, losing their importance in elections, lose their strongest hold upon the civility of their superiors. I need not run out the process. 'Twere well, if deprivation of bows, and smiles, and kind words, were all that the million suffer by the caucus system. But, by rendering them *insignificant in the body politic*, that system threatens popular government itself with overthrow. I wish, I long, to see my fellow Virginians copy our brethren of the north in many things: but *this system*, may they shun as the cholera! May they always adhere to their own frank and manly plan, of having the candidate appear before them, and face to face declare his sentiments and manifest his ability to defend the great interests with which he asks to be entrusted!

While talking of *manners*, it would have been seasonable to speak of the *impertinent inquisitiveness*, commonly ascribed to the Yankees. I have seen no trace of the fault: not even so much as our own people sometimes shew. While on foot, in the country, I was sometimes asked *where I was from*; but it was always where the question was suggested and justified by the course of conversation, or by the tenor and number of my own inquiries; or, to furnish a starting place for our colloquy—a platform whence to toss the ball of discourse: never, in a manner the least abrupt or offensive. Among the better classes, such as are casually met in stage-coaches and hotels, there was all the delicate forbearance in this respect, which marks true politeness every where.

Again—Our brother Jonathan is reputed, with us, a great sharper. *Yankee tricks*, and *Yankee knavery*, are ideas inseparable from the word *Yankee*. Now my own experience does not enable me to add a single one to the catalogue of anecdotes, by which that characteristic is supposed to be proven. Not a single cheat—not a single trick—was practised upon me during my sojourn in Yankee land: unless, indeed, it was so adroitly done, as to have been hitherto imperceptible to me. The fact is, our ideas on this point are derived almost entirely from those delectable samples of honesty, yeleped "Yankee pedlers," who for many years have so swarmed over the south: a race, by whom their countrymen at home protest, with hands uplift, against being judged; and by whom, in very truth, it is no more fair to judge them, than it would be to judge of us by the vilest scum of our society, who may have fled to Carolina or the Western forests, from the just punishment of their crimes, or from the detestation that dogged their vices.

It hardly needs be said—common fame loudly enough proclaims—that religion flourishes in New England, as much as in any part of the world. Yet it does not obtrude itself upon the traveller's notice. It is a quiet, Sabbath-keeping, morals-preserving, good-doing, and heaven-serving religion, free from several extravagancies, that have elsewhere crept into christianity. Meetings for eight, ten, or twelve days together, and suspending, meanwhile, all attention to important secular duties, I have not seen or heard of: even a meeting at all, on a working day, did not meet my view during the (nearly) four weeks of my stay; except funerals. The people seem to think both parts of the third commandment alike binding: "*Six days shalt thou labor*," as well as "*Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.*" Dancing is by no means proscribed, or unusual. It is taught at many or most of the high female boarding schools. Even in Connecticut, "junkettings" are not unfrequent, lively enough to have pleased our venerable Pendleton, yet "soberly" enough conducted, to have suited Lady Grace. At New Haven, within bow-shot of Yale College, a dance was kept up for two successive nights till eleven or twelve o'clock, in an apartment just across the street from my lodging. True, I have seen no match for my father's friend and mine, Dr. K****, who, since the birth of his seventh grandchild, has so often realized that pleasing trait in the picture of French rural life—

> "And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
> Has frisked beneath the burthen of three score;"

but I saw as great a wonder, in a church last Sunday. The music struck me as particularly fine; I doubted not that it was an organ; till, looking up to the gallery, there sat a gentleman scraping away with might and main *upon a violin*, and another upon a bass viol: accompanied by a flute, and an admirably tuned choir. "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders:" but it was nothing to the deep, anathematizing abomination with which some "unco guid" folks of my acquaintance (not of yours) would have beheld this uncommon mode of "hymning the great Creator." Even me, it affected very singularly: I thought of the war-lock-dance in Kirk Alloway; of Auld Nick in shape of "towsie tyke, black, grim and large," whose province it was to "gie them music;" how

> "He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
> Till roof and rafters a' did dirl;"
> While "hornpipes, jigs, strathpeys and reels,
> Put life and mettle in their heels:"
> "Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu'
> Which e'en to name wad be unlawfu';"

and I did not know what catastrophe might ensue, from the profanation. Happily, however, none occurred.

In the formalities of piety, the descendants of the Pilgrims are radically changed from the puritanical strictness of their forefathers. The quaint names, indeed, are retained; but the straight-lacedness they imply is gone: you find *Leah*, or *Naomi*, upon near approach, to be as arch a lass, and *Jeremiah*, or *Timothy*, as merry a grig, as any Sally, or Betty, Tom, or Bob, south of the Potomac.

No one in Massachusetts is any longer compelled by law to pay for the support of religion, its temples, or its ministers. The law, requiring the citizen to do so, only letting him choose the sect or the minister to whom his contribution should enure, was repealed last year. Each religious *society*—answering to *congregation* with us—has a sort of *corporate* faculty, involving the power to tax its members for church expenses, and to coerce payment by distress if it be withheld. Even this is a stride towards hierarchy from which *our* lawgivers have shrunk ever since 1785; and which our people will probably never permit.

I must say more to you, of the goodly land I have

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just left. My having quitted it, need subtract nothing from the credit attached to my observations: for I shall touch no topic, which is not as fresh in my mind, and as susceptible of truthful representation, as if the local scene itself stretched around me. Adieu

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From the Western Monthly Magazine.

American Literature.—Its Impediments.

We live in a country pre-eminently rich in mental and physical resources. We have whatever internally or externally is requisite to promote national greatness and prosperity. We live in the full possession and enjoyment of a government founded on the experience of the past, and reared by the genius and wisdom of an unrivalled ancestry. The mind here blooms and grows under the protecting wings of the Genius of Freedom—its native boldness and vigor unrestrained. Here it may be aroused to all that is noble in enterprise, or excellent in virtue. Here the aliments of its growth are as rich and as inspiriting, as they are abundant. It enjoys the choice fruit of the loftiest minds of departed ages; and may feast on the wisdom and learning of every modern age. It enjoys the bland influence of the christian spirit; and may attain a superior standard in moral greatness and power. But these are not the only advantages which tend to the development of American mind. In whatever direction we gaze, nature's beauties, as profuse and lovely as the stars of the sky, meet the vision. We behold landscape after landscape, enchanting beyond measure; the graceful undulations of luxuriant prairies; tall forests, clothed in the magnificent robes of summer, or cheerless with the storms of winter; noble and beautiful rivers, over whose placid waters genius and enterprise have scattered the wonders and researches of science; towering mountains, fairy groves, and silver-sparkling lakes. Add to these, the wild traditions of a people unknown to former minds: traditions, over which curiosity loves to linger, and philosophy to speculate; traditions, which, imbodying the terrific, the romantic, and the ennobling of the savage state, throw over the page of fiction a charm and an interest, enchanting and enchaining.

From this view, we might indulge the prophetic thought, that our national mind would attain to the highest degree of intellectual pre-eminence. Now, the mind is the prime source of literature, creating it, and giving to it an enduring form. If all its powers are fully developed in their varied beauty and might, that literature to which it gives character, will be of an exalted nature. Should then our national mind be made to appreciate its advantages, it naturally follows, that our literature will be all that is grand and sublime—will soar to the loftiest summit of the Olympian mount. But whatever will have a tendency to pervert these advantages, to draw the mind into pursuits below its real nature, will impede its growth. We behold around us such impediments. It shall be our object to exhibit a few of them, feeling convinced that if the obstacles which retard the transit of our literature in its ascent to greatness, be once known and surmounted, its destiny will be bright and glorious.

Individual character is the combined result of early impressions. The same is true in regard to national character. Whatever most influences the young mind, gives tone to its future action. Those circumstances, which most excite and agitate the mind of a nation, likewise mould and shape its future action. What has most deeply interested the American mind? If we trace back the chain of our history to the fearless days of our infancy, we shall find that its absorbing interests have been of a political nature. True, there were some minds among that matchless band of our New England ancestry, who, with the great volume of nature open before them, wrote with a spirit of inspiration, and soared to the high heavens of literature. They were few in number. We need not ask what now moves and engrosses the thoughts and feelings of the American mind. We need not now ask what form of character it is fast assuming: for it is truly becoming a political mind. Now, what will be the effect of such a cast of intellect in impeding the march of our literature, is obvious to any one of common discernment. The *mind* that would create an exalted literature, should drink at all the fountains of knowledge; should be clothed in forms of grace and loveliness; should have all its powers and faculties developed; its delicate and masculine, its placid, its stormy and religious: it should be like Phidias' Minerva, perfect in all its proportions. Political pursuits do not produce *this mind*. If we examine them, we shall find their elements to be the united effects of *bad* ambition and immature intellect. It is true, they encourage activity of mind; but it is not that kind of activity which develops its beauties and majesty. That mental action which they promote, has its origin in lawless passions, in inordinate and ungenerous emulation. The political aspirant of the day is attracted by the false glory which beams around our political temple, and thinks no means too low, too debased, to gain entrance there. It is true, politics may bring into the field of competition, timid and shrinking intellect; but they do not impart to it a masculine boldness and nobleness. They train it to deeds of cunning and hypocrisy. We have reference now to the general politics of the age. Party strifes, the natural result of excess in politics, keep the mind in an unhealthy state: at one time raising it to the highest pitch of excitement; at another, causing the most extreme depression. That calm serenity, which moderates and chastens its powers, passions and emotions, is a stranger in a political contest. That mind, inured to party feelings and party interests, can never attain its full vigor and manhood—such is the nature of excess in political pursuits. We would ask, do they cause a full development of the mental powers? Do they awaken the fancy? Do they clothe human thoughts in radiant and brilliant robes? Do they promote mental research? Do they create pure and soaring eloquence? or tune the lyre of poesy to notes celestial? Let the genius of American Literature, as she wings her slow flight upwards, give the answer.

This political spirit, contagious and diffusive in its nature, has spread itself throughout the entire frame of our government. All classes of society, from the proudest to the humblest spheres of life, have imbibed it, feel it, and act under its influence. It composes the chief interests, and engages the active feelings, of almost every community. Who can be insensible to the fact, that our universal mind has already assumed a political character? The aspect of the times prove it beyond the shadow of a doubt. The consequences to our lite-

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rature are obvious. The majority of our gifted, shining minds, prefer the honors of state to classic fame—rush headlong into fierce unnatural intellectual conflicts, rather than enjoy the calm, soul-ennobling, and sublime strifes of literary pursuit. The goddess of learning is uncourted in her temple. Pure mental illumination shines only on a few isolated spots. Public taste, which may be styled the protectress of literature in every country, instead of being refined and elevated, is corrupted and debased. In short, our literary mind, which, under the influence of our free institutions, might, like the eagle, soar with might and majesty, is chained down and impeded in its action.

It cannot be expected, that such a state of society would patronize noble, intellectual effort. Genuine literary merit, is unnoticed amid the whirl of party. The beauteous and serene beams of the star of science, are lost in the dazzling brightness of the political sun. How feeble the inducement held out in our land to the poet, the historian, or philosopher! The reading portion of our population is but a trifle, compared with the whole. We have a few mature minds, who, soaring above the common level, have taken their seats in the halls of literary eminence. Are they appreciated? Their names are unknown to a majority of the various classes of society? Who read the classic and eloquent orations of Webster and Everett, full of deep principles and splendid thoughts? Who, the placid, flowing and pathetic verse of Bryant, whose thoughts, so melancholy, yet so beautiful, steal over the soul like evening music on the still water? Who are delighted with the brilliant imagery, and chaste conceptions of *Cooper* and *Irving*? Their productions, the results of long, close, and patient thought, serve for parlor-ornaments, and parlor-reading. They are not studied; and who, without studying, can master the real, pure meaning of a fine thought? A work on modern philosophy is rarely seen, even among the learned circles of society: it never reaches the great mass. How could it be otherwise, when the general mind is agitated and convulsed by political strifes! How could it be otherwise, when all that is beautiful in the heart, and sunshine in the intellect, is debased and destroyed?

We may be told, that learning has flourished in other countries, under similar inauspicious influences; that the mightiest geniuses the world has ever seen, wrote their superior works under the frowns of patronage. They were exceptions to all rule. There are few minds cast in the same moulds as those of Cervantes, Petrarch, Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton. If we mark the history of mankind, we will find, that there are now and then, in almost every nation, some unconquerable minds that would, in spite of circumstance, illumine the world. But the principle is a natural one. Mankind are fond of the fame of the moment; self-love is the predominant feature of human character. Men, in general, live not for posthumous glory. The present is more selfish than past ages. There is something exhilarating, spirit-stirring in the smiles and praises of our own countrymen. Genius, or *holy ambition*, then, cannot be aroused to vigorous action, unpatronized. Let it not be supposed, that we would have the mind think for gold. We would have it write,—and it would write, and that, too, with an immortal pen, in lofty and impassioned strains,—under the favor and good-feeling of society. But how can the literary mind be thus stimulated, when the general feeling of society is diametrically opposite to its interests? As well might we ascribe the splendid and magnificent architecture of the pantheon, to the skill and workmanship of the unlettered barbarian. We would not be misunderstood. We would not have our political interests forgotten. We would have them engage a share, but not the universal mind of the nation. We would have communities feel the same degree of interest in literary as in political greatness. We would have them combined; for their united results will increase our power, and throw around the arch of our glory, a radiance, lovely and sublime.

What periods in the history of mankind, are most distinguished for mental superiority? When did Grecian literature assume its brightest charms? Who has studied the character of the Pereclean age, and not experienced feelings of inexpressible delight, as he then beheld the mind in its noblest form? Then, the true value of mind was appreciated, and its efforts liberally patronized. Munificent gifts were the reward of mental exertion. Then, all grades of society, on the return of their Olympia, assembled with joyful hearts, to celebrate the festivities of mind. Then, art shone in original splendor; and science, in utility and nobleness, was unrivalled. Then, the muses were courted in their heavenly abodes, and Grecian poetry breathed a spirit of immortality. The tragedies of *Euripides* and *Sophocles* still illume the path of the modern dramatist. Then, the poor of Athens listened to the instructions of the divine *Socrates*. Then, the sacred groves and shades resounded to the eloquence of *Plato*, as the 'soul of philosophy' flowed from his lips. Then, Athens became the magnificent sun of all antiquity. It was no political age. All literary eras of the modern world, are analagous to the Pereclean of the ancient world. The most resplendent galaxys of modern mind have shone in times of the greatest literary feeling and patronage.

But this political influence of national feelings and interests will not be confined to the people. It will, indeed it has, entered within the walls of our academies and universities. Now, it is founded in reason and experience, that in the morning bloom of a literature, there is most need of active mental vigor. It requires untiring and unrelenting strength, to raise the stately pyramid. Alladin's magic lamp of Arabian story, is not an inheritance of this age. Such strength is in youthful mental cultivation. This invigorating influence must then come from our seats of learning. They are to our literature, what the consecrated groves and shades of Athens were to the Grecian—the resort of its protecting spirits. Here, the mind should be trained to action, should commence its acquisitions in knowledge. Here, it should be taught to think, and to feel, with depth and sublimity. Here, a fondness for whatever is great or commanding in human thoughts, should be created. Here, the characteristic features of such minds as Shakspeare and Milton, Newton and Franklin, should be studied; for like bright stars they will shed a cheering light on the obscure wanderings of the youthful intellect. When such is the case, and it never can fail to be, if our universities preserve their characters, the success of American literature will rest on a steadfast foundation. But such cannot be, when their interests and those of the people run in counter channels. In a re-

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public, where public opinion works such magic spells, it is the interest of the minority to yield to its sway. Upon a principle of human nature, the weak cling to the strong. Can, then, our colleges maintain their high, original standing? They must conform, in some degree, to the feelings of the mass of society. Besides, the youth who resort to them, come from the people, and must necessarily bear with them the malady of the people. Who will deny, that this political spirit is now, in many instances, the great stimulus of the American student? He seldom turns his aspiring gaze toward the celestial mount of the muses. He looks abroad upon society, and marks its character. His grasping mind longs for fame. He beholds but one road to eminence—the political. He beholds the splendid career of the mighty intellects of the land; marks a growing and powerful people doing them reverence; hears their name trumpeted by a thousand tongues; and like the Grecian hero, whose slumbers were troubled by the trophies of Miltiades, he burns for action. Nor is this all. In the political world, he sees mind battling with mind; all life, all activity, the congenial elements of panting, fiery ambition. In the literary world, he sees the mind pursuing a silent, unobserved, noiseless march; and not dreaming of the unfading brightness of its matured glories, he disdains its pursuits as unworthy of his attention. The result is natural. The grand, animating, and powerful thoughts of the splendid intellects of the past and the present, which, when sought, come all eloquent from the living page, never breathe their inspiriting energies into his mind. His course being finished, he rushes, full of sanguine hope, on the theatre of action, unskilled and unprepared. His success hangs on a point. An inordinate ambition urges him onward; he faces the storms and tempests, and opposes the thousand counter currents which run in, and keep in perpetual commotion the mountain wave of the political sea. His career is about closing, and, as he imagines, the diadem of glory about settling on his forehead; by some unforeseen stroke of bad fortune, he is hurled from his high elevation, sinks, and falls, and is heard of no more. In this way, many minds meet an unhonored and untimely end—minds, that might have proved great and useful to society—minds, which might have illuminated the arts and sciences with improved splendor—minds, which might have been 'founts of beauty' to our literature.

What preserves, in its original strength and grandeur, the rich and massy arch of German literature? The incomparable exertions of the German student. The German student! whose mind knows no other commune than the thoughts of the mighty dead. The German student! who knows the power and majesty of truth, and thinks no care, nor labor, too great to possess it; and whose intellectual eye takes in all that is lovely and sublime in creation. The universities of Germany are unequalled in the world. Is it wonderful that its literature is unequalled? But they are supported by the good feeling of society. Let then the current of public feeling be changed in our beloved land; let the American mind feel sensible of the importance of youthful mental cultivation; let the youthful intellect be taught to ascribe as much value, as much greatness, and as much immortality, to literary as to political interests. Let this be done, and our universities will surpass even those of Germany; will furnish to their country, instead of Schillers and Goethes, their prototypes, Shakspeares and Miltons.

But apart from these impediments to American literature, there is another. It glares in the face of every one. It lies in the periodical press. The benefits and glories of the press are familiar to every mind. Disseminating knowledge with unexampled rapidity, its influence is spread over and reaches the extreme borders of society. Being a universal mental aliment, it moulds, and fashions, and directs the thoughts and feelings of the man. Thousands on thousands of minds are developed by its effects, never enjoying any other. To the growing, varied classes of our society, it is the only light of information. How important that its action be pure, healthy, and vigorous! How important that it be the vehicle of virtuous and elevated thought! How important that it send forth on its hundred rapid wings and eloquence, which, like the written eloquence of the lamented Grimke, more enduring than marble or brass, should beautify the affections, and arouse to glorious action the intellect of this and coming ages! Thus mighty in its influence, and thus important in its character, it cannot maintain too high, too noble a standard. It should imbody whatever is great and excellent in human thought. It should teach the people how to apply the principles of science to the arts; and, therefore, should ever preserve, with vestal care, the temple of learning. In short, it should be the tribunal of public taste—an ordeal of criticism—severe, but highminded. Such being its characteristics, the periodical press will be the strongest pillar that shall support the towering fabric of our literature. It cannot fail to be, because through its instrumentality, public feeling is formed and swayed; and we have seen, that the right direction of this feeling will ever insure permanent, liberal, literary patronage. But what is the general character of this branch of the press? Is it a fountain from which flows the pure streams of knowledge? Is it a messenger of eloquent and exalted thoughts? Is it a friend to literature, or the efforts of original and powerful mind? Facts speak to the contrary. The majority of our periodicals, bear upon their very face, a political stamp. They contain in their broad folds, no more than the creations of rankling and disappointed passion, of unripened and undeveloped intellect. Do such minds as Johnson and Addison, spread beauty and interest through their columns? How paltry, how much to be lamented the spirit of their criticisms!—They breathe the essence of fanaticism. True, we have a few quarterlys and monthlys, that rise above the ordinary grade, and will compare, in all the excellencies of thought, with any productions of the kind, in any country or clime. The North American Review, is a fair and splendid specimen of what should characterize that department of our literature. Who ever closed its pages, beaming with a sun-like brilliancy, without having, in some degree, his knowledge enriched, his taste refined, his thoughts enlarged, and his intellect expanded? But shining only on the high peaks of society, its glorious beams never find their way to the mass: its influence, amid the universal debasement of the press, is unseen, unfelt. We have, likewise, a few literary papers; but in the delicate idea and beautiful expression of one of the contributors of the Maga-

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zine, they are the mere "sprays of the intellectual wave." We repeat it, the periodical press is, in the strongest sense of the word, political. Now, it is plain to every observing mind, that being the most influential, it should be the purest and noblest portion of our literature. How far it falls short of such a standard, our national mind has fatally experienced. Our country's glory and pride, our own genius, our own talent, call loudly and decidedly for a reformation.

We have now set forth a faint view of some of the impediments to the growth of American literature. We have seen, that political pursuits do not tend to the full development and vigor of the mind, and that without such a cast of mind, there cannot be eloquent and sublime mental action. We have seen, that our nation's mind is absorbed in political interests; in short, that the age is too political. We would ask, if there is no necessity of a change? He who feels the heavenly glow of patriotic devotion, and hopes to see his country the brightest star in the firmament of modern glory, will return an affirmative response.

Our literature has not, as yet, assumed any permanent form. Its features are just beginning to develope. What character it will take, we cannot judge with any degree of certainty. Now, it is a familiar principle, that in the formation of the mind, there is need of the most unceasing care and attention, to shape and direct its budding energies to virtue and excellence. Let the American mind have this attention, and we have a literature purer, nobler, and richer, than has ever illumined mankind. Do we desire a glorious immortality? And is not literary immortality—the mind set forth in visible, enchanting, and enduring forms—far more desirable, than political? How has the greatness and grandeur of all antiquity, been perpetuated? Who will compare the Pereclean age of Greece—an age, as we have seen, when literature shone purely, brightly—with those that followed, when political feuds rent every state? Who will compare the fame of Homer, the mirror-mind of the ancient world, with the most distinguished politician of antiquity? of Milton, with that of Cromwell? of Shakspeare, with that of the profoundest statesman of the Elizabethan age. Political glory, is as the short-lived plant—literary, as the majestic oak. Political glory, is as the flashing meteor—literary, as the splendor of the noon-day sun.

H. J. G.

From Mrs. Jamieson's Visits and Sketches.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.*

There is a comfort in the strength of love,
Making that pang endurable, which else
Would overset the brain—or break the heart.
Wordsworth.

The monuments which human art has raised to human pride or power may decay with that power, or survive to mock that pride; but sooner or later they perish—their place knows them not. In the aspect of a ruin, however imposing in itself, and however magnificent or dear the associations connected with it, there is always something sad and humiliating, reminding us how poor and how frail are the works of man, how unstable his hopes, and how limited his capacity compared to his aspirations! But when man has made to himself monuments of the works of God; when the memory of human affections, human intellect, human power, is blended with the immutable features of nature, they consecrate each other, and both endure together to the end. In a state of high civilization, man trusts to the record of brick and marble—the pyramid, the column, the temple, the tomb:

"Then the bust
And altar rise—then sink again to dust."

In the earlier stages of society, the isolated rock—the mountain, cloud-encircled—the river, rolling to its ocean-home—the very stars themselves—were endued with sympathies, and constituted the first, as they will be the last, witnesses and records of our human destinies and feelings. The glories of the Parthenon shall fade into oblivion; but while the heights of Thermopylæ stand, and while a wave murmurs in the gulph of Salamis, a voice shall cry aloud to the universe—"Freedom and glory to those who can dare to die!—woe and everlasting infamy to him who would enthral the unconquerable spirit!" The Coliseum with its sanguinary trophies is crumbling to decay; but the islet of Nisida, where Brutus parted with his Portia—the steep of Leucadia, still remain fixed as the foundations of the earth; and lasting as the round world itself shall be the memories that hover over them! As long as the waters of the Hellespont flow between Sestos and Abydos, the fame of the love that perished there shall never pass away. A traveller, pursuing his weary way through the midst of an African desert—a barren, desolate, and almost boundless solitude—found a gigantic sculptured head, shattered and half-buried in the sand; and near it the fragment of a pedestal, on which these words might be with pain deciphered: "*I am Ozymandias, King of kings; look upon my works, ye mighty ones, and despair!*" Who was Ozymandias?—where are now his works?—what bond of thought or feeling, links his past with our present? The Arab, with his beasts of burthen, tramples unheeding over these forlorn vestiges of human art and human grandeur. In the wildest part of the New Continent, hidden amid the depths of interminable forests, there stands a huge rock, hallowed by a tradition so recent that the man is not yet gray-headed who was born its contemporary; but that rock, and the tale which consecrates it, shall carry down to future ages a deep lesson—a moral interest lasting as itself—however the aspect of things and the conditions of people change around it. Henceforth no man shall gaze on it with careless eye; but each shall whisper to his own bosom—"What is stronger than love in a mother's heart?—what more fearful than power wielded by ignorance?—or what more lamentable than the abuse of a beneficent name to purposes of selfish cruelty?"

Those vast regions which occupy the central part of South America, stretching from Guinea to the foot of the Andes, overspread with gigantic and primeval forests, and watered by mighty rivers—those solitary wilds where man appears unessential in the scale of creation, and the traces of his power are few and far between—have lately occupied much of the attention

* This little tale (written in 1830) is founded on a striking incident related in Humboldt's narrative. The facts remain unaltered.

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of Europeans; partly from the extraordinary events and unexpected revolutions; which have convulsed the nations round them; and partly from the researches of enterprising travellers who have penetrated into their remotest districts. But till within the last twenty years these wild regions have been unknown, except through the means of the Spanish and Portuguese priests, settled as missionaries along the banks of the Orinoco and the Paraguay. The men thus devoted to utter banishment from all intercourse with civilized life, are generally Franciscan or Capuchin friars, born in the Spanish colonies. Their pious duties are sometimes voluntary, and sometimes imposed by the superiors of their order; in either case their destiny appears at first view deplorable, and their self-sacrifice sublime; yet, when we recollect that these poor monks generally exchanged the monotonous solitude of the cloister for the magnificent loneliness of the boundless woods and far-spreading savannahs, the sacrifice appears less terrible; even where accompanied by suffering, privation, and occasionally by danger. When these men combine with their religious zeal some degree of understanding and enlightened benevolence, they have been enabled to enlarge the sphere of knowledge and civilization, by exploring the productions and geography of these unknown regions; and by collecting into villages and humanizing the manners of the native tribes, who seem strangely to unite the fiercest and most abhorred traits of savage life, with some of the gentlest instincts of our common nature. But when it has happened that these priests have been men of narrow minds and tyrannical tempers, they have on some occasions fearfully abused the authority entrusted to them; and being removed many thousand miles from the European settlements and the restraint of the laws, the power they have exercised has been as far beyond control as the calamities they have caused have been beyond all remedy and all relief.

Unfortunately for those who were trusted to his charge, Father Gomez was a missionary of this character. He was a Franciscan friar of the order of Observance, and he dwelt in the village of San Fernando, near the source of the Orinoco, whence his authority extended as president over several missions in the neighborhood of which San Fernando was the capital. The temper of this man was naturally cruel and despotic; he was wholly uneducated, and had no idea, no feeling, of the true spirit of christian benevolence: in this respect, the savages whom he had been sent to instruct and civilize were in reality less savage and less ignorant than himself.

Among the passions and vices which Father Gomez had brought from his cell in the convent of Angostara, to spread contamination and oppression through his new domain, were pride and avarice; and both were interested in increasing the number of his converts or rather of his slaves. In spite of the wise and humane law of Charles the Third, prohibiting the conversion of the Indian natives by force, Gomez, like others of his brethren in the more distant missions, often accomplished his purpose by direct violence. He was accustomed to go, with a party of his people, and lie in wait near the hordes of unreclaimed Indians: when the men were absent he would forcibly seize on the women and children, bind them, and bring them off in triumph to his village. There, being baptized and taught to make the sign of the cross, they were *called* Christians, but in reality were slaves. In general, the women thus detained pined away and died; but the children became accustomed to their new mode of life, forgot their woods, and paid to their Christian master a willing and blind obedience; thus in time they became the oppressors of their own people.

Father Gomez called these incursions, *la conquista espiritual*—the conquest of souls.

One day he set off on an expedition of this nature, attended by twelve armed Indians; and after rowing some leagues up the river Guaviare, which flows into the Orinoco, they perceived through an opening in the trees, and at a little distance from the shore, an Indian hut. It is the custom of these people to live isolated in families; and so strong is their passion for solitude, that when collected into villages they frequently build themselves a little cabin at a distance from their usual residence, and retire to it, at certain seasons, for days together. The cabin of which I speak was one of these solitary *villas*—if I may so apply the word. It was constructed with peculiar neatness, thatched with palm leaves, and over-shadowed with cocoa trees and laurels; it stood alone in the wilderness, embowered with luxuriant vegetation, and looked like the chosen abode of simple and quiet happiness. Within this hut a young Indian woman (whom I shall call Guahiba, from the name of her tribe) was busied in making cakes of the cassava root, and preparing the family meal, against the return of her husband, who was fishing at some distance up the river; her eldest child, about five or six years old, assisted her; and from time to time, while thus employed, the mother turned her eyes, beaming with fond affection, upon the playful gambols of two little infants, who, being just able to crawl alone, were rolling together on the ground, laughing and crowing with all their might.

Their food being nearly prepared, the Indian woman looked towards the river, impatient for the return of her husband. But her bright dark eyes, swimming with eagerness and affectionate solicitude, became fixed and glazed with terror when, instead of him she so fondly expected, she beheld the attendants of Father Gomez, creeping stealthily along the side of the thicket towards her cabin. Instantly aware of her danger (for the nature and object of these incursions were the dread of all the country round) she uttered a piercing shriek, snatched up her infants in her arms, and, calling on the other to follow, rushed from the hut towards the forest. As she had considerably the start of her pursuers, she would probably have escaped, and have hidden herself effectually in its tangled depths, if her precious burthen had not impeded her flight; but thus encumbered she was easily overtaken. Her eldest child, fleet of foot and wily as the young jaguar, escaped to carry to the wretched father the news of his bereavement, and neither father nor child were ever more beheld in their former haunts.

Meantime, the Indians seized upon Guahiba—bound her, tied her two children together, and dragged her down to the river, where Father Gomez was sitting in his canoe, waiting the issue of the expedition. At the sight of the captives his eye sparkled with a cruel triumph; he thanked his patron saint that three more souls were added to his community; and then, heedless of the tears

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of the mother, and the cries of her children, he commanded his followers to row back with all speed to San Fernando.

There Guahiba and her infants were placed in a hut under the guard of two Indians; some food was given to her, which she at first refused, but afterward, as if on reflection, accepted. A young Indian girl was then sent to her—a captive convert of her own tribe, who had not yet quite forgotten her native language. She tried to make Guahiba comprehend that in this village she and her children must remain during the rest of their lives, in order that they might go to heaven after they were dead. Guahiba listened, but understood nothing of what was addressed to her; nor could she be made to conceive for what purpose she was torn from her husband and her home, nor why she was to dwell for the remainder of her life among a strange people, and against her will. During that night she remained tranquil, watching over her infants as they slumbered by her side; but the moment the dawn appeared, she took them in her arms and ran off to the woods. She was immediately brought back; but no sooner were the eyes of her keepers turned from her than she snatched up her children, and again fled;—again—and again! At every new attempt she was punished with more and more severity; she was kept from food, and at length repeatedly and cruelly beaten. In vain!—apparently she did not even understand why she was thus treated; and one instinctive idea alone, the desire of escape, seemed to possess her mind and govern all her movements. If her oppressors only turned from her, or looked another way, for an instant, she invariably caught up her children and ran off towards the forest. Father Gomez was at length wearied by what he termed her "blind obstinacy;" and, as the only means of securing all three, he took measures to separate the mother from her children, and resolved to convey Guahiba to a distant mission, whence she should never find her way back either to them or to her home.

In pursuance of this plan, poor Guahiba, with her hands tied behind her, was placed in the bow of a canoe. Father Gomez seated himself at the helm, and they rowed away.

The few travellers who have visited these regions agree in describing a phenomenon, the cause of which is still a mystery to geologists, and which imparts to the lonely depths of these unappropriated and unviolated shades an effect intensely and indescribably mournful. The granite rocks which border the river, and extend far into the contiguous woods, assume strange, fantastic shapes; and are covered with a black incrustation, or deposit, which contrasted with the snow-white foam of the waves breaking on them below, and the pale lichens which spring from their crevices and creep along their surface above, give these shores an aspect perfectly funereal. Between these melancholy rocks—so high and so steep that a landing place seldom occurred for leagues together—the canoe of Father Gomez slowly glided, though urged against the stream by eight robust Indians.

The unhappy Guahiba sat at first perfectly unmoved, and apparently amazed and stunned by her situation; she did not comprehend what they were going to do with her; but after a while she looked up towards the sun, then down upon the stream; and perceiving, by the direction of the one and the course of the other, that every stroke of the oar carried her farther and farther from her beloved and helpless children, her husband, and her native home, her countenance was seen to change and assume a fearful expression. As the possibility of escape, in her present situation, had never once occurred to her captors, she had been very slightly and carelessly bound. She watched her opportunity, burst the withes on her arms, with a sudden effort flung herself overboard, and dived under the waves; but in another moment she rose again at a considerable distance, and swam to the shore. The current, being rapid and strong, carried her down to the base of a dark granite rock which projected into the stream; she climbed it with fearless agility, stood for an instant on its summit, looking down upon her tyrants, then plunged into the forest, and was lost to sight.

Father Gomez, beholding his victim thus unexpectedly escape him, sat mute and thunderstruck for some moments, unable to give utterance to the extremity of his rage and astonishment. When, at length, he found voice, he commanded his Indians to pull with all their might to the shore; then to pursue the poor fugitive, and bring her back to him, dead or alive.

Guahiba, meantime, while strength remained to break her way through the tangled wilderness, continued her flight; but soon exhausted and breathless, with the violence of her exertions, she was obliged to relax in her efforts, and at length sunk down at the foot of a huge laurel tree, where she concealed herself, as well as she might, among the long, interwoven grass. There, crouching and trembling in her lair, she heard the voices of her persecutors hallooing to each other through the thicket. She would probably have escaped but for a large mastiff which the Indians had with them, and which scented her out in her hiding place. The moment she heard the dreaded animal snuffing in the air, and tearing his way through the grass, she knew she was lost. The Indians came up. She attempted no vain resistance; but, with a sullen passiveness, suffered herself to be seized and dragged to the shore.

When the merciless priest beheld her, he determined to inflict on her such discipline as he thought would banish her children from her memory, and cure her forever of her passion for escaping. He ordered her to be stretched upon that granite rock where she had landed from the canoe, on the summit of which she had stood, as if exulting in her flight,—THE ROCK OF THE MOTHER, as it has ever since been denominated—and there flogged till she could scarcely move or speak. She was then bound more securely, placed in the canoe, and carried to Javita, the seat of a mission far up the river.

It was near sunset when they arrived at this village, and the inhabitants were preparing to go to rest. Guahiba was deposited for the night in a large barn-like building, which served as a place of worship, a public magazine, and, occasionally, as a barrack. Father Gomez ordered two or three Indians of Javita to keep guard over her alternately, relieving each other through the night; and then went to repose himself after the fatigues of his voyage. As the wretched captive neither resisted nor complained, Father Gomez flattered himself that she was now reduced to submission. Little could he fathom the bosom of this fond mother! He mistook for stupor, or resignation, the calmness of a

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fixed resolve. In absence, in bonds, and in torture, her heart throbbed with but one feeling; one thought alone possessed her whole soul:—her children—her children—and still her children!

Among the Indians appointed to watch her was a youth about eighteen or nineteen years of age, who, perceiving that her arms were miserably bruised by the stripes she had received, and that she suffered the most acute agony from the savage tightness with which the cords were drawn, let fall an exclamation of pity in the language of her tribe. Quick she seized the moment of feeling, and addressed him as one of her people.

"Guahibo," she said, in a whispered tone, "thou speakest my language, and doubtless thou art my brother! Wilt thou see me perish without pity, O son of my people? Ah, cut these bonds which enter into my flesh! I faint with pain! I die!"

The young man heard, and, as if terrified, removed a few paces from her and kept silence. Afterward, when his companions were out of sight, and he was left alone to watch, he approached, and said, "Guahiba!—our fathers were the same, and I may not see thee die; but if I cut these bonds, white man will flog me:—wilt thou be content if I loosen them, and give thee ease?" And as he spoke, he stooped and loosened the thongs on her wrists and arms; she smiled upon him languidly, and appeared satisfied.

Night was now coming on. Guahiba dropped her head on her bosom, and closed her eyes, as if exhausted by weariness. The young Indian believing that she slept, after some hesitation laid himself down on his mat. His companions were already slumbering in the porch of the building, and all was still.

Then Guahiba raised her head. It was night—dark night—without moon or star. There was no sound, except the breathing of the sleepers around her, and the humming of the moschetos. She listened for some time with her whole soul; but all was silence. She then gnawed the loosened thongs asunder with her teeth. Her hands once free, she released her feet: and when the morning came she had disappeared. Search was made for her in every direction, but in vain; and Father Gomez, baffled and wrathful, returned to his village.

The distance between Javita and San Fernando, where Guahiba had left her infants, is twenty-five leagues in a straight line. A fearful wilderness of gigantic forest trees, and intermingling underwood, separated these two missions;—a savage and awful solitude, which, probably, since the beginning of the world, had never been trodden by human foot. All communication was carried on by the river; and there lived not a man, whether Indian or European, bold enough to have attempted the route along the shore. It was the commencement of the rainy season. The sky, obscured by clouds, seldom revealed the sun by day; and neither moon nor gleam of twinkling star by night. The rivers had overflowed, and the lowlands were inundated. There was no visible object to direct the traveller; no shelter, no defence, no aid, no guide. Was it Providence—was it the strong instinct of maternal love, which led this courageous woman through the depths of the pathless woods—where rivulets, swollen to torrents by the rains, intercepted her at every step; where the thorny lianas, twining from tree to tree, opposed an almost impenetrable barrier; where the moschetos hung in clouds upon her path; where the jaguar and the alligator lurked to devour her; where the rattle-snake and the water-serpent lay coiled up in the damp grass, ready to spring at her; where she had no food to support her exhausted frame, but a few berries, and the large black ants which build their nests on the trees? How directed—how sustained—cannot be told: the poor woman herself could not tell. All that can be known with any certainty is, that the fourth rising sun beheld her at San Fernando; a wild, and wasted, and fearful object; her feet swelled and bleeding—her hands torn—her body covered with wounds, and emaciated with famine and fatigue;—but once more near her children!

For several hours she hovered round the hut in which she had left them, gazing on it from a distance with longing eyes and a sick heart, without daring to advance: at length she perceived that all the inhabitants had quitted their cottages to attend vespers; then she stole from the thicket, and approached, with faint and timid steps, the spot which contained her heart's treasures. She entered, and found her infants left alone, and playing together on a mat: they screamed at her appearance, so changed was she by suffering; but when she called them by name, they knew her tender voice, and stretched out their little arms towards her. In that moment the mother forgot all she had endured—all her anguish, all her fears, every thing on earth but the objects which blessed her eyes. She sat down between her children—she took them on her knees—she clasped them in an agony of fondness to her bosom—she covered them with kisses—she shed torrents of tears on their little heads, as she hugged them to her. Suddenly she remembered where she was, and why she was there: new terrors seized her; she rose up hastily, and, with her babies in her arms, she staggered out of the cabin—fainting, stumbling, and almost blind with loss of blood and inanition. She tried to reach the woods, but too feeble to sustain her burthen, which yet she would not relinquish, her limbs trembled, and sank beneath her. At this moment an Indian, who was watching the public oven, perceived her. He gave the alarm by ringing a bell, and the people rushed forth, gathering round Guahiba with fright and astonishment. They gazed upon her as if upon an apparition, till her sobs, and imploring looks, and trembling and wounded limbs, convinced them that she yet lived, though apparently nigh to death. They looked upon her in silence, and then at each other; their savage bosoms were touched with commiseration for her sad plight, and with admiration, and even awe, at this unexampled heroism of maternal love.

While they hesitated, and none seemed willing to seize her, or to take her children from her, Father Gomez, who had just landed on his return from Javita, approached in haste, and commanded them to be separated. Guahiba clasped her children closer to her breast, and the Indians shrunk back.

"What!" thundered the monk: "will ye suffer the woman to steal two precious souls from heaven? two members from our community? See ye not, that while she is suffered to approach them, there is no salvation for either mother or children? part them, and instantly!"

The Indians, accustomed to his ascendancy, and ter-

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rified at his voice, tore the children of Guahiba once more from her feeble arms: she uttered nor word nor cry, but sunk in a swoon upon the earth.

While in this state, Father Gomez, with a cruel mercy, ordered her wounds to be carefully dressed: her arms and legs were swathed with cotton bandages; she was then placed in a canoe, and conveyed to a mission, far, far off, on the river Esmeralda, beyond the Upper Orinoco. She continued in a state of exhaustion and torpor during the voyage; but after being taken out of the boat and carried inland, restoratives brought her back to life, and to a sense of her situation. When she perceived, as reason and consciousness returned, that she was in a strange place, unknowing how she was brought there--among a tribe who spoke a language different from any she had ever heard before, and from whom, therefore, according to Indian prejudices, she could hope nor aid nor pity;—when she recollected that she was far from her beloved children;—when she saw no means of discovering the bearing or the distance of their abode—no clue to guide her back to it:—*then*, and only then, did the mother's heart yield to utter despair; and thence forward refusing to speak or to move, and obstinately rejecting all nourishment, thus she died.

The boatman, on the river Atabapo, suspends his oar with a sigh as he passes the ROCK OF THE MOTHER. He points it out to the traveller, and weeps as he relates the tale of her sufferings and her fate. Ages hence, when these solitary regions have become the seats of civilization, of power, and intelligence; when the pathless wilds which poor Guahiba traversed in her anguish, are replaced by populous cities, and smiling gardens, and pastures, and waving harvests,—still that dark rock shall stand, frowning o'er the stream; tradition and history shall preserve its name and fame; and when even the pyramids, those vast, vain monuments to human pride, have passed away, it shall endure, to carry down to the end of the world the memory of the Indian Mother.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

NOTE TO BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARIES, VOL. I. PAGE 423.

Being the Substance of Remarks on the Subject of Domestic Slavery, delivered to the Law Class of William and Mary College, December 2d, 1834.

THIS subject is too interesting to be passed in silence. The time too is rife with proofs, that unless we mean tamely to surrender a most important interest, we must hold ourselves always on the alert to defend it with tongue and pen.

The short and compendious argument of the commentator, and his confident and peremptory judgment, seem to place us in the condition of convicted delinquents, and hardly to leave us the poor privilege of saying one word why sentence should not be passed upon us. And yet I hope to show, that this argument, so specious, is not less superficial, and that the conclusion, so promptly reached, has been attained by overlooking the most important considerations involved in the subject.

It was natural, and it was right, that Mr. Blackstone should manifest a zeal for the institutions of his own country, disposing him to excuse what might be amiss, to vindicate what might be questionable, and to place in the highest relief and in the most favorable light whatever is praiseworthy. But while I acknowledge this, I cannot allow to him, and them who think with him, a monopoly of this pious reverence for the institutions of their forefathers. I would rather follow their example, and, cherishing this sentiment so essential to the preservation of every thing that is valuable, would ask, on behalf of it, the like indulgence to what may be urged in defence of domestic slavery.

I shall not stop to show (what is incontestibly true) that it has done more to elevate a degraded race in the scale of humanity; to tame the savage; to civilize the barbarous; to soften the ferocious; to enlighten the ignorant; and to spread the blessings of christianity among the heathen, than all the missionaries that philanthropy and religion have ever sent forth. This would be no vindication, for he who can make the wrath of man to praise him; who can overrule evil, and make it an instrument of good, might have made it conducive to these ends, however wicked in itself it might be. "Be it a spirit of health, or goblin damned," on *his* errand it has gone forth. "Be its intents wicked or charitable," it is *his* instrument, in *his* hands, doing *his* work. When that is done, and not till then, it will cease, as will all things else, when their appointed course is run, and their appointed end fulfilled.

It is hardly necessary to expose the sophistry by which Mr. Blackstone affects to prove, that slavery cannot have had a lawful origin. We do not pretend to trace our title to its source. We have no call to sit in judgment between the conquered African and his conqueror. We rest our defence on principles which legitimate our title, whatever its origin may have been. Yet it may not be amiss to say a few words to show the fallacy of those plausible and imposing dogmas, with which we too often suffer ourselves to be talked down.

"Slavery," says Mr. Blackstone, "cannot originate in compact, because the transaction excludes the idea of an equivalent." For an answer to this specious fallacy, I shall content myself by referring you to the masterly essay of Professor Dew, who has so clearly exposed it as to leave me nothing to add.

But the commentator farther tells us, that "slavery cannot lawfully originate in *conquest*, as a commutation for the right to kill; because this right rests on necessity; and this necessity plainly does not exist, because the victor does not kill his adversary, but makes him captive." Is this a fair inference? Let us examine it.

There is a triple alternative in the case: to kill, to enslave, or to set at large. It may be practicable to do either of the two first; and yet dangerous in the extreme to do the last. With a savage and treacherous foe it is always so, unless his power of annoyance be completely annihilated. And how can this be between two tribes of nearly equal force? Among such is one victory an assured pledge of future and *bloodless* victory to the end of time? May it not, must it not, often be, that the victorious party can have no security against future and fatal mischief, but in the destruction, or something equivalent to the destruction, of the vanquished? This is obtained by deportation to distant lands, by which alone, or by incarceration, or something equivalent, or by extermination, or a near approach to extermination, the enmity of a savage neighbor ever

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can be rendered harmless. The necessity of the case, so long as it exists, justifies the choice of these alternatives. Among these, no argument is necessary to prove that foreign slavery is the mildest. But were this not so, the laws even of civilized war do not peremptorily dictate to the victor the choice he shall make among these remedies. He may kill; he may incarcerate; or he may enlarge on parol, clogged with such conditions as he may please to prescribe, according to the nature and measure of a necessity, of which he is the only judge.*

When Col. Campbell, at the head of a few militia, stooped from the mountains of Virginia on Carolina, and bore off the corps of Col. Fergusson in his pounces, had he been pursued and overtaken by Tarleton, he must have killed his prisoners. He could not have held them, and to have enlarged them would have been to sacrifice the lives of thousands. He who doubts this, knows nothing of the horrors of the tory war that raged in that quarter. If he had had no place of refuge, he might have handed them over to any custody, civilized or savage, in which they might have been removed from the theatre of war. This is one example among ten thousand, to show that the captivity of an enemy by no means implies the security of the captor, should he allow his prisoner to go free. The snared tiger is in your power: you may kill him—you may cage him. "*Therefore*," says Mr. Blackstone, "you are under no necessity to do either, and the noble beast has a fair claim to his liberty."

But I have given too many words to the exposure of this grave sophistry. In self-defence it might have been pardoned; in crimination it is intolerable.

But, as I remarked in the outset, we have nothing to do with the origin of any particular *mode* of slavery. In some shape or other it exists, and has existed every where, since first the decree went forth, which cursed the earth, and denounced to man, "that in the sweat of his face he should eat the fruit thereof." Here is its origin; and, as might be expected of any thing so originating, the thing is evil in itself, and in all its modes. The problem is to choose among them. To the practical man it is a thing of small difficulty; *left to itself*, it assumes, in every country, the form and texture best suited to the physical peculiarities of that country, and the condition of society there. But we have grown so wise, that we leave nothing to itself. The world is full of associations and combinations of men, who make it the business of their lives to regulate every thing but what concerns themselves. We every where find a sort of moral treasuries of supererogatory virtue, made up by voluntary contribution, for the benefit of all who do not affect to be wiser and better than their fathers. Turn where we will, we have the edifying spectacle of one half the world repenting for the sins of the other half.

While the discussion of this subject was confined to ourselves; while they who denounced the practice of domestic slavery were such as could not condemn others, without standing self-condemned, we heard them patiently, as we hear from the pulpit the meek expostulations of the humble and contrite. Their interest afforded a pledge that they would not rashly carry their doctrines into practice: their self-rebukes excused them from the charge of arrogance; and the sincerity of their enthusiasm commanded our respect and sympathy. But since we have seen one community rashly overturning the domestic institutions of another; and hear from our northern neighbors an avowal of the like benevolent design toward us, it is time to look into the subject more narrowly. Let us understand it well. If we are wrong, the discovery of our fault may prepare us to bear, with becoming meekness, the impending judgment. If we are right, an understanding conviction that we are so, may be necessary to man our hearts and brace our nerves for the impending struggle.

I have said that slavery exists every where—originating in the decree which makes labor the price of subsistence. The correlative of this proposition is that *subsistence* is the *wages* of labor. I shall pass by the hackneyed topic of the process by which it inevitably happens, in all societies, that some men rise to affluence, while others remain as they began. So it ever has been, is, and will be, whether we find out how it comes to pass or no. There will be rich and poor. The rich man will not dig the earth: the poor man must. He becomes the rich man's servant, and the wages of his abject toil are food and raiment. This, his condition, is compulsory and inevitable; and compulsory toil for food and raiment,—what is it but slavery? True, the compulsion is not that of his fellow-worm. But is it the less crushing, because it is enforced by one from whose power there is no escape?

But are food and raiment the wages to which labor is every where stinted? Yes. Circumstances may make occasional differences in the price of labor, as in the settlement of a new country; but the same law which governs the price of every thing else, governs also the price of labor. This is, in every case, the cost of production; and food and raiment are the cost of the production of labor.

A few remarks will show the modifications to which this rule is subject, and will prove, that strictly speaking, it admits of no exception, though its modifications may occasionally afford, to individuals, an escape from the *class* of *laborers* into that of *employers*.

In a society perfectly stationary, (if there be such a thing,) where the wants of the whole community, and the nature and amount of labor necessary to supply those wants, and the subjects of labor are the same from generation to generation, there will be a steady demand for a new laborer, to supply the place of each one that dies off. Hence the average wages will be such as to enable each pair to produce and bring forward another pair; or, in other words, they will enable a man and his wife to rear two children. If, on an average, they are more than this, then on an average, more than two children will be reared; the number of laborers will be increased; the supply will exceed the

* It may be said that the laws of civilized war do not permit that prisoners be slain or incarcerated; for that if this be done, *the other party may retaliate*. This will prove, that he who is cruel to his prisoners, *does a wrong to his own people who may happen to be in his enemy's hands*; but that is all. The laws of civilized warfare acknowledge the right to retaliate, and therefore *make a case*, if there was no other, where slavery by conquest would be lawful. Even though he who first enslaves his prisoners be wrong; yet *ex concessis* he who retaliates is right. Can Mr. Blackstone tell us which of the savage African chiefs began the game?

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demand; the competition will reduce wages below the standard of the cost of production, until the surplus laborers are starved off; and they will then return to that standard, and settle there.

In a society retrograde in its condition, the average of wages will be less than enough to support a laboring pair and two children. There will always be a stock of surplus labor to be starved off, and a ragged lazaroni will mark this condition of society.

In a society advancing in all things, there must be an increasing supply to keep up with the increasing demand. Competition among employers will enhance the price of labor, and this will enable the laboring class to reproduce itself in an increasing ratio. And this it will do, for he who said "increase and multiply, and replenish the earth," has commanded it.

It is thus perfectly true of *labor*, and the *laboring class collectively*, that the cost of production is the measure of price; and that food and raiment for the laborer of today, and for those future laborers who are rising up to supply the future demand, are all that enter into the cost of production. The seeming exceptions to the rule do but confirm it, and show how its author has rivetted it on the necks of men, *that they shall not escape from it.* It is the brazen collar which marks the laborer "THE BORN THRALL OF NECESSITY." His wages are never increased beyond the wants of his own individual nature, but for a purpose, to which the law of that nature makes it sure that he will apply them; the reproduction of *just so many* others (neither more nor less) as the exigencies of society may require, to follow in the same dull round of labor in which his life has been spent.

There will indeed be individuals who may seem to form exceptions to this rule, in every state of society. The laborer, whose superior strength or skill commands more than the average of wages, will have something to spare. So too, he who, from prudence or coldness, remains unmarried; because his wages are established according to an average of the necessities of the laboring class, from a part of which he keeps himself exempt. Such a man, if industrious, frugal, provident and thrifty, will improve in condition, and eventually *emerge from the class of laborers into that of employers.* But the condition of *the class* remains unchanged. As *he* rose from it, some one, unperceived, came into it, to supply his place; and others to meet the new demand occasioned by the addition of one more to the number of employers. Thus it is, and so it must be, that the proportional number of the laboring class never diminishes, while society advances; and, the more rapid the advancement of the whole, the greater the proportion of laborers to employers, and the greater the competition for employment. There is, of course, a progressive reduction in the price of labor, accompanying this progressive increase of the number condemned, by impealable laws, to this low and hard condition.—There they are, forever toiling and sweating in the dark and cheerless abodes of poverty, aliens to the society in which they breathe, whose comforts are ever in an inverse ratio to the sum of general prosperity.

But "in this lowest depth there is yet a lower deep." While superior strength and skill, and exemption from family burdens, enable some to escape to the upper air, others, under the pressure of disease, infirmity and numerous children, sink into that gulph from which there is no return. Of these we take no note. The few whom fortune favors, come with *eclat* upon the stage of higher life, and are pointed out as brilliant examples of the blessings of a system of free labor. The countless victims of her malice

> "Drop from existence like the withered leaf
> That from the summer tree is swept away,
> Its loss unseen."

This compendious view of the condition of what is called "*free labor*," in the various stages of society, is verified by the observations and explained by the researches of the political economists. I take it as I receive it from them, confirmed in my conviction of its truth, by my own experience and reflections.

Let us place along side of this a view of the condition of slave labor, as ascertained by observation, and by the laws that determine that condition.

Of slave labor then, as of free labor, it may be said, that its wages are food and raiment for the laborer of today, and for those future laborers who are rising up to supply the future demand. Thus much they have in common. I shall not pretend to point out all the differences between the two, but shall remark on some of the most obvious and important.

To the slave these wages are paid in kind, and can therefore be always made precisely adequate, and no more. To the free man they are paid in money, and may become deficient or superfluous, from a state of scarcity or abundance. In the last case a slight advantage is afforded to those who need it least; in the first a ruinous loss is sustained by those least able to bear it.

To the slave, his due proportion of the common fund, paid to labor as a whole, is measured out with unerring accuracy. Among free laborers, some receive too much, and others, in a like degree, too little. For be it remembered, that the average wages of free labor are given, not merely as the price of the labor of the day, but also to indemnify the daily expense of producing that amount of future labor, which the future demand is to render necessary. He therefore who labors only, but rears no children, receives more than his just share. He defrauds the concern, by drawing from the common income a portion he has not earned; while others, whom nature has burdened with more than the due proportion of children, earn more than they receive, and suffer for want of the necessaries of life. This is historically as well as theoretically true.

The slave is said to labor, uncheered by hope. This may be so. To those who know him best, he certainly seems a stranger to despair. Metaphysicians, I think, tell us that *hope will not be without its objects.* But it must be confessed there are things which the slave cannot hope for, though the freeman may. On the other hand, he is free from many anxieties to which the freeman is exposed. In this sense of security he has something which may well be offset against the freeman's hopes, and which some (and they not the least wise) may deem a fair equivalent to men of sordid habits and untaught minds; and such are the great body of laborers, bond or free.

Among slaves, the *individual* is the slave of an *individual* master. Among free laborers, the *class* is held in vassalage by the *class* of employers. Collectively the one class may be said to be the slave of the other. I shall not go into a minute examination of this matter.

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As our controversy is with Mr. Blackstone, I shall use no authority against him but his own. Hear what he says of the law of England, his boasted home of freedom. "All single men between *twelve* years old and *sixty*, and married ones under thirty years of age, and all single women between twelve and forty, not having any visible livelihood, are *compellable, by two justices*, to go out to service in husbandry or certain specific trades." This is as much as to say, "they who can only live by labor shall be made to labor." What more do we? They compel him to choose a master. We appropriate his labor to a master to whom use and a common interest attach him, and who is generally the master of his choice. The wages of both are the same.

In sickness, the slave looks for support to a master who is interested to maintain and cherish him, and who, for the most part, knows and loves him. What is the freeman's equivalent? Hear Mr. Blackstone:—"There is no man so wretched or indigent, but he may *demand* a supply sufficient for all the necessities of life, from the more opulent part of the community, by means of the several statutes enacted for the relief of the poor. *A humane provision;* yet, though dictated by the principles of society, discountenanced by the Roman laws. For the edicts of the Emperor Constantine, commanding the public to maintain the children of those who were unable to provide for them, *in order to prevent the murder and exposure of infants*, were rejected in Justinian's collection." Who ever heard of infanticide by a slave?

It is here; on this very point, of the necessity of forcing those to labor who are unable to live honestly without labor, that we base the defence of our system. That such compulsion is often necessary, all reason and experience prove. But to a people jealous of freedom, it is a delicate question whether such a power over the citizen can be safely trusted to the municipal authority. To make it effectual it must be a power dangerous to liberty. It could never be carried into effect, but by a degree of rigor which must bow the spirit of the laborer and effectually disqualify him for the political functions of a sovereign citizen. It might be too much to say, that this consideration alone would warrant the *introduction* of domestic slavery. *Lycurgus thought so.* But we, *finding it among us*, think we follow the example of that wisdom which *used* to characterize our English ancestors, in turning it to use, as a safeguard of our political freedom. We have learned too, from a great master in political science, himself an enemy to slavery in all its forms, that in every country where domestic slavery exists, "those who are free, are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to them not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing, and as broad and general as the air, may be united with *much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude*, liberty looks, amongst them, like something that is *more noble and liberal.* * * * Such were all the ancient Commonwealths; such were our Gothic ancestors; such, in our days, were the Poles; *and such will be all masters of slaves who are not slaves themselves.* In such a people, the haughtiness of domination combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible."

Such is the lesson read to us sixty years ago, by one who wished us well, and who thoroughly understood the character of our people, and the causes that had influenced in the formation of that character. It is of a piece with the general maxims of that school of practical wisdom, and sound political philosophy, in which our fathers learned the grand principles imbodied in our institutions. In that school, every thing was conceded to liberty; nothing to licentiousness: every thing to religion; nothing to fanaticism: every allowance was made for the natural and untaught feelings of the human heart; none for sickly artificial sensibility. Its maxims were drawn from experience, observation and reflection *on man as he is;* not from fanciful speculations on *man as he might have been*, had it pleased God to have made him differently. But since that day great light has risen on the world, and the descendants of these statesmen now find, that the imperfect vision of their fathers did but "see men, as trees walking." The present generation see clearly, and renouncing all respect for those whom God commands to honor living, and to reverence in death, bless themselves, saying, "If we had been in the days of our fathers we would not have been partakers" in their sins. Even so let it be. Let them desecrate and demolish the tombs of their fathers, to build up a monument to their own praise. But what spell is upon us, that we should follow their example, and signalize our ingratitude to the men to whose teachings we owe all that is valuable in our institutions, by joining in a crusade against our own rights, and "lending an active compliance to our own ruin?"

We certainly have reason to believe that the existence of domestic slavery among us has been of singular advantage in preserving the free spirit of our people. Slave labor pre-occupies and fills the low and degrading stations in society. Menial offices are altogether discharged by it; and all the tasks of mere brute strength are left to it. To the freeman belong those services which imply trust and confidence, or require skill; which therefore command higher wages than mere animal labor, and give a sense of respectability and a feeling of self-respect. I know we are told that if we wish to see the perfection of free government, we must look elsewhere. We look; and we do indeed see the theory of democracy carried to its full extent, but we behold no practical results which we at all envy. We do not find that any good has come from elevating the whole class of laborers, in all its servile and degraded branches, to the sovereign privilege of voting. We believed *a priori* (and observation proves that we were right) that the first and only use the hireling would make of his political franchise, would be to sell it to the demagogue. *But though convinced of this, the experience of other states justifies a doubt, whether,* IF ALL OUR LABORERS WERE FREEMEN, *it would be possible to withhold from them the privilege of voting.* We know that it has been elsewhere wrung from the reluctant grasp of the freeholders, who deeply, *but silently*, lament the forced concession. Our statesmen have been *privately* admonished by them to profit by the experience of their error, and hold fast by our institutions. *Publicly* indeed, we are taunted with what are called the aristocratic features of our government; but we know, and the enemies of freedom know it too, that when power has

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marched unchecked and unchallenged over the prostrate democracy of free labor and universal suffrage, it has always found here the most formidable barriers to its progress.

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I take the liberty of appending, by way of note, a quotation from the same statesman, whose words I have already used, which shows that this idea of the connexion between DOMESTIC *slavery* and MUNICIPAL *liberty*, is not new. Our *former oppressors* were aware of it sixty years ago, and seriously meditated the destruction of the latter by the abolition of the former. The following extract may show where our *present oppressors* got the first hint of that scheme of interested philanthropy which proposes to strip us of our property for the good of our souls.

Mr. Burke says, (in 1775) "With regard to the high aristocratic spirit of Virginia and the southern colonies, it has been proposed, I know, *to reduce it, by declaring a general enfranchisement of slaves.* This project has had its advocates and panegyrists; yet I never could argue myself into any opinion of it. Slaves are often much attached to their masters. A general wild offer of liberty would not always be accepted. History furnishes few instances of it. It is sometimes as hard to persuade slaves to be free, as it is to compel feeemen to be slaves; and, in this auspicious scheme, we, should have both these pleasing tasks on our hands at once. But when we talk of enfranchisement, do we not perceive that the American master may enfranchise too, *and arm servile hands in defence of freedom?* A measure to which other people have had recourse more than once, and not without success, in a desperate situation of their affairs.

"Slaves as these unfortunate black people are, and dull as all men are from slavery, must they not a little suspect an offer of freedom from that very nation which has sold them to their present masters? From a nation, one of whose causes of quarrel with those masters, is their refusal to deal any more in that inhuman traffic? An offer of freedom from England would come rather oddly, shipped to them in an African vessel, which is refused an entry into the ports of Virginia or Carolina, with a cargo of three hundred Angola negroes. It would be curious to see the Guinea captain attempting at the same instant to publish his proclamation of liberty, and to advertise his sale of slaves."

This last absurdity, our northern *guardians, pastors,* or *masters,* (I am not particular about the designation,) have wisely avoided. As long as the slave trade was allowed, they were only anxious to secure to themselves a monopoly of the advantage of carrying it on. Having lost this, they seek an equivalent by putting a new face on the matter.

Let me not be understood as bringing this charge against all who are engaged in this crusade against our rights. Like all other crusades, it is the work of a few knaves and many dupes. The latter are, proverbially, the tools of the former. Without them, the knave cannot carry on his trade. There are things to be done which he cannot do in person, and which are best accomplished by the clumsy zeal of bungling philanthropy. The fate of the West Indies is a case in point. The case of the tame bear, set by a mischievous wag to keep the flies off of the face of the sleeping hermit, is another.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

BY R. H. WILDE, *Of Georgia.*

FAINT and sad was the moon-beam's smile,
  Sullen the moan of the dying wave,
Hoarse the wind in St. Helen's isle,
  As I stood by the side of NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

And is it *here* that the Hero lies,
  Whose name has shaken the earth with dread?
And is *this* all that the earth supplies?
  A stone his pillow—the turf his bed!

Is such the moral of human life?
  Are these the limits of glory's reign?
Have oceans of blood and an age of strife,
  A thousand battles, been all in vain?

Is nothing left of his victories now
  But legions broken—a sword in rust—
A crown that cumbers a dotard's brow—
  A name and a requiem?—dust to dust!

Of all the Chieftains whose thrones he reared,
  Were there none whom kindness or faith could bind?
Of all the Monarchs whose crowns he spared,
  Had none one spark of his Roman mind?

Did PRUSSIA cast no repentant glance?
  Did AUSTRIA shed no remorseful tear,
When ENGLAND'S FAITH, and thine HONOR, FRANCE,
  And thy FRIENDSHIP, RUSSIA, were blasted *here?*

No!—Holy leagues, like the heathen Heaven,
  Ungodlike shrunk from the giant's shock,
And glorious TITAN—the unforgiven—
  Was doomed to his Vulture and chains and rock.

* * * * * *

And who were the gods that decreed *thy* doom!
  A German *Cæsar*—a Prussian *Sage,*
The *Dandy Prince* of a counting room,
  And a *Russian Greek* of the middle age!

* * * * * *

Men called thee *Despot,* and called thee true;
  But the laurel was earned that bound thy brow;
And of all who wore it, alas! how few
  Were as free from treason and guilt as thou!

* * * * * *

Shame to thee Gaul! and thy faithless horde!
  Where was the oath which thy soldiers swore?
Fraud still lurks in the *Gown*—but the *Sword*
  Was never so false to its trust before!

Where was thy vet'rans boast that day
  "The old guard dies," but it "never yields!"
Oh! for one heart like the brave Desaix,
  One Phalanx like those of thine early fields!

But no! no! no! it was FREEDOM'S charm
  Gave *them* the courage of more than men;
You broke the magic that nerved each arm,
  Though you were invincible only then!

* * * * * *

1823.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A SONG OF THE SEASONS.

BY ZARRY ZYLE.

Methought I heard a whispering on the strings
Of hidden harps, in airy form that play,
And lend their voice to fair imaginings,
And wake young thoughts which in their cradles lay.
I wished to set the prisoned minstrels free,
Like liberated Ariels to sing,
And lend a voice to all that eye could see,
From the first dawn of the green light of spring,
To the last lowering sweep of winter's stormy wing.

[*William Naylor's MSS.*

I.

A Maiden sang at morn beside a leaping rivulet—
Blithe merriment was on her lip and in her eye of jet;
Young Spring had shaken from his locks the amethystine beam—
O, it was sweet to hear the hymn of forest girl and stream!

A pale youth paddled wantonly far o'er a sunny lake,
And smiled to see the infant leaf in newborn gladness quake;
He had brooded the winter through, until his cheek grew pale
With dreaming mighty deeds, and now it freshened in the gale.

A white roe wandered where sweet herbs and tender grass were peeping—
His snowy head was poised in pride, his chainless heart was leaping;
The bugle-bee had called the herd from icy solitude,
And he had come at bugle call—fleet centaur of the wood.

A robin bowed her golden breast and spread her gauze-wing forth,
And aye poured she in carol fond her long imprisoned mirth;
No mournful tones, no lute-like wail, were with her music blent;
'Twas—like the fife's shrill voice—a gush of unmixed merriment.

II.

The maiden wild and rivulet were louder in their glee,
The hidden weed waxed lush beneath its woven canopy,
Old summer's conch o'er air-waves lured his fragrance-breathing throng,
All joy had deepened on the earth, and warmth and light and song.

The youth had seen the singing girl and bowed his soul to love;
Ambition—aspirations—all the subtle springs that move
Man's sleepless youth, were cast aside; old summer's beamy heat
Had fired their souls, and low he knelt in fondness at her feet.

The roe leapt on: the robin wove her nest of downy hair,
And light with bliss high hovered as a blossom floats on air—
Girl, brook, and youth had ripened in the gladness born of spring,
Joy still inflamed the wild-deer's heart and plumed the wild-bird's wing.

III.

The marigold and rose had left the valley and the hill,
The pansy frail was sere in dust and dead the daffodil;
The aster tall yet wore its leaves, the "golden rob" its flowers,
But beauty and perfume had gone with summer's radiant hours.

From morn to night through forest glades with naught his path to cheer,
The roebuck wandered moodily, o'er leaves all crisped and sere;
The bird still sang, but bridal song had changed to widow's wail,
And mourning she but grieved the more that grief might not avail.

But ah! the saddest change of all—the chilling blight had come
On hearts within whose holy bowers young love had made his home;
The verdure had departed thence, the vermeil tenderness
And frosty winds had brought to dust the growth of early bliss.

The maiden heard the murmuring stream but murmured no reply,
A melancholy coldness dwelt within her shrouded eye,
She scarcely heard *his* burning prayer whose love no change might quell,
And only lived enough to breathe an icy "fare-thee-well."

IV.

The sombre autumn-sky no more sent down its mournful rain,
A dim and sickly veil had long o'er hill and hollow lain,
But death at last had trampled on the few remaining flowers,
All save the restless mandrake died with autumn's last sad hours.

The mandrake yet remained, and when the keen frost pierced his breast,
Sent forth his voice in agony upon the soughing blast:
It told of happiness too ripe, of dewy rapture fled,
Of ecstacy, and green of heart, with vanished verdure dead.

The quiet snow came lightly through the thick and misty air,
And slantingly descended when the cold wind left his lair;
The cold wind! aye, the wind had chilled since buoyed on sunny mirth
Young Euroauster came to woo the virgin bloom of earth.

I saw no more the antlered stag—his rocky solitude
Was fitter palace for the king than lea or roofless wood;
The robin's song had died away as all things else must die—
Death's sleet had bound her ribbed wing and dimmed her gleeful eye.

I saw the maiden, but alas! the snow thro' ether gliding,
Was not more chill than she, erewhile so tender, so confiding;
I saw the youth—to him naught here might honey-balm impart,
He wandered from the haunts of men in brokenness of heart.

Oh, is there not a sympathy of all-controling power
The mother and her brood between—old earth, weak man, frail flower?
From some hearts soon the fetters fall, as spring frees lake and river,
But many with the withered leaf, wear ruin's chain forever.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LETTERS FROM A SISTER.

Mr. White,—

The prominent characters in the following pages are fictitious; but the circumstances narrated are founded on fact, and the descriptions correct. The author was an actor in the scenes, and visited the places described. She has not however, relied solely on her own observations and the oral communications of others, but consulted the best guide books and historical traditions.

LETTER FIRST.

Voyage—Havre de Grace—Light Houses—Frescati Baths, and Sea Bathing—Tower of Francis the First.

Havre de Grace, ———.

My Dear Jane:—

The last wave of your handkerchief, when we parted from you at Southampton, made me feel quite sad for some time; but the bustling scene around me at length diverted my thoughts from their gloomy course, and I employed myself in observing the rapid movements of the sailors, as they obeyed the orders of their captain, who had the voice of a stentor, and took no pains to soften it. Our fellow passengers were an elderly gentleman and his two sons, whom he was going to place at a boarding school near Havre. We reached this celebrated port in the evening, and I am happy to tell you (*now that it is over,*) not without an adventure. Our parents and Edgar were not very sea sick, but alas! for Sigismund and myself; we were the *Jobs* of the party. I mean as regards *suffering*, not *patience;* for of the last we both stood in need. I already detest the sea, and dread re-crossing it. But all this time you are unacquainted with our adventure; it was this. When within a few miles of Havre, a sudden squall arose, and for more than an hour our situation was truly terrifying. Fortunately the wind blew from the land, or we should have been wrecked on the "iron bound coast" which was very near us. The sails of our small vessel flapped with such violence, that the

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captain says they must have been torn to pieces if they had not been perfectly new. We have occupied ourselves since our arrival here, in walking about the town and riding in its neighborhood. Yesterday we visited the two light houses on Cape la Héve, and ascended one of them to view from its roof the surrounding country, which is beautiful, and bounded on three sides by the ocean. We purchased of an old woman residing in the light house, some specimens of shell work; and I chose for you a little dog, ingeniously made of small white shells, whose tiny black eyes shine as brightly as your own. This morning we surveyed the Frescati Baths, and the reservoir for oysters in front of them. The baths are kept in elegant order, and the spacious mansion containing them presents a handsome exterior. I did not relish the oysters; they taste of copperas, as do those we get at home—and this is natural enough, as they come out of the same waters. On the shore, contiguous to the bathing establishment, we witnessed the amusing spectacle of ladies and gentlemen in Turkish costume, struggling in the briny element, whose billows almost threw them down, although supported by the arms of sturdy sailors, and clinging to ropes suspended from stakes on the beach. Last night we went to the theatre, and were much entertained by the performance of Lepeintre, an excellent comic actor from Paris. Havre is enclosed by lofty walls, outside of which are deep moats, and the borders of these are covered with a bright verdure. In the town there is a pleasant walk shaded by lime trees, and the square in front of the theatre is laid off in gravel walks, with seats on each side. Here the gentry of the city, and hosts of children, with their nurses to guard them, assemble every afternoon. It is also usual for a military band to play there at sunset. The most interesting object in Havre is an old structure called the "Tower of Francis the First," in which that monarch was sumptuously feasted by the [primeval] inhabitants of this place, three centuries ago. But money must have been of extreme value, and provisions very cheap in that age, as it is said the banquet cost only thirty pounds; or perhaps what then was considered a *feast*, would in these days of luxury be thought an *ordinary meal*. The following anecdote will give you an idea of the strength of the edifice. A crazy soldier once shut himself up in it while the garrison were dining, and although he was strongly besieged, maintained possession for two hours ere he was overcome. As we are to rise at five o'clock to-morrow morning, for the purpose of embarking for Rouen in the steamboat, I must retire to rest. Accept our love, and remember us affectionately to aunt Margaret and Albert. I hope you had a safe journey home from Southampton, and found all well at the Lodge. Yours,

LEONTINE.

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LETTER SECOND.

The Seine—Quillebeuf—Candebeck—Curious Rite at the Village of St. Arnold—La Mailleraie—Abbey of Jamièges—Charles the Seventh and Agnes Sorrel—Chateau of Robert le Diable—Arrival at Rouen.

ROUEN, ———.

My Dear Jane:—

What a silly creature you are to be sure!—to have preferred the shades of Morren Lodge, and the company of good aunt Margaret, (not to say that of somebody else, for fear of a blush,) to accompanying us in our present tour! I am more and more enchanted as we proceed, and cannot help bewailing your decision, whenever we are partaking of any pleasure or amusement. 'Tis true, you tell us that after your marriage next spring, Albert intends visiting the continent; but dear me! how many things may occur in the meanwhile to alter your plans. Nay, the knot may never be tied—for its no "wonder of wonders" now-a-days for lads and lasses to change their minds. And should you prove a "constant couple," and the wedding take place, I doubt that Albert will be able to tear himself from his books and musty parchments. You know I've often told you, that he never would have fallen in love with your ladyship, I'm convinced, had he not surprised you that eventful morning in papa's study, reading the life of the American President Thomas Jefferson, while the rest of us were playing at battledore on the lawn; and this you may tell him if you choose. "Well, enough of rattle, Leontine, (I hear you say,) and do let's have something interesting." So you shall, sister Jane; and I hasten to give you an account of our voyage from Havre to this ancient capital. It was delightful! We were favored with clear skies and propitious breezes, and remained on deck the whole day to enjoy the scenery, for the banks of the Seine are highly cultivated, and at every turn present beautiful points of view. We glided by many villages, and several monasteries and castles. Among the former I will only mention Quillebeuf and Candebeck. Quillebeuf is famous for its ninety-nine pilots; and as the navigation there is extremely dangerous for vessels, they have full employment. It is remarkable that their number has always been ninety-nine from time immemorial. Candebeck is situated immediately on the bank of the river, and Vernet, the celebrated marine painter, pronounced the view from its quay one of the most beautiful water prospects in France. An old lady on board the steamboat, told mamma and myself, as we were passing Candebeck, that a few miles from it there is a village called St. Arnold, which contains a pool of stagnant water, that many credulous people believe efficacious in healing cutaneous diseases, and that at a certain period of the year, numbers who are afflicted with such disorders go to bathe in the pool. First, however, a particular ceremony must be performed, or the water will have no effect. Each applicant for health, must *steal* from the neighboring woods a stick, and cast it down to assist in forming a pile. In the evening this is set on fire by the curate of the village, who comes forth dressed in his sacerdotal robes, and accompanied by priests chanting a hymn. When the smoke begins to darken the air, a white pigeon is let loose from the spire of the church, and the poor deluded sufferers firmly believe it to be the holy ghost descending from heaven to cure them! Quillebeuf and Candebeck are both associated with historical recollections. The former was fortified by Henry the Fourth, who considered it an important point, and wished to have it called Henry'sville, after himself. This was not done however, and since his death the fortifications have been destroyed. It was at Candebeck that William the Conqueror crossed the Seine in 1047, on his way to Arques, to quell a sedition among the people there, under the Count of Arques. It was governed by the

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famous Talbot during the reign of Henry the Fifth of England, and the inhabitants distinguished themselves by their bravery in a combat with the English. At one period it was noted for its manufactures of hats and gloves; and at that time no one of *bon ton* would wear a hat that was not made at Candebeck. The revocation of the edict of Nantz proved a death blow to the industry of this town. Soon after leaving it, we passed the Chateau of La Mailleraie, once the residence of Mademoiselle De la Vallière, during her youth. The mansion is spacious, and its gardens and thickets looked very inviting. In 1824 the Duchess of Berri visited this retreat, and breakfasted in the garden; and to commemorate this circumstance, a white marble column has been erected there. I wonder they did not surmount it with a *coffee-pot*. Beyond La Mailleraie the scenery is rather monotonous, but at length you approach the Abbey of Jamièges, (founded by Saint Philibert,) and the landscape becomes lovely. This noble ruin, with its numerous Gothic windows, was a majestic spectacle. Being situated on a peninsula, round which our course extended, we had a view of it for a considerable time; at last, to my regret, it faded from our sight. Charles the Seventh built a fine villa in the neighborhood of Jamièges, and here the beautiful, but sinful and unhappy Agnes Sorrel, resided. At her death her heart was deposited in the Abbey, and her body carried to Loches, where it was interred with great ceremony in the choir of the collegiate church, for Agnes had been extremely munificent to the canons of Loches, giving them two thousand crowns and quantities of jewels, tapestry and pictures; and these crafty ecclesiastics paid her remains all due respect during the life of Charles the Seventh, her royal lover; but after his demise, while Louis the Eleventh was visiting their church, knowing that he detested Agnes, and designing to flatter him, they pointed out her tomb and requested permission to have it removed. "I consent," replied the monarch, (indignant at their duplicity and ingratitude,) "but you must first restore the riches she lavished upon you." The last object I will now describe to you is the Chateau of "Robert le Diable," a wicked wretch, whose crimes sullied the earth, and whose spirit is believed by the superstitious still to haunt the places that witnessed them. The scanty remains of his fortress are just visible on a rocky height on the southern bank of the Seine. Beneath the steep you behold La Vacherie, a neat little country seat that is worthy of notice, as being the residence of Madame Bocage when she composed her "Colombiade." We landed at Rouen about six o'clock, and are located in a comfortable hotel, where papa says we will remain until we have seen all the curiosities of this interesting old city. You will therefore hear from me again ere our departure. Yours truly,

LEONTINE.

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LETTER THIRD.

Description of Rouen—Cathedral—Church of St. Ouen—Picture Gallery and Library in the Hotel de Ville—Square of Joan of Arc—Theatre—Dress of the Norman Peasants.

ROUEN, ———.

My Dear Jane:—

According to your request and my propensity to scribbling, I intend to be very circumstantial in my details. Pray don't grow tired of them, or if you do, keep it a secret, and my vanity may prevent my suspecting such a misfortune. Mamma gives me great credit for being so industrious with my pen. Sigismund and Edgar keep a journal; but that requires more exactness than I possess, so I prefer writing a letter when the humor takes me. We have been out *sight seeing*, every morning and afternoon, until to-day. A brisk rain now confines us to the house, and affords me leisure for again conversing with you. I will commence my agreeable task with a description of the town. Its environs are beautiful, but the interior rather gloomy—the streets are generally so narrow and the houses so old. It was formerly surrounded by walls and moats; the walls have been pulled down, and the moats filled up and converted into public walks. At Rouen, the ancient Dukes of Normandy held their courts, and it contains many vestiges of their magnificence. The palace of justice is a vast Gothic structure of the reign of Louis the Twelfth. Beneath it are prisons, to which they were conducting two culprits as we entered. One of its various halls is of immense extent, and has a singular vaulted ceiling, that reminds you of the hulk of a vessel reversed—a comparison by the by, that is not original with me. The venerable cathedral, with its lofty spire and painted windows, engaged us a long while. The spire is three hundred and eighty feet high, and visible seven or eight leagues. There are two towers; one of them denominated the *butter* tower, because the expense of erecting it was defrayed with money that had been paid by the people for permission to eat butter during lent! It contained an enormous bell, nearly equal in size to that at Moscow, and the founder of it is said to have died in an ecstacy at its completion. This wonderful bell was destroyed during the revolution. Many illustrious persons are buried in the cathedral. Among them, Henry the Fifth of France, Richard Cour de Lion, the Duke of Bedford, and the Cardinals of Amboise. The monument of the two Cardinals is superb, and covered with arabesque work. They are represented kneeling on its summit. Above them is a gilded equestrian statue of St. George, their patron; below them (ranged in niches on the front of the tomb,) are small marble figures, emblematical of the virtues they possessed. Opposite this mausoleum is another, equally remarkable. It is dedicated to the Grand Senéschal Brezé, the husband of Diana of Poitiers, and governor of Rouen in the sixteenth century. Of the numerous statues that adorn this tomb, that which represents the Senéschal as an extended corpse is the most striking, and it is inimitably executed. The pinched nose, tight drawn skin, hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes, give it the exact appearance of a dead body. Over the grand altar of the church hangs a fine painting, by Philip de Champagne; the subject of it is the adoration of the Magi, and the light is ingeniously and beautifully reflected from the infant Jesus, (the *light* of the world,) upon the surrounding objects. But enough of the cathedral, Allons à Saint Ouen, famous for its fine interior perspective, which is curiously and perfectly delineated by reflection on the surface of the holy water, in the baptismal font, near the chief portal of the church. St. Ouen was originally a Benedictine abbey. Its architect Berneval, is buried in one of the chapels, and there is an *improbable* tradition concerning

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him, viz: that he was hung for assasinating his apprentice, who by excelling him in carving some trifling ornament for the ceiling, had excited his jealousy. The painted windows of St. Ouen are beautiful, and shed a mellow lustre over its triple aisle, which we regretted to exchange for the glare of the sun without; but time pressed, and we hastened to view the picture gallery and public library in the Hotel de Ville—neither of them extensive, though worthy of examination. We next proceeded to the square of Joan of Arc, where a statue of her is erected on the spot upon which she was burnt as a sorceress in 1430. Last night we went to the play. The theatre is a handsome edifice, and the ceiling exhibits the apothesis of Piérre Corneille. You behold him crowned by tragedy, while painting and sculpture vie in copying his features, and fame sounds his praise to the world. Apollo sheds over him his brightness, and time with his scythe drives away envy and other evil genii inimical to his glory. The ladies here dress well and tastefully, but the costume of the peasants is very queer. It is the same throughout Normandy. They wear high crowned muslin caps, tight boddices, full plaited short petticoats garnished with rows of black velvet, blue stockings clocked with red, and black sharptoed shoes, cut low on the instep, and ornamented with rosettes. They always have a gold cross, suspended from a black ribbon encircling the neck, and a pair of gold earrings. But here am I continuing to scribble, and the weather has cleared off and the carriage is ordered for a drive, and I verily believe coming to the door. There! papa calls me to descend. In haste, farewell.

LEONTINE.

We refer the reader to the editorial head for some remarks upon the following article.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE DOOM.

Mr. White,—I am about to do a very foolish thing, no less than to write a tale of a mournful love *affaire*. What has afflicted me with the propensity, in truth I cannot determine; but though I am conscious of the folly, I console myself by the unanswerable question, Why shall not I write as well as other fools?

What I am about to write is the authentic history of a most melting love *affaire*, which took place in this goodly city within the last five years, and with the persons concerned in it, many of the fair and fashionable here are, or rather were, acquainted. It was related to me by the young gentleman himself; of him I will give a short account. Ten years ago George B——, and myself were schoolfellows, but associated little together except in school hours. He was a light-hearted and joyous fellow enough, but at times as moody as the —— himself, and he always delighted, to an immoderate degree, in the little misfortunes and calamities that befall schoolboys. If a poor fellow in climbing over a paling encountered any little point or nail, whereby his nether garment was lacerated, he it was that first made the discovery, and raised the war whoop. Consequently he was half feared, and, when absent wholly hated by all of us, though in his company we all strove to be on good terms with him. After he left school I saw no more of him for some years, and when he again came to Richmond, we met on the civil and polite footing of passing acquaintance, until an accident brought us together and originated a friendship between us.

One evening in June, 1832, when the thermometer stood at 94°, I had managed to convey myself about a mile up the river bank for the purpose of bathing, and going into the water I splashed about with great vigor, thinking about Leander's remarkable feat in crossing the Hellespont, until I felt a great desire to try whether I might not aspire to equal him, or at least E—— P——, who swam from Mayo's Bridge to Warwick wharf some years ago. Accordingly after screwing up my courage grievously, I approached slowly a furious and turbulent stream, which tumbled over a ledge of rocks, producing some appalling waves and eddying whirls, commonly known as "sucks." I stood on a rock near and contemplated it for some moments, until perceiving that my ambition had very sensibly diminished and was rapidly taking French leave, I was about to retire without attempting the crossing, when I unfortunately discovered a head on the opposite side, very quietly watching my proceedings,—whilst its owner was luxuriously rocking himself about in the calm element. Ashamed to retreat, while one who had accomplished what I shrank from, was perhaps chuckling at my fears, I sprang forward, and ere I was well aware what was the matter, found myself lifted up, dashed down, whirled around, my limbs pulled and jerked hither and yon by the infernal waters, whilst the waters above were foaming over my head and plashing into my face. Finally, I was wearily and faintly struggling, almost bursting with suppressed respiration; and with a horrible distinctness, memory was holding up to my mind's eye every sin wherewith she could charge me,—when my arm was seized and myself dragged along by a powerful hand. When I recovered consciousness, I was seated on a rock near shore, and the person to whom I owed my life was standing by—it was my old schoolfellow, George B——. I muttered something about gratitude, when he cut me short by telling me he would have saved the life of a drowning dog with as much alacrity as he had saved me, and that he would, he thought, deserve my gratitude more for advising me not again to be fool enough to venture into deep water until I could swim. This, I thought, was rather taking a liberty; but he had just saved my life, and I said nothing more while we were dressing ourselves. Then slowly walking towards the city, we chatted about schooldays and schoolfellows. From that day we gradually became better acquainted, until in a few weeks we were intimate associates. It was but natural that I should be attached to a person who had rescued me from a watery grave, yet I could not but see that with many very admirable qualities of heart and mind, there were some glaring defects and vices about him. He was generous and liberal to excess, and to the necessities of the indigent his hand was never closed; he was a true friend, but a bitter, unrelenting enemy; he cherished revenge as food fit for gods, and therefore the more delightful to men; no Indian was ever more unforgiving. In person he was tall and spare; his face was not remarkable for comeliness, though the features were good; but his eyes gave the charm and power to his dark pale face; they could fascinate and charm as well as threaten and command.

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With a fine and highly cultivated taste, and a strong well-informed mind; simple in his habits and addicted to no species of intemperance or dissipation; and with a fortune which placed him out of the reach of want, yet not enough to dissuade him from exertion, George B— seemed destined to play with honor and success the part of a man among his fellows.

Our friendship had endured for nearly a twelvemonth, and the gay winter of 1832-3 had passed. B— had been absent from town about a month, when one evening, near the end of May, I met him on the capitol square; he had arrived a few days before. An uncommon gloom was seated on his brow; but I was in no melancholic mood myself, and after a few minutes he seemed to regain his habitual carelessness of look and manner. We strolled off, jesting and telling anecdotes, until we arrived at the hill which overlooks the armory. It was a Sabbath evening; and, according to the *commendable* custom of the young gentlefolk of Richmond, frequent parties of six or eight ladies, with their attendant beaux, passed by the foot of the hill and proceeded up the bank of the canal. As the ringing laugh of some dashing belle reached us where we sat on two granite blocks on the top of the hill, B— would amuse me by relating some ludicrous anecdote or odd circumstance connected with the fair laugher. What a quantity of scandal did he impart to me, which, had it been proclaimed from the house tops, would have procured him the honor of martyrdom—as surely as that the satire which is so delightful to female ears when pointed against their friends, seems too horrible when turned against themselves.

They passed from our sight, and in a few moments B— became silent, and sat with his cheek leaning on his hands. I looked down at the beautiful river and the city spread out before me, built on the side of a sweeping hill, like a vast amphitheatre, so beautifully and faithfully delineated in Cooke's picture, and very soberly speculated on the probabilities of our ever having such a city as New York or Philadelphia. I tired at length of such inconclusive speculation, and turning to my companion with intent to enliven him a little, said, "B— you have never told me of any *affaire du cœur* in which you were a party; tell me who is or was the goddess of your profane idolatry."

He started as if I had stabbed him, and gazed at me with a fixed stare. I have said that his eyes were remarkably piercing; and I looked away from his glance, fearing lest, inadvertently, I had awakened a painful recollection.

"Tell me," said he, "are you superstitious! Do you think that beings superior to the laws of humanity have ever appeared to mortals or conversed with them?" "Not in these latter days at all events," replied I, "or else I should never have played the many mad pranks that I have done, on dark still nights, in grave yards and church porches, where the gentry you speak of would be met with, I imagine, if any where." "Ah," said he, as if swallowing down a groan, "you jest lightly; but I will tell you that which will somewhat shake your incredulity." In spite of me, his manner made some impression on me, though I half suspected it to be a mere *ruse*—but my attention became strongly riveted, as he went on with his story.

"Five years ago," said he, "I was entering my seventeenth year, and began to think myself a man, especially as I had been for one session to college. It was during the first vacation that I went down to —— county to see my guardian, and to wage war on every living winged creature, from a sparrow to a turkey buzzard; and during the continuance of fair weather, I never looked into any thing bearing the likeness of a book, unless it was to tear out the blank leaves for wadding. But one cold, raw, windy, drizzly day, after satisfying myself that there was no more likelihood that the rain would cease, than if it had been the commencement of the deluge, I desperately picked up a book, and going to my sleeping apartment, threw myself on my bed and fell to reading. I forget what it was, but I know it was some extravagant Italian or Sicilian romance, in which ghosts, angels and devils mixed themselves up with the human actors, with very little ceremony. It interested me though wonderfully, and I continued hard at it until late at night, when having finished it, I got into bed and lay half thinking, half dreaming, about what I had been reading. A while after, I heard my name called in a voice which seemed to be near me. I shivered with dread—but made no answer. Again my name was pronounced; and the voice continued—"Look! behold her who will blight and wither up thy happiness and life, and drive thee to an early tomb." Unconsciously I sat up and looked around; the room was as dark as midnight, and the wind sighed mournfully as it swept through the trees in the yard. Suddenly a light glanced before my eyes; I looked and saw a room handsomely furnished, with a small round table in the centre, and near it a sofa. A young lady was standing, apparently just risen from the sofa, with one hand resting on the table, and the other extended pointing at me. Her eyes were fastened on my face, with a look of proud, bitter scorn. I was as one fascinated: she slowly turned her face from me and waved her hand—then all vanished. I sunk back on my pillow with a feeling of utter despair: it passed off, and I longed for revenge. I said aloud, "devil or angel, grant that I may inflict misery equal to what I shall suffer, and see her sink before me into the grave, and then I will not repine at my destiny." With a perfect distinctness I heard the words, "Thy wish is granted." A feeling of gratified revenge stole over me, and I sunk into a deep sleep.

"I awoke in the morning, and having peeped from my window and found the weather as bad as ever, I again pressed my pillow with design to woo a morning nap. All at once I recollected the extraordinary vision or dream of the past night—every circumstance clearly presenting itself to my mind—every look and gesture of the figure, and every word uttered, seemed engraved on my memory—I tried to convince myself that it was a dream; I argued with myself and resolved that it was a dream—but something within me said, "it is no dream." For several days I thought of nothing else; but at sixteen we are not fond of a long continued musing about any thing, good or bad; and in the excitement of hunting, fishing, and going to meetings on Sundays, the impression wore off by degrees.

"I returned to college, studied hard, frolicked harder, and was indefatigable in every piece of mischief which could be devised by the collective wisdom and ingenuity of eighty boys; and having several times narrowly

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escaped suspension and once been threatened with dismission absolute, I finished the course, and came to Richmond to amuse myself in every way I could find out; and for want of other matter to engage me, to dip a little into the sublime study of the law. The winter of 1831-2 was commencing. The redoubtable cholera had not yet arrived in America; but all were dreading it. Folks here seemed determined to take time by the forelock and live merrily while they could. I made acquaintances; and received invitations to parties, of which I attended many, where I cannot aver that even my small stock of ideas was much augmented, though on the score of creature comforts they were very pleasant; and by dutifully and honestly paying the expected visit after, acquired the repute of an honest, polite and agreeable young man. Some unthinking youths are so shortsighted as to care very little about paying a visit after a party, though they are very particular in paying it *before* one is to take place. That was not my plan: I was always addicted to the calculation of chances, and argued that as one party had been given at a particular house, possibly, nay probably, (bating accidents) another might be in the course of time. Upon this principle I acted, and do not think that I ever lost by it. The winter passed and summer came on.—I went to the White Sulphur Springs, and by eating huge dinners and suppers, and drinking the dreadful waters; galloping about the mountains in Miss ——'s train, and occasionally walking five or six miles to fish, I got into prodigious health—my limbs grew firm and hard as iron, and I felt strong enough to brain a wild bull, or hug a bear to death. But I grew tired of this life, and early in the fall came back to Richmond to see what in the deuce the people were doing with the cholera. The newspapers said the city was as silent and gloomy as a charnel house.

"Every thing, however, must end; and the cholera's day passed,—by the middle of November every dead person was forgotten, and every one living seemed to forget what it was to die. The fashionables came back in throngs about the time the Legislature commenced its *very necessary* and *exceedingly laborious* annual session; and no one who had not seen, as I had, piles of coffins six feet deep, waiting for the graves which were to receive them, could have believed that death and desolation had so lately hovered over the city.

"Several parties had been given, and the regular routine had commenced. On the evening preceding Christmas day, I went to a large party at Mr. ——'s. I was idly engaged—now in managing a jelly, now in munching a devilled biscuit, when among the new faces shewing themselves about the room, I discovered one which drew my attention forcibly. It was not a very beautiful face certainly—but there was about it—a nameless something which convinced me that she was an uncommon character. On her pure white high forehead, was stamped the seal of bright intelligence, and her mouth, which was rather large, indicated a world of humor. I thought I had seen the face somewhere—but where and when I could not tell. I inquired her name; Miss ——, staying with her aunt Mrs. ——, I was told. Now I certainly had never seen Miss ——, though I had heard of her; for her father lived within a few miles of my guardian's farm—but her face haunted me as that of one I had known in days gone by. I was standing with my arms folded, looking the picture of gravity, when the beautiful young mistress of the merriment making came to me, and desiring me not to get asleep, with an applauding laugh at her own wit, said, "come, I will introduce you to a lady who has eyes as expressive as your own, and whose vivacity will rouse you, if any thing can." I languidly inquired who the lady was to whom she was so very complimentary—she pointed out Miss ——, and I consented at once. The introduction was duly gone through with, the pleasure of the lady's hand for a dance asked and granted, the four cotillons which constitute the regular allowance performed, and we seated ourselves on a charming sofa that it really was a delight to repose on. She danced no more that night, nor did I—but we talked about every thing and about nothing. I listened to her musical voice and looked at her dark lustrous eyes, until I determined with myself that I admired her very hugely, and when I attended her to her carriage at one o'clock, and heard her say that she would be glad to see me again, I felt as grateful as though she had done me a kindness.

"For a fortnight, I was assiduous in cultivating her good graces, until I flattered myself that I was looked on as by no means an ordinary acquaintance. About this time morning rides were all the rage. Among all the young ladies in the city, residents or visiters, Miss —— was the only one who could at all manage a steed—but what of that? Young men talked constantly of ——; how deucedly well she sat a horse; trotting, galloping, at full speed, 'twas all one to her; indeed in all, save perhaps one particular, she was a perfect Diana Vernon—and no wonder that fashion and the desire of notoriety should induce many young ladies, who knew as little about riding as they did about the Bible, to try to rival her. Miss —— was no exception. I was riding one morning with a party of ladies and gentlemen, when the horse of one of the gentlemen took fright at something, and off he started. We rode rapidly after him to see what would be the result. The horse was dashing down the road like the wind—suddenly he stopped short, and his unlucky rider darted from his saddle like a bull-frog in full leap, and plunged head foremost into a pile of brushwood, where his legs alone remained visible, gesticulating vigorously. Up we rode in great horror, thinking the poor fellow's neck was broken to a certainty; but no such thing—his time was not yet come. We hauled him forth, and found, that with the exception of a few digs and scratches about his face, he was a whole, though a miserably crest-fallen man. That evening I related the adventure of our morning ride to Miss ——, and instead of operating as a damper to her desire of riding, she became more resolutely bent on it—nothing would do but I must ride with her next day. Accordingly, next morning we started; she riding a quiet looking pacing nag, and I on that large fiery grey horse that broke my barouche to pieces, the day you rode with me to Fairfield and nearly broke our necks into the bargain.

"I felt uncommonly dull and sleepy that morning, and was so absent that at length I fairly wore out my companion's patience, which, by the way, was not equal to Grissel's, and in order to rouse me from my dreaming fit, endeavored to give me a smart cut with

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her switch, which missed me—but took effect on my horse's flank. He sprang forward, and kicking violently, pitched me from the saddle, and down I came luckily on a soft sandy place. I jumped up and saw Miss ———'s nag rearing and plunging furiously, and her rider clinging to the saddle with one hand and the mane with the other. In an instant I was at the animal's head, and seizing her nose with a powerful grasp held her quiet, while I lifted Miss ——— from her saddle. Her face was pale, her lip quivered with terror, and she trembled so violently that I was obliged to put my arm round her waist to support her. I congratulated her on her escape from the danger, and proposed that we should continue our ride, as my horse had stopped near us and was attentively looking on, promising her at the same time to be very attentive during the ride, and not compel her to lash my horse in order to draw my notice. "No," she said, "she could not, she would never attempt to ride again." I became uneasy and earnestly besought her to permit me to lift her to her saddle, adding, that should our mishap be known, we should be rallied to death about it. At length she consented to ride slowly home. Neither said any thing to any one about our ride—but I could not forget that my arm had encircled ———'s slender waist. I became absorbingly devoted to her; and one day when I found her alone, with her cheek resting pensively on her little hand, I was foolish enough to tell her that I believed I loved her, and said a deal of nonsense besides, to which she listened with quiet resignation, and when I had finished, she tendered her hand to kiss.

"About ten days after this event, my guardian came to town, bringing with him his daughter, a beautiful little creature, with whom I had been brought up as a brother. The day after their arrival, there was a party, to which I was to attend Miss———. My guardian was an elderly, staid gentleman, fond of his ease, and made it a point of conscience to go to his rest at ten o'clock regularly, and I thought it was incumbent on me to go with his pretty daughter. I therefore wrote a short note to Miss ———, telling her how matters stood, and thought nothing more about it until we arrived at the party, where I looked in vain for her. "She will be here after a while," thought I—and to pass off the time agreeably, I danced with my fair companion. The night wore away, and still the girl I wished most to see did not arrive, nor could I conjecture the cause of her absence. Next day I went with my guardian and my sweet cousin, as I called her, to see some paintings at the Museum, and other sights; and the day after, she insisted that I should accompany her in a shopping expedition. Now there is nothing in the shape of labor or suffering that I would not sooner undergo, than accompany a lady, and more especially a very fair young lady, shopping; they look at a thousand things, ask one's opinion or advice about every thing, and as a matter of course, follow it in nothing—besides all that, I was very anxious to see Miss ——— that morning; but was obliged to submit.

"Next morning I paid her an early visit—she was sitting at the table writing as I entered. As she looked up at me I thought I noticed somewhat of displeasure in her eyes, and it occurred to me at once that perhaps she was not pleased at my failure to attend her to the party. If so, her pettishness was obviously unreasonable in the extreme, and I forthwith determined to anger her a little, if I discovered my surmise to be well founded.

"I talked to her for some time very courteously. Her brow began to clear up, and I feared lest she should become entirely good humored and leave me no opportunity to vex her; so I spoke of the party, mentioned some who were there, and how delightful the whole affair was: eatables, drinkables, music, ladies and all, charming; and amongst other things I dilated with great emphasis on my cousin, praised her beauty, her gracefulness, her wit; spoke of the admiration she excited, and concluded by declaring that she was by far the most interesting girl I had seen there—and I ran my fingers through my curling hair, and thrusting my right leg out before me, gazed complacently at the toe of my pump.

"Miss ——— looked at the fire and twisted the unfortunate pen she held in her hand, into many unnatural shapes—but said nothing.

"'Well,' resumed I, 'I could not imagine why you were not there; I looked for you once or twice during the evening, and was astonished when I heard that you had not come.'

"'Oh, I received your note telling me that you would accompany another lady, and not wishing to go abegging for an escort, resolved to stay at home.'

"'What a pity!" said I, 'if you had been there I should have had nothing to wish for; as it was, the evening passed delightfully—I scarce left my little cousin's side. Yesterday she carried me shopping with her all the morning, and the day before I went with her to see the Ariadne. She is very much like the picture, and has the same beautiful fair complexion, the same blue eyes and yellow hair, which I admire so much, you know.'

"I looked up at Miss ———; she was gazing fixedly at me. I noticed a tear in her eye, as she turned away and rested her cheek on her dear little hand. I began to think matters were becoming too serious.

"'Sweet ———,' I began, in an altered and earnest tone—She raised her head suddenly and I trembled at her glance.

"'*Sweet* ———,' she repeated, with scornful emphasis—'George, I owe you my life, and for that I shall always feel gratitude. I have loved you for yourself—for I thought you generous, sensible and sincere. Your present conduct shews how much I have been deceived in you, and the love I have been proud to feel is lost in contempt.' She rose from her seat as she spoke.—Heaven and Earth! The figure seen in my almost forgotten vision stood before me. I was motionless with horror—a dagger of ice seemed slowly to pierce my breast—I covered my eyes with my hand and groaned:—Too fearfully were the words of doom fulfilled.

"I rose slowly from my chair, bowed low to ——— and leaving the house, hurried to my room and threw myself on my bed. There I writhed in convulsive agony, and in the frenzy of unutterable despair cursed the hour in which I was born. The criminal who, in the confident hope of pardon, and indulging in dreams of long life and happiness, is suddenly dragged forth to the gallows, feels not a tythe of the utter desolation I then felt. By degrees my frenzy subsided, and a dull stupor was coming over me,—when the word '*Revenge*'

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was muttered in my ear. I remembered the promise. '*Revenge* is mine, and I will wreak it to the uttermost.' I became perfectly calm—it was the calm of despair. I had nothing to hope for but revenge, and then, come what might, I would be ready to meet it! 'Yes,' said I aloud, 'I will twine myself round her heartstrings—she shall love me devotedly, fatally, and I will requite her with a contempt colder than the snows on Cotapaxi, and a hate more intense than its fires.'

"In a few days my guardian left town with his daughter. I went about as usual and frequently met Miss ——, to whom I always spoke with an air of grave politeness—but never alluded to her displeasure. I soon saw that her anger was passed like a summer cloud, and that she was not at all indisposed to a renewal of our former intimacy. One evening at a party somewhere, I was engaged in a lively conversation with her, and was quietly offering her many little polite attentions, from which a casual observer would have inferred that we were excellent friends—but there was nothing of confiding, affectionate interest in my tone or looks: all was the calm, cold, habitual politeness of a thorough bred man of the world. After a silence of some minute or two, she said kindly, 'George, I am sorry for what I said in my hasty anger and would be delighted if you would forgive and forget it'—and she offered me her hand. I would have spurned it from me—but the time was not yet come. So I took her hand in mine, and with a grateful pressure, thanked her for her condescending goodness. 'Now,' said she, with one of her most endearing smiles, 'we are good friends again.'

"For an instant my dire resolution seemed melting away—but I steeled myself relentlessly, and swore by my own head to pursue my revenge. From that day forth I was unremitting in my endeavor to gain her whole heart—every word and look was directed to that end. For hours have I sat with her, pouring out for her attentive ear whatever my more masculine studies had made me conversant with, but which to her had been as a sealed book.

"At length I saw that I had succeeded; her whole being seemed bound up in my love, and I felt that my victim was in my power. 'Now for revenge,' I muttered, as I walked slowly to the door and rang the bell. The room was empty as I entered; I sat down and pondered over the best and surest mode of attaining my wish. Presently I heard a light step hurrying down the staircase, and slackening in speed as it approached the door. I threw a slight expression of gloom over my features; the door opened, and Miss ——— entered and greeted me with a mingling of cordiality and bashfulness which at one time would have brought me on my knees before her: now it was of no avail. She soon noticed the sadness of my looks, and inquired the cause. 'I was thinking,' I replied, 'of a past and most painful event. It was here, in this room, that I heard, from lips that were dearest to me of all on earth, words which stunned me more than a thunderbolt would have done, and she who spoke them sate where you now sit.'

"'Hush, sweet; hush,' said she, playfully putting her hand on my mouth, 'and do not again allude to an occurrence which I regret so much. Indeed,' she continued, while her eyes filled with tears, 'indeed, I would do any thing to convince you how much it has grieved me.'

"I smiled fondly, and rising from my chair, seated myself by her side, and took her little hand in mine.

"'F———,' said I, 'you have told me that you loved me, and I believed you; I need not say how dearly I have loved you. Listen, dear girl, to what my love compels me to tell. Until this day I have been accustomed to think of myself as one beyond the reach of poverty, although not rich: this very day I have learned that I am well nigh pennyless. Our engagement is yet unknown to any save ourselves, and it remains with you to say whether it shall continue. I release you entirely from your promise, and never by word or deed will I reproach you, should you listen to the voice of prudence, and decline linking your fate to that of one who has nothing save the gushing tenderness and love of a passionate heart to offer you. If your generous mind reject the thought of discarding me for my poverty, think on all you will have to undergo; the loss of all that custom has rendered almost necessary; 'the proud man's contumely—the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;' perchance the bitings of absolute penury;—and tell me, can you leave family and friends, and your childhood's home, and endure all for the sake of my love?'

"My arm had encircled her waist, and I gazed steadfastly on her face. The proud blood rose in her pale cheek as she answered, 'George, I do love you more than I know how to express, and ever for yourself alone. I can now show you how completely I am yours, for my love can end but with my life.'

"Wildly, fearfully, did the fiery blood bound through my tingling veins. I drew her to me; her head lay on my shoulder, and I covered with kisses her forehead, her eyes, her cheek, her lips. Tears of passionate love burst from my eyes, and I pressed her to my heart in an agony of uncontrollable delight. Slowly my calmness returned, and again 'revenge! revenge!' sounded in my ear.

I withdrew my arm from her, but still retained her hand, and said in a quiet tone, "Listen again, and swear by your hopes of heaven that you will divulge to no mortal ear what I shall say." She did so, and I continued: "Two months ago you told me that you scorned and despised me: I swore to requite it—and now I tell you, and I swear by the crown of the eternal king I tell you truly, that I abhor you; I scorn and hate you more than I do the wretch who has murdered her infant child." I flung from me as I spoke the hand I held, and rising from my seat, stood with my arms folded, looking her full in the face.

"For a moment she gazed wildly at me, as if she did not comprehend what I had said; but as the dreadful truth forced itself on her mind her face became white as chalk, her eyelids quivered convulsively, and with almost a scream she fell back in a swoon. I raised her, and getting some water from a flower jar, I sprinkled it over her face, and supported her in my arms. In a few minutes she opened her eyes, and fixed them on me with a gaze of imperfect consciousness; my arm still supported her. 'Oh George, George,' she murmured, clasping my neck with her arms, and sobbing bitterly, 'how could you jest so cruelly with me? I know you were not in earnest; you could not speak so in earnest to your own F——; but your dreadful look frightened me almost to death;' and she hid her face in my

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bosom, and sobbed as if her heart would break. For a few moments her sobs continued, and then she gradually recovered herself. I quietly unclasped her hands from my neck, and again rising from the sofa, said in a bitter tone, 'compose yourself Miss ———, and be assured that I am in earnest. Look on my face, and see a man marked for the grave—and you are my destroyer. You have blighted all my happiness in this world; and before the leaves which are now budding shall fall, I will be sleeping in my cold grave. But *now* vengeance is mine, and I have repaid you; your death blow has been stricken, and soon, very soon, will you wither in your early tomb, where I shall speedily follow. Remember your dreadful oath.'

"She did not move nor weep, but her eyes were fixed on me with a fearful stare as the charmed bird regards the rattlesnake, and followed me as I moved from the room. Next day I heard that Miss ——— had been discovered in the room where I left her in a state of insensibility, and had with difficulty been aroused from it, but was alarmingly ill. Conjecture was at fault as to the cause of her illness; among the thousand and one suppositions none came near the truth, and nothing could be learned from her. She was obstinately silent, as the attending physician, a pragmatical, dogmatical fellow, chose to report. A week passed and she was thought somewhat better; and her father, who had hurried to town on hearing of her illness, insisted on carrying her to the country with him. Another week passed and I heard nothing of her. I became anxious; I wished to see her again; to mark the progress of death, and exult in the completion of my revenge. I went down to my guardian's house. They were all speaking of poor F—— when I arrived; she was not expected to live forty-eight hours.

"Next day my guardian, his daughter and myself rode over to Mr. ———'s to see F—— once more. Her mother was weeping and refusing to be comforted: she was her only child. I did not see her father; like Hagar, he had taken a last look at his child, and had gone into the woods to mourn unseen—he could not see his child die.

"My cousin and her father went into the dying girl's room, while I remained conversing with some of the neighbors who were there. After some time had elapsed they came out; she came to me weeping bitterly, and said that Miss ——— desired to see me alone. I almost trembled, but hastened to the room; no one was there save the dying girl. There she lay, her dark hair loose over her pillow, her fine face attenuated and white as alabaster; one hand was exposed to view—it was shrunk almost to nothing—but the lustre of her eyes was yet undiminished. I moved to the bedside and gazed in silence on the yet living remains of the most angelic spirit that I have met with in my intercourse with my fellow mortals. "George," said she in a weak voice, "in a few minutes I shall breathe my last, yet I love you as fondly as ever, notwithstanding your cruel treatment of me. Oh speak to me, George! tell me that you love me, and I will forgive you and die contented." My desire for revenge melted away; I felt almost choked with emotion, and throwing myself on my knees I kissed her emaciated hand and wept tears of bitter regret: inextinguishable love burned in my heart, and I moaned in her ear, "F——, my sweet, sweet F——, I do love you, and have ever loved you more than all the world holds beside, but it was fated that thus it should be!" A smile of delight spread over her face, her dying hand pressed mine—and in a whisper almost inaudible she said, "Farewell, we will meet hereafter." Her breathing fluttered and ceased—she was dead. I imprinted a last kiss on her face, still lovely even in death, and left the room.

"I saw her body committed to the earth and her grave sprinkled with early violets; and when all was over, we left the bereaved family to their sorrows.—Since that day I have impatiently awaited the approach of death, but my sufferings have not terminated as soon as I wished. At times a dreadful feeling of remorse has seized me, and in agonies that cannot be described have I writhed during many sleepless nights—but I was a mere instrument in the hands of unalterable fate.

"A few days since I came to Richmond to arrange some business. To-morrow I shall leave this city for New York, where I shall stay for some weeks. After this day I shall never see you again."

He ceased. I wished to say something, but his recital had made so strong an impression on me, and he seemed so fully fixed in the belief of his approaching death, that I was silent. The shades of evening began to deepen around us, and the full moon rose struggling through a bank of clouds. "Come," said B——, "go with me to my room; I have something to give you as a memento of me." We went to his room and he took from a desk a dirk of beautiful workmanship, the handle richly ornamented with gold, and giving it to me said, "take this and keep it. I have been strongly tempted to use it against myself, but have refrained, for it shall not be said that I feared to live. Farewell. I have something to do, and you will excuse me." I wrung his hand and we parted. I never saw him again; but in the latter part of July I heard that he had returned from New York in a low state of health, having, as was said, wasted rapidly in a consumption. Early in August he died, making it his last request to be buried by the grave of Miss ———. It was complied with, and before he completed the twenty-second year of his age, he slept by the side of her he had loved. Peace to their ashes!

BENEDICT.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE CHANGES OF NATURE.

Cum polo Phœbus roseis quadrigis.—*Boet: Lib. ii. Met. iii.*

How oft when Sol, in rosy car,
  Pursues his radiant race,
The malice of the evil star
  Sheds paleness o'er his face! *

How oft when Spring sets out her flowers,
  And opening blossoms play,
An angry cloud, with chilling showers,
  Sweeps all their charms away!

How oft when Ocean smiles serene,
  Composing all his waves,
A sudden storm confounds the scene,
  And sailors find their graves!

Oh! then, since this is Nature's style,
  Still changing from her birth,
Why trust her false, deceitful smile?
  Why look for rest on earth?

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ORIGINAL LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII. By the author of Pelham, &c. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1834.

THE "Messenger" ought to have contained an earlier notice of this fashionable and brilliant work. If our readers have not seen it, we would advise them by all means to send forthwith to the bookseller and purchase a copy. We are free to confess that it has raised Mr. Bulwer fifty per cent. at least in our estimation,—yet we do not think it by any means a faultless performance. Mr. Bulwer's pictures, in all his works that we have read, are too gaudy,—too highly wrought,—and therefore too much above nature,—and want the delightful repose and serene features which distinguish the great Scottish magician. He is, nevertheless, an author of vivid and powerful fancy, of extensive learning, and of high capacity to seize upon his readers and enchain them by fine imagery and impassioned eloquence. The work before us is one of undoubted merit. The subject is of great historical interest, and the author has contrived to reanimate the "city of the dead" with a group of actors who, with some exceptions, admirably sustain their respective parts, and contribute their due share to the continued interest and final catastrophe of the story. We shall not attempt any analysis of the book, for that would be to deprive such of our readers as have not seen it, of much of that exquisite pleasure which attends the progressive developement of the plot, and the gradual disentanglement of all the intricacies in a work of fiction. The tragical story of Pompeii is familiar to classical readers, and especially the graphic account of its doom by the younger Pliny, who was an eye witness to the calamity. Its discovery and partial restoration in latter times,—the laborious excavations which have brought back its temples, its theatres, its triumphal arches and spacious edifices, to the light of day;—its antique curiosities and fine paintings, rescued as it were from a dark interment of seventeen centuries, and now exhibited in their original form and freshness, are all circumstances of powerful interest,—but have been so frequently referred to by tourists, antiquarians and others, that they do not require any particular notice at our hands. We regard Mr. Bulwer as highly fortunate in the choice of his subject; and, as he enjoyed great advantages by his presence on the spot, he has contrived to embellish his story by a variety of interesting details derived from actual inspection. The minute account, for example, of the dwelling of Glaucus, in the third chapter,—of the complicated arrangement and splendid ornaments of the various apartments, is not the creation of fancy but a lively representation of a living model. By the way, since this same chapter contains a very curious account of a Pompeian supper, besides some other interesting matters, we are tempted to insert the whole in our columns, especially as many of our readers may have no opportunity of seeing the volumes from which it is extracted. The *umbra*, who is introduced as one of the guests, is a species of animal not peculiar we believe, to the Roman age. Society has in all ages abounded in parasites and toadies, who, for the sake of a plentiful repast and *fashionable* company, have very willingly echoed the sentiments of a rich patron. Glaucus, one of the principal personages in the tale, had assembled a small party to partake of his luxurious bounty,—and the chapter opens with a fine description of the host himself. We introduce it to our readers.

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HEAVEN had given to Glaucus every blessing but one: it had given him beauty, health, fortune, genius, illustrious descent, a heart of fire, a mind of poetry; but it had denied him the heritage of freedom. He was born in Athens, the subject of Rome. Succeeding early to an ample inheritance, he had indulged that inclination for travel so natural to the young, and had drunk deep of the intoxicating draught of pleasure, amid the gorgeous luxuries of the imperial court.

He was an Alcibiades without ambition. He was what a man of imagination, youth, fortune and talents readily becomes when you deprive him of the inspiration of glory. His house at Rome was the theme of the debauchees, but also of the lovers of art; and the sculptors of Greece delighted to task their skill in adorning the porticoes and *exedra* of an Athenian. His retreat in Pompeii—alas! the colors are faded now, the walls stripped of their paintings!—its main beauty, its elaborate finish of grace and ornament, is gone; yet when first given once more to the day, what eulogies, what wonder did its minute and glowing decorations create—its paintings—its mosaics! Passionately enamoured of poetry and the drama, which recalled to Glaucus the wit and the heroism of his race, that fairy mansion was adorned with representations of Æschylus and Homer. And antiquaries, who resolve taste to a trade, have turned the patron to the professor, and still (though the error is now acknowledged) they style in custom, as they first named in mistake, the disburied house of the Athenian Glaucus, "THE HOUSE OF THE DRAMATIC POET."

Previous to our description of this house, it may be well to convey to the reader a general notion of the houses of Pompeii, which he will find to resemble strongly the plans of Vitruvius; but with all those differences, in detail, of caprice and taste which, being natural to mankind, have always puzzled antiquaries. We shall endeavor to make this description as clear and unpedantic as possible.

You enter then, usually, by a small entrance passage (called *vestibulum*) into a hall, sometimes with (but more frequently without) the ornament of columns; around three sides of this hall are doors communicating with several bed chambers, (among which is the porter's,) the best of these being usually appropriated to country visiters. At the extremity of the hall, on either side to the right and left, if the house is large, there are two small recesses, rather than chambers, generally devoted to the ladies of the mansion; and in the centre of the tesselated pavement of the hall is invariably a square shallow reservoir for rain water (classically termed *impluvium*,) which was admitted by a hole in the roof above; the said aperture being covered at will by an awning. Near this impluvium, which had a peculiar sanctity in the eyes of the ancients, were sometimes (but at Pompeii more rarely than at Rome) placed images of the household gods; the hospitable hearth, often mentioned by the Roman poets, and consecrated to the Lares, was, at Pompeii, almost invariably formed by a moveable *brasier;* while in some corner, often the most ostentatious place, was deposited a huge wooden chest, ornamented and strengthened by bands of bronse or iron, and secured by strong hooks upon a stone pedestal so firmly as to defy the attempts of any robber to detach it from its position. This chest was supposed to be the money-box or coffer of the master of the house; though, as no money has been found in any of the chests discovered at Pompeii, it is probable that it was sometimes rather designed for ornament than use.

In this hall (or *atrium*, to speak classically) the clients and visiters of inferior rank were usually received. In the houses of the more "respectable," an *atriensis*, or

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slave peculiarly devoted to the service of the hall, was invariably retained, and his rank among his fellow slaves was high and important. The reservoir in the centre must have been rather a dangerous ornament, but the centre of the hall was like the grass-plat of a college, and interdicted to the passers to and fro, who found ample space in the margin. Right opposite the entrance, at the other end of the hall, was an apartment (*tablinum*,) in which the pavement was usually adorned with rich mosaics, and the walls covered with elaborate paintings. Here were usually kept the records of the family, or those of any public office that had been filled by the owner: on one side of this saloon, if we may so call it, was often a dining room, or *triclinium;* on the other side, perhaps, what we should now term a cabinet of gems, containing whatever curiosities were deemed most rare and costly; and invariably a small passage for the slaves to cross to the farther parts of the house without passing the apartments thus mentioned. These rooms all opened on a square or oblong colonnade, technically termed peristyle. If the house was small, its boundary ceased with this colonnade, and in that case its centre, however diminutive, was ordinarily appropriated to the purpose of a garden, and adorned with vases of flowers placed upon pedestals, while under the colonnade, to the right and left, were doors, admitting to bed rooms,* to a second *triclinium*, or eating room, (for the ancients generally appropriated two rooms at least to that purpose, one for summer and one for winter, or perhaps one for ordinary, the other for festive occasions;) and if the owner affected letters, a cabinet, dignified by the name of library,—for a very small room was sufficient to contain the few rolls of papyrus which the ancients deemed a notable collection of books.

At the end of the peristyle was generally the kitchen. Supposing the house was large, it did not end with the peristyle, and the centre thereof was not in that case a garden, but might be perhaps adorned with a fountain, or basin for fish; and at its end, exactly opposite to the tablinum, was generally another eating room, on either side of which were bed rooms, and perhaps a picture saloon, or *pinatheca.*† These apartments communicated again with a square or oblong space, usually adorned on three sides with a colonnade like the peristyle, and very much resembling the peristyle, only longer. This was the proper *viridarium* or garden, being usually adorned with a fountain, or statues, and a profusion of gay flowers: at its extreme end was the gardener's house; on either side beneath the colonnade were sometimes, if the size of the family required it, additional rooms.

At Pompeii, a second or third story was rarely of importance, being built only above a small part of the house, and containing rooms for the slaves; differing in this respect from the more magnificent edifices of Rome, which generally contained the principal eating room (or *cœnaculum*) on the second floor. The apartments themselves were ordinarily of small size: for in those delightful climes they received any extraordinary number of visiters in the peristyle (or portico,) the hall, or the garden; and even their banquet rooms, however elaborately adorned and carefully selected in point of aspect, were of diminutive proportions; for the intellectual ancients, being fond of society, not of crowds, rarely feasted more than nine at a time, so that large dinner rooms were not so necessary with them as with us.‡ But the suite of rooms seen at once from the entrance must have had a very imposing effect; you beheld at once the hall richly paved and painted—the tablinum—the graceful peristyle, and (if the house extended farther) the opposite banquet room and the garden, which closed the view with some gushing fount or marble statue.

The reader will now have a tolerable notion of the Pompeian houses, which resembled in some respects the Grecian, but mostly the Roman, fashion of domestic architecture. In almost every house there is some difference in detail from the rest, but the principal outline is the same in all. In all you find the hall, the tablinum, and the peristyle communicating with each other; in all you find the walls richly painted, and in all the evidence of a people fond of the refining elegancies of life. The purity of the taste of the Pompeians in decoration is however questionable: they were fond of the gaudiest colors, of fantastic designs; they often painted the lower half of their columns a bright red, leaving the rest uncolored; and where the garden was small, its wall was frequently tinted to deceive the eye as to its extent, imitating trees, birds, temples, &c. in perspective—a meretricious delusion which the graceful pedantry of Pliny himself adopted, with a complacent pride in its ingenuity.

But the house of Glaucus was at once one of the smallest, and yet of the most adorned and finished, of all the private mansions of Pompeii; it would be a model at this day for the house of "a single man in Mayfair"—the envy and despair of the cœlibian purchasers of buhl and marquetrie.

You enter by a long and narrow vestibule, on the floor of which is the image of a dog in mosaic, with the well known "cave canem," or "beware the dog." On either side is a chamber of some size; for the interior house not being large enough to contain the two great divisions of private and public apartments, these two rooms were set apart for the reception of visiters who neither by rank nor familiarity were entitled to admission in the penetralia of the mansion.

Advancing up the vestibule, you enter an atrinum, that when first discovered was rich in paintings, which *in point of expression* would scarcely disgrace a Raphael. You may see them now transplanted to the Neapolitan Museum; they are still the admiration of connoisseurs; they depict the parting of Achilles and Briseis. Who does not acknowledge the force, the vigor, the beauty! employed in delineating the forms and faces of Achilles and the immortal slave!

On one side the atrinum, a small staircase admitted to the apartments for the slaves on the second floor; there too were two or three small bed rooms, the walls of which portrayed the rape of Europa, the battle of the Amazons, &c.

You now enter the tablinum, across which at either end hung rich draperies of Tyrian purple, half withdrawn.* On the walls were depicted a poet reading his verses to his friends; and in the pavement was inserted a small and most exquisite mosaic, typical of the instructions given by the director of the stage to his comedians.

You passed through this saloon and entered the peristyle; and here (as I have said before was usually the case with the smaller houses of Pompeii) the mansion ended. From each of the seven columns that adorned this court hung festoons of garlands; the centre, supplying the place of a garden, bloomed with the rarest flowers, placed in vases of white marble, that were supported on pedestals. At the left end of this small garden was a diminutive fane, resembling one of those small chapels placed at the side of roads in Catholic countries, and dedicated to the Penates; before it stood a bronze tripod; to the left of the colonnade were two small cubiculi or bed rooms; to the right was the triclinium, in which the guests were now assembled.

This room is usually termed by the antiquaries of Naples, "the chamber of Leda;" and in the beautiful work of Sir William Gell, the reader will find an engraving from that most delicate and graceful painting of Leda presenting her new-born to her husband, from

* The Romans had bed rooms appropriated not only to the sleep of night, but also to the day siesta (*cubicula diurna.*)

† In the stately palaces of Rome, the pinatheca usually communicated with the atrium.

‡ When they entertained very large parties, the feast was usually served in the hall.

* The tablinum was also secured at pleasure by sliding doors.

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which the room derives its name. This beautiful apartment opened upon the fragrant garden. Round the table of citrean* wood, highly polished and delicately wrought with silver arabesques, were placed the three couches, which were yet more common at Pompeii than the semi-circular seat that had grown lately into fashion at Rome; and on these couches of bronze, studded with richer metals, were laid thick quiltings covered with elaborate broidery, and yielding luxuriously to the pressure.

"Well, I must own," said the edile Pansa, "that your house, though scarcely larger than a case for one's fibulæ, is a gem of its kind. How beautifully painted is that parting of Achilles and Briseis!—what a style!—what heads!—what a—hem!"

"Praise from Pansa is indeed valuable on such subjects," said Clodius, gravely. "Why, the paintings on his walls—ah! there is, indeed, the hand of a Zeuxis!"

"You flatter me, my Clodius; indeed you do," quoth the ædile, who was celebrated through Pompeii for having the worst paintings in the world; for he was patriotic, and patronised none but Pompeians,—"you flatter me: but there is something pretty—Ædepol, yes—in the colors, to say nothing of the design;—and then for the kitchen, my friends—ah! that was all my fancy."

"What is the design?" said Glaucus. "I have not yet seen your kitchen, though I have often witnessed the excellence of its cheer."

"A cook, my Athenian—a cook sacrificing the trophies of his skill on the altar of Vesta, with a beautiful murænа (taken from the life) on a spit at a distance: there is some invention there!"

At that instant the slaves appeared, bearing a tray covered with the first preparative initia of the feast. Amid delicious figs, fresh herbs strewed with snow, anchovies, and eggs, were ranged small cups of diluted wine sparingly mixed with honey. As these were placed on the table, young slaves bore round to each of the five guests (for there were no more) the silver basin of perfumed water and napkins edged with a purple fringe. But the ædile ostentatiously drew forth his own napkin, which was not, indeed, of so fine a linen, but in which the fringe was twice as broad, and wiped his hands with the parade of a man who felt he was calling for admiration.

"A splendid *mappa* that of yours," said Clodius; "why, the fringe is as broad as a girdle."

"A trifle, my Clodius, a trifle! They tell me this stripe is the latest fashion at Rome; but Glaucus attends to these things more than I."

"Be propitious, O Bacchus!" said Glaucus, inclining reverentially to a beautiful image of the god placed in the centre of the table, at the corners of which stood the Lares and the saltholders. The guests followed the prayer, and then, sprinkling the wine on the table, they performed the wonted libation.

This over, the convivalists reclined themselves on the couches, and the business of the hour commenced.

"May this cup be my last!" said the young Sallust, as the table, cleared of its first stimulants, was now loaded with the substantial part of the entertainment, and the ministering slave poured forth to him a brimming cyathus—"May this cup be my last, but it is the best wine I have drunk at Pompeii!"

"Bring hither the amphora," said Glaucus; "and read its date and its character."

The slave hastened to inform the party that the scroll fastened to the cork betokened its birth from Chios, and its age a ripe fifty years.

"How deliciously the snow has cooled it!" said Pansa; "it is just enough."

"It is like the experience of a man who has cooled his pleasures sufficiently to give them a double zest," exclaimed Sallust.

"It is like a woman's No," added Glaucus; "it cools but to inflame the more."

"When is our next wild-beast fight?" said Clodius to Pansa.

"It stands fixed for the ninth ide of August," answered Pansa, "on the day after the Vulcanalia; we have a most lovely young lion for the occasion."

"Whom shall we get for him to eat?" asked Clodius. "Alas! there is a great scarcity of criminals. You must positively find some innocent or other to condemn to the lion, Pansa!"

"Indeed I have thought very seriously about it of late," replied the edile, gravely. "It was a most infamous law that which forbade us to send our own slaves to the wild beasts. Not to let us do what we like with our own, that's what I call an infringement on property itself."

"Not so in the good old days of the republic," sighed Sallust.

"And then this pretended mercy to the slaves is such a disappointment to the poor people. How they do love to see a good tough battle between a man and a lion! and all this innocent pleasure they may lose (if the gods don't send us a good criminal soon) from this cursed law."

"What can be worse policy," said Clodius, sententiously, "than to interfere with the manly amusements of the people?"

"Well, thank Jupiter and the Fates! we have no Nero at present," said Sallust.

"He was, indeed, a tyrant; he shut up our amphitheatre for ten years."

"I wonder it did not create a rebellion," said Sallust.

"It very nearly did," returned Pansa, with his mouth full of wild boar.

Here the conversation was interrupted for a moment by a flourish of flutes, and two slaves entered with a single dish.

"Ah! what delicacy hast thou in store for us now, my Glaucus?" cried the young Sallust, with sparkling eyes.

Sallust was only twenty-four, but he had no pleasure in life like eating—perhaps he had exhausted all the others; yet had he some talent, and an excellent heart—as far as it went.

"I know its face, by Pollux!" cried Pansa; "it is an Ambracian kid. Ho!" snapping his fingers, a usual signal to the slaves, "we must prepare a new libation in honor to the new-comer."

"I had hoped," said Glaucus, in a melancholy tone, "to have procured you some oysters from Britain; but the winds that were so cruel to Cæsar have forbid us the oysters."

"Are they in truth so delicious?" asked Lepidus, loosening to a yet more luxurious ease his ungirdled tunic.

"Why, in truth, I suspect it is the distance that gives the flavor; they want the richness of the Brundusium oyster. But at Rome no supper is complete without them."

"The poor Britons! There is some good in them after all," said Sallust; "they produce an oyster!"

"I wish they would produce us a gladiator," said the edile, whose provident mind was still musing over the wants of the amphitheatre.

"By Pallas!" cried Glaucus, as his favorite slave crowned his steaming locks with a new chaplet, "I love these wild spectacles well enough when beast fights beast; but when a man, one with bones and blood like ours, is coldly put on the arena, and torn limb from limb, the interest is too horrid: I sicken—I gasp for breath—I long to rush and defend him. The yells of the populace seem to me more dire than the voices of the Furies chasing Orestes. I rejoice that there is so little chance of that bloody exhibition for our next show!"

* The most valued wood; not the modern citron tree. Some, among whom is my learned friend Mr. W. S. Landor, conjecture it, with much plausibility, to have been mahogany.

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The edile shrugged his shoulders; the young Sallust, who was thought the best natured man in Pompeii, stared in surprise. The graceful Lepidus, who rarely spoke for fear of disturbing his features, cried, "Per Hercle!" The Parasite Clodius muttered, "Ædepol;" and the sixth banqueter, who was the umbra of Clodius, and whose duty it was to echo his richer friend when he could not praise him—the parasite of a parasite,—muttered also, "Ædepol."

"Well, you Italians are used to these spectacles; we Greeks are more merciful. Ah, shade of Pindar!—the rapture of a true Grecian game—the emulation of man against man—the generous strife—the half-mournful triumph—so proud to contend with a noble foe, so sad to see him overcome! But ye understand me not."

"The kid is excellent," said Sallust.

The slave whose duty it was to carve, and who valued himself on his science, had just performed that office on the kid to the sound of music, his knife keeping time, beginning with a low tenor, and accomplishing the arduous feat amid a magnificent diapason.

"Your cook is of course from Sicily?" said Pansa.

"Yes, of Syracuse."

"I will play you for him," said Clodius; "we will have a game between the courses."

"Better that sort of game, certainly, than a beast-fight; but I cannot stake my Sicilian—you have nothing so precious to stake me in return."

"My Phillida—my beautiful dancing girl!"

"I never buy women," said the Greek, carelessly rearranging his chaplet.

The musicians, who were stationed in the portico without, had commenced their office with the kid; they now directed the melody into a more soft, a more gay, yet it may be a more intellectual, strain; and they chanted that song of Horace beginning "Persicos odi," &c. so impossible to translate, and which they imagined applicable to a feast that, effeminate as it seems to us, was simple enough for the gorgeous revelry of the time. We are witnessing the domestic and not the princely feast—the entertainment of a gentleman, not of an emperor or a senator.

"Ah, good old Horace," said Sallust, compassionately; "he sang well of feasts and girls, but not like our modern poets."

"The immortal Fulvius, for instance," said Clodius.

"Ah, Fulvius the immortal!" said the umbra.

"And Spurœna, and Caius Mutius, who wrote three epics in a year—could Horace do that, or Virgil either?" said Lepidus. "Those old poets all fell into the mistake of copying sculpture instead of painting. Simplicity and repose—that was their notion: but we moderns have fire, and passions, and energy—we never sleep, we imitate the colors of painting, its life and its action. Immortal Fulvius!"

"By-the-way," said Sallust, "have you seen the new ode by Spurœna, in honor of our Egyptian Isis?—it is magnificent—the true religious fervor."

"Isis seems a favorite divinity at Pompeii," said Glaucus.

"Yes!" said Pansa, "she is exceedingly in repute just at this moment; her statue has been uttering the most remarkable oracles. I am not superstitious, but I must confess that she has more than once assisted me materially in my magistracy with her advice. Her priests are so pious too! none of your gay, none of your proud ministers of Jupiter and Fortune; they walk barefoot, eat no meat, and pass the greater part of the night in solitary devotion!"

"An example to our other priesthoods, indeed!—Jupiter's temple wants reforming sadly," said Lepidus, who was a great reformer for all but himself.

"They say that Arbaces the Egyptian has imparted some most solemn mysteries to the priests of Isis," observed Sallust; "he boasts his descent from the race of Ramases, and declares that in his family the secrets of remotest antiquity are treasured."

"He certainly possesses the gift of the evil eye," said Clodius; "if I ever come upon that Medusa front without the previous charm, I am sure to lose a favorite horse, or throw the *canes** nine times running."

"The last would be indeed a miracle!" said Sallust, gravely.

"How mean you, Sallust?" returned the gamester, with a flushed brow.

"I mean what you would *leave* me if I played often with you; and that is—nothing."

Clodius answered only by a smile of disdain.

"If Arbaces were not so rich," said Pansa, with a stately air, "I should stretch my authority a little, and inquire into the truth of the report which calls him an astrologer and a sorcerer. Agrippa, when edile of Rome, banished all such terrible citizens. But a rich man—it is the duty of an edile to protect the rich!"

"What think you of this new sect, which I am told has even a few proselytes in Pompeii, these followers of the Hebrew God—Christus?"

"Oh, mere speculative visionaries," said Clodius; "they have not a single gentleman among them; their proselytes are poor, insignificant, ignorant people!"

"Who ought, however, to be crucified for their blasphemy," said Pansa, with vehemence; "they deny Venus and Jove! Nazarene is but another name for atheist. Let me catch them, that's all!"

The second course was gone—the feasters fell back on their couches—there was a pause while they listened to the soft voices of the South, and the music of the Arcadian reed. Glaucus was the most rapt and the least inclined to break the silence, but Clodius began already to think that they wasted time.

"*Bene vobis* (your health,) my Glaucus," said he, quaffing a cup to each letter of the Greek's name, with the ease of the practised drinker. "Will you not be avenged on your ill-fortune of yesterday? See, the dice court us."

"As you will!" said Glaucus.

"The dice in August, and I an edile," said Pansa, magisterially; "it is against all law."

"Not in your presence, grave Pansa," returned Clodius, rattling the dice in a long box; "your presence restrains all license; it is not the thing, but the excess of the thing, that hurts."

"What wisdom!" murmured the umbra.

"Well, I will look another way," said the edile.

"Not yet, good Pansa; let us wait till we have supped," said Glaucus.

Clodius reluctantly yielded, concealing his vexation with a yawn.

"He gapes to devour the gold," whispered Lepidus to Sallust, in a quotation from the Aulularia of Plautus.

"Ah! how well I know these polypi, who hold all they touch," answered Sallust, in the same tone, and out of the same play.

The second course, consisting of a variety of fruits, pistachio nuts, sweetmeats, tarts, and confectionary tortured into a thousand fantastic and airy shapes, was now placed upon the table, and the ministri, or attendants, also set there the wine (which had hitherto been handed round to the guests) in large jugs of glass, each bearing upon it the schedule of its age and quality.

"Taste this Lesbian, my Pansa," said Sallust; "it is excellent."

"It is not very old," said Glaucus, "but it has been made precocious, like ourselves, by being put to the fire; the wine to the flames of Vulcan, we to those of his wife, to whose honor I pour this cup."

"It is delicate," said Pansa, "but there is perhaps the least particle too much of rosin in its flavor."

"What a beautiful cup!" cried Clodius, taking up one of transparent crystal, the handles of which were wrought with gems, and twisted in the shape of serpents, the favorite fashion at Pompeii.

"This ring," said Glaucus, taking a costly jewel from the first joint of his finger and hanging it on the

* *Canes*, or *caniculæ*, the lowest throw at dice.

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handle, "gives it a richer show, and renders it less unworthy of thy acceptance, my Clodius, whom may the gods give health and fortune long and oft to crown it to the brim!"

"You are too generous, Glaucus," said the gamester, handing the cup to his slave, "but your love gives it a double value."

"This cup to the Graces!" said Pansa, and he thrice emptied his calix. The guests followed his example.

"We have appointed no director to the feast," cried Sallust.

"Let us throw for him, then," said Clodius, rattling the dice-box.

"Nay," cried Glaucus; "no cold and trite director for us; no dictator of the banquet; no *rex convivii*. Have not the Romans sworn never to obey a king? shall we be less free than your ancestors? Ho! musicians, let us have the song I composed the other night; it has a verse on this subject, 'The Bacchic Hymn of the Hours.'"

The musicians struck their instruments to a wild Ionic air, while the youngest voices in the band chanted forth in Greek words, as numbers, the following strain:

THE EVENING HYMN OF THE HOURS.

I.

Through the summer day, through the weary day,
We have glided long;
Ere we speed to the night through her portals gray,
Hail us with song!
With song, with song,
With a bright and joyous song,
Such as the Cretan maid,
While the twilight made her bolder,
Woke, high through the ivy shade,
When the wine-god first consoled her.
From the hush'd low-breathing skies,
Half-shut, look'd their starry eyes,
And all around,
With a loving sound,
The Ægean waves were creeping;
On her lap lay the lynx's head;
Wi'd thyme was her bridal bed;
And aye through each tiny space,
In the green vine's green embrace,
The fauns were slyly peeping;—
The fauns, the prying fauns—
The arch, the laughing fauns—
The fauns were slyly peeping!

II.

Flagging and faint are we
With our ceaseless flight,
And dull shall our journey be
Through the realm of night.
Bathe us, O bathe our weary wings,
In the purple wave, as it freshly springs
To your cups from the fount of light—
From the fount of light—from the fount of light:
For there, when the sun has gone down in night,
There in the bowl we find him.
The grape is the well of that summer sun,
Or rather the stream that he gazed upon,
Till he left in truth, like the Thespian youth,*
His soul, as he gazed, behind him.

III.

A cup to Jove, and a cup to Love,
And a cup to the son of Maia,
And honor with three, the band zone-free,
The band of the bright Aglaia.
But since every bud in the wreath of pleasure
Ye owe to the sister Hours,
No stinted cups, in a formal measure,
The Bromian law make ours.
He honors us most who gives us most,
And boasts with a Bacchanal's honest boast
He never will *count* the treasure.
Fastly we fleet, then seize our wings,
And plunge us deep in the sparkling springs;
And aye, as we rise with a dripping plume,
We'll scatter the spray round the garland's bloom.
We glow—we glow.
Behold, as the girls of the Eastern wave
Bore once with a shout to their crystal cave
The prize of the Mysian Hylas,
Even so—even so,
We have caught the young god in our warm embrace,
We hurry him on in our laughing race;
We hurry him on, with a whoop and song,
The cloudy rivers of Night along—
Ho, ho!—we have caught thee, Psilas!

* Narcissus.

The guests applauded loudly: when the poet is your host, his verses are sure to charm.

"Thoroughly Greek," said Lepidus: "the wildness, force, and energy of that tongue it is impossible to imitate in the Roman poetry."

"It is indeed a great contrast," said Clodius, ironically at heart, though not in appearance, "to the old-fashioned and tame simplicity of that ode of Horace which we heard before. The air is beautifully Ionic: the word puts me in mind of a toast—Companions, I give you the beautiful Ione."

"Ione—the name is Greek," said Glaucus, in a soft voice, "I drink the health with delight. But who is Ione?"

"Ah! you have but just come to Pompeii, or you would deserve ostracism for your ignorance," said Lepidus, conceitedly; "not to know Ione is not to know the chief charm of our city."

"She is of most rare beauty," said Pansa; "and what a voice!"

"She can feed only on nightingales' tongues," said Clodius.

"Nightingales' tongues!—beautiful thought," sighed the umbra.

"Enlighten me, I beseech you," said Glaucus.

"Know then," began Lepidus—

"Let me speak," cried Clodius; you drawl out your words as if you spoke tortoises."

"And you speak stones," muttered the coxcomb to himself, as he fell back disdainfully on his couch.

"Know then, my Glaucus," said Clodius, that Ione is a stranger, who has but lately come to Pompeii. She sings like Sappho, and her songs are her own composing; and as for the tibia, and the cithara, and the lyre, I know not in which she most outdoes the Muses. Her beauty is most dazzling. Her house is perfect; such taste—such gems—such bronzes! She is rich, and generous as she is rich."

"Her lovers, of course," said Glaucus, "take care that she does not starve; and money lightly won is always lavishly spent."

"Her lovers—ah, there is the enigma! Ione has but one vice—she is chaste. She has all Pompeii at her feet, and she has no lovers: she will not even marry."

"No lovers!" echoed Glaucus.

"No; she has the soul of Vesta, with the girdle of Venus."

"What refined expressions!" said the umbra.

"A miracle!" cried Glacus. "Can we not see her?"

"I will take you there this evening," said Clodius; "meanwhile," added he, once more rattling the dice—

"I am yours!" said the complaisant Glaucus. "Pansa turn your face!"

Lepidus and Sallust played at odd and even, and the umbra looked on, while Glaucus and Clodius became gradually absorbed in the chances of the dice.

"Per Jove!" cried Glaucus, "this is the second time I have thrown the caniculæ" (the lowest throw.)

"Now Venus befriend me!" said Clodius, rattling the box for several moments, "O Alma Venus—it is Venus herself!" as he threw the highest cast named from that goddess,—whom he who wins money indeed usually propitiates!

"Venus is ungrateful to me," said Glaucus, gayly; "I have always sacrificed on her altar."

"He who plays with Clodius," whispered Lepidus, "will soon, like Plautus's Curculio, put his pallium for the stakes."

"Poor Glaucus—he is as blind as Fortune herself," replied Sallust, in the same tone.

"I will play no more," said Glaucus. "I have lost thirty sestertia."

"I am sorry," began Clodius.

"Amiable man!" groaned the umbra.

"Not at all!" exclaimed Glaucus; "the pleasure of your gain compensates the pain of my loss."

The conversation now became general and animated; the wine circulated more freely; and Ione once more

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became the subject of eulogy to the guests of Glaucus.

"Instead of outwatching the star, let us visit one at whose beauty the stars grow pale," said Lepidus.

Clodius, who saw no chance of renewing the dice, seconded the proposal; and Glaucus, though he civilly pressed his guests to continue the banquet, could not but let them see that his curiosity had been excited by the praises of Ione; they therefore resolved to adjourn (all at least but Pansa and the umbra) to the house of the fair Greek. They drank, therefore, to the health of Glaucus and of Titus—they performed their last libation—they resumed their slippers—they descended the stairs—passed the illumined atrium—and walking unbitten over the fierce dog painted on the threshold, found themselves beneath the light of the moon just risen, in the lively and still crowded streets of Pompeii. They passed the jewellers' quarter, sparkling with lights, caught and reflected by the gems displayed in the shops, and arrived at last at the door of Ione. The vestibule blazed with rows of lamps; curtains of embroidered purple hung on either aperture of the tablinum, whose walls and mosaic pavement glowed with the richest colors of the artist; and under the portico which surrounded the odorous viridarium they found Ione already surrounded by adoring and applauding guests.

"Did you say she was Athenian?" whispered Glaucus, ere he passed into the peristyle.

"No, she is from Neapolis."

"Neapolis!" echoed Glaucus; and at that moment, the group dividing on either side of Ione gave to his view that bright, that nymph-like beauty which for months had shone down upon the waters of his memory.

Glaucus is a noble character throughout; educated of course a heathen, but endowed with some of those higher faculties of reason, which enabled him in the end to surrender the charms of a poetic mythology for a purer and brighter faith. Ione, "the beautiful Ione," is an almost perfect model of Grecian loveliness and accomplishment; and her brother Apæcides, furnishes an affecting illustration of great powers and virtues rendered prostrate by an overwrought sensibility and enthusiastic temperament. Arbaces, the dark, wily, revengeful Egyptian, is the demon of the tale. In profound earthly wisdom and diabolical depravity, "none but himself can be his parallel." The "Asiatic Journal," whose editors or reviewers we take to be much wiser than we are, asserts that the character of Nydia is not an original creation of Mr. Bulwer's; but that the dwarf *Mignon* in the *Wilhelm Meister* of Goethe, is the exact prototype not only of the blind flower girl, but of the fantastical Fenella in Scott's Peverill of the Peak. The "Journal" also maintains that the witch of Vesuvius, is of the true Meg Merrillie's family. In regard to the first supposed resemblances,—never having seen Goethe's work, we profess our entire incompetency to judge; but we do most fervently protest against any comparison between our old favorite Meg and that most execrable hag whom Bulwer has placed in the caverns of Vesuvius,—the perusal of whose accursed incantations deprived us of several hours of our accustomed and needful rest.

Whilst Mr. Bulwer has rendered to the Egyptian and a few others the just reward of their transgressions, we think that poor Nydia has been hardly dealt by. What a fine opportunity it was to illustrate the power of christian faith in soothing even the sorrows of unrequited love. We do not say this reproachfully however, because we think that Mr. Bulwer has endeavored at least, to do justice to the christian character and principles, in his work. Olynthus is a fine specimen of that heroic courage which, especially in the early ages of the church, was content with ignominy, chains and poverty in this life, and courted even martyrdom itself, in the bright anticipation of eternal bliss.

Having thus candidly stated our impressions of Mr. Bulwer's work, justice requires that we should spread before our readers the well sustained vindication of one of our own countrymen, who complains that his literary rights have been grossly violated by this eminent transatlantic author. Mr. Fairfield, the editor of the *North American Magazine*, a man of unquestionable genius, and a poet of no ordinary strength, has fearlessly thrown the gauntlet, and charged the proud Briton to his teeth with literary piracy; an offence in the republic of letters, which ought at least to be rebuked by stern denunciation, as no corporal or pecuniary punishment can be inflicted. This piracy it seems, has been committed by Mr. Bulwer upon the lawful goods and chattels, the genuine offspring of Mr. Fairfield's own intellectual labors. We confess that we are struck with the plausible and curious coincidence, to speak technically, between Mr. Fairfield's *allegata* and his undeniable *probata*. If the English novelist has decked himself in borrowed plumage, he ought to be forthwith stripped of it, and the stolen feather should adorn the brow of its real owner. The sin of plagiarism however, though never so distinctly proved, ought not in strictness to detract from the genuine and acknowledged merits of an author. Mr. Bulwer may have done great injustice to our countryman, and yet have some redeeming beauties to atone for his transgression. In compliance with Mr. Fairfield's request, we insert with pleasure the whole of his interesting article.

From the North American Magazine.

THE LAST NIGHT OF POMPEII;* *versus* THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.†

While we have never failed to acknowledge and applaud the brilliant imagination and the eloquent and fascinating style of Mr. E. L. Bulwer, we have never feared to assert that he was a sophist in ethics and a libertine in love, and that *effect* was apparently the only law which influenced his mind or guided his pen. Better disguised, but not less pernicious in principle and evil in action than the Tom Jones and Count Fathom and Zeluco of Fielding, Smollett and Moore, his characters not only exist in, but actually create an atmosphere of impurity which infects the very hearts of his admirers. He invests the seducer with irresistible attractions, and paints the highwayman and the murderer as examples for imitation. But even in the execution of his execrable purposes, he is not original either in his plots or his sentiments. The old Portuguese Jew Spinoza and his disciples Hobbes, Toland, Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke have abundantly supplied him with infidel arguments; and the profligate courtiers of Charles the Second have contributed their licentious stratagems and impure dialogues to augment the claims and heighten the charms of his coxcombs, libertines and menslay-

* The Last Night of Pompeii: A Poem, and Lays and Legends. By Sumner Lincoln Fairfield. New York: 1832.

† The Last Days of Pompeii: By the Author of Pelham, Eugene Aram, England, and the English, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: 1834. Harper and Brothers.

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ers. Mr. Bulwer has read much and skillfully appropriated, without acknowledgment, all that has suited his designs. He has artfully clothed the lofty thoughts of others in his own brilliant garb, and enjoyed the renown of a powerful writer and profound thinker, when he was little more than an adroit and manœuvering plagiary. This we long since perceived, and therefore denied his claims to a high order of genius, though we readily accorded to him the possession of much curious knowledge and a felicitous use of language. We never imagined that the labors of an unrewarded and little regarded American could be deemed by the proud, *soi-disant* highborn, and affluent Mr. Bulwer as worthy of his unquestioning appropriation. We fancied that so deep a scholar would continue to dig for treasures in ancient and recondite literature, and pass triumphantly over the obscure productions of a poor cisatlantic. But we erred. As a member of the British Parliament, Mr. Bulwer is accustomed to the creation of laws; and he seems to have made one expressly for his own profit and pleasure—namely, the law of literary lawlessness. We knew that he was well content to demand high prices for his immoral novels from his American publishers; but, until this time, we were not aware that he considered any thing but gold worth receiving or plundering from Yankeeland. With his usual tact, he has managed to secure, in no slight degree, from our labors, that which those labors failed utterly to receive from our unlettered countrymen; and it is our present purpose to demand back our own thoughts, which are our property and the heritage of our children.

It is now three years since 'The Last Night of Pompeii' was written and published; and, among other English men of letters, a copy of that poem with a letter, which was never answered, was sent to Mr. Bulwer, who was, at that time, the editor of the London New Monthly Magazine. Affliction fell heavily on our heart during the spring of 1832, and, becoming indifferent to poetic fame and every thing not involved in our bereavement, we bestowed no thought upon the poem or its reception. Time has passed on; we have been intensely occupied with other concerns, and have not been anxious about it since. The apathy, if not contempt, with which American poets have ever been treated, has driven Percival into solitude, Bryant and Prentice into politics, Whittier into abolition schemes, Pierpoint into phrenological experiments, and all others far away from the barren realm of Parnassus. But lo! the poem, which was printed by hardwon subscription and left unwelcomed but by a few cheerful voices, when transmuted into a novel by Bulwer, becomes a brilliant gem, and illumines the patriotic hearts and clear understandings of the whole Western World! Who is a Yankee poet that he should be honoured! but to whom is the English Bulwer unknown? We live, however—thanks be to Providence! to claim our own and expose all smugglers, though the redrover Saxon seems to think that the Atlantic is a very broad ocean, and that the democrats of the West are very little capable of appreciating any compositions but his own.

Had Mr. Bulwer confined himself to the almost literal adoption of our title, or had certain passages in his novel betrayed even great resemblances to others in our poem, we should have said that the coincidences were somewhat remarkable, and then dismissed the matter from our thoughts. Many examples in literary history might be presented to prove that men may think and describe alike without plagiarism, but, when the incidents and descriptions are as nearly identical as prose and poetry can well be, we cannot deduce the charitable conclusion that the very strong likeness is accidental. Our readers shall judge whether, in this case, it is so.

The characters in the poem are few—in the novel many—but, in both, the whole interest depends on the adventures of two lovers. In the poem these lovers are Pansa and Mariamne, a Roman decurion and a captive Jewish maiden, both Christians; in the novel they are Glaucus and Ione, Greeks and pagans. With us, Diomede was the prætor and Pansa the victim; with Bulwer, the former is a rich merchant, and the latter, ædile of Pompeii. Here, then, there is no similarity, nor is there but one deserving a remark, until Arbaces—an Eugene Aram antiquated—one of Bulwer's learned, wise and soliloquizing villains—seduces Ione to his mansion of iniquity. The first coincidence, to which we refer, is the scene of the sacrifice,* and the oracular response. The description in the novel reads thus:

"The aruspices inspected the entrails."—"It was then that a dead silence fell over the whispering crowd, and the priests gathering around the cella, another priest, naked save by a cincture round the middle, rushed forward, and dancing with wild gestures, implored an answer from the goddess."—"A low murmuring noise was heard within the body of the statue; thrice the head moved, and the lips parted, and then a hollow voice uttered these mystic words;

"There are waves like chargers that meet and glow,
There are graves ready wrought in the rocks below,
On the brow of the Future the dangers lower,
But blessed are your barks in the fearful hour."

That in the poem is as follows—the oracle preceding the description of its effect upon the superstitious multitude.

"The aruspices proclaimed the prodigies.
'The entrails palpitate—the liver's lobes
Are withered, and the heart hath shrivelled up!'
Groans rose from living surges round; yet loud
The High Priest uttered—'Lay them on the fire!'
'Twas done; and wine and oil poured amply o'er,
And still the sacrificer wildly cried—
'Woe unto all! the wandering fires hiss up
Through the black vapors—lapping o'er the flesh
They burn not, but abandon! ashes fill
The temple, whirled upon the wind that waves!' " etc.

The Oracle.

"Ye shall pass o'er the Tyrrhene sea in ships
Laden with virgins, gems and gods, and spoils
Of a dismembered empire, and a cloud
Of light shall radiate your ocean path!'
Breathes not the soul of mystery in this?"

"And the prostrated multitudes, like woods
Hung with the leaves of autumn, stirred; then fell
A silence when the heart was heard—a pause—
When ardent hope became an agony;
And parted lips and panting pulses—eyes
Wild with their watchings, brows with beaded dews
Of expectation chilled and fevered—all
The shaken and half lifted frame—declared
The moment of the oracle had come!
A sceptre to the hand of Isis leapt
And waved; and then the deep voice of the priest
Uttered the maiden's answer, and the fall
Of many quickened steps like whispers pass'd
Along the columned aisles and vestibule."

Both oracles partake the same mystic character and al-

* Vol. i. p. 42.

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lude obscurely to the same fearful and overwhelming event.

The character of Arbaces, the Egyptian Magus, is peculiarly after Bulwer's own heart—for he is an entire, thorough, irredeemable demon, who weeps over venomous reptiles and kills innocent men: but a very large portion of his mystic discourse, which appears on pages 81-2-3-4 of volume first, is borrowed, as customary, without even an apologetic allusion, from Moore's Epicurean. We leave that poet to reclaim his property, and proceed to assert the identity of our own. In the novel, Arbaces beguiles Ione into his house, with the resolution to possess her by fraud or violence. In the poem, the priest of Isis inveigles the virgin of Pompeii into his lascivious temple with the same intent. Both the priest and Arbaces, having conquered every obstacle, are rapidly advancing to the accomplishment of their evil designs, when they are interrupted, and their victims rescued by the very same awful occurrence;

"At that awful moment," says Bulwer, "the floor shook under them with a rapid and convulsive throe—a mightier spirit than that of the Egyptian was abroad! a giant and crushing power, before which sunk into sudden impotence his passion and his arts. It woke—it stirred—that dread Demon of the Earthquake," etc.*

"I woo no longer, thou art in my grasp,
And by the Immortals I disown, thou shalt"—

Says our unsainted priest of Isis, when the victim cries exultingly—

" 'It comes! the temple reels and crashes—Jove!
I thank thee! Vesta! let me sleep with thee!'
And on the bosom of the earthquake rocked
The statues and the pillars, and her brain
Whirled with the earth's convulsions, as the maid
Fell by a trembling image and upraised
A prayer of gratitude; while through the vaults,
In fear and ghastly horror, fled the priest,
Breathing quick curses mid his warning cries
For succor; and the obscene birds their wings
Flapped o'er his pallid face, and reptiles twined
In folds of knotted venom round his feet.
Yet on he rushed—the blackened walls around
Crashing—the spectral lights hurled hissing down
The cold green waters; and thick darkness came
To bury ruin!"

The denouement of the scene is the same in the novel and the poem—a statue, hurled from its pedestal, strikes the unhallowed violator to the earth. There is no scene in Baron more actually transcribed from the Andrian of Terence than this from 'The Last Night of Pompeii!' But the scene in the amphitheatre, where the Christian Olinthus and the lover Glaucus are doomed to perish by the fangs of the famished lion, is still more strikingly similar than any in the novel, except the description of the destruction. Arbaces, actuated by unholy love of Ione, is the author of the disgrace and ruin of both these personages; and the prætor Diomede, in the poem, resolves to sacrifice Pansa to the African lion, because he loves and determines to possess Mariamne. The earlier scenes in the amphitheatre are the same; four gladiators are represented in sanguinary strife, and two as having perished, ere the command is given to bring the Christian and lover on the arena, and to loose the Numidian lion. In neither instance, however, will the noble beast attack his destined victim; but shrinks and cowers in utter terror, though goaded on to his dreadful feast. We now solicit a careful comparison of the scenes which succeed, with those which, nearly two years before Mr. Bulwer's book was conceived, we had wrought out with no slight study, and presented to our unregarding countrymen.

The closing scene in the Pompeiian amphitheatre, as represented in 'The Last *Days* of Pompeii:'

" 'Behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!' "

"The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld with ineffable dismay a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius in the form of a gigantic pine tree; the trunk, blackness;—the branches, fire;—that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare!

"There was a dead, heart-sunken silence—through which there suddenly broke the roar of the lion, which, from within the building, was echoed back by the sharper and fiercer yells of its fellow beasts. Dread seers were they of the burthen of the atmosphere, and wild prophets of the wrath to come!

"Then there rose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theatre trembled; and beyond, in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more, and the mountain cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes, mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines,—over the desolate streets,—over the amphitheatre itself,—far and wide,—with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea,—fell that awful shower!

"No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen,—amid groans, and oaths, and prayers, and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages. Whither should they fly?"

Now let us present the description, given in 'The Last *Night* of Pompeii,' of the horrors that succeeded the scene of the games:

"Awed, yet untrembling, Pansa calm replied,
'Ye hear no thunder—but Destruction's howl!
Ye see no lightning—but the lava glare
Of desolation sweeping o'er your pride!
Death is beneath, around, above, within
All who exult to inflict it on my heart,
And ye must meet it, fly when, where ye will,
For in the madness of your cruelties
Ye have delayed till every hope is dead.
Let the doom come! our faiths will soon be tried.
Gigantic spectres from their shadowy thrones,
With ghastly smiles to welcome ye, arise.
The Pharaohs and Ptolemies uplift
Their glimmering sceptres o'er ye—bidding all
Bare their dark bosoms to the Omniscient God:
And every strange and horrid mythos waits
To fold ye in the terrors of its dreams.' "

"Like an earthshadowing cypress, o'er the skies
Lifting its labyrinth of leaves, the boughs
Of molten brass, the giant trunk of flame,
The breath of the volcano's Titan heart
Hung in the heavens; and every maddened pulse
Of the vast mountain's earthquake bosom hurled
Its vengeance on the earth that gasped beneath."

"From every cell shrieks burst; hyenas cried
Like lost child stricken in its loneliness:
The giant elephant with matchless strength
Struggled against the portal of his tomb,
And groaned and panted; and the leopard's yell
And tiger's growl with all surrounding cries
Of human horror mingled; and in air,
Spotting the lurid heavens and waiting prey,
The evil birds of carnage hung and watched."

* Vol. i. p. 159.

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"Vesuvius answered: from its pinnacles
Clouds of farflashing cinders, lava showers,
And seas drank up by the abyss of fire
To be hurled forth in boiling cataracts,
Like midnight mountains, wrapt in lightnings, fell."

"All awful sounds of heaven and earth met now;
Darkness behind the sungod's chariot rolled,
Shrouding destruction, save when volcan fires
Lifted the folds to gaze on agony;
And when a moment's terrible repose
Fell on the deep convulsions, all could hear
The toppling cliffs explode and crash below,
While multitudinous waters from the sea
In whirlpools through the channell'd mountain rocks
Rushed, and with hisses like the damned's speech,
Fell in the mighty furnace of the mount."

"Oh, then, the love of life! the struggling rush,
The crushing conflict of escape! few, brief,
And dire the words delirious fear spake now—
One thought, one action swayed the tossing crowd.
All through the vomitories madly sprung,
And mass on mass of trembling beings pressed,
Gasping and goading, with the savageness
That is the child of danger, like the waves
Charybdis from his jagged rocks throws down,
Mingled by fury—warring in their foam.
Some swooned and were trod down by legion feet;
Some cried for mercy to the unanswering gods;
Some shrieked for parted friends forever lost;
And some in passion's chaos, with the yells
Of desperation did blaspheme the heavens;
And some were still in utterness of woe.
Yet all toiled on in trembling waves of life
Along the subterranean corridors.
Moments were centuries of doubt and dread!
Each breathing obstacle a hated thing:
Each trampled wretch, a footstool to o'erlook
The foremost multitudes; and terror, now,
Begat in all a maniac ruthlessness,
For in the madness of their agonies
Strong men cast down the feeble who delayed
Their flight, and maidens on the stones were crushed," etc.

Let the reader compare each of these extracts with the other, and form his own opinion of Mr. Bulwer's great powers and originality. These very remarkable coincidences are followed by others not less extraordinary and worthy of commemoration:

"But suddenly a duller shade fell over the air. Instinctively he turned to the mountain, and behold! one of the two gigantic crests, into which the summit had been divided, rocked and wavered to and fro; and then, with a sound the mightiness of which no language can describe, it fell from the burning base, and rushed, an avalanche of fire, down the sides of the mountain! At the same instant gushed forth a volume of blackest smoke, rolling on, over air, sea, and earth."

"Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around it like the walls of hell, the mountain shone—a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two; or rather above its surface there seemed to rise two monster-shapes, each confronting each, as demons contending for a world. These were of one deep blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere far and wide; but *below*, the nether part of the mountain was still dark and shrouded,—save in three places, adown which flowed, serpentine and irregular, rivers of the molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed slowly on, as towards the devoted city. Over the broadest there seemed to spring a cragged and stupendous arch, from which, as from the jaws of hell, gushed the sources of the sudden Phlegethon."

Among the Death Cries of Pompeii, as we imagined them, is the following lyric:

"It bursts! it bursts! and thousand thunders blent,
From the deep heart of agonizing earth,
Knell, shatter, crash along the firmament,
And new hells peopled startle into birth.
Vesuvius sunders! pyramids of fire
From fathomless abysses blast the sky;
E'en desolating Ruin doth expire,
And mortal Death in woe immortal die.
Torrents like lurid gore,
Hurled from the gulf of horror, pour,
Like legion fiends embattled to the spoil,
And o'er the temple domes,
And joy's ten thousand homes,
Beneath the whirlwind hail and storm of ashes boil."

Again says Mr. Bulwer, who boasts that he has succeeded where all others have failed:

"In the pauses of the showers, you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster-shapes, striding across the gloom, hustling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes,—the agents of terror and of death."

Is there nothing similar to the preceding quotation in this?

"Vesuvius poured its deluge forth, the sea
Shuddered and sent unearthly voices up,
The isles of beauty, by the fire and surge
Shaken and withered, on the troubled waves
Looked down like spirits blasted; and the land
Of Italy's once paradise became
The home of ruin—vineyard, grove and bower,
Tree, shrub, fruit, blossom—love, life, light and hope,
All vanishing beneath the fossil flood
And storm of ashes from the cloven brow
Of the dread mountain hurled in horror down.
The echoes of ten thousand agonies
Arose from mount and shore, and some looked back
Cursing, and more bewailing as they fled."

——————"what a horrid gleam is flung
Along that face of madness, as it turns
From sea to mountain, and the wild eyes burn
With revelations of the unborn time!
We may not linger—shelter earth denies—
The very heavens like a gehenna lour—
And ocean is our refuge—on—on—on!"

We have seen how remarkably the lions agreed on the impropriety of making an amphitheatric meal of the lovers; now it appears that the tiger, who should have eat the Christian, was of the same mind.

"At that moment a wild yell burst through the air; and thinking only of escape, whither it knew not, the terrible tiger of the African desert leaped among the throng, and hurried through its parted streams. And so came the earthquake, and so darkness once more fell over the earth!"

Is it not strange that we should have conceived something much like this, and explained the motive, too, of such unreasonable conduct in any wild beast starving?

"Nature's quick instinct, in most savage beasts,
Prophesies danger ere man's thought awakes,
And shrinks in fear from common savageness,
Made gentle by its terror; thus, o'erawed
E'en in his famine's fury by a Power
Brute beings more than human oft adore,
The Lion lay, his quivering paws outspread,
His white teeth gnashing, till the crushing throngs
Had passed the corridors; then, glaring up
His eyes imbued with samiel light, he saw
The crags and forests of the Appenines
Gleaming far off, and with the exulting sense
Of home and lone dominion, at a bound,
He leapt the lofty palisades and sprung
Along the spiral passages, with howls

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Of horror, through the flying multitudes
Flying to seek his lonely mountain lair."

We shall not protract this investigation, though many similar passages might be produced to confirm our assertion that Mr. Bulwer has appropriated our thoughts, and throughout wrought our descriptions into his story, and won great profit and fame from the robbery. Those who read his book, will readily find many descriptions closely resembling one of the last given in the poem, which we here reprint, and many references to ancient authors for facts which he derived from us.

"Meantime, charred corses in one sepulchre
Of withering ashes lay, and voices rose,
Fewer and fainter, and, each moment, groans
Were hushed, and dead babes on dead bosoms lay,
And lips were blasted into breathlessness
Ere the death kiss was given, and spirits passed
The ebbless, dark, mysterious waves, where dreams
Hover and pulses throb and many a brain
Swims wild with terrible desires to know
The destinies of worlds that lie beyond.
The thick air panted as in nature's death,
And every breath was anguish; every face
Was terror's image, where the soul looked forth,
As looked, sometimes, far on the edge of heaven,
A momentary star the tempest palled.
From ghastlier lips now rose a wilder voice,
As from a ruin'd sanctuary's gloom,
Like savage winds from the Choraamian waste
Rushing, with sobs and suffocating screams," etc.

But, though we have been more highly honored by this last *chef d'œuvre* of the honorable Eugene Aram than any author within our knowledge, yet others are entitled to their property. Speaking of the skeleton of Arbaces, Bulwer says—

"The scull was of so remarkable a conformation, so boldly marked in its intellectual, as well as its worse physical developments, that it has excited the constant speculation of every itinerant believer in the theories of Spurzheim who has gazed upon that ruined *palace of the mind*. Still, after a lapse of eighteen centuries, the traveller may survey that *airy hall*, within whose cunning galleries and elaborate chambers, once thought, reasoned, dreamed, and sinned, the soul of Arbaces the Egyptian!"

But Byron said, long ago, in Childe Harold, when gazing on a skull:

"Yes, this was once ambition's *airy hall*,
The dome of thought, *the palace of the soul*," etc.

And, once more, the fashionable Pelham moralizes: "and as the Earth from the Sun, so immortality drinks happiness from virtue, *which is the smile upon the face of God*."* This he italicises as one of his most wondrous original reflections—yet it may be found in the Diary of a Physician.†

Mr. Bulwer is particularly conceited and arrogant with respect to his subject. He asserts that all others have failed in attempting to describe the destruction of Pompeii, and that, therefore, he will stand alone, the intellectual monarch of the Ruins. The candid and modest and original gentleman probably forgot 'Valerius' and Croly and Milman and Dr. Gray and ourself; but the productions of such persons can be of little consequence to such a Paul Clifford in letters and Mirabeau in morals.

Mr. Bulwer, likewise, is ostentatious of his learning, and he quotes from ancient authors with an air of infinite self-complacency, though his citations had been conveniently collected, a *century* since, in the Archæologia Græca of Archbishop Potter! These volumes now lie before us, and there may all his erudition be found within a very accessible compass. His theological knowledge or deistical design, we know not which, is not more profound or canonical; for he makes his Christian Olinthus say, that "eighty years ago," that is from the birth of Christ, "there was no assurance to man of God or of a certain or definite future beyond the grave"!!

We have now done with Mr. Bulwer, his immoralities, and his plagiarisms. We have sought to be very brief in our exposition, and, for the first time that we ever expressed such a desire, we request the literary periodicals, with which we exchange, to reprint this article.

* Vol. ii. p. 196.
† In the story called 'A Young Man about Town,' we think.

VISITS AND SKETCHES, at Home and Abroad. By Mrs. Jamieson, author of the "Characteristics of Women," &c. in 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1834.

We intended to notice these interesting volumes sooner, and recommend them to our readers as highly entertaining and instructive. Mrs. Jamieson's style, though not faultless, is very attractive; and certainly as a female writer, she is hardly surpassed in vigor and richness. The *first* volume is principally devoted to sketches of art, literature and character, comprising *Memoranda* at Munich, Nuremburg and Dresden. It also contains a vivid account of the celebrated Bess of *Hardwicke*, the *old* Countess of Shrewsbury,—a visit to *Althorpe*, the ancient seat of the Spencers—and eloquent sketches of the private and dramatic life of *Mrs. Siddons*, and of *Fanny Kemble*. The *second* volume opens with three interesting stories,—the *False One*, a pathetic oriental tale, a thousand times superior to Vathek,—*Halloran the Pedlar*, and the *Indian Mother*. It also contains a very amusing *drama for little actors*,—and concludes with the *Diary of an Enuyeé*, a performance of much and deserved celebrity. We shall make occasional selections from this work, for the benefit of such of our readers as have no opportunity of seeing the volumes themselves. For the present, we have transferred to our pages the "Indian Mother," a most affecting story founded on a striking incident related by Humboldt. The scene being laid in South America, the reader will be struck with the strong impressions made on Mrs. Jamieson's mind of that magnificent country, through the medium of description alone.

POEMS, by William Cullen Bryant. Boston: Russell, Odiorne & Metcalfe. 1834.

This new and beautiful edition of Mr. Bryant's poems has undergone the author's correction, and contains some pieces which have never before appeared in print. As the elegant china cup from which we sip the fragrant imperial, imparts to it a finer flavor, so the pure white paper and excellent typography of the volume before us, will give a richer lustre to the gems of Mr. Bryant's genius. Not that the value of the diamond is really enhanced by the casket which contains it, but so it is that the majority of mortals are governed by *appearances;* and even a dull tale will appear respectable in the pages of a hot pressed and gilt bound London annual. In justice to Mr. Bryant however, and to ourselves, we will state that our first im-

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pressions of his great intellectual power—of his deep and sacred communings with the world of poetry—were derived from a very indifferent edition of his writings, printed with bad type, on a worse paper. Mr. Bryant is well known to the American public as a poet of uncommon strength and genius; and even on the other side of the Atlantic, a son of the distinguished Roscoe, who published a volume of American poetry, pronounced him the first among his equals. Like Halleck, however, and some others of scarcely inferior celebrity,—his muse has languished probably for want of that due encouragement, which to our shame as a nation be it spoken, has never been awarded to that department of native literature. Mr. Bryant, we believe, finding that Parnassus was not so productive a soil as the field of politics, has connected himself with a distinguished partizan newspaper in the city of New York. His bitter regrets at the frowns of an unpoetical public, and yet his unavailing efforts to divorce himself from the ever living and surrounding objects of inspiration are beautifully alluded to in the following lines:

I broke the spell that held me long,
The dear, dear witchery of song.
I said the poet's idle lore
Shall waste my prime of years no more,
For poetry though heavenly born,
Consorts with poverty and scorn.

I broke the spell—nor deemed its power
Could fetter me another hour.
Ah, thoughtless! how could I forget
Its causes were around me yet?
For wheresoe'er I look'd, the while,
Was nature's everlasting smile.

Still came and lingered on my sight
Of flowers and streams the bloom and light,
And glory of the stars and sun;—
And these and poetry are one.
They, ere the world had held me long,
Recalled me to the love of song.

LITTELL'S MUSEUM of Foreign Literature, Science and Arts. No. 151. Jan. 1835. A. Waldie. Philadelphia.

This valuable periodical has maintained a high reputation and extensive circulation for more than twelve years. The January number (1835) may be considered a new era in its history. The size of its sheet is enlarged, its type and paper are improved, and its contents display more richness and variety than usual. The plan of the "Museum" is certainly most excellent. It is to select and republish from all the British periodicals of high reputation, every thing which is either of *present* or *permanent* value, omitting the vast mass of matter which is local to Great Britain or not interesting to an American reader. It is in fact, a labor-saving machine, by which all the choicest flowers will be culled from British publications and transplanted in our own soil, leaving the weeds and trash on the other side of the Atlantic. We heartily wish Mr. Littell and his co-laborers increased success, and we shall occasionally draw upon his interesting paper for the use of the "Messenger." The diffusion of fine writing from abroad, will improve the taste and invigorate the efforts of our own countrymen.

NEW PAPER.

The Southern Churchman, edited by the Rev. William F. Lee, and published weekly in this city, has reached its fifth number. Almost every christian denomination among us, had the benefit of a paper devoted to its own peculiar interests, except the Episcopalians, until Mr. Lee commenced the publication of the Churchman. There can be no doubt of its success, under the management of an editor of Mr. Lee's distinguished talents and piety.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

DANDYISM.

Mr. White:—The Optimists assert that this little world of ours, is continually and most marvellously improving in every thing. But, begging their pardon, I humbly conceive that this is claiming rather too much for its onward march towards perfectibility. Many notable instances might be adduced to prove that it is so; but I will go no further for such proof, than to contrast the Dandyism of the present age with that of the olden time. This term (by the way) although of modern coinage, is but a new name for an old thing. So old indeed, that, like the common law, it may be traced back to a period beyond which "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." From the multitude of its votaries and the indefatigable diligence with which it has always been practised, it may justly be ranked among the arts; although we must admit it to be one of no very difficult attainment by any whose taste leads them to prefer general contempt to universal esteem.

The great aim of this art being to mar effectually whatever beauty either of person or countenance nature has bestowed on us, the task would seem to be one of very easy accomplishment for most men. A simple disfigurement therefore, would be no indication of genius, since the visages upon which the laudable experiment is most frequently tried, require very little aggravation to effect the object. But an entire metamorphosis in the appearance of the whole animal, or at least such a change as to render both its genus and species doubtful, being the grand desideratum; it is *here* that the modern Dandies have betrayed a most woful and egregious poverty of invention, compared to those of former times. Of this I shall presently offer indisputable testimony.

The Dandies of our day however, may justly claim the palm of superiority, at least in *one* particular; I mean, quo ad, *the head*, both inside and out: for, what with internal emptiness and external whiskers and mustaches, many have contrived to render not only the features of the face "perfectly unintelligible, (if I may borrow a phrase from the Pugilists,) but to disprove the long admitted dictum of philosophy, that there is no such thing in all nature as a vacuum. An instance of this most successful *face-marring* has lately fallen under my own observation, which I will endeavor to describe, although in utter despair of doing justice to the original.

Many months ago, being in a much crowded public room, I was not a little startled by the sudden appearance of a most fantastic, grim looking biped moving among the crowd, which I first took for one of those strange animals then showing about the country, that

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perhaps had escaped from his keepers. A more deliberate view, however, from a corner into which I had taken care to ensconce myself to keep out of harm's way, soon satisfied me that it was nothing more formidable than one of those harmless burlesques of manhood called Dandies, that so much resemble the Simia genus, as hardly to be distinguished from them. It had two large ropes (as they appeared to be) of tawny colored hair, hanging out from between the collar and the cheek bones, and reaching down some seven or eight inches over the breast. These I at first supposed might be the skins of a water dog's fore legs, forming the ends of some new fashioned comforter to keep the neck and cheeks warm in cold weather, to which these bipeds are particularly sensitive. But upon diligent inquiry among several, who seemed to be as much struck as myself with so uncommon and apparently formidable a looking animal moving upon two legs, instead of four, as might more reasonably have been expected, we were informed that these tawny appendages, in regard to which I had made such an egregious mistake, actually consisted of the united hairs of the throat and cheeks, so elongated by indefatigable culture, as to produce the grotesque appearance that had so strongly excited the wonderment of us all. The whole was surmounted by a pair of mustaches of the same tanned-leather color; which so completely obscured the countenance, that not a particle of it was discernible but the two lack-lustre eyes; and *the nose*, like a sort of watch-tower overtopping the wilderness of shaggy hair by which it was surrounded.

It is the recollection of this never to be forgotten figure of an entire stranger, seen for the first and probably the last time in my life, which induced me to claim for the Dandyism of the present day, a decided superiority over that of the by-gone times; at least so far as the disfigurement of the countenance can go towards the establishment of so enviable a claim. That it is indisputable, I think certain; for neither in the pictures nor histories of past ages which have reached us, can any thing be found at all comparable to what I have just endeavored to describe, but in language so inadequate, that I am almost ashamed to send you this communication.

The bodily disfigurements of our modern Dandies having a great degree of sameness in them, and being matters of general notoriety, 'tis needless to particularise them. But to give you an opportunity of judging whether I have unjustly charged them with poverty of invention, when compared with their prototypes of the olden time, I beg leave to present you with the description of an English Dandy of the fourteenth century. It is taken from Dr. Henry's History of England, and he quotes Camden, Chaucer, and Street, as his authorities.

"He wore long-pointed shoes, called *crackowes*, the upper parts of which were cut in imitation of a church-window. The points of these were fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains. He had hose of one color on one leg, and of another color on the other; short breeches which did not reach to the middle of his thighs, and disclosed the shape completely; a coat, one half white, and the other half black or blue; a long beard; a silk hood buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, dancing men, &c. and sometimes ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones. This dress, which was the very top of the mode in the reign of Edward the Third, appeared so ridiculous to the Scots, (who probably could not afford to be such egregious fops,) that they made the following satirical verses upon it:

"Long beards hirtiless,
Peynted whoods witless,
Gay coats gracelies,
Maketh England thriftlies."

I would add to the above what the grave Doctor says of the fashionable ladies of those times; but being a great friend to the "womankind," as that queer, caustic old Batchelor Monkbarns used to call them, I forbear to run the risk of their displeasure, by disparaging their sex so much as I should be compelled to do, were I to repeat the Doctor's words. And now, my good sir, confidently trusting that you yourself, as well as your readers, will admit the irrefutable character of the proofs which I have adduced to establish my assertions, I bid you farewell, and remain

Your friend and constant reader,

OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

P. S. For the satisfaction of yourself and readers, who might otherwise suspect me of malevolence towards some individual, (of which I know myself to be incapable,) I beg leave to assure you that, although the portrait which I have endeavored to sketch is not a fancy piece, my sole design in presenting it is *general*, not particular. It is to aid, as far as I possibly can, in banishing from our land a fashion, not only preposterous, absurd and filthy in the highest degree, but actually disgraceful to rational creatures. Let it go back to the savage Cossacks, from whom 'tis said to be borrowed, and no longer beastify (if I may coin such a word,) the appearance of the rising generation.

VARIETY.

From the Augusta (Ga.) Sentinel, Jan. 15.

To the Editor of the States Rights Sentinel:

SIR:—Some friends, whose opinions are entitled to deference, deem it incumbent on me to avow, or disavow the authorship of a dozen couplets, lately become a matter of grave and high controversy. Though supposed for twenty years past to be mine, they have recently been ascribed, by sundry acute critics, first to O'KELLY, and then to ALCÆUS. Disdaining, heretofore, to notice such charges of plagiarism, from a perfect confidence in the ultimate power of TRUTH, and a contempt for this petty species of annoyance, my silence is now broken, only in compliance with the wishes of those whom I esteem. Valuing these rhymes very differently from others, it becomes me, on so unimportant a subject, merely to avow myself the author. The lines in question, then, good or bad, are mine alone; neither Alcæus nor O'Kelly has the smallest right to them. Originally intended as a part of a longer poem, which, like the life of him for whose sake I projected it, was broken off, unfinished; they were published without my knowledge or consent, and, however the contrary may have been assumed, contain no personal allusions. Whatever *my* life may be like, whether roses or thorns, the public is in no danger of being troubled with my confidence.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient, humble servant,

RICHARD HENRI WILDE.

Washington, 31st Dec. 1834.

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[Communicated for the Southern Literary Messenger.]

THE first advertisement of "WALTON'S ANGLER," appeared in "Captain Wharton's Almanacks" as Old Lily in his Life and Times calls them.

It runs thus: "There is published a Booke of eighteen pence price called the Compleat Angler, or the contemplative man's recreation; being a discourse of Fish and Fishing, not unworthie the perusall.

Sold by Richard Marriott in St. Dunstan's Church Yard Fleet Street. 1653.

Motto. 'And Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing: they say unto him we also go with thee.'—*John* xxi. & 3.

—

SHAKE—SPEARE.

The following, from an old paper, will no doubt interest some of our readers.

"We have lying before us a volume of Shakspeare, in a tolerable state of preservation, composed of several of his plays, published at London, in pamphlets, at different periods during his lifetime, probably from 1609 to 1612; and it is more than probable that the author superintended their publication in person. We think this edition will settle many points as to the true reading, in cases at present in dispute, and also give the correct spelling of the name of the immortal poet, which is Shake-speare, and divided in the same manner as above. The first is a part of the tragedy of Henry VI. entitled "The Contention of the Two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster."—The next is,

"The TRAGEDIE of King RICHARD the Third. CONTAINING His treacherous Plots against his Brother *Clarence:* the pittifull murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall Vsurpation: with the whole Course of his detested Life, and most deserved Death. As it has beene lately acted by the Kings Majesties Servants. Newly augmented, by William SHAKESPEARE. LONDON, Printed by *Thomas Creede*, and are to be sold by *Mathew Lawe*, dwelling in *Pauls* Church-yard, at the Signe of the *Foxe*, 1612."

The third is quaintly entitled,

"THE MOST LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE OF TITUS ANDRONICUS. As it hath svndry Times beene plaide by the KINGS MASTIES Seruants.—LONDON, Printed *for Eedward White*, and are to be sold at his Shoppe, nere the little North Dore of *Pauls*, at the Signe of the *Gun*." 1611."

The last is,

"THE FAMOUS HISTORIE OF TROYLUS *and* CRESSEID, Excellently expressing The Beginning of their LOVES, WITH THE Conceited Wooing of PANDARUS Prince of *Licia*, WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. LONDON, Imprinted by *G. Eld*, for *R. Bonian* and *H Walley*, and are to be sold at the *Spred Eagle*, in *Paules Church yeard*, ouer against the great North Doore. 1609."

The address to the reader of this play, has too much originality and merit to omit.

"A neur writer, to an euer reader.

Newes.

ETERNALL reader, you haue heere a new play, neuer stal'd with the stage, neuer clapperclawd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that neuer vnder-tooke any thing commicall, vainely; and were but the vaine names of commedies, changde for the titles of commedities or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities: especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries, of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexteritie, and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleased with his commedies. And all such dull and heauy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in themselves, and haue parted better wittied than they came; feeling an edge of witte set vpon them, more than euer they dreamed they had braine to grinde it on. So much and such savored salt of wittee is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witte then this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you think your testerne well bestowed) but for so much worth, as euen poore I know to be stuft in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeue this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set vp a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgments, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being suelied, with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I beleeue you should haue prayed for them rather then been prayd. And so I leaue all such to bee prayd for (for the state of their wits healths) that will not praise it. Vale.

—

From the Albion.

ONE of the enormities of Protestantism, which shocks the Papists, is the marrying of our Clergy. What is to be said of the Roman Catholic Bishop England, who, going on a foreign mission, takes out with him *four nuns?*—

The English Bishop takes one wife,
The Papist says, "O fie!"
The Roman Catholic takes out four,
And no man asks him, why?

Having shown this sprightly contribution to our Roman Catholic sub-editor, he begs leave to offer an explanation of the seeming inconsistency:—

To vindicate the Papist's life,
See how the thing is done;
The Protestant alone takes *wife*,
The Catholic takes *nun*.

—

A late number of Frazer's Magazine contains an elaborate review of "Roberts' Life and Correspondence of Hannah Moore," in which are interspersed much of the keen sarcasm and provoking levity for which that periodical is distinguished. The reviewer concludes as follows: "For Mrs. Moore we have a high regard, as a staunch tory and good churchwoman, though of the so-called evangelical clique. She was however practical in her piety; and this is the sure test of sincerity. Be her name therefore honored! She

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was an extraordinary individual, and would have been such had she not been an authoress. We esteem her personal character far above her literary. In the one she was truly great, in the other respectable and prosperous. To sum up all, she was a practically wise and prudent woman; nevertheless her prudence was an overmatch for her wisdom. To perfection she wanted two grave requisites—greater intuitive knowledge, and a *happy husband.* The first she derived at second hand and from shallow streams; the last she avoided altogether. She thus escaped one great trial; but they who retreat from battle have no claim to the victor's wealth."

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A SONG.

Air—"The Lass of Peatie's Mill."

How sweet it is to rove
Through vallies rich and wide,
Or with a friend we love
O'er the still waves to glide!
'Tis sweet to see the day
Withdraw her golden ear,
And watch the glimmering ray
Of Eve's first silver star!

'Tis sweet to hail the dawn,
In blushes ever new—
And mark the young, fleet fawn,
Brush off the crystal dew!
But sweeter far than Eve
Or early Morning's prime,
Are smiles that ne'er deceive,
And love unchanged by time!

Tho' fickle fortune frown,
And wealth withhold her store,
What is a jewelled crown?
A bauble soon no more.
But love, pure love, is gold
Which nothing can consume;
And smiles that ne'er grow cold,
Are flowers of fadeless bloom! E. A. S.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

We send forth our herald a fifth time, with renewed confidence in the kind disposition of our patrons to give it a glad welcome,—to visit its imperfections with sparing censure, and to regard with favor whatever merits it may possess, in sympathy for its Southern origin, and the probable advantages involved in its final success. We are much cheered by the somewhat unexpected, and perhaps unmerited plaudits of a large portion of the periodical press, and especially that part of it which has heretofore enjoyed a kind of literary monopoly—but which generously merges every thing like a feeling of rivalry in the more honorable and patriotic sentiment of devotion to the great cause of American literature. From our northern and eastern friends indeed we have received more complimentary notices than from any of our southern brethren without the limits of our own state. We say this not in a reproachful spirit to our kindred, but in a somewhat sad conviction of mind, that we who live on the sunny side of Mason's and Dixon's line, are not yet sufficiently inspired with a sense of the importance of maintaining our just rights, or rather our proper representation in the republic of letters.

With the almost unbroken voice of public approbation to cheer us along, we have nevertheless heard of a few whose tastes are so exquisitely refined that they cannot relish our simple fare. We are sorry, very sorry indeed, that they will not be pleased; and in proof of the sincerity of our grief, we hereby invite these accomplished gentlemen to *improve* our pages by contributions from their own pens. We hold the opinion that they who undertake to denounce so boldly, ought to be prepared to back their judgments by their own performances.

We continue the original and excellent "*Sketches of the History and Present Condition of Tripoli, &c.*" They increase in interest to an American reader, as they approach the period which records the hostile collisions of the United States with those formidable powers. The valor of Decatur, and self-immolation of Somers, Wadsworth and Israel, at the commencement of the present century, are still fresh in the memory of thousands.

The authors of the original articles "*On the Study of the Latin and Greek Classics,*" and "*Memory—an Allegory,*" evince no inconsiderable share of intellectual power. To the former especially we may be excused for remarking that, more simplicity in style would not detract from the vigor and originality of his thoughts. There are some persons who either from choice or the peculiar character of their minds, love to dress their sentiments in quaint and obscure diction, but *simplicity* is at last the transparent medium which reflects more strongly and clearly the force and brilliancy of the understanding.

The able author of the "*Note to Blackstone's Commentaries,*" is entitled to be heard, even on a subject of such peculiar delicacy—a subject upon which it is natural that the best heads and purest hearts should essentially differ. Whilst we entirely concur with him that slavery as a political or social institution is a matter exclusively of our own concern—as much so as the laws which govern the distribution of property,—we must be permitted to dissent from the opinion that it is either a moral or political benefit. We regard it on the contrary as a great evil, which society will sooner or later find it not only its interest to remove or mitigate, but will seek its gradual abolition or amelioration, under the influence of those high obligations imposed by an enlightened christian morality. These are our honest sentiments, which we do not espouse however in derogation of the equally honest convictions of other minds.

The "*Letters from a Sister,*" the three first of which appear in the present number, and which shall be regularly continued, will be read with interest, notwithstanding the numerous diaries and epistles which treat upon the same subjects.

We entertained some doubt about the admission of "*The Doom*" into our columns, not because of any inferiority in the style and composition, but because of the revolting character of the story. The writer, with apparent sincerity, states it to be founded upon actual occurrences; but we confess that it seems to us a wild and incredible fiction. True or false however, we derive from it this sound and wholesome moral,—that sooner or later wickedness will find its just reward,—

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and that of all the passions which ravage the heart and destroy the peace of society, there is none more detestable than revenge. The hero of the tale, who is described by his friend the writer, as "a light hearted and joyous fellow," was in truth a remorseless fiend; compared with whom Iago and Zanga were personifications of virtue; nor does the idle phantasy of a supernatural vision, or the pretended influence of fatalism, palliate the deep enormity of his crime. If the writer, who assumes the signature of "Benedict," really had such a friend, he should have drawn the mantle of oblivion over his dark frailties, and never have recorded them with seeming approbation. He should have avoided too, certain profane and unchaste allusions in his manuscript, which we have been obliged to suppress; for we scarcely deem it necessary to repeat that the "Messenger" shall not be the vehicle of sentiments at war with the interests of virtue and sound morals—the only true and solid foundation of human happiness.

We invite attention to the third letter from New England, by a Virginian,—whose talents, learning, and acute observation of men and things, and whose easy style of composition, qualify him in a high degree for the task of a tourist.

The paper from our friend "*Oliver Oldschool*" will we hope be read by the Dandies, if such creatures ever do read any thing calculated to produce improvement either in mind or morals.

The *selected* prose articles in this number will, we doubt not, be read with pleasure and interest. The article on "*American Literature*," and the impediments which retard its progress, is entitled to a patient and deliberate reading. Its sentiments and language, if they should be so unfortunate as not to command, at least deserve attention. The author has happily combined solidity of argument with grace and beauty in composition.

As we intend from this time forward to be less indulgent than heretofore to our poetical contributors, so we hope that the specimens now presented, if not all of equal merit, have at least enough to save them from censure. It is not expected indeed that CRITICISM will be either silent or forbearing; for we have never been so fortunate as to light upon any production, in prose or verse, in which its searching and microscopic eye might not detect some slight blemishes.

It will be perceived that we are again favored with a piece from the pen of Mr. Wilde; and we seize this opportunity of expressing the great pleasure we feel in transferring to our pages (under the head of "Variety") the letter of that gentleman, in which he assumes explicitly the sole authorship of those beautiful lines, which have been alike claimed for an ancient Greek bard and a modern Irish poet. The enemies of Mr. Wilde's literary reputation will now recant their unmerited charge of plagiarism, and one of the most exquisite poems which the genius of our country has produced will remain the undisputed property of its owner.

The author of "*A Song of the Seasons*," who assumes the quaint cognomen of "Zarry Zyle," (we wish he had chosen some other,) is unquestionably a youth of talent, and acute perception of all those minute, lovely and delicate objects, both in the natural and moral world, which can only be discerned by minds of superior mould. We beg leave however to suggest for consideration, whether he does not take too much pains to appear obscure—whether he does not too studiously delight in dressing up his thoughts in that mysterious and eccentric form of expression, which has detracted so much from the usefulness and popularity of men of genius. But for this fault, Coleridge, we doubt not would have ranked among the greatest bards of the present age. As it is, his reputation is only seen through the dim shadows of twilight—it does not blaze with the splendor of open day. Simplicity, unaffected simplicity, is the great rule in composition, as it is in the manners and conduct of life; and he who departs from it, does so at the hazard of not securing the just reward of his merits.

Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society.

THE Anniversary Meeting of this Society was held on the 3d and 4th Feb. 1835, in the Hall of the House of Delegates. The first evening was exclusively devoted to the transaction of business. On the second evening a learned, elaborate and elegant address was delivered by Professor Tucker of the University, to a numerous auditory, and was listened to with great attention. Mr. Maxwell of Norfolk presented to the Society the identical pistol with which Captain John Smith killed the Turk Grualgo, at the siege of Regal; and in his peculiarly happy manner, dilated upon the singular good fortune and heroic qualities of that extraordinary man. We shall speak of this valuable relic of antiquity, and of the traditional history upon which the fact of its identity rests, more particularly, in the February number. It is with great pleasure that we announce to our patrons that the Proprietor of the "Messenger" is authorised, by a resolution of the Society, to insert from time to time in his paper, under the direction of the standing committee, such portions of the manuscripts, &c. belonging to the Society, as the committee may select for publication. In our next number we hope to avail ourselves of this privilege—and it shall be our endeavor to urge the claims of the Society to the general attention and earnest regard of the public.

This form of our *January* number not having gone to press until *February*, has enabled us to pen the above.

Extracts from the Letters of Correspondents.

I send you these lines* without the writer's name. It is one of many instances in proof of what I have long believed, that selections might be made from the unpublished writings of Virginians, composing a volume of which any country might be proud. The writer of the above throws off such scraps at idle times, without effort, and without pretension. With so much of the inspiration of poetry, he has nothing of its madness, and will never consent to be known to the world as an author.

So it is in other branches of literature. A man who has sense enough to write a good book, very often has too much sense to publish it. In countries where the division of labor has made literature a separate trade, necessity often overrules the judgment of the writer, forcing him to publish against his will—*se invito* as well as *invita Minerva*. No such necessity exists here, and hence, among us, few publish, but those who should be perpetually injoined the use of pen and ink. Thank

* "Beauty without Loveliness." See page 208.

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God, the literary reputation of Virginia has never suffered much by such scribblers. We have a few such, but their writings were too bad to do much harm; they never crossed the State line.

Might you not take a hint from this consideration? The merit of your publication will give a wide circulation to all that it contains. Are you not then bound to be chary in your selections, and not lend your wings to bear to distant lands the weak twitterings or the tuneless chatter of the Pie and Sparrow kinds? The nightingale does not pour her note until their noise is stilled. Print only for poets, and poets will write for you. This is the true solution of the difficulty you have so strongly stated in your last number.

It is not in Virginia alone, that the writings which are permitted to see the light afford an inadequate idea of the literary resources of the country. It is not fair to judge of the poetical talents of our northern neighbors by the labored dulness of a Barlow; or by the writings of a certain literary cabal, which is trying to push its members into notice by mutual puffing and quotation. Halleck is not one of the firm; and Halleck is a true poet. But his writings first came out anonymously; and it is the blaze of his genius which has betrayed him to the public eye. The darkness in which it shrouds itself, distinguishes it from all that shines only by reflected light. Men hunt for diamonds in the night.

Even in England, where the trade of literature embraces writers of a very high order, I am not sure that the very best minds are devoted to it. Some of the finest poetry in the language was found among the manuscripts of Judge Blackstone. Nobody knew that Charles Fox wrote poetry until after his death But he did, and such as no writer need have blushed to own.

Among the caprices of the "*genus irritabile vatum*," is that of hiding their talents. Some, from sheer spleen, will not write. John Randolph used to say that he would go to his grave "guiltless of rhyme." Yet *he talked poetry* from morning till night.

As I am but a purveyor for your journal, and not a contributor, I am bound to see that they, from whose writings I pilfer, come by no wrong. I must therefore enter a complaint on behalf of the friend whose letter I sent you, describing a scene on the Mississippi. His "clumps" of trees your compositor has cut down to "stumps." Can you wonder that your neighbor (*contemporary* I believe is the word in fashion,) thought his letter but "*so so?*" He was no more bound to suppose that this was a misprint, than to reflect that a traveller, writing from the wilds of Missouri to a friend, might innocently make an unimportant mistake in quoting from a book that perhaps never crossed the Mississippi. But though he has to bear the brunt of the censure, it should in justice fall on you or me. The thing was well enough as a letter. The fault was in publishing it. But I shall attempt no defence. I thought it but "so so-ish" when I sent it to you, and therefore I said so. It was a plain unvarnished description, which had enabled me to see very distinctly what was well worth seeing, and I wished others to see it too. Had the composition been of a different character—had the painter thrust *himself* between the spectator and his picture, or so glossed it over that every object was lost in undistinguished glare, I should have given it to the public eye by other means. I should certainly not have defaced with it your modest pages. It surely would not be hard to fix on some periodical in which any sort of tinsel would be welcome, and find itself in congenial company. Such is the proper receptacle for all the trumpery wares of frothy declamation, incongruous metaphor, false eloquence and flippant wit, which make up what is commonly called fine writing. There, in the gay confusion of glass bead and gewgaw, any bauble, however worthless, finds its place, escaping censure by escaping notice.

To take more shame to myself, I acknowledge that the misquotation struck me as I copied the letter. But the turn of the passage did not admit of its correction; and I did not think it worth while to append a note to tell what every body knows, and no one needs to know.

But I shall do better in future. While you continue to publish what I send you, I shall continue to cater for you. In doing this, I shall henceforth cross the t's and dot the i's in my copies, although this should have been omitted in the original. "I am wae to think" indeed, as Burns says, what small critics would do for want of such mistakes. A link in nature's chain (the last and lowest indeed) would be lost. The *auceps syllabarum*, "the word catcher that lives on syllables" would be starved out. The race would be extinct for want of food. The king of these insects bears among naturalists the formidable name of the *dragon fly*. The boys call him the *musquito hawk*. He shall have no more food from me. Your friend, X. Y.

—

FROM EASTERN VIRGINIA.

* * * I yesterday sent you some lines composed "Lang Syne," and written from memory. * * * Do not print these things, I beseech you, unless you like them. At the hazard of rapping my own knuckles, I shall quarrel with you if you publish much trash. You may lose a subscriber by rejecting it; but you will gain ten by every number you issue in which every article is good. Horace tells us that neither gods nor men can endure middling poetry. And what shall be said of that which is not even middling? Let us take an example. Byron's name is sacred to the muses. No man whose lips are not touched with the fire of inspiration should be allowed to use it. Yet we have him shown up, and words put into his mouth in many a piece, the writers of which cannot even count their *feet*.

—

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

"I was much delighted with the third number of the Messenger. It was really a fountain of pleasure to me, and I shall never forget the feelings which I experienced on reading the story entitled "*My Classmates*." I must believe that there cannot be any thing than the most flattering hopes and prospects of your success in your truly laudable—your truly patriotic undertaking. The people of Virginia, if none others, will support its cause. They cannot—no, they will not—they have too much love for the honor of Virginia, to let the "*Messenger*" of science and literature suffer for the want of their most liberal patronage. But you are not laboring for Virginia alone: it is for the south—the *whole* south; and might I not add, for the whole country? For who doubts but that the Messenger is destined to call into active exertion the genius of the south? And who would deny but the south has genius which would do honor to the *whole* country in any walk? I shall never believe but that the land which produced a Henry, a Washington, a Marshall, a Madison and Monroe, can also under favorable auspices, produce a Cooper, Irving, Paulding, or *any man*. "*Go ahead*," as David Crockett says, "*since you are right*." I send you a subscriber."

—

FROM A DISTINGUISHED NORTHERN LADY.

"We are highly pleased with the Messenger. Its execution in the *mechanical department*, is peculiarly neat; I see no periodical, that in this point, will compare with it. And its contents are so diversified, that there must be something adapted to almost every taste—that is—every taste that has its foundation in correct principles."

To Correspondents, Contributors, &c.

We have on hand a variety of articles in prose and verse, which we shall dispose of as soon as possible. Some of these favors are of decided, and some of equivocal merit. Others are so illegibly written, that it passes our skill to decipher them.

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

Vol. I.] RICHMOND, FEBRUARY 1835. [No. 6.

T. W. WHITE, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR. FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society.

We promised to present in our present number a more detailed account of the proceedings of the late anniversary meeting of this valuable institution, which we trust is destined to retrieve the character of our state from the charge of long indifference to the vast resources it contains, both in materials for scientific research and in memorials of its past civil and political history. We should sincerely lament if so noble an effort to diffuse throughout the country a taste for science and elegant literature, should fail for want of encouragement, but we think we perceive a growing conviction of its importance, and an increasing disposition to promote its objects. These objects, as declared in the constitution of the society, are "to discover, procure and preserve whatever may relate to the natural, civil and literary history of this state; and to patronize and advance all those sciences which have a direct tendency to promote the best interests of our citizens." What intelligent Virginian is there who does not feel inclined to co-operate in the attainment of so much good? Who does not desire that the strife and bitterness of politics should be allayed by the diffusion of a spirit which shall unite and harmonize the most discordant elements, and establish a point where all men of every sect and party may rally for the interests of their country, and forget the unhappy differences which distract and divide them. It is certainly an extraordinary fact that, with one honorable exception, no similar institution seems ever to have been established in Virginia, during the more than two centuries of its civilized existence. The exception stated is recorded by Gerardin, in his continuation of Burk's History. It was an association formed for literary and scientific purposes, as far back as the administration of Governor Fauquier, who was himself a lover and patron of learning; but it was principally indebted for its origin to Dr. Small, an able professor at William and Mary,—and afterwards among its members and most active friends, were enrolled the honored names of Jefferson and Wythe, John Page and the venerable Bishop Madison. The last gentleman was its secretary and curator, when the stirring and eventful scenes of the revolutionary war put a period to its existence.

The present society was organized in December, 1831, and there have been three anniversary meetings since, at each of which very able addresses were delivered. One only, (Professor Cushing's) has as yet been spread before the public; but we understand that the orations of Messrs. Maxwell and Tucker will also be published.

We stated in the last number of the Messenger that Mr. Maxwell presented to the society at its late meeting an ancient pistol, alleged on plausible authority to have been the property of Captain John Smith, the father of Virginia. We have not been able to learn the precise particulars of its history, but we understand there is no doubt that it was sent by a former Governor of Canada to General Washington as the property of Smith. It bears upon a silver ornament on its handle or butt, the initials J. S.; and in the form and shape of its barrel and some other peculiarities, it has undoubted marks of antiquity. There was another valuable relic presented to the society, through the standing committee, which deserves to be particularly mentioned. It is the *identical silver badge or medal furnished the King of the Potomac Indians*, under a law of the Colonial Assembly of Virginia, which passed in March 1661. See Hening's Statutes at Large, vol. 2, p. 142. This curious relic was found in the county of Caroline a year or two since, and presented to the society by W. G. Minor, Esq. of that county. On its face the words "Ye King of"—and on the reverse—"Patomeck," are engraved in the ancient orthography—and on both sides are rude devices, attesting the imperfect state of the arts at the period referred to.

The society has already collected many valuable mineral specimens and Indian antiquities—also various books and manuscripts,—a more particular account of which we shall spread before our readers in some of our future numbers. The trustees of the Richmond Academy have, we learn, assigned one of the rooms in the spacious building they have erected, for the uses of the society as a place of deposite and arrangement of its various acquisitions; and it is with much pleasure we perceive that the legislature, by a joint resolution, has directed the library committee to present to the society copies of such books, maps, &c. as belong to the library fund. These examples of liberality in our public functionaries, are proofs of the growing interest which is felt in the cause of science and literature.—James M'Dowell, Esq. of Rockbridge, has been selected to deliver the next anniversary address, and Professor Dew, of William and Mary, chosen alternate. The following gentlemen were appointed officers for the present year, to wit:

John Marshall, *President;* Professor Cushing, *first Vice President;* Judge Clopton, *second Vice President;* James E. Heath, *Corresponding Secretary and Librarian;* Gustavus A. Myers, *Recording Secretary;* Wm. P. Sheppard, *Treasurer;* and Judge Francis T. Brooke, Dr. Robert Briggs, Conway Robinson, Robert C. Nicholas, Charles B. Shaw, John S. Myers, Dr. Richard A. Carrington and Rowland Reynolds, *Members of the Standing Committee.*

Virginia Gazetteer.

Our readers are probably most of them aware, that a work bearing the above title, has been for some time in the Charlottesville press, and will soon make its appearance before the public. We have been favored by the very deserving and enterprising publisher, Mr. Joseph Martin, with 240 pages of the volume, and have given them a cursory reading; not sufficient, indeed, to pronounce decidedly upon the character of the work, but enough to convince us of its great utility, and of the

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general ability and industry with which it has been compiled. We shall take occasion when the work is published, to examine its contents more particularly;—for the present, we remark, that the editor in his preliminary and General Description of Virginia, has borrowed very copiously, and without acknowledgement, that we have seen, from an article bearing the title "Virginia," in the Americana Encyclopædia. Whilst it is not expected, that in a work like the Gazetteer, its whole contents should be original; it is but an act of literary justice, we conceive, that the sources from which material aid has been derived, should be acknowledged. Of course, we confine ourselves to such matter as is not original. We have taken the liberty to transfer to our pages, the account contained in the Gazetteer, of "*the City of Richmond*"—subjoining in the form of notes, a few observations rendered necessary by the change of circumstances, since that account was written.

RICHMOND CITY, the metropolis of Virginia, is situated in the county of Henrico, on the north side of James river, and immediately at the great falls, or head of tide water. Lat. 37° 32′ N., long. 25° 34′ W of W. Its location is uncommonly delightful, and has often excited the admiration of strangers. Perhaps the most glowing, and yet most faithful picture which has ever been drawn of its natural beauties, is from the pen of the eminent and lamented author of the British Spy. "I have never met," says that enchanting writer, "with such an assemblage of striking and interesting objects. The town dispersed over hills of various shapes; the river descending from west to east, and obstructed by a multitude of small islands, clumps of trees, and myriads of rocks; among which it tumbles, foams and roars; constituting what are called the falls; the same river at the lower end of the town, bending at right angles to the south, and winding reluctantly off for many miles in that direction; its polished surface caught here and there by the eye, but more generally covered from the view by the trees; among which the white sails of the approaching and departing vessels exhibit a curious and interesting appearance: then again on the opposite side, the little town of Manchester built on a hill, which sloping gently to the river, opens the whole town to the view, interspersed as it is with vigorous and flourishing poplars; and surrounded to a great distance by green plains and stately woods;—all these objects falling at once under the eye, constitute by far the most finely varied and most animated landscape that I have ever seen." The truth and beauty of the foregoing sketch may be realised from numberless positions or points of view, extending from the high hills to the west, which overlook the James river canal, as far as the Church Hill, the eastern barrier of the city. From the latter elevation, perhaps the landscape combines greater variety and grandeur, than from any other point. Shockoe hill, however, is the favorite residence of the citizens. This is divided from the other by the valley of Shockoe creek, and is a high and spacious plain occupied by the principal public buildings, and by numerous private edifices, some of which are of elegant and expensive construction. The *Capitol*, or *State House*, stands in the centre of a beautiful park or square, near the brow of the hill, and from its size and elevated position is the most conspicuous object in the city. The exterior of the building is of admirable proportions, and its fine columns of Ionic architecture seen from a distance, have a very imposing effect. It was formed from a model of the *Maison Carree* at Nismes,—brought by Mr. Jefferson from France. Its interior construction, however, is neither elegant nor convenient. In a large open saloon or hall, in the centre of the building, is a marble statue of Washington, executed with great skill by *Houdon*, a French artist. There is also a bust of Lafayette, occupying one of the niches in the wall. Besides the statue it is still in contemplation to erect a superb monument to the memory of Washington on the capitol square. The fund which was dedicated to this object was originally raised by private subscription, and is now loaned out at interest by direction of the legislature. Its present amount is about $18,000. When this monument is erected, it will add to the attractions of one of the finest promenades in the Union. The square, which contains about nine acres, is enclosed by a handsome railing of cast iron, and is ornamented by gravelled walks, and a variety of forest and other trees. The *Governor's House* is a plain, neat building, adjoining the square, and on a part of the public domain. The *City Hall*, which is also contiguous to the State House, is a costly and elegant building of Doric architecture. It is devoted to the use of the City Courts and Council, and other officers of the Corporation. The other public buildings, are the *Penitentiary* and *Manufactory of Arms*—both extensive establishments, and well adapted to their respective purposes. The *Bank of Virginia* and *Farmer's Bank*, are connected under one roof, and together constitute a handsome edifice on the principal street.

Richmond is not deficient in benevolent institutions. Besides a very spacious *Poor House*, which stands in the suburbs of the city,—there is a *Female Orphan Asylum*, supported in part by funds of the corporation, and partly by private liberality. Its funds have been principally raised however for several years past, by an annual fair held at the City Hall. This institution is incorporated by the legislature, and is under the management of female directors. There is also a *school for the education of poor children of both sexes*, upon the Lancasterian system, founded in 1816, which with some fluctuations in its progress, is still in a prosperous condition. It is now under the superintendence of trustees appointed by the City Council, and is sustained by an annual contribution from the Literary fund of the state, together with an appropriation from the city treasury. A suitable building was erected for the accommodation of the school, soon after its first establishment, and hundreds have received from it the benefits of elementary instruction, who would probably have been otherwise the victims of ignorance and depravity.

The city has not been so fortunate in other institutions for the cultivation of the mind. A few good schools it is true have occasionally existed, where a competent knowledge of the classics and some of the sciences might be obtained, but none of these sources of instruction have been commensurate with the wants of the citizens. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the metropolis of the state, containing as it does considerable wealth and population,—many distinguished and well informed men, and much boasted refinement, should yet be destitute of a single academical institution. As far back as 1803, a charter was obtained from the state by some of the prominent citizens, for the establishment of an academy by lottery and private subscription. A few thousand dollars were raised,—a site was injudiciously selected a mile beyond the limits of the city—and the basement story of the building erected, but no further progress was made. Within the present year, however, the vacancies in the Board of Trustees have been filled, and there is some prospect of reviving the institution.*

Besides this marked deficiency in the means of educating youth, there are few or no associations of an intellectual character among persons of maturer years. Whilst the northern cities can boast of their literary and scientific societies, the capital of the ancient dominion scarcely contains one which deserves the name. An honorable exception, it is true, may be mentioned in the "Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society," which was established in 1831, and has since been incorporated;—but as its members are principally dispersed through the state, and few of the citizens of Richmond manifest any zeal in its welfare, it can scarcely be considered an association of the city, either in its

* We are happy to have it in our power to state, that by the liberality of the City Council, an elegant and costly building has been erected by the trustees, which is now near completion. It may be mentioned, however, with regret, that an unsuccessful application has been made to the Legislature for an annual endowment out of the surplus of the Literary Fund—but it ought also in justice to be added, that measures have been adopted for collecting information preparatory to a just and equitable distribution of the Literary Fund surplus, by the next General Assembly. Indeed, the munificent patronage bestowed by the Legislature of 1834-5, upon works of internal improvement—is of itself, sufficient to exempt that body from the reproach of leaving to its successors, something to do for the great cause of education.

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origin or character. About 20 years since a *Museum* was erected principally by individual enterprize; which was designed as a repository of the fine arts, and of natural curiosities. This institution however, has for a long time languished for want of patronage.

Societies however of a moral and religious cast, are numerous, active, and flourishing. Various associations exist for promoting temperance, for colonizing the free people of color, for aiding missionaries, for the distribution of the Bible and religious tracts, and for various other objects of a similar character. The encouragement also which is given to Sabbath schools is extensive and beneficial. The means of religious instruction are very considerable, and probably in due proportion to the wants of the city. The *Episcopalians* have 3 churches or houses of worship;—the *Presbyterians* 2, the *Baptists* 3, the *Methodists* 3, the *Roman Catholics* 1, and this last congregation are now constructing a new and elegant building, which will probably rival any in the city for the style of its architecture. The *Baptist Seceders* or followers of Alexander Campbell, have 1 place of worship,—the *Unitarians* and *Quakers* 1 each,—and the *Jews* a handsome Synagogue in a retired and handsome situation.

The *Monumental Church*, one of the three belonging to the Episcopalians, and of which the venerable Bishop of Eastern Virginia has long been the Rector,—has acquired a melancholy celebrity from the circumstance that it occupies the site of the *Richmond Theatre*, which was destroyed by fire in December 1811; on which tragical occasion the Governor of the Commonwealth, and 70 or 80 respectable persons of both sexes perished miserably in the flames. Long will that mournful event be remembered by those who survived or witnessed its horrors!—Either from the deep impressions which it produced or from other causes,—the taste for theatrical exhibitions has not kept pace with the increase of wealth and population. The commodious Theatre which succeeded the old one,—which is placed in a far more eligible situation, and is of much safer construction, is only occasionally patronized, when the appearance of some attractive star, or celebrated performer, is announced.

Richmond was first established by act of Assembly, as early as 1742, and became the seat of Government of the state in 1779. Various legislative acts have passed from time to time enlarging its corporate powers and privileges. Nine persons are annually chosen from each of the three wards into which the city is divided, who when assembled elect out of their own body a recorder, and 11 aldermen, who exercise judicial functions. The same persons also elect from their own body, or from the citizens at large, a Mayor, who is both a judicial and executive officer. The remaining 15 members constitute the legislative council of the city, and as such, are authorised to raise and appropriate money, and to enact all such ordinances as are necessary for the due execution of the powers conferred by the charter. The valuation of real property within the city according to the assessment of 1833, was $6,614,550. The revenue raised for corporation purposes may be stated in round numbers at $60,000, besides which, the city contributed as its quota of the state tax in the year 1833, nearly $9,000. This large amount of taxation is principally derived from real and personal property, and from licenses to merchants, ordinary keepers, &c. The number of *wholesale* merchants, paying license tax in 1833, as appears by the returns of the State Commissioner was 20;—retail ditto 326, auctioneers 7, lottery ticket venders 7, ordinary keepers 43, and keepers of houses of private entertainment 9. According to the same returns there were 739 horses and mules, 157 coaches, 9 carryalls, and 54 gigs.

The expenses of the city are considerable. The principal items of appropriation are $12,000 for a sinking fund, to pay the interest, and redeem gradually the corporation debt; $4,000 for the poor; $1,700 to the Lancasterian Free School and Orphan Asylum; $4,000 for repairing the streets; and $8,500 for the support of a night watch. The remaining expenses are on account of the public markets, fire companies, salaries of officers, paving of streets and various contingencies. The city debt at this time (1834) amounts to $136,150;—$95,000 of which, bearing an interest of 5 per centum only, was incurred on account of the *water works*. These works were commenced in September 1830, under the direction of Albert Stein, an accomplished Engineer from Holland, and were completed as far as originally designed, at the end of the ensuing year. Since that time, a second pump and wheel, and a third reservoir have been added; making the cost of the whole work about $100,000. The pumps are each calculated to raise from the river, and propel into the reservoirs at a distance of 800 yards, and at a considerable elevation 400,000 gallons of water in 24 hours. These pumps are designed to operate alternately, either being competent to fill the reservoirs in sufficient time. The reservoirs will each of them contain 1,000,000 gallons, and double lines of pipes extend from them to the pump house on the margin of the river. The main pipe from the reservoirs to the intersection of H and 1st streets is 2,058 yards in length; and the smallest pipes extend from this through the principal streets, lessening in diameter to the point of greatest depression from the level of the reservoirs, a distance of about three miles. Fire plugs are placed at convenient distances along the line of pipes, and afford an ample supply of water for extinguishing fires. In the lower part of the city the pressure is sufficient to force the water to the tops of the houses through hose, without the aid of engines. Three hundred and forty houses and tenements are already furnished with water, and the rents which are daily increasing, amount at this time, April 1834, to $4,000. The annual expense of superintendence, &c. is $1,000. These works may justly be considered the pride of the city. The water which they supply is not only pure and wholesome, but for a considerable part of the year is sufficiently clear to be used without filters.

The *exports* of domestic produce from Richmond to foreign countries are very considerable. In the year 1833, their value in American vessels, was $2,466,360 00

And in foreign vessels, 498,131 00

Making the aggregate of $2,964,491 00

The value of domestic produce shipped coastwise to the principal Northern Cities, cannot be ascertained correctly. It is believed to be at least equal if not greater than the amount exported to foreign countries, and if such be the fact, the total value of produce shipped, may be estimated at nearly $6,000,000. The import trade, however, bears no proportion to the other. The value of merchandize imported into the district of Richmond from foreign countries for the year 1833, amounted to only $209,963, and the duties paid to the Government of the United States to $75,120. Of this latter sum, $7,197 was paid on merchandize brought by foreign vessels.

In 1833, 5 schooners, 9 barks, 37 brigs, and 30 ships, in all 81 vessels, cleared from the port of Richmond for foreign countries, the tonnage whereof amounted to 22,331, or an average of 275 tons to each vessel. In the same year 4 schooners, 6 brigs, 2 barks, and 3 ships entered from foreign countries,—making in the aggregate, 3,412 tons, or 227 to each vessel.

No inconsiderable part of the produce shipped from the city is brought down the James River Canal. This important improvement commences at Maiden's Adventure, on James river about thirty miles distant, and terminates in a deep and commodious basin in the heart of the town. The tolls paid to the James River Company on produce descending in the year 1833, amounted to $43,949, and on various articles carried up the Canal to $10,139, making in the aggregate, $54,088. Among the items brought down, may be enumerated upwards of 15,000 hhds. of tobacco, 152,000 barrels of flour, 133,000 bushels of wheat, 677,664 bushels of coal, 1,374 tons of bar and pig iron; and 2,230,900 lbs. of manufactured tobacco. Among the ascending articles may be mentioned, nearly 31,000 sacks of salt, 297 tons of bar and pig iron, and upwards of 3,000 tons of plaster, lime, &c.

The proximity of the coal mines to Richmond, constitutes that mineral a valuable article of commerce. Besides the quantity brought down the canal, there were more than 2,000,000 of bushels (4 pecks to the bushel) transported on the Chesterfield rail road in 1833, the tolls on which amounted to $87,813 30. The Chesterfield rail road, terminates on the Manchester side of the river, and deserves to be honorably mentioned as the first successful enterprize of the kind in the state of Virginia. It was planned and executed under the direction of Moncure Robinson, a distinguished Engineer, and it owes much in its original design and final accomplishment, to the perseverance and patronage of Mr. Nicholas Mills, one of the few proprietors of its stock, and an owner of one of the extensive coal mines at the upper termination of the road.

James river from Richmond to the ocean, presents a tedious and somewhat obstructed navigation. This with the circumstance that she is surrounded by rival towns, each having its peculiar advantages of location,—will probably prevent the metropolis from

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ever attaining a high degree of commercial importance.* There is no doubt, however, of its final destination as a manufacturing city,—as there is probably no spot in the Union endowed by nature with finer facilities for that kind of industry. From the commencement of the rapids a few miles above, the fall is upwards of 100 feet to the level of tide water, and in all this space there is scarcely a limit to the extent of water power which exists. In the city and its vicinity, there are already several flourishing establishments which deserve to be mentioned. The *Gallego flour mills* having been destroyed by fire in the spring of 1833, their present proprietor, Mr. Chevallie, is rebuilding them at a more convenient site on the bank of the James river basin, and upon a much more improved and enlarged plan. The mill house which is nearly completed, is six stories high from the foundation and covered with tin. It is 94 feet long by 83½ wide, and is calculated for 20 pair of stones to be worked by three water wheels. Connected with it, is another building 80 feet square, and four stories high, in which the wheat will be received and cleaned. The two together present a front on the basin of 163½ feet, and the whole appearance is very imposing. The old Gallego mills ground upwards of 200,000 bushels of wheat in the eight months preceding their destruction. It is probable that the operations of the new establishments will be much more extensive. The Gallego brand, and indeed that of the city mills generally, has acquired much celebrity in the South American markets and elsewhere.

Hazall's Mills, have also a high reputation: they are five stories high and of nearly equal dimensions with Chevallie's. They work 14 pair of stones, with four water wheels, and grind about 200,000 bushels wheat annually. This year that quantity will probably be exceeded, as it is contemplated to add four additional pair of stones.

Rutherfoord's Mill works eight pair of stones by two water wheels, and grinds about 90,000 bushels of wheat annually.

Mayo's Mill in Manchester opposite to Richmond, works six pair of stones by three water wheels, and grinds also about 90,000 bushels of wheat annually.

In the city and its vicinity, there are five corn or grist mills, two manufactories for cut nails, and rolling and slitting iron, two saw mills, and one iron foundery, whose operations are extensive.

The Richmond Cotton Manufactory is a large and important establishment. It was established by Cunningham & Anderson, in the year 1829, and sold by them with all its appendages, to the Richmond Manufacturing Company, incorporated by an act of the Virginia Legislature in the winter of 1831. The building is of stone and brick, four stories high, 146 feet long, and 44 feet wide, situated upon the north bank of the James, a few hundred yards west of the Armory, receiving its water power from the James river canal, immediately below the Penitentiary. The water is also conveyed from the canal in iron pipes of six inches bore to the building, thence up the stair-way to within five feet of the eaves, from which in case of accident by fire, every floor except the upper one, can be flooded in a few seconds, by simply turning a cock and using a hose. In this factory are employed from 60 to 70 white operatives and 130 blacks, from the age of 14 and upwards:—a large proportion of both descriptions are females. It runs 3,776 spindles, and 80 looms, together with all the necessary preparatory machinery for spinning and weaving, of the most approved kinds, and consumes about 1,500 pounds of raw cotton per day.

The fabrics are heavy,—negro shirtings 29 inches wide, 4-4 sheetings and ¾ shirtings of No. 16 yarn, and cotton yarns from No. 5 to 20—all of which are celebrated for their superior quality. The capital employed is $120,000.

The *Gallego Manufacturing Company* was incorporated in January 1834, and the capital subscribed is $150,000. The buildings, which it is supposed will be commenced the present year, will be located near the Gallego Mills. The *Franklin Company* for the manufacture of paper, has also been recently incorporated, and the capital nearly subscribed.

Besides the manufactures produced at the Penitentiary on state account, the city has its due proportion of the various mechanic trades, and private manufactories. Of printing establishments there are as many as 11, (perhaps an undue proportion) from two of which there are issued daily, political and commercial papers,—from one, a semi-weekly political—from four, weekly Religious,—and from one, a monthly journal devoted to literature, &c. The others are either Book or Job Offices. The number of professional men is also considerable, and it is the more remarkable that so many members of the medical faculty should find employment in a city proverbial for the salubrity of its climate. Situated at the point of demarcation between the upper and lower districts, it is fortunately exempt from many of the maladies which are peculiar to both regions. It is neither visited by the enervating autumnal diseases of eastern Virginia, nor by the more violent and inflammatory attacks which belong to the upper country. The yellow fever, that scourge of cities more populous and commercial, has never prevailed.

The population of Richmond has nearly trebled in 30 years. By the census of 1800, the free whites numbered, 2,837
Slaves, 2,293
Free colored persons, 607
5,737

By the census of 1830, the free whites amounted to 7,755
Slaves, 6,349
Free colored, 1,956
16,060

The several classes have increased in nearly corresponding ratios.

Richmond has been frequently reproached for a want of hospitality, and if this virtue consists in unreserved and indiscriminate attention to strangers and visiters,—the reproach is probably not altogether unfounded. It must be acknowledged too, that the manners and customs of what are called the leading classes, are not characteristic of the old Virginia character,—which was frank, simple and unostentatious. In almost all considerable towns, even in republican America, artificial *castes* or classes exist, which are founded principally upon the possession of wealth, or the mysterious refinements of fashion, and have but little reference either to moral or intellectual distinction. It is probable that this vice of cities is one of the chief sources of that prejudice which is felt towards them by the people of the country. These remarks, however, are not to be construed into a sweeping censure upon towns,—for although in all dense populations, there is always a greater or less degree of human infirmity,—there is also an equal concentration of the more virtuous and noble qualities of our nature.

*The question as to the future commercial rank of Richmond, derives additional weight and importance from recent acts of the Virginia Legislature. The passage of the law for connecting the James and Kanawha rivers, and uniting the east and west by canals or rail roads—if the scheme should be carried out with energy and resolution corresponding with the noble spirit in which it has been adopted,—must undoubtedly make the Metropolis of the Old Dominion, a place of much importance. The contemplated rail road from Richmond to the Potomac, which has also received the fostering aid of the state, cannot fail likewise to produce consequences beneficial to the whole country, on the line of the improvement.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SONNET—THE SEA.

BY A. L. B. M. D.

There's silent grandeur in the boundless waste
Of Ocean's bosom when the winds are still,
And quiet beauty, like the moonbeam traced
In lengthened shadows on some snow-clad hill;
There's fiercer grandeur in the chainless sea,
When the storm-spirit wakes it from its rest,
And the high waves are dashing wild and free,
As the white foam they bear upon their breast.
The thunder's voice is louder on the sea,
The lightning flashes with a wilder glare,
And landsmen know not of the dangers, he,
Whose home is on the Ocean's wave, must dare;
Yet it is pictured in its mighty roar,
And in the wrecks which strew the rock-bound shore.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY
And Present Condition of Tripoli, with some accounts of the other Barbary States.
No. IV.

Egypt was then in an unsettled state, and a few details respecting its situation may be permitted, although not absolutely connected with the present subject.

For many years previous to the invasion of the French (1797) Egypt had been nominally governed by a Turkish Pasha; but the power was in reality possessed by a soldiery of a peculiar and formidable character, who under Beys or Chiefs chosen from their own body, ruled the country with absolute sway. These troops were called *Mamelukes*, from the Arabic word signifying *slaves*, their numbers being recruited entirely by the purchase of young men from the regions of the Caucasian chain, who were transferred to Egypt, instructed in the use of arms, and at a proper age enrolled; they fought entirely on horseback, and were considered by Buonaparte as the finest cavalry in the world. No person born in Egypt could be enlisted; and marriage being discouraged, if not prohibited among them, they had no feelings which were likely to interfere with their *esprit de corps*. Each Bey held a particular district of the country in subjection, keeping as many Mamelukes as he could purchase and maintain, paying tribute to the Porte when he could not avoid it, and supplying his expenses by wresting from the miserable inhabitants every thing except the bare means of subsistence. The Pasha had thus little else to do than collect the tribute, which he effected by the aid of Turkish troops, and by fomenting dissensions among the Beys.

The Sultan had indeed made several attempts to recover his authority, of which the only one worthy of note was that conducted by the Capoudan Pasha Hassan in 1786, which is mentioned in the second number of these Sketches. This expedition was but partially successful. The Beys soon regained their power, which they exercised with additional insolence and rapacity towards all classes; and when the French under Buonaparte entered Egypt, it was ostensibly for the purpose of restoring the country to its former master, "*their ancient ally*," and of thus revenging the insults committed on citizens of the Republic by the tyrannical Mamelukes.

The invaders found twenty-three Beys united against them under the command of Mourad, the most powerful of these chiefs; their forces consisted of eight thousand Mamelukes, and a vast number of Arabs and irregular troops. European skill and discipline, as might have been expected, prevailed, and the Beys having been defeated in several desperate conflicts, lost their confidence in each other; some, among whom was Mourad, joined the Turks, others sided with the French, and the remainder endeavored to maintain their position in the upper country. When the French had been expelled, the Sultan was determined to re-establish his dominion entirely, and to extirpate the Mamelukes, if possible. In pursuance of this plan, at the time of Eaton's arrival, a desultory but devastating warfare was carried on between the Turkish troops and those of the Beys, who occupied the banks of the upper Nile and the *oases* of the adjoining desert. It was with one of these Chieftains named Mahomed Elfi, that Hamet had taken refuge, and he was then at the village of Minieh, about one hundred and fifty miles above Cairo, at the head of a few refugee Tripolines and Arabs, closely pressed by the forces of the Turkish Pasha.

The arrival of an American ship of war created a great sensation in Lower Egypt, and many surmises as to its objects. The French consul Drovetti, an able but unprincipled man, who has until lately maintained a great influence in the government of Egypt, denounced Eaton and his followers as "*British spies who were endeavoring to open an intercourse with the Mamelukes*," and employed every dishonorable means to defeat their plans, and have them expelled from the country. They were however ably assisted by Major Misset, the British resident, to whom Eaton carried letters of recommendation from Sir Alexander Ball, Governor of Malta. After a few days spent at Alexandria they sailed for Rosetta, where having engaged a boat, they arrived at Cairo on the 8th of December. To this place they were fortunately accompanied by Doctor Mendrici, an Italian with whom Eaton had been intimate at Tunis, and who was then physician to the Pasha; he proved very serviceable in representing their objects in the true light, and in counteracting the artifices of the French consul.

The Turkish Viceroy of Egypt at that time was Koorsheed, who afterwards (1821–3) as Pasha of the Morea, distinguished himself by the defeat and destruction of Lord Byron's old friend Ali Pasha of Albania, and by his efforts to put down the insurrection of the Greeks, at its commencement; Mahomet Ali, who has since risen to supreme power in the country, was then merely the commander of the Albanian troops. Koorsheed is represented by Eaton as an intelligent and really high minded man; and after the true objects of the strangers had been made known to him by Mendrici and Misset, he did not hesitate to grant them a private interview, which took place on the 9th of December. In it Eaton played his part well, and succeeded so far in interesting the Pasha, that he agreed to assist him in his efforts to detach Hamet from the Mamelukes, provided the Prince should not have compromised himself, by any open act in concert with those rebels.

Eaton had previously despatched messengers to Hamet, from Alexandria, Rosetta and Cairo, directing him to proceed to Alexandria; and since his arrival at the capital, he had discovered three of the Prince's former high officers, who gave him more minute information as to their master's circumstances. There were great difficulties, not only in detaching him from the Mamelukes, but even in communicating with him to any effect. The war between the two parties in Egypt was one of extermination, and from the characters of the combatants on both sides, neither passports nor flags of truce were likely to afford much protection to their bearers; moreover, it was very improbable that Elfi Bey would suffer a person so well acquainted with his strength and his plans as Hamet must have been, to quit his encampment and go among his enemies. The enterprising American however exerted himself to obtain farther demonstrations from the Pasha, and to have every thing in readiness to proceed against Tripoli, in case he should get Hamet into his power. He sought out the refugee Tripolines, and enlisted recruits for the contemplated expedition, principally among the Franks,

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Greeks and Levantines;* he also distributed his bribes among the officers of the Court with so much liberality and discretion, that at a second audience with the Pasha on the 16th of December, he succeeded in obtaining from him a passport and letter of amnesty for Hamet, which were immediately despatched by trusty messengers.

At length on the 8th of January 1805, Eaton received a letter from Hamet, in reply to his first from Cairo, stating that he would proceed directly to Alexandria. On receipt of this, the American without delay set off for the latter place, where on his arrival he found a second letter from the Prince, expressing his unwillingness to trust himself alone in the power of the Turkish Pasha; and making an appointment with him on the borders of the province of Fayoom, near the site of the celebrated Labyrinth and Lake of Mæris. Eaton instantly determined to seek him there, and accordingly set out on the 22d, accompanied by Lieutenants Mann and Blake of the Argus, and an escort of twenty-three men. At the close of the next day, the party were arrested at the Turkish lines near Damanhour, about seventy miles from Alexandria, where the officer in command, a fierce and savage fellow, was at first inclined to treat with some harshness these strangers who were passing through the country with a body of armed attendants, *in search of a refugee Pasha.* But Eaton was never taken unawares; he flattered the Turk's vanity, by complimenting his military vigilance and discipline, and showing him the Viceroy's passport, gave him a handsome present, which secured respect for it. The commander being softened by these means, listened to the stranger's story, and introduced a young Arab Chief who declared that he knew Hamet well, and would bring him to the spot in ten days. Arrangements were made by which the Arab was despatched to Fayoom, Eaton agreeing to dismiss his escort, and to remain at Damanhour, with the officers and their servants, until the Prince arrived.

Notwithstanding these promises, the situation of the Americans was by no means agreeable: the Turk evidently mistrusted them; they were closely guarded, and they daily witnessed acts of barbarous cruelty, which impressed on them the necessity of proceeding with the utmost caution. Having reason to suspect that there was some hidden cause for this vigilance, Eaton sounded the Turk, and finally discovered that Drovetti had been tampering with him, and had instigated him to acts of violence against them.

At length on the 6th of February, Hamet actually arrived, accompanied by a suite of forty persons. As soon as he had received Eaton's first letters from Alexandria and Cairo, he determined to accept the propositions contained in them, and having succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his Mameluke friends, he escaped to Fayoom; of four copies of the Pasha's letter of amnesty, not one had reached him; the messengers having been seized and imprisoned by the Bey. On the day after his arrival Eaton set off with him for Alexandria.

On arriving at that place the Turkish Admiral, whose authority was paramount, refused admittance to the Prince and his followers, and declared his intention of not allowing them to embark from any Egyptian port. This was also the consequence of Drovetti's intrigues; but the refusal proved vain, for it had been already determined that the expedition should proceed by land, at least as far as Derne, in order to keep together the Arabs whom they might first engage, and to recruit from the tribes encountered on the way. This was a project which none but a man of Eaton's hardihood would have undertaken. The distance to Derne was at least six hundred miles, through a most desolate region, inhabited only by wandering barbarians, where supplies of food and even of water were uncertain; and he was to be accompanied by persons with whom, except a few, he was unacquainted; persons lawless and faithless, who hated him for his difference of creed, and who might well be supposed ready to sacrifice him at any moment, either under the influence of passion, or in order to obtain his property and arms.

This expedition being determined on, Hamet proceeded about thirty miles west of Alexandria, and established himself at a place near the sea called the Arab's tower, where he was soon surrounded by wandering Sheiks or Chiefs, offering their services and the use of their camels. Eaton went to Alexandria, and having obtained some arms, ammunition and money from the Argus, forwarded them to the camp. He then arranged with Captain Hull that the latter should proceed to the squadron, and get fresh supplies, with which he should sail for Bomba, a small harbor about eighty miles from Derne, there to meet the expedition.

Before proceeding farther, Eaton concluded a treaty in the name of the United States, with Hamet as Pasha of Tripoli, which was signed on the 23d of February, 1805. In this treaty the United States are made to engage—(Article second)—"*So far as comports with their own honor and interests, their subsisting treaties and the acknowledged law of nations, to use their utmost exertions to establish the said Hamet Pasha in the possession of his sovereignty of Tripoli*"—(Article third)—"*In addition to the operations they are carrying on by sea, to furnish the said Hamet Pasha, on loan, supplies of cash, ammunition and provisions; and if necessity require, debarkations of troops also, to aid and give effect to the operations of said Pasha Hamet by land against the common enemy.*" By Article eighth—"WILLIAM EATON, *a citizen of the United States now in Egypt, shall be recognised as General and Commander in Chief of the land forces which are, or may be called into service against the common enemy; and his said Highness Hamet Pasha engages, that his own subjects shall respect and obey him as such.*" The other articles provide for the indemnification of all expenses incurred by the United States, in executing the second and third articles, the liberation of all American prisoners, &c. A secret article stipulates *for the surrender of Yusuf, and of Morat Rais alias Peter Lyle, to the Americans, to be held as hostages, provided they do not escape by flight.* Finally, *the convention shall be submitted to the President of the United States for his ratification; in the meantime there shall be no suspense in its operations.*

That Eaton far exceeded the limits of his commission in making the United States a party to this treaty, a slight review of his powers will serve easily to show. Diplomatic powers he had properly none; he had left the United States as navy agent, and was throughout the whole affair entirely subordinate to the Commander of

* The natives of Europe, except those of Greece and Turkey, are termed *Franks* in the East; and their descendants are called Levantines.

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the American forces in the Mediterranean. On leaving Malta, *verbal* orders were given by Commodore Barron to him and to Captain Hull, "*to seek out Hamet and convey him to Derne or such other place on the coast, as may be determined the most proper for co-operating with the naval force against the common enemy; or if more agreeable to the Prince, to bring him to the squadron before Tripoli.*" The same orders indeed also authorised them to "*assure Hamet that the most effectual measures would be taken with the American forces for co-operating with him against the usurper his brother, and for re-establishing him in the regency of Tripoli. Arrangements to this effect with him are confided to the discretion with which Mr. Eaton is vested by the Government.*" How far this discretion extended, appears clearly from Eaton's own words in a letter to Colonel Dwight, written on the 9th of April, 1804, during his passage to Europe: "I am ordered on the expedition by Secretary Smith, without any special instructions to regulate my conduct; without even a letter to the ally to whom I am directed; without any thing whatever said to the Commander in Chief on the subject of supplies; nothing but a general and vague discretion concerning the co-operation, and nothing more to him of my agency in the affair, than that '*Mr. Eaton is our agent for the several Barbary regencies, and will be extremely useful.*'—I carry with me no evidence whatever from our Government of the sincerity of their intentions towards the friendly Pasha—I can say as a Spartan Ambassador to the King of Persia's Lieutenant when asked, 'whether he came with a public commission or on his own account?' 'If successful, for the public; if unsuccessful, for myself.'" We do not learn that he received any instructions from his government, subsequently.

From this we may conclude, that Eaton considered himself, as he indeed was, fully authorised to assure Hamet of the co-operation of the American forces for his restoration; and that in signing the treaty, he knew he was acting like the Spartan Ambassador—at a venture. Some such arrangement, must however be admitted to have been necessary; as without it he had no means in the event of Hamet's success, to secure those interests of his country which were the ultimate objects of his operations. His own opinion as to the validity of the Convention, is sufficiently shewn by his letter of May 1st, 1805, to Commodore Barron, in which he says, "The convention I have entered into with Hamet Pasha, may be useful in case he succeeds in getting repossession of his government; otherwise it can do no mischief, even if ratified, as will appear by the precaution in the second article,"—rendering the co-operation of the United States, *dependant on their own honor and interests, their subsisting treaties, and the acknowledged law of nations.*

The convention having been signed, and some difficulties respecting the transportation of provisions from Alexandria being arranged, Eaton and his followers joined Hamet at his encampment, on the 3d of March.

The force assembled at the Arab's tower consisted of about four hundred persons; being nine Americans, seventy odd Greeks and Levanters, Hamet with ninety persons in his suite, and a body of Arab cavalry under the Sheiks El Taib and Mohamet, with some footmen and camel drivers completing the number. The beasts of burden were one hundred and seven camels, engaged by Hamet, as Eaton thought, for the whole distance, at eleven dollars a head, and a few asses. All being now ready, the expedition against Tripoli really commenced on the 8th of March, and on the following day began a series of annoyances and difficulties, arising from the irresolution of Hamet, the intrigues of his followers, and the faithlessness of the Arab chiefs, which continued during the whole period. The Sheik El Taib who had been loudest in his expressions of devotion to Hamet, and of confidence in the success of his cause, began by hinting to the camel owners that they should demand their pay in advance, as the Christians would not fail to cheat them if they neglected this precaution. They followed his advice, and Eaton who knew them too well to trust them, having refused to comply with their demand, they refused to proceed. Hamet on this began to despond, but Eaton quieted this first symptom of disunion, by promptly calling the Christians under arms, and declaring his intention to return to Alexandria, abandoning Hamet and his cause. The feint was successful, and the march was resumed.

On the 13th they were met by a courier from Derne, bringing information that the whole Province had taken up arms in behalf of Hamet, and that the Bey was shut up in the castle. The receipt of this news gave them courage; it was however near being attended by fatal results; for Hamet's followers, who were in front, having discharged their arms in expression of their joy, the Arabs in the rear, apprehending that an attack had been made on them by some hostile tribe, determined to secure their own share of the plunder, by killing the Christians who were with them. This was prevented by the very proper observation of one of the Chiefs, that it would be better to wait until the result of the engagement in front was known.

On the 18th they reached a castle built of hewn stone, called Massarah, distant about two hundred miles from Alexandria, and occupied by an Arab Sheik; here Eaton first learned that the beasts of burden had been engaged by Hamet to accompany them only thus far. Their owners demanded immediate payment, and signified their intention of returning to Egypt. Three days were spent in altercations with them, after which they were paid by the surrender of nearly all the funds in possession of Eaton and Hamet. Attempts were then made to prevail on them to accompany the expedition to Bomba, a small seaport, at which an American ship of war was expected to bring them supplies; and on their refusing this, to march two days farther on, to a station where other camels could be procured. Fifty camels were engaged as far as the latter place; the others returned with their owners to Egypt. Meanwhile a report, said to have been brought by a pilgrim from Morocco, had become current in the camp, that a large force was on its way from Tripoli to oppose them, and that it had even passed Bengazi. This report was sufficient to render Hamet dispirited and mistrustful; he held consultations with his followers and the Arabs, from which Eaton was excluded; and it soon appeared that a plan was in agitation among them to arrest the progress of the expedition until information had been received of the arrival of the American ships at Bomba. Eaton on learning this, instantly ordered the rations of these persons to be stopped, resolving to seize the castle and to maintain himself in it with the

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Christians, until they were relieved by an American detachment procured from Bomba or Alexandria; then to abandon Hamet to his fate. This decisive step produced its effect, and the march was resumed on the 21st.

The following day they fell in with a tribe of Arabs called *Ouedalli*, who had never before seen Christians, and what was strange, appeared to be totally unacquainted with bread; of money however they knew the value, and it being a scarce article among the invaders, they could only obtain supplies of meat by giving their rice and biscuit in return. Eighty of their warriors entered Hamet's service, and forty-seven tents of Arab families were afterwards added to their company; ninety camels being also engaged to Bomba. But just as they were about to march, a courier arrived from Derne, confirming the report brought by the pilgrim, of the advance of a Tripoline force; the greatest alarm ensued, the camel drivers fled, the Arab Chiefs became insolent, and Hamet despairing, seemed determined to go back to Egypt. Eaton again took the bold step of suspending rations until the camels returned, and the march was resumed. The Sheik El Taib the originator of all disturbances, on this withdrew, carrying with him in addition to his own followers, many of the new recruits, and hinting that he might probably be found with the enemy. Hamet prayed that a messenger might be sent to pacify him, and offer him terms; to this Eaton would not agree; he despatched an order to the Sheik to return to his duty, coupled with a defiance in case he should prove a traitor; and having brought the remnant of his forces to obedience, resumed his progress. Hamet became more fearful and irresolute every moment, and shewed every disposition to abandon the undertaking; he deprived the Americans of their horses, and on one occasion actually marched back a short distance; Eaton continued onwards, and his perseverance shamed the Prince, who returned, having succeeded by means of his principal officer, in bringing with him the deserting Arabs.

During this delay, Eaton employed his leisure moments in attempting to quiet the religious prejudices of the Arabs against himself and the other Americans; assuring them that in his country no form of worship or opinion was either enforced or excluded, all being free to act in this respect as their consciences dictated; and that God had promised the Americans a heaven different from those of Mussulmen or of Papists, to which however any good men would be admitted who chose to establish themselves in it. His expositions did not convince, but they served to conciliate. Whether they were warranted or not by the nature of the circumstances, each person must judge for himself; it may however be observed, that his declarations cannot be said to be insincere, as his ideas on religion seem never to have been fixed.

On the 1st of April new difficulties occurred. The Arab Sheiks demanded an augmentation of the ration, and on its being refused, openly threatened Eaton. He defied them as usual, and returned the threat, by giving notice to the Sheik El Taib that if any mutiny arose, he should instantly put him to death, as being the cause of it; they were thus again brought to obedience. The expedition had now reached the country anciently settled by the Greeks, and they frequently passed extensive tracts covered with massive ruins. Of the style and character of the architecture Eaton says nothing; he knew but little of ancient history, and was totally unacquainted with any of the fine arts; indeed, he was rather disposed to view a magnificent monument of antiquity as a degrading memorial of despotism. Of the wells and cisterns which he found among these ruins, he however, as may be supposed, always speaks in grateful terms. He confirms the accounts of the barrenness of the surrounding country, from which we are led to form the opinion that the wealth of these places must have been derived from commerce with the interior of Africa.

On the 5th they encamped at Salliaum, near Cape Luco, one of the few places mentioned by Eaton, which can be found on any map or chart. By the 8th they had arrived within eighty miles of Bomba, and had travelled about four hundred miles since leaving Alexandria. They had now but six days provisions left, and Eaton was of course most anxious to proceed; Hamet however objected, and resolved to await the return of a messenger whom he meant to despatch to Bomba. Eaton replied that if he stopped he must starve, and refused to give out rations. The Arabs determined to seize them, and the American drew up the Christians under arms in front of the magazine tent. After some time spent by the two parties in eyeing each other, the Arabs with Hamet at their head, prepared to make a charge; some of the Greeks and Levantines quailed, the others and the Americans stood firm; and Eaton advancing towards Hamet, reproached him with his rashness. As usual the superior character triumphed; the poor Prince embraced him, and on his promise to distribute rations after they had marched, the camp was restored to quiet.

On the 10th the messenger returned from Bomba, bringing the agreeable intelligence that the American ships were lying off that place; on the 15th they reached it, and what were the feelings of Eaton to find there not a vessel, nor a human being, nor a drop of water. The vessels had been seen, but had departed, probably considering the expedition as having entirely failed, as the time calculated for its arrival had long since elapsed. The provisions being exhausted, imprecations now burst forth from the whole Mussulman host on the Christians who had brought them to this terrible pass. Even in this situation Eaton did not despair; he ordered fires to be lighted on the hills as signals, and endeavored to devise some means of getting his little army on to Derne. The next morning all was confusion, and the Arabs were preparing severally to seek their own safety, when a ship was descried bearing down for the place; she proved to be the Argus, which had been sent with the sloop of war Hornet from Malta, with seven thousand dollars in specie, and supplies of provisions and ammunition. The supplies were immediately landed and distributed, as also were those from the Hornet, which arrived on the following day; and on the 23d the expedition again took up its line of march in good spirits.

Of the vast region traversed by the expedition since leaving Egypt, probably the only account in modern times is to be found in the journal of Eaton; with the exception of a few tracts offering pasture for cattle, it was totally barren, consisting of desert plains or rocky ledges. On the day of leaving Bomba they saw

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the first stream or spring of running water, having been hitherto supplied entirely from wells and cisterns. They shortly after entered a beautiful and fertile district; as they advanced signs of cultivation increased, and it became necessary, in order to conciliate the inhabitants, to take active measures to prevent marauding or wanton injury of property. News arrived that Yusuf's army was approaching; but the prospect of a conflict which animated Eaton, depressed the spirits of the Prince in whose cause he was engaged, and served to excite the avaricious propensities of his Arab allies. Hamet and his followers again began their secret consultations. The Sheiks refused to advance, and the Bedouins, who had joined as independent partizans, remained within their tents. A promise of money by Eaton however prevailed; they resumed their march, and on the 25th encamped on an eminence overlooking Derne.

The country eastward of the Great Syrtis, forming the ancient Cyrenaica, is now called Barca, and is divided into two provinces, of which the capital of the western is Benghazi, a small town occupying the site of the ancient Berenice; that of the eastern is Derne. Each province is governed by a Bey, who is generally a member of the royal family. The Province of Derne is beautiful and fertile, and is considered the most valuable portion of the Tripoline dominions; it produces in great luxuriance, grapes, figs, melons, bananas, oranges, dates and other fruits of a tropical climate; and affords good pasture for cattle, of which many are exported for the supply of Malta and the Ionian Islands. The capital is a small and irregularly built town, situated near the seashore, at the mouth of a valley which extends for a considerable distance into the country; through this valley rushes a mountain torrent, which in the rainy season sometimes overflows the town, and in the summer is nearly dry; water for the use of the inhabitants, and for irrigating the fields and gardens, is however constantly and plentifully supplied by a spring gushing from the side of a hill above the town. Its distance (following the seashore) is about eight hundred miles from Tripoli, from Alexandria about six hundred; and it is considered on good grounds, as the remnant of Darnis, one of the principal ports of the Cyrenaica. About fifty miles west of it, are the massive ruins and extensive excavations which point out the spot formerly occupied by the wealthy and polished Cyrene.

The only regular fortification of the place was a battery near the sea, occupied by the Bey Mustapha, a cousin of the Pasha; his troops, about eight hundred in number, occupied the adjoining houses, in the walls of which they had pierced loopholes for their musquets. A few temporary parapets had also been thrown up in positions not covered by the battery. The inhabitants of the town were generally in favor of Hamet; those surrounding the Bey's residence, if similarly affected, were restrained by fear from any demonstration of their feelings.

On the 26th of April, the day after the arrival of the expedition in sight of Derne, Eaton sent a flag of truce to the Bey, demanding in the name of Hamet as rightful Pasha of Tripoli, quiet passage through the place, and provisions for his troops; promising in case of compliance, that he should not be removed from his government. The Bey instantly sent back the flag, with this short but expressive answer—"*Your head or mine.*" In the course of the night the Argus, the Hornet, and the schooner Nautilus appeared; and on the 27th, Eaton having succeeded with great difficulty in landing a field piece from the latter vessel, determined on an immediate attack, it being his object to gain possession of the town before the arrival of the troops which were daily expected from Tripoli. Accordingly he himself advanced with some of the Christians and Arabs down the valley, towards the entrance of the place; Lieutenant O'Bannon with six Americans and fifty other Christians took post to the eastward, and brought the cannon to bear on the Bey's quarters; Hamet with about a thousand Arabs occupied a ruined castle on the southwest side of the town. At two o'clock the vessels stood in as near as possible, and fired upon the battery and houses occupied by the Tripolines. By this means, and by the active use of O'Bannon's field piece, the battery was soon silenced, and the Bey's troops rushing from their coverts upon Eaton's little band, which had now reached the entrance of the place, succeeded in throwing them for a moment into confusion. They were however speedily rallied, and being joined by a few of O'Bannon's men, were brought to the charge; the Tripolines were driven through the town to their former posts, which they were however obliged immediately to abandon, the greater part seeking refuge on the seashore, where they were exposed to the fire from the vessels. The battery was seized by the Christians; and the guns, found loaded and primed, were turned on the houses occupied by the Bey and his few remaining followers. Hamet's troops had remained very quiet during the affair, which was conducted almost entirely by the Christians; when success had been assured, some of them entered the town, which they began to pillage, others pursued the fugitives. It is believed that they lost none of their number. The Christians had fourteen killed, and several wounded; among the latter was Eaton, who received a ball in his wrist on entering the town.

Eaton was particularly anxious to secure the person of the Bey, with a view to his exchange for Captain Bainbridge; but he had taken refuge first in a Mosque, and afterwards in the Harem of an old and respectable inhabitant, who had two years before sheltered Hamet in a similar manner, when pursued by this same Bey. Preparations were made by the Christians to drag him from his place of refuge; but the inhabitants and the Arabs expressed so much dissatisfaction at the contemplated insult to what they considered most sacred, that it was found expedient to abandon the attempt. The proprietor of the Harem, though in favor of Hamet, declared his readiness to die rather than submit to such a disgrace. Eaton then attempted by stratagems to draw the Bey forth from his asylum; but they failed, and he at length escaped to the enemy, his protector afterwards openly avowing that he had assisted him in so doing, as he had formerly assisted Hamet.

Every exertion was then made to put Derne in a state of defence. Hamet took possession of his former palace, and endeavored to render it secure against any insurrectionary movement. Eaton established himself in the battery; parapets were thrown up in proper positions, and mounted with guns, to prevent the place

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from being carried by a sudden attack. The Tripoline forces at length appeared on the 4th of May, in number between two and three thousand, under the command of Hassan Bey, with the Beys of Bengazi, and Ogna, and Hadgi Ismain Bey, as commander of the cavalry, acting under his orders. They took post about two miles above the town, on each side of the valley, nearly in the positions first occupied by Hamet's troops.

Hassan did not think proper to begin his operations immediately; at length on the 13th his troops rushed down from each side of the valley, upon a body of Hamet's cavalry which was posted below, about a mile from the town. The Arabs received them with great steadiness, and maintained their ground for some time, but being overpowered, fled in disorder into the town. The Tripolines pursued, and although galled by the musquetry from the houses, and by the guns of the battery and ships wherever an opening presented itself, they succeeded in reaching Hamet's palace. All was near being lost; the Arabs were giving way in all directions; the Christians were too few in number to quit their posts, and there was every prospect that Hamet would soon be either killed or made prisoner. Eaton then turned the guns of the battery upon the part of the town about the palace, and some of the Tripolines being killed, a panic seized the others, and they fled with precipitation, pursued by the Arabs, who behaved gallantly on this occasion. Of the Tripolines about eighty were killed or wounded; the loss on Hamet's side did not exceed twelve.

This defeat so much dispirited the Tripolines, that all the exertions of the Beys could not induce them for some time to make another attack; the Arabs obstinately refusing to encamp near the town, or to venture within reach of the cannon shot, with which they had hitherto been entirely unacquainted. Hassan finding bold and open measures ineffectual, resorted to others from which he anticipated more success; he offered six thousand dollars for Eaton's head, and double the sum for him if taken alive. This magnificent promise however produced no effect, doubtless from an apprehension that the task would be difficult, and the reward by no means certain. He then engaged the services of two expert women, who engaged to take off the troublesome infidel by poison; but Eaton having received notice of their plans, took precautions which rendered them ineffectual. The Beys in despair next endeavored to attain their object by an assault, to be made under cover of the camels, which were thus to form a moving parapet in front and on the flanks. But this proposal was attended with no success, the Arabs being as little inclined to risk the lives of their camels as their own. In this state of things the Pasha's army began to disappear; desertions daily took place, and on the 22d of May Eaton writes, "*We want nothing but cash to break up our enemy's camp without firing another shot.*"

Partial attempts were however made on the 28th of May and the first three days of June, which were unsuccessful. On the 7th Hadgi Ismain Bey, commander of the Tripoline cavalry, quitted his post with some followers, and escaped to Egypt, carrying with him the military chest. The Bey of Bengazi was also reported to be wavering, and Eaton in his despatches to Commodore Barron, earnestly urged him to send a few marines and some money, by means of which he pledged himself soon to appear in Tripoli and liberate his captive countrymen.

On the 10th the Tripoline forces received a large accession, and the Beys determined to make a desperate effort. The action was begun by some of their cavalry, who attempted to descend a pass leading to the plain near the town; they were met by a body of Hamet's mounted Arabs, which resisted the attack gallantly, and succeeded in repelling it. Reinforcements appearing on each side, the action became general, and it was supposed that at least five thousand men were engaged. The Tripolines were driven off with some loss; but pursuit was impossible, and Eaton was obliged still to remain, hoping or rather wishing for the reinforcements he had so long requested. At Bomba and since his arrival at Derne, he had received communications from the commanding officer of the American forces in the Mediterranean, which gave him great anxiety, and his situation was every day becoming more uncertain and painful. His doubts were however terminated on the 11th, when the frigate Constellation entered the harbor, bringing despatches from Tripoli, dated the 6th; in order to understand the nature of these several communications, and of his feelings, it will be necessary to relate the occurrences at and before that city since September 1804.

(*To be continued.*)

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Remarks on a Note to Blackstone's Commentaries, Vol. I, Page 423.

Mr. White,—I have read the Note on a passage in Blackstone's Commentaries, which you gave us in your last, with some surprise. I had supposed before, that no gentleman of any intelligence could be found within the four corners of our state, who would seriously undertake to maintain that our domestic slavery, which is obviously the mere creature of our own positive law, is so right and proper in itself, that we are under no obligation whatever to do any thing to remove, or lessen it, as soon as we can. I had thought, indeed, that it was a point conceded on all hands, that, wrong in its origin and principle, it was to be justified, or rather excused, only by the stern necessity which had imposed it upon us without our consent, and which still prevented us from throwing it off at once, without a degree of danger which we could not properly encounter. And, at any rate, I had imagined that all of us were fully satisfied, by this time, that it was an evil of such injurious influence upon our moral, political, and civil interests, that we owed it to ourselves as well as to our subjects, to reduce, and remove it, as soon, and as fast as possible, consistently with the rights which we had created or sanctioned by our laws; and with other considerations which we were bound to regard. In all this, however, it seems, I was reckoning without my host, the author of the article before me, who has come forward, at this late hour, to assert the absolute rectitude and utility of the system, with all the power of his pen. I do not, however, by any means, feel disposed to question his perfect right to do so, or to deny for a moment the ingenuity with which he has labored to maintain his novel position. On the contrary, I freely acknowledge both; but believing at the same time, as I do,

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that his reasonings are false in their principle, and pernicious in their tendency, I must beg leave to follow his annotations with a few remarks.

And first, the Annotator, after declaring that he has been impelled to defend our domestic slavery "by a pious reverence for the institutions of our forefathers," (a very honorable motive; but strangely misapplied,) proceeds to say: "It is hardly necessary to expose the sophistry by which Mr. Blackstone affects to prove that slavery cannot have had a lawful origin. We do not pretend to trace our title to its source. We have no call to sit in judgment between the conquered African and his conqueror. We rest our defence on principles which legitimate our title, whatever its origin may have been. Yet it may not be amiss to say a few words to show the fallacy of those plausible and imposing dogmas, with which we too often suffer ourselves to be talked down." Now I have always regarded the reasoning of Blackstone on this point as absolutely unanswerable; and I am happy to know that I am not alone in my opinion of its weight; for the late venerable Judge Tucker, I see, in *his* note upon the same passage, (which I commend to all your readers,) after quoting it at length, adds these words: "Thus by the most *clear*, *manly*, and *convincing* reasoning, does this excellent author refute every claim, upon which the practice of slavery is founded, or by which it has been supposed to be justified, at least, in modern times." I will not, however, too hastily conclude against the Annotator's objections; but endeavor to weigh them with due care. He proceeds thus: "Slavery," says Mr. Blackstone, "cannot originate in compact, because the transaction excludes the idea of an equivalent." This is the substance of Blackstone's argument on this head; but does not give us a full idea of its force. His own statement of it is as follows: "But secondly, it is said that slavery may begin 'jure civili' when one man sells himself to another. This, if only meant of contracts to serve or work for another, is very just; but when applied to strict slavery, in the sense of the laws of old Rome or modern Barbary, is also impossible. Every sale implies a price, *a quid pro quo*, an equivalent given to the seller in lieu of what he transfers to the buyer; but what equivalent can be given for life and liberty, both of which (in absolute slavery) are held to be in the master's disposal? His property also, the very price he seems to receive, devolves *ipso facto* to his master, the instant he becomes his slave. In this case, therefore, the buyer gives nothing, and the seller receives nothing: of what validity then can a sale be, which destroys the very principles upon which all sales are founded?" Now this seems to me to be pretty good logic; and how then does the Annotator answer it? Why he says: "For an answer to this specious fallacy, I shall content myself by referring you to the masterly essay of Professor Dew, who has so clearly exposed it as to leave me nothing to add." This is certainly judicious, and I cannot but commend him for his prudence, at least, in thus turning over the trouble of answering such an argument to another. How this latter gentleman, however, (who must take the compliment *cum onere*,) can have contrived to expose so clearly "the specious fallacy" which, it seems, lurks in it, I confess I cannot imagine; as I have not his "masterly essay" before me. No doubt his exposure must be clever; but, with all due respect for him, it is plainly impossible that it can be sound. As at present advised, therefore, I shall stick to Blackstone, or rather to his reasoning, which, as far as I can see, no human wit can ever refute.

But the Annotator takes upon himself to grapple with another argument of Blackstone, which he states in these words: "The commentator further tells us that slavery cannot lawfully originate in *conquest*, as a commutation for the right to kill; because this right rests on necessity, and this necessity plainly does not exist, because the victor does not kill his adversary, but makes him captive." Now this, too, I have heretofore taken for very sound logic; and why is it not perfectly so? Why because, says the Annotator, the conqueror may be in such a situation that he can only secure himself against the future hostility of his conquered enemy, by killing, *or* by enslaving him; and if he may enslave him himself, then he may hand him over to another to deport him; which is the mildest mode of doing the thing. Of course, "the mere captivity of his enemy does not imply the security of the captor, should he allow his prisoner to go free." And he illustrates his argument on this point, very prettily, by a figure. "The snared tiger is in your power. You may kill—you may cage him. *Therefore*, says Mr. Blackstone, you are under no necessity to do either, and the noble beast has a fair claim to his liberty." This is a dexterous turn; but unluckily it proceeds upon a misconception of the true point of Blackstone's argument, which the Annotator ought to have perceived is itself an answer to another. The commentator, observe, is answering the argument of Justinian, that slavery may arise "*jure gentium*," from a state of war; that is, from the right of a captor to kill his enemy taken prisoner in battle. "But it is an untrue position," says he, "when taken generally, that by the law of nature or nations, a man may kill his enemy; he has only a right to kill him in particular cases, in cases of absolute necessity for self-defence; and it is plain this absolute necessity did not subsist, since the victor did not actually kill him, but made him prisoner." Now the answer is obviously complete, *so far as regards the point to which it applies*. But, says the Annotator, it does not settle the question. Perhaps not; nor does Blackstone say that it does; but it settles the argument of Justinian; and that is all that, considered as an answer, it was intended, or could be fairly required, to do.

But why does it not even settle the question? Why, because, says the Annotator, the conqueror has a right to dispose of his captive in such a manner as to protect himself from his future hostility; and if he may not kill, it does not follow that he may not enslave, or transport him, provided it is necessary for his own security, to dispose of him in that way. Very true; but this is new matter, which demands perhaps a new answer; but does not at all invalidate the former answer to the former argument. And with regard to this new matter too, Blackstone has, in my opinion, very fairly answered it in advance by what he immediately adds, but what the Annotator, (inadvertently no doubt,) has kept back. Thus he adds: "War is itself justifiable only on principles of self-preservation, and, therefore, it gives no other right over prisoners, but merely to disable them from doing harm to us, *by confining their persons;* much less

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can it give a right to kill, torture, abuse, plunder, *or even to enslave*, an enemy, *when the war is over.*" To expand this sentence a little. You may, says Blackstone, by the laws of war, put your enemy *hors de combat;* but you must do it, by the law of humanity, which is a prior and perpetual part of the same law of nature, with as little suffering to him as possible, consistently with your own safety. You may then, I grant you, take him prisoner, and "*confine his person,*" that is, if you cannot venture to discharge him on his parole; but "*only while the war lasts;*" for the very foundation of your right to confine him grows out of the war, and vanishes, of course, with the return of peace.

Now it is obvious, I think, that this argument, duly considered, very fairly answers, by anticipation, the new matter which the Annotator has brought into view. For how, I ask, can a temporary right to confine your captive *durante bello*, become the basis for the transfer of an absolute right to enslave and deport him? Obviously, if I must even grant that you can transfer your right of self-defence, or the powers which it involves, to a neutral, (which I might well question,) you can only transfer it to the extent to which you possess it yourself. But your right over your prisoner of war ceases with your war against the nation, or tribe, to which he belongs. And what right, then, can you have to hand him over to an assignee, who you know will continue his dominion over him, (and over his children after him,) without putting it in your power again to restore him, as in duty bound, upon the cessation of hostilities, to his family and friends? Or what right can your assignee have to hold the prisoner under your assignment, one moment after your right itself has run out? Obviously, none at all. A holds a slave, who is to serve for the life of B, but to be free afterwards, and sells him to C in fee simple; what right has C to hold him after the death of B? Clearly none at all.

There is no escaping from the force of this argument, as far as I can see, but by maintaining, (as the Annotator indeed seems disposed to do,) that barbarians can have no peace with each other; but that war among them must be waged *ad internecionem*, to the point of mutual extermination, or something equivalent. But this notion is plainly more barbarous than the practice of the most barbarous tribes that we have ever read, or heard of; for there is not one of them that does not make peace, after its fashion; (or did not at least, before our European slavers taught them a different lesson,) and the act of making peace obviously implies that there can be, and is, a reasonable security against future hostilities, without the destruction of either party. And there is no tribe on earth, I suppose, (or was not before the slave-trade began,) so absolutely and desperately barbarous as to insist upon holding its captives after the war is over, and the treaty of peace fairly ratified by a smoking match, or a dance upon the green.

But the Annotator may yet say, (and does in fact,) that granting all this, the captor *may have been* in the dilemma which he has supposed, *during the war;* that is, he may have been obliged to kill or sell his captives immediately, to save himself; and he puts a case to illustrate his argument on this point. "When Colonel Campbell, at the head of a few militia, stooped from the mountains of Virginia on Carolina, and bore off the corps of Colonel Ferguson in his pounces, had he been pursued and overtaken by Tarleton, he must have killed his prisoners. He could not have held them, and to have enlarged them would have been to sacrifice the lives of thousands. If, then, he had had no place of refuge, he might have handed them over to any custody, civilized or savage, in which they might have been removed from the theatre of the war." But this case is obviously an imaginary one; and such as could hardly have occurred in fact. It is remarkable indeed that the Annotator could find no example in all the romance of real life to suit the exigence of his argument; but was compelled to fabricate one for the purpose; or at least to piece out an actual occurrence, by a supplemental supposition or two of his own; and even then could not make it serve his turn. Thus Colonel Campbell was *not* "pursued and overtaken by Tarleton," and, if he had been, would evidently have had to fight or surrender, and could have had no time to think about the supposed alternative of killing his prisoners, or handing them over to a third party, even if one had been there to receive them. And if you vary the case a little, so as to make him pursued, but not overtaken; the time that you will thus give him to hand over his prisoners to others, will equally suffice to enable him to escape with them himself. Or if you give him time enough to hand them over; but not enough to escape with them, (a point of nicety that is hardly conceivable,) then you also allow the pursuing enemy time enough, in all probability, to come up and recapture them from their new holders; the very thing to be avoided. The case, therefore, is evidently altogether fanciful, and proves nothing. At all events, it is quite clear that such a *nodus* as it indicates could not have occurred in any single instance of the sale of captives for slaves, by any African chief, to the master of a Spanish ship. At least, it is quite fair to say that, in general, the mere fact of the captor's having sold his captive, even during the war, must be *prima facie*, if not conclusive evidence, that he could not have been in the dilemma imagined, of being obliged to kill, or to enslave him; for it must be obvious that if he had him so completely in his power as to be able to bargain, sell, and deliver him to the slaver, and to receive his money or goods stipulated for him in return; he could not have been very closely pursued by any barbarous Tarleton in his rear at the time, and could not have been under any pressing necessity to do either the one thing, or the other; but, for aught that appears, might have disposed of his prisoner in some more humane manner. The *onus probandi*, then, or burden of proof, to show that in point of fact the captor and vender of any African slave, *was*, in any case whatever, in the precise predicament supposed, must be on the Annotator; and can he bear it? Hardly, I suppose. But of what avail, then, can it be to his argument, that he can *imagine* or *invent* a case, (or a hundred cases, if he likes,) in which there *might have been* a lawful origin of slavery, when he evidently cannot show that any thing like it has ever occurred in fact, from the first beginning of the slave trade down to the present time?

Thus it appears that the reasoning of Blackstone to prove the unlawfulness of slavery in its origin, is as strong as we have always thought it; and very easily defends itself against all that any ingenuity can urge

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against it. But say that it is not so; and grant, if you please, for the sake of argument, that it is all "a specious fallacy" indeed; what then? Does it follow that slavery *as it exists in our state*, was just and lawful *in its origin*? By no means. For say that Mr. Dew has, by some miraculous effort of intellect, very clearly established, in the face of Blackstone's demonstration, (and in the face of our Bill of Rights also,) that a man *can* sell himself; can it be shown that, in point of fact, any single one of the slaves who were imported into our colony from the year 1620 to the revolution, *had* actually sold himself to any one who claimed to be his owner? And say, also, that the Annotator has proved, against the unanswerable argument of his author, (and against the plainest principles of the law of nature,) that a conqueror may justly enslave and export his prisoner of war in any imaginable case whatever, can it be made to appear that any one of the Africans brought to our shore was really captured, and sold, in such a state of things? On the contrary, we have unhappily the most ample evidence from history, that the whole of our exotic slaves were either stolen from their native woods, and brought away against their will, or under false and fraudulent promises which were never performed; or bought for swords and rum, (fit price for such articles!) from those who had captured them, not in just and necessary wars of self-defence, but in predatory hostilities, excited and fomented for the very purpose, by the worst of pirates, the foulest and most deadly enemies of the human race.

But passing from this "grave sophistry," as he calls it, of Blackstone, the Annotator now comes to the consideration of those "principles" on which he chooses to rest his defence of slavery, and "which," he says, "legitimate our title, whatever its origin may have been." But can *any* principles, I ask, do this? If slavery, as we have seen, is clearly wrong in its origin; that is, if it is, in itself, a violation of the law of nature, can any thing "legitimate" it; that is, make it lawful; by that law? Is not the law of nature, like its author, immutable, and eternal? And must not that, then, which is against this law in one age, be equally against it in another, and in every succeeding age, to the end of time? And if slavery, then, was unlawful in its origin, must it not be so now, and continue to be so forever? Or, can the mere lapse of time make it lawful? But that cannot alter the nature of things. Indeed I may remind the Annotator, that our municipal law even, while it legalizes slavery, does not allow any length of time to bar a claim to freedom; and much less, then, can the law of nature, which has no statute of limitations in its code.

But waiving this, let us see, for a moment, what these principles are which the Annotator supposes may "legitimate our title, whatever its origin may have been." What are they? Why, if I understand his view of the subject, (though it is not, I think, very clearly conveyed,) it is substantially this. By the decree of God, who has said, that "man shall eat of the fruit of the earth by the sweat of his face," there must always be a *working class* of men, in every country, who must be satisfied to labor for their victuals and clothes; that being the natural and impassable stint of their wages. It makes no manner of odds, therefore, whether the members of this working class be free or slave: if they are fed and clothed, it is all that they have a right to expect, or any reason to demand. In point of fact, indeed, the slave of this class is perhaps rather better off than the freeman; since he is usually better fed and better clothed; and if he has no hope of any thing better, he has no fear of any thing worse; and, upon the whole, has a pretty considerable balance of comfort on his side. It follows from all this, that his master may, very *legitimately*, hold him down as a slave, *ad indefinitum*, (that is, till slavery "runs out" of itself, as he thinks it may in time,) without feeling any qualm of conscience in the case, or giving himself any trouble whatever about the matter.

Now all this is doubtless very pretty, and very imposing! It has, however, I acknowledge, some small mixture of truth in it; and if it were offered merely by way of apology for our slavery, and as a set-off against the gross caricatures of it which are sometimes drawn by the *ultras* of the other side, and especially by our northern abolitionists, I should hardly choose to criticise it too nicely. Indeed I am happy to believe myself, that bad as the system unquestionably is, it is yet not without some alleviating concomitants, which materially soften its natural horrors, and may properly serve to make us endure it with more patience, while we must. But if the Annotator intends to go further than this, and to prove by these remarks, (as I understand him to do,) that it is *right* and *lawful*; then I must protest against the reasoning as utterly vain and irrelevant. For, granting all his premises, (though there are certainly some rather strange and startling propositions among them; yet granting them all for the sake of argument,) I really cannot perceive how the conclusion follows from them. For if I grant that there must be a *working class*, does it follow that we have a right to determine by compulsion, or by positive law, who shall compose that class? The decree of Divine Providence, as quoted by the Annotator himself, is that "*man*," (that is, that all men,) shall work for his bread. What right, then, has any one portion, or set of men, to slip their own necks out of "the brazen collar," (as he calls it,) of toil; and fasten it immoveably and inexorably upon another? Is not this at once evading and altering, as it were, the counsel of the Creator of all? And if I grant, also, that the slave is happier than the free laborer, does it follow that his master may lawfully hold him as such? Does the question of right depend simply, or at all, upon the degree of happiness which the laborer enjoys? And have I, then, a right to make *any* man work for me, according to my will and pleasure, provided I take care to feed and clothe him well, and make him as happy as any laborer can expect to be? Would the Annotator think it exactly right to have such a principle carried home to himself? But he would perhaps say, that I must not take quite so great a range as that, but be satisfied to take my man from "*the working class*." But who compose this working class? All those, I presume, who have been reduced by the various misfortunes of human life, to the hard necessity of laboring for others, for their daily bread. But would any one of this class consent to have the principle of compulsion brought to bear against him, and surrender forever all hope and chance of "escaping to the upper air" of a higher class? Certainly not. Then I must yet further take care, I suppose, to see that my

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man whom I am to force to labor for me, on the Annotator's principle, shall be *black*. So the question of right turns at last upon the color of the skin. Admirable logic indeed!

But the Annotator thinks that he has found something like an argument to prove the lawfulness of our slavery, in the text of his author, who happens to say (on another point,) that, "by the law of England, all single men between twelve years old and sixty, and married ones under thirty years of age, and all single women between twelve and forty, not having any visible livelihood, are *compellable* by two justices to go out to service in husbandry, or certain specified trades." "This," says he, "is as much as to say, they who can only live by labor shall be made to labor. What more do we? They compel him to choose a master. We appropriate his labor to a master to whom use and a common interest attach him, and who is generally the master of his choice. The wages of both are the same"—to wit, victuals and clothes. And he adds afterwards, "It is here; on this very point, of the necessity of forcing those to labor who are unable to live honestly without labor, that we base the defence of our system." This is pleasant indeed; but does not the Annotator perceive that he has entirely mistaken *the principle* of the English law, which is not, as he states it, that "they who can only live by labor shall be made to labor;" but that those who can only live by labor, *and yet will not labor for themselves*, and are, therefore, likely to become chargeable to the parish, shall be made to labor *for a time*, and *for wages*, until they have learned, in this way, to work freely and willingly, for their own support. But, according to *this* principle, it is easy to see that hundreds and thousands of our slaves would be entitled to their freedom at once; for it cannot be pretended that many of them at least would not be both able and willing to labor for themselves; and if all, or the larger part of them, would not, it can only be because their very slavery itself has incapacitated them for voluntary toil. But can we, then, plead a defect of theirs which is the consequence of our own act, to justify that act, in this way? Surely this ground of defence must be abandoned at once, as wholly untenable, and even dangerous in the highest degree. At any rate, there is no reason to charge the English law with countenancing our system. The English law says that a freeman who can, and will not, work to support himself, shall be made to do so; in order that others may not be called upon to support him. Our law says that all slaves shall be made to work for their masters, whether they are able and willing to support themselves, or not. Is the principle of both laws the same, or entirely different?

But the Annotator finds an excellent reason why our mode of compelling all slaves to work, should even be preferred to the English one of compelling freemen to do so in particular cases; and it is curious enough. I must give it in his own words: "That such compulsion," says he, "is often necessary, all reason and experience prove. But to a people jealous of freedom, it is a delicate question whether such a power can be safely trusted to the municipal authority. To make it effectual it must be a power dangerous to liberty. It could never be carried into effect but by a degree of rigor which must bow the spirit of the laborer, and effectually disqualify him for the political functions of a sovereign citizen." This is truly excellent. So, then, it would be dangerous to our liberty to have such a law as that of England which allows, in certain cases, a freeman who is likely to become a freebooter, or at least a hanger-on upon the community, to be compelled to work for himself; and not at all dangerous to that same liberty to compel one half of our population to work for the other! It would, forsooth, "bow the spirit of the laborer," (as if the vagabond had any spirit to bow,) and "disqualify him for the political functions of a sovereign citizen;" and so to prevent that occasional disqualification of a few, we must systematically disqualify hundreds and thousands from performing those same functions of freemen, which are so important and interesting to the whole body politic! A notable expedient indeed to preserve the purity and lustre of our liberty, from all possible danger of destruction or decay!

Upon the whole, I must say that, in my judgment, the Annotator has failed entirely either to invalidate Blackstone's argument against the lawfulness of slavery in its origin, or to advance any principles whatever which can legitimate it, as it exists in our state, at the present time. I must not, however, by any means, be understood as meaning to convey the idea that I consider it as altogether indefensible before the tribunal of an impartial world. On the contrary, I still hold, as I have always done, that under the peculiar circumstances in which we find it amongst us, it is justifiable, or rather excusable, upon the soundest principles of the law of nature; and, more particularly, upon the principle of necessity and self-defence. By the law of nature, I may take away the life of another when I cannot otherwise defend my own. Of course, I may take away his liberty in a like case; and, *a fortiori*, I may continue my custody of his person, when he has been committed to my charge, however wrongfully, by one in whose act I had no participation; and when I cannot release him without hazarding my own safety, and his too. To apply this principle to the subject before us; our fathers have fastened this enormous evil upon us in the beginning without our concurrence or consent; and we now find and feel it to be too great and complicated for us to think of removing it at once. To emancipate our slaves on the spot, would indeed, in all human probability, be followed by the ruin of both parties; and would at least be an experiment too tremendous in its aspect, and too uncertain in its issue, to be rashly tried. In this state of things, therefore, we may, I conceive, most rightfully and properly, continue to hold them, as we would hold prisoners of war, whose persons, we have seen, we may lawfully confine while it is necessary for us to do so in order to protect ourselves from their hostilities; but whom, at the same time, we must sincerely and earnestly desire to liberate, and send back to their own country, as soon as we can.

A VIRGINIAN.

The Western Monthly Magazine concurs with us in our opinions of Vathek. The editor says, "Vathek is the production of a sensual and perverted mind. The events are extravagant, the sentiments pernicious, and the moral bad. It has nothing to recommend it but ease of style and copiousness of language."

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

"I'll make thee famous with my pen,
And glorious with my sword."

It is said, and truly said, that "Truth is often more incredible than fiction." It is natural too, that we should take a deeper interest in the fortunes of creatures of flesh and blood, who have actually lived and suffered, than in the imaginary sorrows of beings that are themselves but figments of the writer's brain.

Why then do we so rarely meet with any narrative of facts which engages our feelings so deeply as a well wrought fiction? May it not be that in all histories of a romantic character there is, from the very nature of the thing, a degree of mystery which we cannot penetrate; and that the innumerable little incidents, which adorn the pages of a romance, and so aptly illustrate the characters of the parties, are hidden by the veil of domestic privacy? It might be allowable to supply these; but the attempt to do so, is always offensive to the reader. We are disgusted at seeing truth alloyed by fiction, and the fiction always betrays itself. Let a characteristic chit-chat be detailed, and we find ourselves wondering who it was that took notes of the conversation. We read the scene between Ravenswood and Miss Ashton at the haunted fountain, and never ask, whether she rose from her grave, or he emerged from the Kelpie's flow, to describe it to the writer. But such a narrative concerning real persons, would inevitably disgust us; and no writer of any tact would ever attempt it. None above the grade of Parson Weems ever did. There is no wilder romance than his life of Marion. But who reads it? We feel that it profanes the truth of history with fiction, and we throw it away with disgust. Yet it comes nearer to Schiller's masterpiece, "The Robbers," than any thing else. Is it less interesting because the prompting impulse of the hero is virtuous, not criminal? No; but there is just truth enough to keep us always mindful of the falsehood.

The great art, and the great charm of Walter Scott, is that he never *describes* his characters. He brings us *into their society*, and makes us *know* them. But how shall I make known the persons of whom I wish to speak? I can say that HE was generous and brave, sincere, and kind, and true, and that SHE was fair and gentle, and pure and tender. These are but words, and have been repeated till they have lost their meaning. I can say that both loved; but how can I show the passion flashing in the eye, and glowing in the cheek—and how can I give it breath in their own burning words? *I* heard them not. *None* heard them. I can say that the hand of destiny was upon them, and tore them asunder, to meet no more. I can even use the words of one whose strains he loved, to tell

"That neither ever found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;"

but how can I develope the mysterious means by which this destiny was accomplished? How could I speak, but in their own words, uttered only to the midnight solitude, the deep yearnings of their hearts—and the noble enthusiasm which made it the task of his life to render glorious the name of him she had honored with her love? Could these details be given truly, what a romance of real life would they form! Let the reader judge from the following lines found among his papers, when the damps of the grave had at last cooled the fever of his brain.

'Tis sweet, when night is hushed in deep repose;
And hides the Minstrel's form from every eye;
To breathe the thoughts that speech can ne'er disclose,
In all the eloquence of harmony.

The mellow strain pervades the silent air,
And mingles with the sleeper's blissful dream:
The Lover hears the song of maiden fair;
The humble saint, an Angel's holy hymn.

Then sweet to know that she, for whom alone,
Pours the wild stream of plaintive melody,
Recalls the voice of Love in every tone;
Approves its truth, and owns its purity.

Borne on the breeze that cools her glowing cheek,
But fans the ardor of her fevered breast;
Lifts the loose lock that floats upon her neck,
Sports round her couch, and hovers o'er her rest:

Borne on that breeze, it greets her listening ear
With tales of raptured bliss and tender wo;
And tells of Joy and Grief, of Hope, Despair,
And all that love, and Love alone can know.

Her fair companions hear the soothing sound,
But mute to them the voice that speaks to her;
Burns the warm blush, unmarked of all around,
And darkling falls, unseen, the silent tear.

But not unseen of all; for to his eye,
By Fancy's magic light she stands revealed;
Her bosom struggling with the half-breathed sigh,
By the strong pressure of her hand repelled.

The Tear that in the moon-beam sparkles bright;
The pensive look; the outstretched neck of snow;
The Blush, contending with the silver light,
Whose cold pale gleam would quench its fervid glow;

He sees and hears it all. The music's stream
Extends a viewless chord of sympathy,
Thought answers thought; and, lost in Fancy's dream,
Each breast responsive swells with sigh for sigh.

Then O how sweet! warmed by the sacred flame,
Of mutual—true,—but fruitless—hopeless love,
To run the high career of deathless fame,
And mid the world's admiring gaze to move

Reckless of all but her. By midnight lamp,
To turn, with heedful eye, the learned page;
To shake the Senate, or to rule the Camp;
To brave the tempest's blast, or battle's rage!

What is the thought that prompts his studious zeal?
That mans his breast in danger's fearful path?
That nerves his arm to grasp the gory steel,
Despising toil and hardship, wounds and death?

It is that she the impassioned strain will love,
That gives her charms in deathless verse to shine;
Her favoring smile his steadfast faith approve;
Her raptured tears bedew each glowing line.

It is that she will cherish the renown
Of noble deeds achieved her name to grace;
And prize the heart that beat for her alone,
In glory's triumph, and in death's embrace.

'Tis that a grateful nation's loud acclaim
May pour his praises on her favoring ear;
'Tis that the twilight splendor of his name
The widowed darkness of her heart may cheer.

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O! ever lovely, loving and beloved;
  Constant in absence; constant in despair!
By time unwearied, by caprice unmoved;
  Thy lover's faith and fame thine only care!

Tho' known to none but thee thy minstrel's name,
  Or who the fair that caused his tender pain;
All undistinguished by the voice of fame,
  The bard who sung; the maid that waked the strain.

Yet may'st thou catch the unconscious sympathy
  Of some soft nymph, who, from her lover's tongue,
Hears, with averted look and blush and sigh,
  Her heart's fond secret in this artless song.

But were I skilled to weave the immortal verse,
  Which after ages with applause would read;
Thy praise in fitting accents I'd rehearse,
  And with unfading bay would crown thy head.

Then should my Laura's charms survive the tomb,
  In strains like that the fairy bulbul sings,
When all unseen he wakes the midnight gloom,
  Hovering o'er beauty's grave on viewless wings.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EXTRACT FROM A LADY'S ALBUM.

And must I stain this virgin leaf,
  So fair, so pure, and so like thee!
It grieves me—but it is thy will;
  And that is always law to me.

'Tis said that those who feel the most
  Can best describe love's potent spell—
That what the heart most deeply feels,
  The tongue most eloquently tells.

Alas! it is an erring rule—
  It is not true! it is not true!
Strong Passion's voice was ever low;
  And lower yet as Passion grew.

When fiercest winds o'er ocean sweep,
  The sea is quell'd—no billows roll
Their foaming crests upon the deep.
  Thus Passion treads the very soul
Low in the dust, and bids it weep
  In silent anguish—and 'tis still
As the aw'd slave who bows before a despot's will.

Then think not I can tell my love
  In well-set phrase, with fitting smiles;
He loves not—Oh! believe it true—
  Who knows and practices such wiles.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE PRAYER.

Oh! mother, whither do they lead
This wretched form, this drooping frame?
What means the white rose in my hair?
These jewels sure are not a dream.
Of wither'd leaves 'twere better far
The bridal chaplet had been wove—
Oh! mother, lead me back again;
I cannot love—I cannot love!

Look not for love—it is in vain!
Within this heart no more it dwells:
Unclasp the volume if thou wilt,
And ponder on the truth it tells.
Ah! dearest mother, do not seek
To warm to life a thing that dies,
Nor re-illume the flame, when once
The shrine, in hopeless ruin lies.

Not to the altar, mother—no,
I cannot kneel and speak that vow—
Oh! let me rend these hated gems,
And tear the white rose from my brow.
Nay, let the dark grave be my couch,
Of cypress leaves my bridal wreath,
And I will wed,—yes, gladly wed,
And clasp my welcome bridegroom, *Death!*

OCTAVIAN.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SELECTIONS FROM MY PORT FOLIO.

MY OWN OPINION—*A la Shakspeare.*

There are, who say she is not beautiful.
"Her forehead's not well turned," cries one. "The nose
Too large"—"Her mouth ill-chiselled," says a third.
With these, I claim no fellowship.
For me, ('tis an odd taste, I know, and now-a-days,
When people *feel* by *rule*, such taste is thought
Exceedingly romantic—yet 'tis true,)
I look not with this mathematic eye
On woman's face; I carry not about
The compass, and the square—and when I'm asked,
"Is that face fine?" draw forth my instruments,
And coolly calculate the length of chin,
Th' expanse of forehead, and the distance take
Twixt eye and nose, and then, twixt nose and mouth,
And if, exactly correspondent, it
Should not prove *just so much*, two and three-eighths,
Or, one four-fifths, disgusted, turn away,
And vow "'tis vile! there is no beauty in 't!"
Out, on this mechanic disposition!
Look you! *That man was born a carpenter.*
He hath no heart—he hath no soul in him,
Who thus insults the "human face divine,"
And tests its beauty with a vile inch-rule,
As he would test the beauty of a box,
A chess-board, or a writing-desk! Oh no!
It is not in the feature's symmetry
(For choose of earth the most symmetric face,
Phidias shall carve as perfect—*out* of *stone*,)
That the deep beauty lies! Give me the face
That's warm—that lives—that breathes—made radiant
By an informing spirit from within!
Give me the face that varies *with the thought*,
That answers to the heart! and seems, the while,
With such a separate consciousness endued,
That, as we gaze, we can almost believe
It is itself a heart—and, *of itself*,
Doth feel and palpitate!

And such is her's!
One need *but look on*, to converse with her!
Why I, without a thought of weariness,
Have sat, and gazed on her for hours! and oft,
As I have listened to her voice, and marked
The beautiful flash of her fine dark eye,
And the eloquent beaming of her face,
And the tremulous glow that, when she spoke,
Pervaded her whole being,—I have dreamed
A spirit held communion with me then,
And could have knelt to worship!

Augusta, Georgia. P. H.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LETTERS FROM NEW ENGLAND.—NO. 4.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

Albany, N. Y. July 27th, 1824.

It is a Southern opinion, that the large factories which have grown up in the North, within the last seventeen years, are of a very demoralizing tendency: that so many persons—*such* persons too—cannot be housed together, and allowed the free intercourse unavoidable where the restraint is not for crime, without a large result of licentiousness and vice. I have long thought thus: and must confess I entered New England with a sort of *wish* (arising from my hostility to the protective system,) to have the opinion confirmed. In some places, I heard and saw confirmation strong: but in most—and those the chief seats of manufactures—my inquiries resulted directly otherwise. The laborers there, it seems, are as moral as any other class of the population. The females watch each other's deportment with the most jealous vigilance: a slip is at once exposed, and punished by expulsion; even a slight indiscretion is sure to draw down remonstrance, and if that fails, complaint to the ruling power. The boys and girls are allowed a reasonable part of the year to attend the common-schools; and are encouraged at all seasons to frequent Sunday schools. Lectures, occasional or in courses, are delivered, of which the operatives are eager hearers: and social Libraries, with habits of reading, sometimes produce among them strengthened and well stored minds. Wherever these good effects appear, be it observed, the proprietors and superintendents (generally men of fortune, as well as intelligence) have taken the greatest possible care to produce them. And where the unfavorable appearances occurred, there seemed to have been a corresponding neglect on the part of owners and agent.

The *natural* course of these establishments, then, seems to be *down the stream of vice*. Great exertions may enable them to resist, nay to surmount and ascend the current; but so soon as those efforts cease, that instant the downward tendency prevails.* While the manufacturing system is young—while high protecting duties enable employers to give high wages—while a desire to conciliate favor to the system keeps both owners and operatives upon *their best behavior*—the favorable moral condition I have described may continue. But the oarsman cannot forever row up the stream; weariness, or confidence, or incaution, will, some day, relax his arm. In process of time, these promiscuous assemblages of hundreds and thousands will vindicate the justness of the reasoning, which argues the danger of contamination (a sort of *spontaneous combustion*) from so close a contact:* will shew themselves rank hot beds of vice; and make the lover of good morals grieve, that so many souls should ever have been seduced from the healthful air of field, and forest, and rustic fireside, to sicken and die in a tainted, unnatural atmosphere.

I mentioned *Lectures, and social Libraries.*—These, and similar institutions for diffusing knowledge among the multitude, are among the chief glories of New England. In all the cities, and many of the larger and middling towns (towns in the English sense,) there are Lyceums, Young Men's Societies, Library Societies, or associations under some such name, for mental exercise and improvement. A collection of books is a usual, and a philosophical apparatus an occasional appendage. Connectedly with these institutions, or sometimes, independently of them, Lectures on every variety of subjects that can instruct or profit mankind, are delivered by public spirited men—professional and unprofessional—sometimes, by farmers and mechanics themselves. They are gratuitous; and in a style plain enough to be understood by all classes of society, who flock to hear them. For these occasions, the first abilities of the country have now and then been put in requisition. Story, Everett, and Webster—alike with the village teacher and mechanic; have contributed their quota of MIND, towards the holy cause of Popular Instruction. A valuable lecture from each of these; from Mr. Everett indeed, two Lectures—are in Vol. 1 of the "American Library of useful knowledge." The name of this work at once suggests that a similar one, published by Mr. Brougham and his generous associates in Great Britain, in *fortnightly* pamphlets, at a rate so cheap as to be within every laborer's reach; unfolding, in a familiar style, the useful parts of scientific and historical knowledge. To his share in this work, Brougham, you remember, having his hands already filled with pressing employments, was obliged to devote "*hours stolen from needful rest.*" How magnanimous the spirit, which could prompt that "hardest lesson that humility can teach—a voluntary descent from the dignity of science,"† to explain the simple rudiments of knowledge to unlettered minds! the spirit, which could make genius and power drudge in the lowliest walks of learning, to open and smooth them for the ingress of in-

* Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigiis subigit; si brachia forté remisit,
Atque illum in præceps prona rapit alveus amni.

* In Godwin's Inquirer, are some very just and forcible observations on the corrupting effect upon youth, of too close and numerous an association with each other. He applies it to large boarding schools. The enlightened President of a Rhode Island University, on similar grounds (as he told me), does all that he can to discourge students from boarding and lodging in *College*. Observation and experience had shewn him the danger of *spontaneous combustion*, from the too near approach of human passions and weaknesses. The same principle applies to the case of Factory hands: only, here, are superadded, elements which incalculably enhance the danger.

† Dr. Johnson.

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tellectual "babes and sucklings!" When will the great of Virginia deign this magnanimous descent? When will our Leigh, our Tazewell, our Barbour, our Rives, our Johnson, our Stanard, our Robertson—a generous spirit, from whose devotion to democracy, something might be expected towards fitting his countrymen for self government—when will they, and the host of talents besides that Virginia possesses, be found striving in this noble race of usefulness with Brougham, Jeffrey, McIntosh, Webster and Everett? That trumpet-call of the North American Review five years ago, which might have roused apathy itself to energetic effort in the cause of Popular Education, and which—whether it *betokened* only, or *strengthened*, the beneficent operation of the spirit that has so long been diffusing through the North the blessed light of MIND—doubtless met a response in every Northern bosom; that trumpet-call, in Virginia, fell upon senseless ears. You indeed, I remember, echoed it; but trumpet-call and echo both, sounded in ears deaf save to the miserable wranglings of party, about the more miserable pretensions of opposing candidates: and, at this day, our people, and their leaders, are in a slumber as profound on this subject, as if we had no Literary Fund—no Primary Schools—no youth to educate—no country to save from the certain fate of popular ignorance.

It is bed time, and I must forbear saying more at present. Yet I have not done with New England: there remain several topics, which I incline to touch. So you shall hear from me at my next stopping place.

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WEST POINT, N. Y., July 28.

On board the Steam-boat this morning, I met *** ***** and his family; who, without my knowing it, were in Albany all of yesterday. They have landed here too; and we expect to descend the river together to New York city, to-morrow. He has given me a very gratifying account of the Temperance reformation in this state. It seems to be triumphant, beyond all experience in Virginia, or even in New England. The *means* have been, *perfectly organized action—great diligence of exertion*—and *the use of the* PRESS. The organization consists in a regular and intimate concert, of *township* societies with *county* societies, and of these with the *State* society. This powerful machinery has been aided by the active zeal, and generosity, of individuals, who have profusely lavished time, and toil, and money, to advance the goodly work. And by a judicious use of a great modern improvement of the Press, a monthly paper (the Temperance Recorder) is published, at the price of seventeen cents per annum: a copy of which, or of some other Temperance newspaper, it is believed, is received by almost every family in the state. Measures are taking to convey light thus to, absolutely, *every family*. Cannot something like this be done in Virginia? In Massachusetts, I perceived with regret, a strong disposition to invoke Legislative action in support of the Temperance Society: to get the making and vending of ardent spirits prohibited by Law. In New York, they disarm opposition of so plausible a pretext for hostility, by fixedly determining to ask—to accept—no such aid; but to rely exclusively upon *reasoning, the exhibition of facts, and the influence of example*—means, which have already achieved, what were seven years ago deemed chimæras, and which will doubtless be fully adequate to the consummation of this great work.—But I am digressing from my design, of dwelling a little longer on some features of New England.

Manual Labor Schools (on the Fellenberg plan) have not multiplied there, or grown in esteem, as might have been expected from the forwardness of the people in adopting every valuable improvement; and particularly, from the congeniality of this one with their own long-cherished custom, of blending labor with study. Possibly, this very custom may, in their eyes, make the improvement unnecessary: since their youth already substantially enjoy its advantages. To study in winter—to work in summer—has, time out of mind, been the routine of New England education: differing from the Fellenberg method only in having the alternations half-*yearly*, instead of half-*daily*.—Franklin, the Trumbulls, Sherman, Dwight, Pickering, Webster, Burges, and all the illustrious self-made men, who have rendered that otherwise unkindly soil so verdant with laurels, were nurtured strictly in the discipline of *manual labor schools:* and perhaps the new method would be quite needless, were not the progress of wealth, luxury, indolence and pride, now rapidly swelling the numbers of those who, urged by no necessity, and relying upon no exertions of their own for distinction, would never feel the salutary influence of labor, if not sent to schools where it is taught; and were not the same progress multiplying those also, who never could procure instruction, except by the opportunity which this method affords them, of purchasing it by their labor. Perhaps too, the Common Schools (in which poor and rich are equally entitled to learn) may tend still more to render the new plan useless; as to the branches of knowledge taught in them.

Infant Schools appear to have sunk a good deal in esteem, among intelligent people in New England. At Hartford, a lady, whose name (were it seemly to publish a lady's name) would give commanding weight to the opinion, told me that they were found hurtful both to body and mind: To *body* (and this the physicians confirmed) by over-exciting, and thus injuring, the brain and the nervous system: to *mind*, by inducing the habit of learning parrot-like, by rote—by sound merely—

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without exercise of the thinking power. It seems agreed, that some features of the infant school system may advantageously be transferred to ordinary schools: for instance, the use of tangible and visible symbols and illustrations. And infant schools themselves are certainly well enough, for those children who would otherwise have to be left alone, or untended, while their parents are abroad or at work. But for *young children*, where the sternest necessity does not forbid, there is nothing comparable to *domestic education;* no care, no skill, no authority, like those of a mother—or of a father. And how few parents there are, who, by methodical husbandry of time, and reasonable exertion of intellect, might not find both leisure and ability to train the minds and form the habits of their offspring, for at least the first nine years of life!

The Common-school system, *as a system*, is certainly admirable. But some *minutiæ* of its administration may be censured. Teachers are often tasked with too many pupils. I saw a young woman of twenty, toiling in the sway of fifty-two noisy urchins, with twenty of whom I am quite sure my hands would have been over-full: and it was said to be no unusual case. Then, *Webster's spelling book* is in frequent use. There are half a dozen better ones. And the barbarous usage, of making a child go on to spell in five or six syllables, before he is allowed the refreshment of reading—instead of teaching him to read as soon as he can spell in three letters, and then carrying on the two processes together, to their mutual acceleration—is still kept up, as in our *old-field* schools.—A usage about as worthy of this enlightened age, as the old rule, of whipping a boy for miscalling a word, or for not crossing a *t*. I was glad to see Warren Colburn's books—his Intellectual Arithmetic particularly—in pretty general use. His merit is, not so much that he has smoothed the road to that child-perplexing branch of knowledge (though in that respect he has entitled himself to every child's gratitude), as that he has rendered the study an improving exercise to the mind—a strengthener and quickener of the reasoning faculty; and has disclosed the *rationalia* of many processes of calculation, as mysterious before to the young mind as so many feats of jugglery. A pervading fault in the management of the common-schools, is a *false economy;* shewn, in choosing teachers less by their proper qualifications, than by their cheapness. In Connecticut, more especially, this wretched mistake seems to prevail; as a curious fact, told me in Providence, strikingly illustrates. Of the many who go forth from the University there, and from several good Academies in the state of Rhode Island, to find employment as teachers in the adjoining states, few or none, it was said, found it in Connecticut: owing to the niggardly wages paid there. The man for their money, is he who *asks the least*.

Wide discretion, as to the classification of the Common-schools, and as to the extent of the studies in them, is given to the *Towns*. In some, the people, or their commissioners appointed to superintend the schools, are content with a single grade or *tier*, in which are taught merely the *necessary* sorts of knowledge, from Arithmetic downwards. Others classify them, into 1st. *primary* schools, where only spelling, reading, and writing, are taught: 2nd. *secondary* schools, for the rudiments of Arithmetic, Geography, English Grammar, and further progress in reading and writing: 3rd. *Apprentices'* schools, where the above branches are further taught, with the addition of some History, Book-keeping, and Geometry: 4th. *High* schools, for Algebra, Geometry, use of the Globes, Latin, (and sometimes Greek) with perhaps the elements of Natural Philosophy. The classification sometimes stops at the third, sometimes at the second, tier. There are but few towns, in which it is carried to the fourth. Worcester is one of these: Boston, and Salem, are the only others that I heard of. In the first and second grades, boys and girls are schooled together: in the higher grades, male and female schools, are separate.

Latin and Mathematics are coming to be considered as a regular part of female education, throughout the North. But I have not ascertained satisfactorily, whether it is a mere smattering that is taught, or so thorough a course as may solidly improve the memory, taste, judgment and reasoning powers. In relation to women even more emphatically than to men, (it seems generally agreed) these studies are less to be prized, for any specific pieces of knowledge they furnish, than for the activity, strength, acuteness and polish, they give to the various powers of the understanding. The Yankees are too shrewd, and too habitually observant of practical utility, not to perceive this truth, and act accordingly.

The voyage hither from Albany abounds with captivating spectacles. For the first fifty miles, these consisted chiefly of waving hills, interspersed with modest but handsome country seats half-veiled by trees;—and of villages and landings, where, at intervals of four or five miles, our immense floating Hotel would halt to take in and land passengers—if halt it could be called, when her motion was not actually suspended, but only slackened, while by *her boat*, she rapidly communicated with the shore. The Catskill Mountains were in sight; and we were nearly entering the Highlands, so celebrated in the journal of every tourist, from Dolph Heyliger downwards, for their almost matchless combination of beauty and sublimity; when the *lean* "orderer of all things," for reasons best known to himself and his employers, contrived to coop us all under hatches at dinner. A slender appetite, and a surmise that there would be something worth seeing, carried me on deck be-

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fore the rest were half done eating; when mountains, hemming in the majestic Hudson to a width of not more than five or six hundred yards, broke at once upon my view. They rise, from the water's very edge, within twenty or thirty degrees of the perpendicular, to a height of fourteen or fifteen hundred feet; their sides and summits undulating with various prominences and depressions, occupied by dark brown rocks, intermingled with scanty shadings of evergreens, stunted bushes, and shrubs. After sailing three or four miles between these awful embankments, we reach West Point. Here are quite too many pleasing objects, for enumeration; a skilful book-wright could make a volume of them. 'Kosciusko's Garden' is a romantic *sinus*, or recess, in the precipice which forms the eastern face, (upon the river) of the *table land* called West Point. Hither, it is said, that hero used daily to retire for meditation and repose; and a shelf in the rock is shewn, as the couch where he often reclined. Nay, within a few inches of where his head probably used to lie, an indentation in the rock is pointed out, said to have been made by a cannon ball, fired at him from a British man of war that lay in the river: but this story "wants confirmation." You descend by a flight of stone steps to the "Garden," which is only ten or fifteen feet above the river. It is furnished with wooden seats; and with a neat fountain of whitish marble, in which bubbles up a bold vein of water.

On the north-eastern angle of the "Point," around which the river somewhat abruptly sweeps, is a handsome monument, erected by the Cadets some years ago, to the same hero. It is a plain marble column, about fifteen or eighteen feet high; with no inscription save the single word "KOSCIUSKO." This simple memorial is, in moral sublimity, scarcely inferior to that conception, one of the noblest of its kind in the whole compass of poetry—

> "We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
> But we *left him alone with his glory.*"

There are few names which can justly be relied upon, thus to speak the epitaphs of those who bore them. Among those few, doubtless, is the name of Kosciusko. History, and the halo thrown around that name by Campbell, will ensure it a place among the "household words" of Poland and America, and of every people who shall speak the language or breathe the spirit of either.

> "Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
> And Freedom shrieked, as Kosciusko fell!"

To be mentioned thus, and so deservedly—is to be embalmed in Light, and set conspicuously on high in the Temple of Fame.

A similar inscription is upon the tomb of *Spurzheim*, in the cemetery of Mount Auburn, near Boston. To me, this seems to be taking too high a ground for him: though you, who are a phrenologist confirmed, may not think so. Possibly, you are right. Contemporary celebrity is no measure of posthumous fame. Paradise Lost was almost unknown till near half a century after its author's death: and he was contemptuously designated as "*One Milton,*" by a man then conspicuous, but whose very name (*Whitelocke*) it has at this moment actually cost me *an effort* to recollect. So, possibly, Spurzheim's renown may freshen with time; and a discerning posterity, honoring him above Napoleon, and even above Kosciusko, may apply the just saying of a *great*—that is a voluminous—poet:

> "The warrior's name,
> Though pealed and chimed on all the tongues of Fame,
> With far less rapture fills the generous mind,
> Than his, who fashions and improves mankind."

Good night.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EXTRACTS FROM MY MEXICAN JOURNAL.

CITY OF MEXICO—CHAPOLTAPEE.

May 25, 1825.—This morning we made our entree into the city of Mexico. Passing through the little villages of *Istapalapa* and *Mexicalsingo*, we rode for several miles over a paved causeway—*calrada*—lined with the *schinus*,* aspins, and a species of willow very much resembling the lombardy poplar—in sight of the numerous towers and domes which rise above the scarcely visible flat-roofed houses of the city. The approach to it, but for this and other fine avenues, would be perfectly lame, as its situation is a level, whose elevation above the plain which surrounds it is quite imperceptible. From the gate—*garita*—we turned into the *Paseo de las Vigas*, a beautiful promenade on the bank of the canal, which leads from *Chalco*, through the eastern portion of the city, into the lake of *Tescaco*. We were here joined by the few American residents of Mexico, and accompanied by them, soon entered its streets, which in the suburbs are exceedingly filthy, but as we advanced, they were clean, well paved, but not wide, with good yet narrow sidewalks of broad flags of porphyry. My first feeling was disappointment—not so much with the city, as with the crowds of wretched ill-dressed people, of beggars, and poor half-naked Indians, bending under heavy burdens. There are no carts or drays for the transportation of goods, which are carried upon the backs of these poor creatures, who are enabled to carry a load of three hundred pounds, by means of a leather band or strap, the *cargador* leaning forward at an angle

* The *Schinus* or *Arbol de Peru* is a beautiful tree, somewhat resembling a willow; it is odorous, and bears in bunches a small red berry, which is almost as pungent as black pepper, as a substitute for which it is used by the poorer people.

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of about 45°, the burden resting on the back, supported by this strap. With so heavy a load they travel great distances, moving in a brisk walk or trot.

The houses of Mexico, some of which are very spacious and magnificent, are constructed generally of a light volcanic production called *tetrontli*, in some instances cut smooth and square, but more frequently rough, when the walls are plastered with lime and painted. The handsomest are built of light gray porphyry. They are mostly of two stories, some of three, with *azoteas* or flat roofs. They have all open squares. A gate, large enough for carriages to pass through, leads from the street into the *patio*, or court yard. The basement upon the street is occupied commonly as a store or shop, and in the rear are the stables. Across the patio, fronting the gate, is the staircase, which leads to the *corridors*, or interior porticoes, which surround the area, and are ornamented with flowers. From the corridors, the doors open into the various rooms, which communicate with each other around the whole area, in instances where the house is so large as to occupy the four sides. It is an airy style of building, the windows being large, level with the brick floor, opening like double doors, and is well adapted to the delightful climate of Mexico. The most serious evil is the want of privacy to the chambers. Each window has its balcony.

The streets of Mexico run nearly from north to south, and from east to west, crossing at right angles. The greatest longitudinal length is about two miles—the latitudinal about a mile and three quarters;* but as the figure of the city is unequal, these lengths are far from uniform. In either direction the view is terminated by the mountains which bound the plains of Mexico. In the central and most frequented parts of the city, the streets are well paved and are kept clean; but apart from these, they are amazingly dirty—the drains passing through the centre being open, offensive both to the sight and to the smell.

The *Plaza Mayor* is the principal open square in the centre of the city. On the northern side of it is the cathedral; the government house, formerly the vice regal palace, occupies its eastern side; on the southern and western sides are the *Cabildo*, (town-hall,) and colonnades or *portales*, within which are the principal stores, and where varieties of goods and trinkets, lottery tickets and shilling pamphlets, are sold. In the southeastern portion of this square stood the magnificent equestrian statue of Charles IV, raised on a fine pedestal, and surrounded by a handsome iron railing. It has been removed lately to the patio or court of the university, where it remains to be admired for its admirable workmanship in bronse, although it is seen to disadvantage in a compass too confined for it. In the southwestern part of this plaza stands a collection of stores, a sort of bazaar, called the *Parian*, which disfigures it extremely; but as the city derives a large revenue from the rent, there is little prospect of the levelling system being extended to this little town of shops.

The cathedral is a splendid edifice, with a front of three hundred and fifty feet, upon the plara. It stands upon the same spot which the famous Artec Temple of *Huitzilopochtli* occupied. The eastern part of the front, built of red *tetnontle*, is a curious gothic, bearing a more antique appearance than the other portion, which last, indeed, is the front to the body of the edifice. This is built of gray porphyry, ornamented with pilasters and statues, and surmounted by two handsome towers. The interior is very rich and magnificent; the dome is lofty and supported by large stone columns. The grandeur of the whole is diminished greatly by the choir, which occupies a large portion of the nave, and is connected with the chief altar by a railing of bronse, surmounted by silver figures supporting branches for candles. A superb chandelier of silver is suspended nearly under the great dome in front of the grand altar, which is richly ornamented with gold and silver. The tout ensemble has an imposing effect; and at night, when illumined, with the music of a full choir, instrumental and vocal, the impressions it makes are irresistibly strong. The depth of the whole edifice is about four hundred and fifty feet.*

In the southwestern corner of the cathedral, inlaid in the exterior wall, is the celebrated calendar stone of the ancient Mexicans. It is a huge mass of gray porphyry, having a circular face seven feet in diamater, on which the figures that represent the months are sculptured in relief. In the centre is a head, from the mouth of which water seems to flow—surrounded by two circles, a large and a small one—the latter divided into twenty parts, with hieroglyphics which designate the twenty months of eighteen days each, into which the Mexican year was divided. The remainder of the face is ornamented with figures in relief.

The *Palace*, filling the eastern side of the *Plaza*, occupies a square of six hundred and sixty feet by six hundred, within which space are comprised the residence of the president, the officers of the different departments of the government, the senate chamber and that of the deputies, the mint,

* This measure does not mean the distance of the opposite *garitas* or caston-house gates from each other, which is considerably greater—but comprises the compactly built part of the city, not comprehending the scattered houses in the outskirts.

* The entire length of the interior of the cathedral is 373 feet—its width 179 feet. Those in the journal are the external dimensions. The structure was begun in 1573, and cost $1,752,000. It was dedicated in 1667. The grand altar bears a later date, and was dedicated in 1743.

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prison, botanic garden, and the barracks of a regiment of infantry. On this spot Cortes fixed his residence after the capture of the city; but he exchanged it subsequently for the site of Montezuma's palace, on which now stands the *Casa de Estado*, the family mansion of the conqueror. This classic ground is to the west of the cathedral, fronting it; and the space, believed to have embraced the residue of the Mexican kings, is a square of about six hundred feet. On the northern side of this square passes the street running west, *Calle de Tacaba*, by which Cortes retreated on the memorable *noche triste* (unfortunate night) when he was driven from *Tenochtitlan*, or *Tenictitan*, as Cortes writes the name of the ancient city.

The botanic garden occupies an inner *patio*, or court of the palace, and is altogether unworthy of the celebrity which it has obtained in foreign countries. It is confined and crowded. Collections of seeds sold by the superintendent at high prices, have, to the great chagrin of foreigners, been found invariably to comprise the most ordinary plants, when the most rare and valuable were promised to the purchasers. An additional garden has been laid out recently at *Chapoltepee*. There are two tall trees of the *Manitas*, in the botanic garden—all, with the exception of one at *Toluca*, that are said to be growing in the republic. The Professor of Botany, *Don Vicente Cervantes*, informed me that it is a common tree in Guatemala. The flower is exceedingly beautiful, of a bright scarlet color; its supposed resemblance to a hand, gives the name to the trees, *Arbol de las Manitas*—but it is far more like a bird's claws.

* * * * *

Less than a league from the city to the west, is the porphyritic rock of *Chapoltepee*,* which rises one hundred and sixty feet above the plain. On its summit is a palace or castle built by the Viceroy Galvez, but never finished. Towards the city it bears the appearance of a fortress, and the work is so constructed as to withstand a siege. The founder, no doubt, had it in view in its construction, as the resort of the Viceroy in case of insurrection among the people, of which there had been several instances. The view of the city and plain of Mexico from this spot, is remarkably beautiful. Baron Humboldt, whose enthusiasm sometimes led him to extravagance, thus eloquently describes it:† "Nothing can be more rich and varied than the picture which the valley presents, when, on a fine summer's morning, the heaven being cloudless and of that deep blue which is peculiar to the dry and rarified air of high mountains, we ascend one of the towers of the Cathedral of Mexico, or the hill of *Chapoltepee*. A beautiful vegetation surrounds this hill. The ancient trunks of cypress, of more than fifteen or sixteen metres* in circumference, divested of foliage, rise above those of the schinus, which, in figure, resemble the weeping willows of the east. In the depth of this solitude, from the top of the porphyritic rock of *Chapoltepee*, the eye overlooks a vast plain with well cultivated fields, which extend even to the foot of the colossal mountains, covered with perpetual ice. The city seems washed by the waters of the lake of *Tescaco*, whose basin, surrounded by villages and hamlets, reminds one of the most beautiful lakes of the mountains of Switzerland. Long avenues of elms and poplars lead on all sides to the capital. Two aqueducts, constructed upon lofty arches, cross the plain, and present an aspect both agreeable and interesting. To the north is seen the magnificent convent of Our Lady of *Guadalupe*, with the mountains of *Tepezacac* behind it, among ravines which furnish shelter to dates and tufted yuccas. To the south, the whole country between *San Angel*, *Tacubaja*, and *San Agustin de las Cuevas*, appears an immense garden of oranges, peaches, apples, cherries, and other European fruit trees. The beautiful cultivation is contrasted with the savage aspect of the bald mountains which enclose the valley, and among which are distinguished the famous volcanoes of *Puebla*, the *Popocatepetl*, and *Iztaccihuatl*. The first forms an enormous cone, whose crater, constantly inflamed, throwing out smoke and ashes, opens in the midst of eternal snows."

A less enthusiastic spectator would subtract many of its beauties from this glowing description, and still could not fail to admire—to admire much and long, the prospect from *Chapoltepee*. He would see a fine city, with its sixty domes and twice as many towers, but the lake of *Tescaco* is too distant and indistinct to seem to wash it with its waters—and he would look in vain for the villages and hamlets that surround it. The fruit trees of *Tacubaja*, *San Angel* and *Agustin* exist, but unfortunately are not seen. These villages are situated on the southwestern border of the plain, and abound in orchards, but these are shut from view by high stone walls. With like disappointment he would look towards the *smoking* volcano of *Puebla*; the *Popocatepetl* does indeed smoke, but the smoke is indiscernible except from the mouth of the crater itself—nor has it been known to throw out ashes since 1665, when it continued to discharge for four days. In other respects the preceding description is not too highly wrought.

* * * * *

About a mile from *Chapoltepee* is situated the little village of *Tacubaja*, celebrated for its mills,

* *Chapoltapee* signifies the mountain of grasshoppers; from *Chapolin*, a grasshopper, and *tepetl*, mountain.

† Vol. 2, Book 3, c. 8.

* About fifty English feet.

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but chiefly for the *palace* and garden of the Archbishop of Mexico. From this palace, which stands upon a commanding point above the village, the view is as extensive, and perhaps even more beautiful than that from *Chapoltepee*, inasmuch as this last is comprehended in it. The garden is laid out prettily, and contains some fine plants and fruits, but is very much neglected. A large orchard of olive trees adjoins it, which yield plentifully; but the olives, which may not be so well cured, are not as good as those imported from Spain. The cultivation of olive trees was forbidden under the Spanish government, lest it might interfere with the monopoly of the mother country, which exported in 1803, olives to the value of thirty thousand dollars.*

The two subjoined articles, extracted from the "American Annals of Education," a very useful periodical, published in Boston,—are the same which are referred to by an intelligent correspondent in the last number of the "Messenger." (See page 205.) They are well worth the reader's attention.

Heinroth on the Education of Infancy.

(Translated from the German.)

We have often put the question to parents, at what period of infancy moral discipline should begin, and we have heard various ages assigned, from six months to a year. But in watching the management of early infancy, in observing one child incessantly fed and dandled, and yet incessantly fretful, in seeing another burst into distressing outcries, if its wants were not gratified at the instant, in remarking how another would submit, with comparative quiet, to be laid down when it desired to move, and suppress its cries when its gratification was delayed,—above all, in seeing how the infant of poverty, or of savage life, submits to be left unnoticed and unattended, while its mother toils the livelong day for a subsistence, and can only snatch a few moments of repose to feed and fondle her nursling, we could not but ask, whether the *first want* and the *first gratification* do not in fact commence the course of moral discipline. Is not the question often, if not always, settled in early infancy, whether the appetites and passions shall be established with uncontrollable despotism before the dawn of reason, or whether they shall be kept in their appropriate and subordinate place, until reason assumes the throne? On points like this, we are anxious to present the results of wider experience and deeper research than our own; and we have been gratified to find in a work of Heinroth, Professor of Medicine in the University of Leipzig, opinions expressed which entirely accord with those which observation and reflection have led us to form. We present our readers with a translation of the passage, and earnestly recommend it to the attention of mothers especially, as containing the results derived from extensive experience, by a man whose medical knowledge, and whose reputation as a writer on education, give his opinion high authority.

"When a child enters the world, its education is commenced by its physical treatment,—by the manner in which its bodily wants are provided for. As it is the offspring of love, so it should be cherished in the arms of love, from the first moments of its life. We take it for granted that it is blessed with a heathful, virtuous, and affectionate mother. She is the angel who is to watch over that frail existence, and guard it from accident; she should suffer nothing in the elements of nature, nor surrounding circumstances, neither cold air, dazzling light, excessive heat, or oppressive clothing, to excite the child to pain. Even its first nourishment should not be given till the want begins, lest injurious excitement be the consequence; and it should not be given more freely, or more frequently than this want absolutely requires.

"The *first day* of the infant's life must be greeted with *order* and *temperance;* and both must preside over its whole future management. As one sense after another developes itself, each should be supplied with agreeable objects; for cheerful circumstances produce cheerful dispositions. No obstacle should be allowed to the free play of all the limbs and muscles—nothing which will hinder the development of life and strength—and no undue pains must be taken to excite even these; let them advance quietly and naturally.

"The look and voice of the mother's love should be the first food of the infant soul. Life itself is joy; let joy cherish the germs of life. The sight and the touch soon find appropriate objects; but even now must the spirit of education watch over the child. It must not grasp all in its reach; it must not touch the flame, or the knife, or in short, any thing injurious to it. As soon as it learns to hear, it learns to listen to its mother's voice, that is, to obey. The ear gradually becomes the spiritual leading-string of the growing man. The child cannot see and touch, without *desiring*, and does not desire, without exercising *the will*. His first will is *self-will*, and it soon takes root and strengthens, if the will of the mother does not promptly meet, and gently, but firmly check it.

"Here then, education must begin,—with the first want, and its supply. It begins, therefore, immediately, with the physical treatment of the child, for its first wants are only physical. Every mode of treating an infant is wrong which does not satisfy its wants in the right way, and peculiarly wrong is every unseasonable or excessive supply. The first wants of infancy are food, warmth, air, motion and sleep. A greater number of children suffer from an excess of these com-

* Humboldt, vol. 4, p. 374-364.

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forts, than from too scanty a portion of them. It is true, bad nourishment, confined air, want of cleanliness and of free exercise, and unquiet sleep arising from these causes, destroy many children who are left to the care of hireling nurses. But on the other hand, a greater number suffer from the peculiar care of an over-anxious mother, from superfluous nourishment, and excessive wrapping, from guarding against all those influences of air, deemed pernicious, from artificial motion, and from the sleep thus artificially produced and maintained. In this way, many of the most favored nurslings leave the world when they have scarcely entered it. It is not however with the dead, but with the living that we have to do. Few mothers will allow themselves to be charged with too little care or indulgence; and even experienced nurses avoid it from prejudice and disposition. Let us then examine the errors in physical treatment, arising from excess, and particularly from excess in food.

"It is a most pernicious custom to stop every cry of a child with food, whether it is done from the idea that it needs so frequent nourishment, or to make it quiet. Inquire why the infant cries, and remove the cause, if it can be discovered. It will be more rarely the want of food, in proportion as it has been accustomed to regularity. If the child is irregularly fed, it acquires bad habits, it departs from *order*, ("Heaven's first law,") whose first principles should be implanted in man while instinct still governs him. But the infant who is thus accustomed to excess, soon becomes *inordinate* in its demands, and TEMPERANCE and ORDER, the great pillars of life, are both overthrown. It will become greedy when it is unseasonably fed, even with simple food, and the evil becomes still greater when it is pampered with delicacies. An artificial necessity is produced for continual gratification of the palate, so that it will often not be pacified without having something pleasant to the taste constantly in its mouth; and upon this, the whole enjoyment of its young life depends. The sense of taste checks the progress of every noble sense; the child concentrates its whole thoughts on the enjoyment of this single appetite. In this way, it is prepared to become, not only an epicurean, but a sensualist; and the obvious evils of overloading the stomach and producing disease are not the only evils arising from this treatment. The *moral character* is also injured before it is fairly developed. The child thus miseducated, becomes obstinate and self-willed. If its demands are not satisfied, (and its cries are demands,) it will soon learn to fret itself, almost into childish insanity. See now the seeds of moral corruption implanted in the physical soil, whose roots strike deeper in proportion as they are sown earlier!

"Whence is it that we so frequently see this pernicious physical treatment, and its natural fruits? Why do we see so many over-fed, gormandizing, ill-humored, selfish and self-willed children? The combined power of three great causes are at work: *maternal love*, *vanity* and *ignorance*. We may venture to say, every mother in her senses loves her child more than she loves herself. How can she then refuse to give him any thing! Food is the most obvious comfort, the greatest pleasure he enjoys, and she gives it freely. She wishes her child to *thrive*, to become strong, vigorous and fleshy. And now *vanity* comes in play. Every mother is vain of her child, and would fain have it the finest, and for this purpose also it is excessively fed. Yet this does not happen without the third cause,—*ignorance*. Ignorance does not perceive that the thriving of the child depends upon the quantity which it digests, rather than upon the quantity it swallows, and overlooks the great medium, which it does not understand, the organs of nourishment, whose office it is to prepare *nourishment* for the body from the food which enters the stomach. Only so much food as the child really digests does it any good; what remains undigested is a source of evil.

"As these bad habits began with blind and injudicious affection, so they end with the same. How *can* one who loves a child so much, give it pain! When the necessary consequences of this treatment appear, and the child becomes ill-humored, selfish and self-willed, and beginning very early, to worry its mother; this blind and weak love, incapable of resistance, pleads, "*The poor child cannot understand yet.* The understanding is not developed the first year. Let it grow older, and then I will educate it." In the meantime, before the understanding is developed, the child is *miseducated* and *spoiled*. The first use it makes of the understanding, is in tormenting the mother; and it soon becomes a little tyrant. There are too many mothers of this sort, who are slaves to their children. They reap only what they have sown."

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EFFECTS OF MATERNAL INDULGENCE.

WE have expressed more than once the pleasure we felt on finding the subject of education occupy so much more attention of late in other periodicals, &c., and have given several extracts. We add another striking article from the Albany Journal and Telegraph.

'Messrs. Editors,—Of the solemn character of the duties devolving upon mothers, all writers agree to express the same sentiment. Where these duties are neglected, where a mother's fondness controls all without judgment and intelligence, the most unhappy consequences follow. I do not know where these have been drawn out in a more vivid and awful picture than in the late work, entitled Guy Rivers. It does not fall within your

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line to have to do with such works, yet I trust you will allow me to furnish an extract which does fall in with the practical object of your paper. Guy is a highwayman—a murderer—a cold blooded murderer—an outlaw—of most violent, headlong passions, which pause at nothing where their gratification is concerned, and yet he is a man of great shrewdness and of superior natural intellect. At the point where the extract is made, this man's course is approaching its catastrophe. In his den he sees its approach, and his mind is occupied with bitter reflection. With his Lieutenant this is his conversation; and when I think of what I have known of maternal weakness, I shudder to think how near to the life the picture may be.

'"I do you wrong, Dillon—but on this subject I will have no one speak. I cannot be the man you would have me; I have been schooled otherwise. My mother has taught me a different lesson,—her teachings have doomed me, and these enjoyments are now all beyond my hopes."

'"Your mother!" was the response of Dillon, in unaffected astonishment.

'"Ay, man—my mother. Is there any thing wonderful in that? She taught me this lesson with her milk—she sung it in lullabies over my cradle—she gave it me in the plaything of my boyhood—her schoolings have made me the morbid, the fierce criminal, from whose association all the gentler virtues must always desire to fly. If, in the doom, which may finish my life of doom, I have any person to accuse of all, that person is—my mother!"

'"Is this possible? Is it true? It is strange, very strange."

'"It is not strange—we see it every day—in almost every family. She did not *tell* me to lie—or to swindle, or to stab. No! Oh no! she would have told me that all these things were bad—but she *taught* me to perform them all. She roused my *passions* and not my *principles* into activity. She provoked the one and suppressed the other. Did my father reprove my improprieties, she petted me and denounced him. She crossed his better purposes and defeated all his designs, until at last, she made my passions too strong for my government, not less than hers; and left me, knowing the true, yet the victim of the false. What is more,—while my intellect, in its calmer hours, taught me that virtue was the only source of true felicity, my ungovernable passions set the otherwise sovereign reason at defiance, and trampled it under foot. Yes—in that last hour of eternal retribution, if called upon to denounce or to accuse, I can point but to one as the author of all—the weakly, fond, misjudging, misguiding woman, who gave me birth. Within the last hour, I have been thinking over all these things. I have been thinking how I had been cursed in childhood, by one who surely loved me beyond all other things beside. I can remember how sedulously she encouraged and prompted my infant passions, uncontrolled by her reason, and since utterly unrestrainable by my own. How she stimulated me to artifices, and set me the example herself, by frequently deceiving my father and teaching me to disobey and deceive him. She told me not to lie, and she lied all day to him, on my account, and to screen me from his anger. She taught me the catechism to say on Sunday, while during the week, she schooled me in almost every possible form of ingenuity to violate all its precepts.

'"She bribed me to do my duty, and hence my duty could only be done under the stimulating promise of a reward. She taught me that God was superior to all, and that he required obedience to certain laws, yet as she hourly violated those laws herself in my behalf, I was taught to regard myself as far superior to him. Had she not done all this, I had not been here and thus: I had been what I now dare not think on. It is all her work. The greatest enemy my life has ever known has been my own mother."

'"This is a horrible thought, captain, yet I cannot but think it true."

'"It is true. I have analyzed my own history, and the causes of my character and fortunes now, and I charge it all upon her. From one influence I have traced another, until I have the sweeping amount of twenty years of crime and sorrow and a life of hate, and probably a death of ignominy, all owing to the first ten years of my infant education, when the only teacher that I knew was the woman that gave me birth."'

This is a fictitious tale indeed, but it is sadly true to nature. We have seen the victim of indulgence trained by the mere neglect of restraint to a violence of passion which reviled and abused the mother that bore him. We have known the abandoned son turn with doubled fist and furious gestures to his mother, and tell her,—"*You* have have trained me to all this." We have known those who escaped this dreadful fate, mourn through life, the mental suffering, or the bodily debility, which the mistaken indulgence of a mother's love had entailed upon them. And if the *man* could always look back with the skill of Heinroth to his early childhood, even when no gross neglect of discipline was to be discovered, would he not accuse her early and excessive indulgence of his dawning appetites and craving desires as the source of that violence of passion—that obstinacy, which cost him so much painful discipline in youth, and perhaps still poison the peace of his manhood? Is there no argument, no appeal which can reach the heart of those mothers, who are sacrificing the future peace and character and hopes of their children, to the mere pleasure of gratifying them for the moment?

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

An Address on the subject of Literary Associations to Promote Education.

Delivered before the Institute of Education of Hampden Sidney College, at their last commencement, by JAMES M. GARNETT.

Gentlemen Members of the Institute of Education:

IN compliance with the invitation with which your committee honored me some months ago, and for which I desire here publicly to make my acknowledgments; I now present myself to address you on the subject of "literary associations for the promotion of education."

Thus called upon for a purpose so philanthropic, a cause so truly glorious, and one moreover of such vital importance to our whole community, I could not hesitate to comply, however apprehensive I might feel of not being able to do full justice to the subject. I came to this determination the more readily, from the confident belief that the invitation would never have been given, had not the gentlemen members of your committee as well as those for whom they acted, been prepared to extend towards my deficiencies every indulgence which they might require. This brief explanation of the circumstances which brought me here, and of my own feelings on this highly interesting occasion, seems due not only to myself, but to the very respectable assembly in whose presence I now appear. Let me endeavor now to fulfil the duty, which I have undertaken to perform.

Literary associations for the promotion of education, unquestionably transcend in importance all other voluntary combinations of human beings that either *do* or *can be imagined* to exist for other purposes than mental culture, as far as the intellectual and moral powers of man surpass his mere animal appetites and passions: for it is by education alone—education I mean *as it should be*, that the former can be fully developed and perfected;—by education alone *as it should be*, that the latter can be so restrained and regulated as to minister to our comfort and happiness, instead of overwhelming us with irreparable misery and ruin. Obvious as this most momentous truth surely is, and deeply as we should imagine it would be felt by every rational being, it is but too certain that the number of those who do feel it in any such way, is most lamentably small in proportion to our whole population. This would be altogether incredible, were we to judge only from listening to our constant vauntings of the rapid progress of society in all the arts and sciences; of the multiplication and vast extent of modern discoveries; and the actual improvements in every branch of worldly knowledge. But when we use our *eyes*, as well as our *ears*; when we look immediately around us and view attentively our condition in Virginia, the striking want of public spirit in regard to the general instruction of the people, and the melancholy scarcity of "literary associations for the promotion of education;" it inflicts a pang of deep disappointment—of bitter mortification on the heart of every true, intelligent lover of his country. Travel through our sister states to the north and east, (as many of us would be much the better for doing,—to remove our senseless prejudices,) and we behold such associations, almost every where. No large city is without many of them; while they are found diffusing their incalculable blessings through nearly every little town and village, under some one or other of the various forms and titles which they there assume: such for example, as lyceums, conventions of teachers and other friends of the cause, institutes of instruction, and education societies. Their precious fruits manifest themselves in their numerous schools;—in their neighborhood libraries; in their public book stores; but above all in their multiplied places of public worship. These all combined in one view, present to the mind's eye of the contemplative patriot and philanthropist, a picture of social improvement and happiness, which it is impossible to mistake, or to consider without the most heartfelt emotions. The plain simple realities which we may there see, unaided by any of the fashionable magniloquence about "the march of intellect;" unvarnished by any false coloring or exaggeration whatever; force upon our minds a most thorough conviction, that the people of these happy states, owe the whole, either directly or indirectly, to their constant and zealous encouragement of associations for the promotion of education. These have been so ramified and extended among them, as now to embrace nearly every member of their several communities. Why, my friends, why let me most earnestly demand of you, should not we Virginians, "go and do likewise?" Why should not we profit by their meritorious example; and love them for it as we ought to do with a truly fraternal regard, instead of entertaining against them (as far too many of us do,) dislikes and animosities which are much more disgraceful to ourselves than injurious to them? And here permit me to remark, *en passant*, that were such regard cultivated and cherished, as it should be among all the states of this great confederacy, we should not only improve each other rapidly in every useful art and science; but the bonds of our fraternity, would be so increased and strengthened, that the whole world could not exhibit a government wherein all the numerous blessings of civilized life would be so widely diffused, so highly valued, so richly enjoyed.

But to return to our neglect of associations for the improvement of education. Shall we plead utter ignorance of their numerous advantages, their extensively beneficial effects, or shall we acknowl-

edge what I fear is the shameful truth, and what a very large majority of us may utter—each man for himself—the Heathen's confession: "*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor?*" Shall we not hope however, that the glorious period of moral reform is not far distant; that the time is fast approaching when this wretched, debasing—nay, wicked habit of following the worse, where we both see and approve the better course,—is about to be eradicated in a great measure; by a vigorous enlightened prosecution of all the means necessary to effect a thorough change among us? To you, gentlemen members of the Hampden Sidney Institute, I believe Virginia is indebted for the first example of a voluntary association on a large scale, to promote education—an example which I most earnestly hope will be zealously followed in every part of our widely extended territory,—until the great, the vital object, which you so laudably aim to accomplish, shall be fully realized to the utmost extent of your wishes. It will be a time of heart-felt rejoicing, a day of glorious jubilee, to all who may live to see it—a day which even *we* of the present generation may highly enjoy by anticipation, although we have little prospect of living to participate in all its precious blessings. By the way, how do *we* obtain this power of anticipation, this faculty of feeling inexpressible delight in all the advantages, gratifications and enjoyments of those who are to live after we are dead and gone? Are we not indebted for it to *education*—to that moral and religious part of it which teaches us that we have immortal souls which connect us inseparably with future generations—which command us to provide as far as we can for *their* happiness—which convince us that this very occupation, more than any other, will minister to our own felicity; and which in fact constitutes one of our most sacred duties upon earth? Oh! that we could all feel this momentous truth in the inmost recesses of our hearts! Utterly superfluous then would be not only the effort of the humble individual who now addresses you, but every other of a similar nature; for there would not then be a single member of society, possessed of the common capacities and feelings of humanity, who would not anxiously unite with heart, hand, and all available means, in promoting universal education, as the only practicable mode of insuring universal happiness. *This*, so far as it is attainable in our present state of existence, necessarily depends upon every human Being, of sound mind, understanding thoroughly all the various duties which he has to fulfil, as well as comprehending and feeling the utmost extent of his obligations to fulfil them—and *this* again depends both upon *what* and *how* he has been taught; in other words, upon *education as it should be.*

To do justice as far as I possibly can to the cause which I am now pledged to support, I feel myself here bound to assert that in almost all our attempts to educate the youth of our country a most pernicious error is committed, either in regard to the meaning of the term *education itself*, or else in the methods pursued to accomplish our object. Should I succeed in establishing this charge, it will certainly result in the irresistible demonstration of that which I have been invited to illustrate—the great utility of voluntary associations, in some form or other, for the promotion of education. Admit the purpose to be essentially desirable, the obstacles to its attainment such as I believe they can be proved to be, and the necessity for such associations in the absence of all effective legislation, follows as an undeniable consequence. They naturally possess, in common with all other combinations of human effort to attain a particular end, far greater power of accomplishing *that end*, than the insulated and separate exertions of all the individuals concerned,—even supposing that every one would exert himself to the utmost, in his own particular way. This truth has resolved itself into the well known adage—"united we stand, divided we fall;" and I know of no more forcible exemplification of it, than in the present state of education among us Virginians. Individually consulted, we cry out nearly to a man, "let us educate our people!" but if called on for combined action, very few or none respond to the invitation. We have no common system—the result of general concert; no uniform plan, either as to the objects, or modes, or courses of instruction; no generally established class-books in the various studies pursued in our schools and colleges; no particular qualifications made indispensable for teachers; but each is left to the vain imaginings and devices of his own heart, or to be governed by the chance-medley, hap-hazard contrivances of individuals, very many of whom have neither the capacity, knowledge, experience, nor inclination to devise the best practicable methods for accomplishing the grand purpose of education. Politics, law, physic, absorb nearly all the talents of the State; while the vital business of instructing the rising generation; a business which requires minds of the very highest order and moral excellence to execute it properly, is generally left to be pursued by any who list—pursued far too often most reluctantly, as a mere stepping-stone to some other profession, and to be abandoned as soon as possible for almost any thing else that may turn up. The inevitable consequence is "confusion worse confounded;" driving parents and guardians to frequent changes both of schools and teachers for their children, where changes of books and modes of instruction follow, almost as matters of course; for those who are to handle the new brooms rarely believe they will be thought cleaner sweepers than their predecessors, unless they display their superiority by pursuing

some entirely different method. This petty ambition would be too ridiculous to deserve serious notice, were it not for the vast amount of evil which it produces, by not only retarding the progress of all youths under a course of instruction, but by constantly and powerfully tending to bring the whole class of teachers into general contempt. Under these circumstances, the existence of which none can deny, where shall we seek an adequate remedy for evils of such magnitude; where turn our eyes but to well organized voluntary associations for the promotion of education? These would collect and combine the powers, the talents, the knowledge of a very large portion of all the individuals in our society best qualified to accomplish the object. They would create a general taste, an anxious desire for intellectual pursuits; they would elevate the profession of the teacher to that rank which its vast importance to human happiness renders essential to its success; and would assuredly extend their influence to the remotest limits of our community, far more rapidly than could any scheme of legislative creation. It has been so in every other State, so far as the experiment has been tried. Why then should we doubt their success among ourselves? We who believe ourselves possessed of the wisest, the freest, the happiest government on earth, are incalculably more interested than any other nation (if our belief is true), in the cause of universal education; for on *its* success, the very existence of free government itself, nay of individual and national happiness so far as government can affect either, must ultimately depend.

To this conclusion my own mind has been irresistibly brought by the whole course of my observations and experience for the last forty years of my life. But as some of my auditors may possibly differ from me, I will respectfully ask leave now to state more particularly my views of the great objects of education and the errors into which we have fallen in pursuit of them—errors which I verily believe will never be corrected but by voluntary and numerous associations, similar at least in design, to the one here established.

These objects are, *the perfecting of all our faculties, both of mind and body;* but chiefly, the full developement of man's *moral nature*, as the means of leading him thoroughly to understand, as well as voluntarily, constantly, and anxiously to aim at accomplishing all the glorious ends of his creation. Nothing deserves the name of education which does not tend directly and intelligibly to these great objects. Judge then, I pray you my friends, how little what is usually called education is entitled to be so styled! But first hear that you may judge. Is it not the sole aim in all our schools of the lower kinds to enable pupils to enter those of a higher grade, not by the evidences they can produce of advancement in the knowledge and practice of moral and religious principles, but by their proficiency in the elements of certain languages and abstract sciences? And what are the great, the ultimate purposes to be achieved after reaching these higher schools—the colleges and universities of the land? Are there any other, generally speaking, than merely to obtain a college degree—a diploma for a more extended proficiency in the same or other languages and abstract sciences? Is moral and religious acquirement ever made a pre-requisite? Is moral and religious conduct always rendered indispensable? Yet man without these is either a drone or a nuisance in society. Surely then, I may assert without fear of contradiction, that education conducted on any of the plans most prevalent among us, is really *not what it should be*,—for it continually places objects of scholastic pursuit in the highest rank, which have no just claim to any such elevation; but should ever be held subordinate to the far more exalted and all essential acquisition of sound, moral and religious principles. No more of these however, than will superinduce general conformity to college rules, and decency of general conduct, are ever required of candidates for collegiate honors; and all these may be and frequently are obtained without other proof either of moral or religious attainment, than what has just been stated.

This cannot be right. Man, in fact, *must be* considered and treated from infancy to the last moment of his life as a being formed by his Maker for a state of existence far, very far different from the present—a state for which his sole business on earth is,—constantly to be preparing, by a diligent culture of *all* his powers—by the beneficent use of *all* his means; and by the faithful performance of *all* his duties to himself, to his fellow creatures, and to his God. *This* and *this only is education.* The learning of languages, arts, and sciences, which too often comprise the whole of education, furnishes him only with the stepping-stones, the scaffolding, and the tools to aid him in the erection of the grand edifice, which although based on earth, should rear its Dome to the highest Heaven, and be built for eternity as well as for time. But alas! these sciences, arts and languages, are almost always mistaken for the edifice itself—an edifice whose external decorations are much more valued and regarded than the great purposes for which it should be constructed: in other words, it is prepared more for show than use—more to attract the admiration of others, than really to benefit for all time the vain possessor who is to live in it, and to derive lasting security, comfort and true enjoyment from the skilful adaptation of all its various parts to the complete attainment of these inestimable blessings. To the mistake here figuratively expressed, more than to any other cause, we owe the countless failures, the innumerable, unsuccessful, heart-sickening efforts to educate the

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rising generation: for scholarship, by which I mean a thorough acquaintance with all that is usually taught in our schools of the highest grade, is really and truly *not thorough education*, but a very inconsiderable and quite inferior part of the grand total. That which crowns the whole—that to which all else should be merely subsidiary—that which alone can elevate man from earth to Heaven,—is *moral and christian education*, producing constantly, by divine grace, *moral and christian practice*. It is *this* and *this only*, which can enable us to meet as we should, all the changes and chances of this mortal life—to carry along with us into whatever calling or profession we may choose, all the requisite knowledge, ability and will, to render it most conducive not only to our own subsistence, comfort and happiness, so far as these are dependant thereon, but to the general good of the whole community in which we live. In other words, it is moral and christian education alone, that will give us both the power and effectual desire to fulfil every duty of the present life in such a manner as will best promote our own interests, temporal and eternal, as well as the great interests of society at large, in every way towards which we can possibly contribute. This efficient devotion of our powers and our means to the good of others, proceeding from a union of moral and religious principle, should ever constitute man's highest honor here below, since it is certainly the most important of all his earthly duties.

Literary institutions may bring to the utmost possible degree of perfection the methods of acquiring all languages, arts and sciences—they may invent matchless ways of making accomplished scholars, in the ordinary acceptation of the term—they may indoctrinate the youth of our country in every thing usually called scholastic learning—all this they may do with a rapidity and certainty heretofore inconceivable, yet they will fall immeasurably short of attaining the grand, the paramount objects of all which deserves to be called education, unless the fixing indelibly of moral and religious principles in the minds of all who are to be educated, be made the basis, the essence, and vital end of all instruction whatever. The idea is utterly preposterous that human beings ever can be taught to form adequate conceptions of the great purposes for which they were created—of the indispensable necessity of fulfilling most faithfully all their duties, in order to accomplish these purposes; and of the ineffable happiness both here and hereafter, that will be secured to all who do thus fulfil them, merely by teaching them all the languages, arts and sciences in the world,—if *that* be omitted, without which all else is but mere dust in the balance,—I mean self-knowledge, self-control, self-devotion to duty as the supreme objects of our temporal existence. Do not, I beseech you, my friends, here misunderstand me. Far indeed, very far am I from underrating the real advantages, the true value of what is generally understood by the term scholastic attainments. No one can estimate more highly than I do, their power of extending our views, liberalizing our sentiments, enlightening our minds, strengthening our intellectual faculties, and exciting an ardent desire to increase our knowledge. Considered as the *means* and not the *ends* of education, I would always award to them the highest rank. But when we have said *this*, nothing more can justly be affirmed in their favor—if disconnected, as they too often are, from the ultimate and vital purposes of all perfect education. These undeniably are, (and it cannot be too frequently repeated,) to expand, to warm, to christianize the heart—to call into vigorous, untiring action, all our best affections, our noblest attributes, and to fit us thoroughly both for our present and future state of existence. Unless that which is called education will do *this*, we may safely assert that it is grossly *miscalled*, and that if it is never made to comprehend any thing more than what is generally understood by the term scholastic attainments, a mistake more fatal to the happiness of our species can scarcely be committed. Of this I would ask no better proof than would be afforded by an impartial examination of the actual acquirements, the conduct and the characters of those who are honored with the high sounding title of accomplished scholars. If they are really *better educated*, ought they not certainly to be not only wiser but *better men*, that is if education actually was what it most assuredly should be? But what is the fact? Do we find them better men, better citizens, better neighbors, friends and heads of families or states, than those who, with less scholarship, have had much more attention paid to their moral and religious education, than to those scholastic acquirements of which nothing but the most thorough, moral and religious instruction can teach us either the true value or the proper use? Gladly, most gladly do I admit that very many amiable men will be found among the former; for I am happy to say that I know many such—but it is equally true, that those praiseworthy traits of character and conduct which we frequently see apart from religious belief in christianity, form exceptions to the general rule that *un*belief in christianity tends certainly to produce both vice and depravity. Whereas immoral character and practice among professors of religion, form exceptions to the general rule that christian faith tends surely to produce christian conduct. The first class of persons are good in spite of their worldly creed—the latter are bad in direct opposition to what they believe to be right.

We shall never arrive at a clear, satisfactory conclusion in regard to this all important subject, education, but by first solving the questions, *what*

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are the paramount duties of the present life—*what* the only means of securing their fulfilment? Are these duties *solely* or even *chiefly*, to speak, or to understand a great variety of tongues—to measure the earth, the waters of the mighty ocean, nay the heavens themselves, with instruments and means of human invention—to wear away life itself in the vain attempt to discover the elementary principles of all visible things—to scan thoroughly the vast powers and possible expanse of human intellect—and to astonish the world by the perfection to which all human science, arts and accomplishments may be brought? Or, *are they* that we should think wisely, act justly, and practice truth, industry, self-denial, and universal benevolence,—from the sincere, heartfelt, ever active love of our fellow creatures,—and willing obedience to all the commands of our God? Are the means to secure the fulfilment of all these most momentous duties, such as are usually adopted in our schools?—or, shall we not find them in very numerous instances nearly destitute of any but means rather of counteraction than promotion? By what other term can we characterize the usual school appliances, to the chief of which I beg leave to invite your special attention? These are, the fear of human punishments and disgrace, instead of the fear of offending our Maker—the stimuli of emulation and ambition: the first, to surpass supposed rivals and competitors for fame and fortune; the latter, to attain the worldly distinctions of high rank and emolument in what are called the "learned professions," or the celebrity of political power, and elevation above our fellow men. But will any sober, reflecting person say, that such appliances do not tend constantly, nay almost certainly, to make us fear man more than God—to inspire more dread of public sentiment than love of public and private duty—to poison our hearts with jealousy and envy, and to intoxicate us with pride, vanity and ambition, rather than to fix indelibly in our souls all those truly christian virtues, which man must not only possess but exercise—not only acquire but ardently cherish, to attain the great end of his being?

The answers to the foregoing questions involve matters of the deepest possible interest not only to the present, but to all future generations; for it depends entirely upon them, and the effects they may have on those who regulate and direct our schools of all kinds, whether the whole business of scholastic education shall be conducted in reference merely to the things of time, or to the immeasurably higher concerns of eternity. In judging of this matter, let us not trust entirely to the customary forms of expression, in which all our schools, from the highest to the lowest, publicly invite patronage. These are rarely deficient in promises that the moral and religious principles and conduct of the pupils shall be strictly attended to; which proves at least the general belief in the class of instructers, that the parents and friends of children attach great importance to these matters. But no one who has the least knowledge of the manner in which our schools are usually conducted, can be ignorant that such promises are much more a matter of form than substance, however sincere the individuals may have been in making them. "*Profession,*" we all know "*is not principle;*" neither is it very generally followed by conformable practice. In nothing is this melancholy fact more conspicuous, than in the neglect, throughout our schools of every kind, of all such moral and religious instruction as would thoroughly convince the pupils that *this* is deemed of infinitely higher value than every thing else which either *is* or *can be* taught at such places. But instead of such instruction, if we examine with a view solely to ascertain the truth, we shall find almost every where that the real, the constant, the supreme object, is to make what are called good scholars and learned men—men to make a figure in the world, and to be celebrated in the various walks of well disguised pride, vanity and ambition. To accomplish this object all efforts are strenuously directed, all appliances industriously used; while moral and religious principles, if inculcated at all, will be found to occupy rather a nominal than a real and efficient rank. If any doubt it, let them inquire as impartially as they can, what manner of men those are in general who constitute the educated class? Are they in most instances moral and religious persons, or *are they not?* Do they seem better qualified or more disposed to fulfil the various duties of life, than those who have not been blessed with equal opportunities for intellectual improvement? If they do not, we may be absolutely certain that some radical errors have been committed in their education,—since the great object of all that deserves the name, assuredly is to make men, not merely more learned, but wiser and better—more intelligent and more virtuous, than they could possibly be without it. That they *would be so* under a proper system of instruction—a system wherein mere scholastic learning, in the common acceptation of the term, should never be considered synonymous with education, none can possibly doubt who have ever paid the least serious attention to the subject, or who have any faith in the scripture declaration that, *if we train up a child in the way he should go, he will never depart from it when he is old.* Whenever, therefore, we witness any departure among such of our young people as are said to be well educated, it amounts to a demonstration that *they have not been thus trained.* If they had been, such departures would be very rare, instead of being most fatally common; nor should we find, even after making all due allowances for the frailty and depravity of our nature, these educated youths, in so many deplorable instances, despisers of religion,

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loose in their morals, voluptuaries in practice as well as principle, ignorant or regardless both of their public and private duties, and devoted entirely to their own selfish, depraved gratifications. But the lamentable truth is, that in a vast majority of our schools, whatever promises may have been honestly promulgated to the contrary, the moral and religious principles of the pupils are *not made* paramount objects of attention. On the contrary, it seems to be almost always presumed, that the great work of forming these principles has been accomplished under the parental roof, where alas! (to our shame be it spoken,) it is in thousands of instances utterly neglected! Each pupil is consequently left to form them for himself, after his last course of collegiate instruction, during which these all essential guides to present and future happiness are rarely put into requisition, farther than may be deemed necessary to the peace and good order of the establishment, or as a part of the mere compendious formulary of instruction. The fatal and almost certain consequence is, that multitudes of college graduates, after being emancipated from scholastic restraints, either plunge at once into the destructive vortex of folly and vice, or devote themselves so entirely to the pursuits of wealth, pride, vanity and ambition, as effectually to exclude from their minds all thoughts of another life. These minds, thus pre-occupied, have actually no place left for such ideas and reflections as tend to produce a thorough conviction of the necessity for making some preparation to quit our present state of existence, with a reasonable hope of infinitely greater happiness in the next we are destined to enter. That the one we are now in cannot possibly last beyond a period most fearfully brief, infidels as well as christians are compelled to observe; for none live to be capable of observation whose experience has not perfectly assured them, that all are doomed to die; none live to years of reflection, who can well avoid sometimes looking forward, however sceptically, to that awful doom, without many terrors and alarms as to what may follow so fearful a change. For *this change*, so absolutely sure, so truly appalling to man, christian education alone can effectually prepare us—and ought therefore most assuredly to be made the basis, the substantial part, the great end of all education whatever.

That we can never hope to see so desirable and highly important a reform accomplished without some other means, some other agencies than such as we have heretofore had, seems to me demonstrably true. It appears equally clear that they must be voluntary associations, in some form or other, for the promotion and improvement of education, consisting of true, sincere, persevering, efficient friends to the cause—no "sleeping partners," (as mercantile men say,) but all, both active and zealous to the utmost of their power. To expect such reform from legislation is a vain hope, unless we already had such law-makers in sufficient numbers for the purpose, as *that* reform in our parental instruction, schools and colleges alone could produce. When such consummation can take place, all essential as it seems to our national welfare, and devoutly as every one may wish it, none but he who knoweth all things can possibly tell. But each of us may venture so far as to predict, that voluntary institutions and societies, similar, gentlemen, to that which you have established, hold out far more cheering promises of success than can be hoped for from any other source. They will serve as appropriate nuclei, (if I may thus apply the term) for attracting around them the scattered talent, the learning and active benevolence of society. When thus concentrated, they will perform for our intellectual world what the sun does for that magnificent world of effulgent stars and constellations with which *he* is surrounded—by diffusing in every direction that genial light and heat, so essential to adorn, to sustain, and to invigorate both. What a glorious prospect! what a delightful anticipation! Shall we not then cherish it, my friends, as a *possible* event—nay, as one which nothing is wanting to accomplish, but a general combination of the intelligence, the zeal, and active perseverance of the numerous and sincere, but too desponding, too supine friends to the cause of universal education?

You, gentlemen members of this institution, have commenced the noble work. Let your exertions then to sustain and carry it on never know a moment's intermission, and my life on the issue, but a few years will elapse before the happy effects of such efforts will be felt and seen to the remotest limits of our community. Your patriotic example will soon be followed in other parts of our beloved state; similar associations will be formed elsewhere; a similar spirit of benevolence will be awakened and exerted, until poor old Virginia will once more hold up her long drooping head among such of her sister states as have most advanced in all those useful arts and sciences, best calculated not only to adorn and embellish private life, but to secure both individual and national happiness.

Before I conclude, permit me to address a few remarks to *you*, young gentlemen, the cherished alumni of this college. Although not directly applicable to our main purpose, I hope they may be found to have an important bearing on it,—since I shall adduce a few practical illustrations of the fatal errors you may commit in regard both to professional and domestic duties, unless you adopt forthwith and forever, as constant guides, those good principles of education which voluntary and numerous associations for its improvement, seem alone capable of introducing into all our schools. You will be the first to enjoy the precious fruits of all such as the members of this institute will probably recommend. Suffer me then to add my

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humble efforts to theirs for your benefit; and deem me not obtrusive, if they should partake somewhat of the admonitory character: for, be assured that my remarks shall all be such as a friend and father would make to those in whose happiness he felt the deepest solicitude.

If I have succeeded in my most anxious desire to impress upon your minds the thorough conviction that the principles of morality and religion, indissolubly united, *must* form the beginning, the middle and the end of all that deserves the name of education, your first, your constant and supreme effort will be *to acquire them.* Then indeed, you may pursue the usual course of your scholastic studies, not only without danger of mistaking the means for the end, but with incalculable advantages both present and prospective; for all will be made conducive to the great, the eternal purposes for which you were created. Your knowledge of foreign languages and histories will contribute to convince you that there have been and still are nations, kindred and people like yourselves,—with similar wants, passions and capabilities, deserving your sympathy, your regard, your brotherly love,—that national antipathies should have no place in a human bosom—that national wars, except for defence, are national crimes; and that man should consider man his brother, in whatever condition or on whatever spot of the habitable globe he may be found.

Your mathematics will lead you to the conviction, strong and irresistible as the demonstrative principles and reasonings upon which the whole of this noble science depends, that nothing but a God of all perfect wisdom and love could have endowed you with faculties and powers capable of deriving not only the highest mental gratifications from such a source, but of applying the discoveries which produce these gratifications to an infinite series of the most beneficial purposes.

Your chemistry will aid in teaching you that none but a Being infinitely wise and of boundless power and goodness, could possibly have contrived and arranged such a vast multitude of substances, in all their endless variety of combinations and affinities, such an immense world of multiform matter—all as it would seem conducive in some way or other to human comfort, gratification, or high enjoyment.

Your philosophy and metaphysics, will draw you irresistibly to a great first cause—the supreme, beneficent, ever bounteous Author of all the objects of our senses, of all the powers and conceptions of our understandings; and will indelibly stamp upon your hearts the sentiments of adoration, love and obedience, as the only proper tribute you could pay to a Being, who, so far as we can comprehend his works, hath made them all subservient, either directly or indirectly, to our own happiness, both in time and eternity. These sciences will bring home to your bosoms and business the vital truth that you have minds of vast powers of comprehension—faculties capable of undefinable expansion; and souls of such godlike energies, aspirations and capacities of enjoyment, as nothing less than a God of all power, wisdom and love, could either have created or bestowed. In a word, whatever path you may pursue within the whole circle of scientific and literary research, it will lead you, if under the constant guidance of moral and religious principles, to the possession of the chief good here on earth, and to "that house above, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

There are indeed no circumstances nor situations in which you can anticipate even the possibility of being placed, unless bereft of all consciousness or sanity of mind, that can exempt you from the obligation of making these principles the chart and compass as it were, by which you are to steer your earthly course. Let us imagine a few of such as most commonly occur in our progress through life—such as are matters of choice rather than necessity—and we shall then more clearly see the indispensable use of such a chart and compass to direct us safely and happily in our unavoidable passage to realms of eternal duration.

Almost every man, for example, at some period of his existence, desires to become a husband—to unite himself for life to some individual of the other sex, as a means of enjoying far greater happiness than he possibly could in any single state. It is a situation in which millions voluntarily place themselves—a situation of vast and complicated responsibilities—involving numerous relationships and duties of the highest imaginable importance, upon which depend not only the domestic and social happiness of individuals, but the moral condition of whole communities and nations. Yet, how few of these millions, even among the most deeply versed in scholastic lore, unless they are men of the soundest moral and religious principles, are ever guided in their choice by any thing but fancy, whim, caprice, or some other far less excusable motive? Their scholastic acquirements alone, never avail them in the slightest degree. The eye is usually the sole guide—the appellate court of reason and judgment not being so much as even consulted. When married, they generally become parents, and thereby incur duties the most sacred and of the most awful responsibilities; for they are *then* answerable for the souls of *others* as well as for *their own*—for souls, with whose happiness they are intrusted even by the God of the universe himself! Yet how, let me ask, are these momentous duties generally fulfilled, even by the best scholars, unless they are also moral and religious men? Instead of fulfilment, we too often behold total neglect, nay frequently the grossest, most shameful, most criminal violation; and all this too by individuals who have obtained the highest

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collegiate honors. What is the fair inference from such facts? Why, that no education which has not the united principles that I am endeavoring to recommend for its basis, its means of completion, and its great end, can fit man even for the two most common and by far the most important conditions of life.

Let me call your attention now to a few of the chief professions in which the young men of our country are most apt to engage; and let us endeavor to ascertain how far mere scholastic acquirements, even of the highest grade, will enable you to pursue these professions with profit and honor to yourselves, and with benefit to the community of which you are members.

If you become physicians, without something more than the mere nominal worldy belief in the general utility of moral and religious principles, you will have nothing but the very feeble, seldom regarded check of worldy prudence, to restrain you from hurrying into the practice of the profession, before the proper preparation can possibly be made. Your own pecuniary emolument will become your chief object,—this you will be apt to pursue with no farther regard than your popularity requires, to the numerous risks you will incur of destroying both the health and life of others. You will hasten on in this course with a brevity of preparation far shorter than is deemed necessary to make even a good cook or washer-woman—although the thing to be practised upon, in the first case, is *human life itself;* while, in the latter cases, they are only the human appetite for food and some of the habiliments of the human body! Yet, it is upon the skill and humanity of the members of the medical profession, that society must depend for the alleviation or cure of all those indescribable miseries, under which, in the countless forms of sickness and disease, mankind are doomed to suffer to the end of the world—doomed alas! in a great measure, by their own vices and profligacy, superinduced by false education much more than by any naturally inherent defect either in their bodily or mental constitutions.

Should the profession of law be your choice, here also you will find that mere scholarship, mere literary and scientific acquirement, unsustained by deeply fixed, continually active, moral and religious principles, will avail you quite as little as in the practice of medicine. Instead of becoming "compounders of strife," as these principles enjoin us all to be, you will be much more apt to turn out encouragers of litigation. You will often without scruple aid the rapacious and vindictive in the gratification of their criminal passions, by defending them from the legal consequences of their indulgence. You will frequently vindicate the oppressor in his wrongs, assist guilt in seeking safety, and enable crime to escape its just and lawful punishment. Calumniators, thieves, robbers, and destroyers of life as well as of innocence, will be indebted to you for renewed opportunities of preying upon the peace, the property, the happiness of society. You will thus, as far as depends upon your professional labors, actually cherish crime, pervert justice, and defeat the ends of all those conservative laws which it should be *your* peculiar province to expound, *your* inviolable duty to sustain in all their purity and force, by never for a moment countenancing or aiding their violators. Then the appropriate punishment for every outrage against penal law would always follow every perpetration of unlawful deeds; for each fee offered by such enemies of mankind as commit atrocious crimes, would be considered and rejected either as the price of property wickedly gained—of innocence utterly ruined—of character irretrievably blasted, or of life criminally taken away. I do not speak of those doubtful cases wherein lawyers may be deceived by the *ex parte* statements of their clients; but of such as carry deep and damning guilt in their very face—of those in which the applicants for counsel prove themselves, *by their own shewing*, to be *steeped* as it were in infamy, iniquity and deadly crime—of those who practice injustice as a lucrative trade, ruin character by way of recreation, and destroy innocence as a pleasurable pursuit—of those who, as long as their money lasts, rely upon lawyers to defend them in making the property, the character, the happiness of others subservient to their own diabolical appetites and passions. Would all lawyers make it a point of conscience never to appear for such wretches, unless the courts assigned them as counsel, the criminals themselves would never be unjustly condemned; neither would they ever escape punishment, as they now often do, by the ingenious but highly pernicious sophistry of their hired defenders. Laws would then attain the great ends for which they were enacted, and our whole community would enjoy a far greater degree of safety from the perpetrators of crime than it has ever done heretofore.

Should political life be your choice, after finishing a scholastic course wherein both morals and religion have been so little regarded as not to be made paramount objects of pursuit, instead of becoming pure patriots, solely devoted to your country's good, you will be much more apt to turn constant calculators of the chances for personal aggrandizement—careful measurers and weighers of your own private interests against your public duties, and deep casuists in the means of evading or violating the last to promote the first, wherever your real purpose and only anxious desire may admit of probable concealment. You will become, with few exceptions, if possessed of sufficient talents and cunning, members of that most pernicious class of politicians called demagogues, who in fact have always proved the curse of every

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country wherein they have acquired political power. These have patriotism, patriotism, continually on their lips, but never in their hearts and actions—deeming it much easier to feign love of country than really to possess and exert it—much more thrifty to wheedle and cajole the people for their own base selfish purposes,—than manfully and like true friends combat their prejudices and inform their understandings. You will reach the lowest, most despicable grade of political prostitution, by turning *man-worshippers;* and soon learn to offer up your incense in exact proportion to the vanity of your idols and their power to gratify your wants; until at last you will neither see, hear, nor understand any thing but as they wish you; and will call black white, or white black—just as they bid you do. To this wretched state of degradation and self-abasement do most politicians sink themselves, whose educations have not been firmly based on sound, moral and religious principles.

Let us suppose, lastly, that you should prefer the mercantile profession to any other, after acquiring all the learning to be gained in the customary course of education. What will probably be your practice as merchants, if the principles which I am recommending as the essentials of all education, have not been made so of yours? Will this practice be guided by the social or the selfish principle? Will it be, "*live and let live,*" or "*live for self alone?*" But very little observation and experience will compel you to admit that the latter maxim will in most cases be the ruling one. Nay, it will not only rule you, but blind you also to the great truth which should always govern the whole mercantile class, that all fair commerce is nothing more than an interchange of equivalents—a supplying of each other's wants—by which both sellers and buyers are mutually benefitted—a bond of peace and union, instead of a war of cunning for the accumulation of pelf. In fact every thing called commerce or barter, wherein this effect of mutual benefit does not take place, so far as depends upon the intention of the parties, is neither more nor less than *fraud in disguise*—fraud concealed under the specious title of skill in trade—in other words, it is an unjust attempt on both sides to get some undue advantage in the traffic. Such attempts you never would make—indeed you could not possibly make them, were your hearts constantly and deeply influenced, during the whole of your scholastic course, by the pure, the genuine principles of morality and religion, while your conduct was regulated by them as the guardians of your honor, the preservers of your reputation, the unerring guides that point the way from time to eternity.

These principles and these alone form our only safeguards against vice and crime—our only security for using whatever other education we may acquire, as rational and accountable beings should use all the powers of their minds and bodies. Once acquired and ardently cherished, they will prove to you "a refuge in every storm—a present help in every trouble"—the sweetest solace in all adversity—the ever faithful monitors and guides in prosperous fortune. Armed with such a panoply you may safely march through all the most perilous paths of life, without fear of serious injury; and proceed, rejoicing on your way, that you have neither lived nor labored in vain. *Yours* will be the only true glory of the present life,—that of contributing to human happiness—*yours* the sole victory worthy of beings endowed with such godlike faculties,—the victory over your own passions—and *yours* the indescribable rewards after death, of those "who have done the will of their Father on earth as it is in heaven."

Look always to these principles as to the polar star of your earthly course—act up to them faithfully, under all the trying circumstances in which you may be placed; and each of you may then, in the confident hope of being graciously heard, begin and close every day of your lives with the comprehensive prayer of the pious Thomson:—

"Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
Oh! teach me what is good! teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity and vice,
From ev'ry low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred,—substantial,—never-fading bliss!"

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE CONTRAST:

OR, A FASHIONABLE AND AN UNFASHIONABLE NEW ENGLAND WIFE.

Horace Lawrence and Ellen Frazier had been three years married, when Alpheus North, their friend, and nearest neighbor, brought home his beautiful bride, the accomplished Anna Weston.

They resided in a little village, the principal attraction of which was, that it was a good place for business. The village was, indeed, beautifully situated. From every point the landscape was diversified by hill and dale—the one crowned by here and there a towering oak,—the other shaded by the branching elm. The clear waters of the river, pursuing its rather circuitous course, might be seen from every eminence; and its passage being in many places obstructed, waterfalls added to the variety and beauty of the scenery.

But the inhabitants of the village had been influenced by other motives than the gratification of the eye, to locate themselves on this favored spot. The *useful* was to them the only *truly beautiful;* and however much the admirer of the lovely and picturesque in nature might have regretted it, there men of business delighted in adding mill to mill,—and in seeing the fine river obstructed by

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logs and slabs,—and every corner wearing the appearance of a lumber-yard It was a real business place. The men were all intent on accumulating dollars and cents; and although among their wives and daughters, there was abundance of tea-drinking, visiting, and sociability,—and here and there an effort at the genteel,—there was neither science, nor literature, nor refinement in the place, excepting the little that just retained the breath of life, in the habitation of the aged pastor of the parish, and that which was enclosed in the room of the young physician.

Had he consulted taste alone, the village of L——— was the last place Horace Lawrence would have selected as his place of residence; for he was scientific, literary, and refined,—calculated at once, to enjoy and adorn polished society; but though the son of a gentleman, a finished education was all his father could give him;—of course he had *his own* fortune to make. He was a lawyer, and the village of L——— presented a fair opening for one of that profession.

As soon as his business was sufficiently established to warrant it, he had married. He did not choose Ellen Frazier because she was either the most beautiful, the most accomplished, or the most fascinating young lady of his acquaintance; but because she had superior strength of mind, and firmness of character,—was amiable, well-principled, and well-informed—and therefore likely to make a judicious friend, and a good wife and mother. She belonged to a family that had for successive generations ranked high in New England for learning and piety; but her father was in narrow circumstances; and all the money he had to spare, was expended on the education of his two sons;—so that Ellen was constrained to make the most of her resources, to acquire the education of a gentlewoman. But she loved knowledge,—and when that is the case, no one will remain in ignorance. She was not scientific, but her mind was richly stored with useful knowledge, which rendered her a valuable friend, and a most entertaining companion. And in her own mother she had been blessed with a living example of all that is most valuable in woman, in the several relations of life. Mr. Lawrence was not disappointed in his wife. She possessed his entire confidence; and every year witnessed an increase of his respect and affection for her. They were a well-matched, and happy pair.

Alpheus North was a native of the village of L———. His father was an untaught man, but shrewd and intelligent; and by dint of industry and frugality, arose from being a shoemaker, his bench his only property, to having money in the stocks,—two or three saw-mills on the river, and a very genteel house, beautifully situated in the outskirts of the village. Resolved that his son should be, what he was conscious he himself was not, namely, a gentleman, he spared no expense on his education. And he met the only return he wished;—Alpheus was a scholar, and an elegant man. He was more. For while his father had been thinking of his education and fortune, and providing for both, his mother had been thinking of his heart. She was an illiterate woman, but devotedly pious; and she thought little of the prospects of her children for this world, in comparison with their fitness for the next. Her first object had been to bring them up in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and if all the holy desires of her heart were not satisfied in their behalf, they were certainly well-principled; reverencing the Bible, and respecting, if not possessing true piety. And Alpheus, the only son, was the most amiable, the most tender, the most hopeful of them all.

Mr. and Mrs. North died within a few months of each other, the year that Alpheus left college; and he inherited from his father the house in L———, beside other property to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars. Having no predeliction for either of the learned professions, and feeling strongly attached to his native place, he established himself at L——— as a merchant.

Anna Weston was the only child of parents, who, though neither well-educated, nor well-mannered, moved in the first circles in the town in which they resided, nobody knew why, and supported their station, nobody knew how. They always contrived to appear genteelly in their house, without any obvious means; for Mr. Weston's whole business seemed to be, the now and then taking the acknowledgement of a deed, or some other trifling business as a justice of peace; and no one could name any property as his,—whether houses, or lands, or money. This, however, only gave rise to idle speculation, and furnished conversation for those vacant minds, that can find no more entertaining or instructive subject of conversation, than the affairs of their neighbors; for he owed no man anything, and therefore no one was really concerned as to the exact amount of his property. The fact was, that both Mr. and Mrs. Weston were remarkably skilful in making a good deal of show, with very limited means; and their study from January to December was how to keep up appearances.

Anna was the idol of her parents. She was beautiful in person, and amiable in disposition,—with as much *tact* as father and mother both. Her education was completely superficial; but she studied every thing *a little*,—and by usually being seen in the morning with a book in her hand, and often speaking of her favorite studies, it was taken for granted, that her mind was uncommonly well stored. But every thing about her character and acquirements was completely artificial, her sweetness of temper alone excepted.

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Anna was visiting an old school-fellow in Boston, when Alpheus North for the first time saw her. Her beauty instantly captivated his eye; her graceful, and somewhat showy manners, pleased his fancy; and her amiable disposition and sprightly conversation, engaged his affections. He was soon deeply in love; and before declaring himself, only wished to know, whether her principles were such as the son of a mother like his own could approve. He conversed with her on the subject of religion, and was delighted to find, not only that her feelings were tender, but that she was a member of the church in her native town. He at once offered his hand, which was accepted; and in due time he brought his beautiful bride to L———, after having taken her to Saratoga Springs, and one or two other places of fashionable resort.

Between Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, and Alpheus North, there was no ceremony. Similarity of education, and, on some accounts, congeniality of taste, had made them fond of each other's society from first acquaintance; and time had ripened this early preference into friendship. Mr. North was ever a welcome visiter at the house of Mr. Lawrence, where he was treated more as a brother than as a common acquaintance.

The next morning after his arrival at L——— with his bride, he called upon Mrs. Lawrence, to bespeak from her an early call; as Mrs. North must necessarily feel solitary among entire strangers; and, indeed, where there were none with whom she could wish *ever* to be intimate, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence alone excepted. He hoped he should now be able, in some degree, to requite the cordial hospitality that had been accorded to him, and which had constituted so large a share of his happiness.

In a short time an intimacy between the two families was established. Mrs. Lawrence could not, indeed, very frequently visit Mrs. North, as she had two young children; and her wish to promote the comfort of her husband, to superintend the general well being of her family, and take care of these little ones, kept her, the greater part of her time, within her own doors. But Mrs. North had no confinement,—and with the most graceful ease she waived ceremony, and at any hour of the day would put her blooming and smiling face into the nursery, the parlor, or whatever room Mrs. Lawrence might chance to be in, and be quite at home.

Two months had elapsed since Mrs. North came to L———, when one morning as she was sitting in the nursery with Mrs. Lawrence, she said—

"I look upon you with increasing astonishment every day, to see you always so cheerful and happy." Mrs. Lawrence looked up in some surprise, and inquired, "Why she should be otherwise."

"Why?—Because you are so perpetually employed—shut up in your own house. I should think you would be wretched!"

"I am so constantly, and necessarily, and, for a greater part of the ime, so *interestingly* employed, that I have no leisure to be unhappy," said Mrs. Lawrence, with a smile.

"Interestingly! Pardon me," said Mrs. North, "but can domestic concerns ever be interesting?"

"How can you ask such a question, my dear Mrs. North?"

"Call me Anna, do—I hate *Mrs. North* from an intimate friend,—especially one somewhat older than myself," said Mrs. North "But tell me how you can be *interested* in what I have thought must be irksome to every one."

"Every affectionate wife, my dear *Anna*," said Mrs. Lawrence, "must be *interested* to promote the comfort and prosperity of her husband; every mother, especially every *christian* mother, must be interested in the care and instruction of her children; and my Lucius is now two years old—capable, therefore, of receiving moral impressions that may endure through eternity;—and *every lady should strive to be so much of a lady*, as to have her whole household well regulated, and all domestic business well, and reasonably performed."

"O, certainly," said Mrs. North. "Yet every human being needs recreation. You will soon wear yourself out by such unceasing attention to domestic duties."

"By no means. You know that variety of objects and occupations is an antidote to exhaustion; beside, books and my flower-garden are a never failing source of pleasure and relaxation. Indeed, my dear Mrs. North, I wonder how a wife and mother can ever know *ennui*, or find much time to devote to general society."

"Would I had your resources," said Mrs. North. "But, really, were it not for you, I believe I should die of *ennui* in this stupid, vulgar place, notwithstanding I have the kindest, and most attentive husband in the world. But he cannot always be with me, of course; and when he is attending to business, you are my only resource. Do you know that for a month past, I have been dreading the approach of this week?"

"On what account?"

"Because I thought that when Mr. Lawrence went to attend court, you would certainly go with him, after having been immured so long. I dreaded it so much, I could not even ask you whether or not you should go."

"I very seldom go anywhere with Mr. Lawrence, to be absent more than one day," said Mrs. Lawrence. "We do not feel quite easy to be from home at the same time."

"And do you ever go without him?" asked Mrs. North.

"Not very often; for when he is with me, home is much the pleasantest place in the world. My

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friend," she added, with a smile, "you have not yet been a wife long enough to know much about it. Three or four years hence you will find employment enough; and that which, I doubt not, will prove so interesting, that you will not be willing to transfer it to other hands."

"Perhaps so—but, really, I do love society. I do love to drive about a little, and see the world, and the people that are in it. And, by the way, do you know that I go to Boston, with Alpheus, in a fortnight? Business calls him there,—and he says he cannot go without me. I am glad of it, truly. I should not like to ask him to take me with him,—and stay at home, alone, I could not!"

"I am glad you are to have the pleasure of a journey," said Mrs. Lawrence. "And there is no reason why you should not. Mr. North is, of course, at present, your principal care; and you have little else to do, but study to promote his happiness."

The journey to Boston on business was only the precursor of another, in a different direction, for pleasure; for Mr. North, himself, loved to visit different parts of the country; he took pride in the admiration and attention his young wife commanded; and, beside, he could not but perceive that L——— seemed more and more unpleasant to her, after every excursion,—and it was his constant desire to promote the happiness of one so tenderly beloved. Perhaps he took not the most certain way to increase her happiness;—but that was the fault of his head—not his heart!

Mrs. North never *teazed*, or even *asked* her husband for any gratification. She was, at once too amiable, and too polite to do either; yet she had a way of her own—and a most graceful and fascinating way it was—of leading him on to propose the very thing she had resolved on,—and then yielding to his plan, with an air of relinquishing some more favored scheme of her own, for the pleasure of gratifying him. Indeed, every thing she did, was done in the most amiable and graceful manner—even to the spending of money, which she did with the air of a princess. And her husband sometimes feared she was a *little* too profuse; but she dressed with such taste; was so generous, and so much the *belle* wherever she appeared, that he could not find it in his heart to supply her purse less liberally.

For nearly three months Mr. and Mrs. North were scarcely at L——— for more than a week at a time; and the cold winds and bad roads of November, alone led them to settle quietly at home. On every return to L———, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence had been duly visited; and now, when the autumnal campaign was fairly over, their society was more needed, more valued than ever. Scarcely twenty-four hours passed, without bringing Mrs. Lawrence the favor of a longer or shorter visit.

"And so, my dear Mrs. Lawrence, you have not been five miles from L———, since my journey to Boston last August?"

"I have not."

"Nor wanted to be, I suppose," said Mrs. North.

"All circumstances considered, I have not," answered Mrs. Lawrence. "It would afford me great pleasure to see various parts of the world,—in the Southern as well as Northern States of the Union,—in Europe as well as America; but as I am situated, by the providence of an all-wise Father, I must content myself with the knowledge of different places, that I can derive from books. And this, if not so satisfactory, is, at least, a cheaper mode of obtaining information, than travelling."

Two things in this answer struck Mrs. North. "A cheaper mode!" Yes—as Mr. Lawrence inherited no fortune, it was necessary for his wife to think of economy. How fortunate for herself that Mr. North's father was a rich man! "Knowledge—travelling to obtain knowledge!" The idea had never before occurred to her mind. She had always travelled solely for pleasure.

Mrs. Lawrence really felt attached to Mrs. North. Her amiable temper and pleasing manners had won her affections, and she wished to do her good. She soon learned that her friend had many false notions: that, in her estimation, wealth was the most valuable distinction; that show was elegance; and that dress and idleness were gentility. She saw, too, that she was nearly, or quite destitute of internal sources of happiness; that all the nobler powers of her mind lay dormant; that she seemed to have no idea of intellectual pleasures. Mrs. Lawrence had no conception of the difficulty of the task she wished to accomplish; she knew not how deep-rooted were the evils she wished to subdue; knew not that they were completely intertwined with her whole mental constitution.

Mrs. Lawrence often heard Mrs. North talk of books; and she directed her to a course of reading, which she thought would at once prove highly interesting and beneficial. But Mrs. North had never really read a book for pleasure, or for intellectual improvement, in her life. She had never been taught by her parents, and had never conceived the idea herself, that the object in the acquisition of knowledge, was to fit her for the discharge of duties to herself and others.

The knowledge she really possessed, was acquired for the express purpose of *display*—to give her distinction in the circle in which she moved. Of course she had gone about the acquisition of it, not as a pleasure, but as a task that must be accomplished. Mrs. Lawrence had likewise heard her speak of the benevolent societies with which she had been connected in her native place, and she strove to awaken her sympathies for the poor in L———, and excite interest in benevolent en-

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terprises of a higher order. But although Mrs. North would give freely, and, particularly if a subscription paper was handed about, would subscribe liberally, there was evidently no heart in her charities. She could find no pleasure in searching out the destitute and afflicted in her own person. If she heard of one who was sick, she would perhaps send them a sum of money preposterously large, that *Mrs. North might be spoken of as a most munificent lady;* but she could not have made a basin of broth, to have saved a life. She knew nothing of the system of benefitting the poor at a very trifling expense of time and labor, by making comfortable garments out of old ones that were lying useless, an encumbrance to closets and drawers. It is nearly useless to give such garments to the poor in an unprepared state; seldom have they sufficient ingenuity, or patience, or industry, to turn them to profitable account. Mrs. Lawrence was fully aware of this; and she was remarkable for the ingenuity and dexterity with which she would make a comfortable suit of clothes for a poor child, out of garments that appeared not worth a farthing. She was a blessing to the poor around her; and her husband had in no way to pay the penalty of her charities, as is sometimes, unhappily, the case. Mrs. Lawrence endeavored to interest Mrs. North in this way of doing good; but the attempt was fruitless. How could a lady degrade herself by attending to such occupations! How could the delicate and elegant Mrs. North bend her beautiful person over such work; or soil and deface her fair, round fingers by such menial employments! Equally unavailing were all Mrs. Lawrence's efforts, to interest her friend in the cultivation of flowers, or in any employment or pursuit, by which she could make herself happy in solitude.

The piety of Mrs. North was in perfect accordance with every other point in her character. At a season of revival of religion in her native place, many of her youthful companions becoming deeply interested in the subject, her sympathies were awakened; and she mistook these feelings, as is, alas, too often the case, for renovation of heart.—Beside, "religion walked in her golden slippers;" it was *fashionable* to be benevolent, and charitable, and attend meetings; and Anna Weston went with others; and with others she publicly and solemnly "avouched the Lord to be her God," and consecrated herself to his service! But one view of her own heart she had never had. She still loved the world, and the things of the world, "the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life," and scarcely felt, or knew that it was wrong. She lived for herself; and she loved herself—supremely; and she was not conscious, much less was Mr. North, that her strongly expressed attachment to her husband, principally arose from the ability he possessed to gratify her in all the selfish desires of her heart.

Mrs. Lawrence could not but perceive that the feelings of Mrs. North were very superficial on the subject of religion; and she knew that the views that resulted in such practice, must be erroneous. As a christian, deeply interested in the honor of Him "who had redeemed her to God by his own blood,"—and anxious that every one of his professed disciples should "walk worthy of their high vocation," she often conversed with Mrs. North on the subject; and by the gentlest and most touching appeals, strove to touch her heart, and awaken and *enlighten* her conscience. But here, too, she was unsuccessful. Mrs. North would so readily assent to all she said, with "Certainly"—"O, yes, every christian should feel and act thus,"—that Mrs. Lawrence felt that the case was, at present, hopeless. There was no *feeling;* there was not even *thought;*—it was a mere assent of the voice.

But an event was now in prospect that seemed to have a great effect on Mrs. North; and which frequently has a vast effect in deciding character. Life is always uncertain,—and, in a moment of reflection, every one is willing to acknowledge it; but when a lady has the prospect of becoming a mother, there is a definite period to which she looks forward, as the one in which she may be called from time into eternity. It is an unthinking woman indeed, who is never serious under such circumstances. Mrs. North was far otherwise. Life was very dear to her; since her marriage it had been a scene of unclouded sunshine. But now there was a dark curtain raised before her, beyond which she trembled to look.

Mrs. Lawrence was one of the most judicious of woman. She cheered and sustained her friend's spirits, not by leading her to forget, or think lightly of her danger, but by teaching her to look at it rationally,—and be in a state of preparation for her hour of trial.—And never had she been so much encouraged, for never had Mrs. North appeared so much as she wished to see her. Her feelings were very tender, and a review of the many blessings she had enjoyed, seemed to fill her with gratitude for the past; and inspire in her some degree of confidence for the future. She professed to hope, that whether she were to live, or to die, all would be well.

At length Mrs. North became the joyful mother of a fine son; and her feelings were in a glow of gratitude. Her heart seemed to expand with love for every one. Her husband—her friend—never had they been half so dear!—With her congratulatory kiss, while the tears of deep tenderness suffused her eyes, Mrs. Lawrence whispered—"Consecrate yourself, dearest Anna, and this precious little immortal, to the service of Him who has been your benefactor and preserver!" With tremulous lips, Mrs. North returned the kiss, and emphatically whispered—"O, dear friend, may I

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never forget the impressions of this hour? May I never forget the deep debt of gratitude I owe to my Father in heaven?"

But, alas, it was not the goodness of Ephraim alone that was "as the morning cloud, and the early dew!" for the greater part of the goodness of the whole human family is of the same transitory and fleeting nature. At the end of six weeks, when Mrs. North left her chamber, she was precisely the Mrs. North of the year before—equally thoughtless, equally negligent of duty. With pain Mrs. Lawrence witnessed all this;—with deep pain she saw indications that the character of a *fashionable woman* must be supported at the expense of being an unnatural mother.

Physicians, when practising in fashionable houses, have a wonderful faculty of divining what prescriptions will be most agreeable. Mrs. North had a fine constitution; but like many women brought up with false notions, she conceived that firm health and refinement were incompatible with each other. Dr. G——, was very willing to humor her whim, as it was in no way detrimental to his pecuniary interest; and he cheerfully acquiesced in her recovering from her confinement as slowly as she pleased. And when, by her own confession she was well, he put the cap-stone to the favor in which he previously stood with her, by saying, what his shrewd observation told him would just accord with her wishes, namely—that her strength was quite unequal to the task of nursing; her babe must be sent from home;—the Dr. knew just the nurse for it—a fine, healthy, good-natured woman, who would take the best possible care of it, for two dollars a week; and Mrs. North must take a journey, as change of air and scene were indispensable to the perfect restoration of her health.

Mrs. Lawrence was truly grieved when she found this arrangement was made. She had foreseen the probability of it, but she could not be reconciled to the measure. She justly considered maternal feelings among the most sacred that belong to earth; and she knew that nothing more strengthens a mother's love, than the entire dependance of the child on her for comfort and happiness. She was fully convinced, that anything that weakens this tie, that nature has made so strong, must be injurious alike to both parent and offspring. She was musing on the subject when her husband came in.

"You look sad, my dear Ellen. What is the matter?"

"Mrs. North has put the dear little boy out to nurse."

"She is a fashionable woman! Did you not expect it?

"I feared it—but I blame Dr. G——, for had he not have proposed it, I think Anna would have kept the poor little thing with her. He says, too, that she must journey to confirm her health."

"He knows his patient," said Mr. Lawrence.

"You are severe, my dear husband."

"Do you think so?—but time will show. Meantime I am going to take you a journey."

"Me! where?"

"To Fryburg. Business calls me there next week—I shall be absent from home but few days, and the excursion will do you good. Be it as it may with Mrs. North, change of air and scene are really necessary for you."

"But the children?" said Mrs. Lawrence.

"I have provided for them," said Mr. Lawrence. "Nurse Bevey has promised to come and take care of them during our absence?"

"Well, since you have arranged it all," said Mrs. Lawrence, "do propose to Alpheus that he and Anna accompany us. It may suffice,—and prevent them from taking one of those long journies that I begin to dread."

Mr. and Mrs. North were delighted with the proposal. Preparations were immediately commenced, and at the appointed time, they all set out on their excursion. We shall not travel with them. Suffice it to say, that on the evening of the second day after their departure, they arrived at Mrs. O——'s hotel, in Fryburg. Mr. Lawrence was rather impatient, as the journey might have been performed in much less time. But short stages, and long rests were necessary for Mrs. North—at least she said so—and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence could not with propriety drive on before them.

On the morning after their arrival, on looking about them, the ladies were both in raptures at the scenery around. They had seen nothing like it before. But we will accompany them to the little Jockey-Cap mountain, which lies not far from a mile from Mrs. O——'s, which they ascended in the afternoon, and hear what they say of it there.

"This little mountain is not difficult of ascent," said Mr. Lawrence, when they had attained its summit—"yet it is rather wearisome, making ones way through the shrub-oaks—so do you, my dear Ellen, and Mrs. North, rest awhile on this table of granite, and amuse yourselves by picking out some of the well-defined garnets that are imbedded in the rock. When you are rested, you may come with us toward the verge of the precipice, and view the scenery around."

In a few minutes the ladies got over their fatigue,—and joined their husbands to enjoy the prospect.

"What is the name of this beautiful sheet of water on our left, Mr. Lawrence?" asked Mrs. North.

"It is called 'Lovell's pond,'" replied Mr. Lawrence. "It was on the margin of this peaceful *lake*, as it should be called, that Capt. Lovell and his company of militia, met Pangus, the Indian Sachem, at the head of a part of his tribe,

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prepared for deadly conflict. In Lovell's company was a man named John Chamberlain. His rifle, as well as that of Pangus, had become foul from frequent firing. Standing but a few paces apart, each cleaned his rifle at the pond—and each commenced loading at the same moment,—while each watched the motions of the other with the most intense interest—knowing that he that was first ready to discharge his rifle, would undoubtedly be sole survivor. The rifle of Chamberlain was so much worn, that in being loaded, it primed itself. This circumstance decided the fate of the Indian Chief—he fell."*

"O, the ever wakeful Providence of our Heavenly Father," whispered Mrs. Lawrence.

"The beautiful swell of land, directly in front of us, and clothed with verdure to its summit, is Starkes-hill," said Mr. Lawrence; "that on our right, just back of the village, is Kearsarge mountain."

"And those beyond, piled one upon another, in seemingly endless succession—far—far as the eye can reach," cried Mrs. Lawrence, "are the celebrated white mountains of New-Hampshire. O, how sublime! how grand! how awful! And Mount Washington raises its towering head far above the others, as if to overlook, and guard them all. What majesty is here!—and how elevating to the soul, to view such specimens of our Creator's workmanship!"

"And what is the name of this beautiful stream, that flows between us, and the highlands?" asked Mrs. North.

"This river," replied Mr. North, "still retains its Indian appellation—the Saco!"

"And see," said Mrs. Lawrence, "how it winds around and about, as if reluctant to leave this broad and beautiful intervale, and striving to linger in it to the last possible moment."

"I have been told," said Mr. Lawrence, "that before some short canals were cut, to accelerate the passage of lumber down the stream, that the Saco ran upwards of thirty miles, in this place, in making the actual progress of only six towards the ocean."

"And then the beautiful, quiet village," said Mrs. Lawrence, "lying so securely amid its guardian mountains, with its long, straight street,—and its church and academy spires, pointing to heaven, speaking of spiritual and intellectual improvement. O, this scene is perfect in beauty!—and in grandeur! There the sublime and beautiful are most happily associated. The overpowering awe that steals upon one, while viewing those mighty efforts of creative power, which fills the soul with sensations altogether too big for utterance,—is modified, when the eye falls, and rests on the peaceful village, which speaks of human society, comfort and happiness. It seems as if the inhabitants, brought up with such scenes of beauty and sublimity constantly before them, must be more free from base and ignoble passions, than those who live and die amid scenery of a different character. Every spot on which the eye rests, speaks of the grandeur, the power, the benevolence—and, if I may so express myself, the *taste* of the Divine Architect. I can conceive of nothing more beautiful—more perfect!—and nothing can have a more elevating effect on the soul of man! I must believe, with Dr. Dwight, that "he who does not find in the various beautiful, sublime, awful and astonishing objects, presented to us in creation, irresistible and glorious reasons for admiring, adoring, loving and praising his Creator, has no claim to evangelical piety."

"You are an enthusiast, Mrs. Lawrence," said Mr. North, smiling.

"Perhaps I am. But nothing, after *moral grandeur*, touches my heart like the beautiful face of nature. Every flower and tree, and hill and valley that meets my eye, gives me delight,—and speaks to my soul of the glorious Being that made them:—how much more such a picture as is now spread before me!—My dear husband, when our children are old enough to appreciate its beauty, they must be brought to this spot. It cannot fail of having a salutary effect, both on the heart, and mind."

Mr. Lawrence pressed his wife's arm to his side, in token of approbation. His admiration was divided between the scenery before him, and a wife,—capable of deriving such exquisite delight, from so pure a source; and the piety of whose heart, gave a religious cast to every thing around her. He admired the grand and beautiful in nature,—but he admired her moral beauty and purity far more.

* After the "fight" at Lovell's pond, the remains of the Pigwacket tribe of Indians, left the woods and lakes of New Hampshire and Maine, for the broader waters and deeper forests of Canada. In 1777, Chamberlain had become an old grey-headed man,—living alone, and laboring in a saw mill to support himself. He was one evening informed that a young Indian had appeared in the Village, with rifle, wampum belt and tomahawk, having the noble bearing of old Pangus, the Sachem. Chamberlain instantly took the alarm; but old as he was, was not intimidated. Well knowing the Indian character and habits, about the dusk of the evening he put his mill in rapid motion, raised his coat as a "decoy"—and retired to a short distance to watch what might follow. In a short time he witnessed the cautious approach of the savage, who repeatedly advanced and receded, ere he aimed his rifle at the coat. As soon as he had fired, and raised himself to his full height, (which was above six feet) to ascertain the effect of his aim, Chamberlain discharged the same rifle that had taken the life of the Sachem. As the bullet went through his heart, young Pangus sprung some feet in the air, and fell lifeless in the stream below.

Mr. North, too, highly enjoyed the natural magnificence presented to his view; but Mrs. North had felt far greater sensible delight, when, with a well-filled purse, she had visited a repository of rich and fashionable goods, or the shop of her milliner. Yet she tried to be eloquent in praise of the beauties on which they gazed; for admiration of them was certainly at that moment *fashionable* on the summit of the Jockey-Cap; yet there was no heart in her exclamations of delight; there was no feeling in her expressions of admiration. Her remarks repressed rather than elicited enthusiasm. They were like a body without a soul.

On the third morning after their arrival at Fryburg, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence prepared to return to L——. The latter was much surprised when she found that Mr. and Mrs. North were not to return with them.

"O, we are going through the *notch* of the White Mountains," said Mrs. North. "We are told here, that the scenery beyond is infinitely more magnificent than this, and well worth a much longer journey to see."

"I doubt not its magnificence," said Mrs. Lawrence, "and should exceedingly like to view it; yet I much doubt whether any scene, in beauty of combination, can exceed that we have seen from the Jockey-Cap. But the little boy, my dear Anna!—Are you not anxious to see him?"

"O certainly—the little darling!—Yet he is in perfectly good hands, and a week or two can make no difference. He knows, as yet, no mother but nurse."

"Nor will he ever," thought Mr. Lawrence.—Mrs. Lawrence sighed.

"Will you take the trouble, my dear friend," said Mr. North, "to look in occasionally upon nurse, and see that she neglects not her duty?"

"O, do," said Mrs. North; "it will be a great relief to my feelings, to know that your vigilant eye, is now and then upon the dear boy."

A mingled expression of pity and contempt, sat on the features of Mr. Lawrence as he turned away; while Mrs. Lawrence promised to see the little one as often as possible, during the absence of the parents. They soon parted—the one pair for the *notch*,—the other for home.

"I am truly grieved," said Mrs. Lawrence, when they were fairly on their homeward journey—"I am truly grieved that Alpheus does not return to L—— with us. I had hoped, that on becoming a mother, Anna's character would undergo a change. I hoped she would learn to love home, and domestic scenes. It is to be lamented, that such qualities as she has, qualities that might make a superior woman, should all be lost in the woman of fashion—the votary of pleasure. Fain would I do her good if I could—but I know not how to acquire influence over her mind.

"It is a hopeless case," answered Mr. Lawrence. "Her character has no foundation: It is all superstructure. She never acts from principle. She has no strength of mind. I mean not that she is naturally deficient in intellectual powers; but she is a *parvenu*, and all her mental efforts, instead of giving and increasing mental vigor, are directed to the one object of making a show, and noise in the world. And as is almost universally the case with those of her class, she *overdoes*. She is thoroughly selfish; and ere any real improvement can rationally be hoped for, the present *edifice* must be completely demolished, and a foundation laid, of new views, new motives, and new principles. Poor Alpheus! I pity him. The greatest defect in his character, is that love of show that he inherited from his vulgar father,—and by which he was governed in the selection of a wife. He is so amiable and indulgent in his disposition, that he permits her to lead him as she will. I foresee that she will be his ruin."

Mrs. Lawrence called to see the "deserted baby" as she called him, the next day after her return to L——, and continued to do so, once or twice a week, until the return of his parents, which was delayed for something more than a month. He grew finely,—and before his mother's arrival, was beginning to "*ca*," and "*coo*," and smile in the nurse's face. And Mrs. Lawrence felt that it would bring a severe pang to her heart, were the first smile and look of love of an infant of her own, bestowed on an hireling,—however worthy she might be. But Mrs. North had no *weakness* of this kind; on the contrary, she was delighted with the happiness he manifested in nurse's arms, as it was incontestible proof of her faithful discharge of duty.

Eight years passed away, and in that time the number of Mrs. North's children increased to four; but never was a woman less incommoded by a growing family. Never was there one on whom care sat more lightly. A few months confinement to L—— now and then, was to her the most serious part of the business. Five or six weeks, of as many winters, during this period, had been spent in Boston or New-York; for a whole winter in L——, unless confined to her chamber, Mrs. North declared would kill her outright. And the expense was nothing to be thought of; for Mr. North *must* go to purchase goods, and attend to other mercantile concerns; and taking her with him made but little difference, as she must be supported somewhere,—and her being with him made not a great difference in the length of his stay. The summers she passed in L——— were rendered tolerable, by the society of those fashionable friends she from time to time invited to her house.

Meantime, however, sagacious people began to whisper, that Mr. North's partner in business, Mr. Mason, (a young man whom he had taken into partnership, that his affairs might not suffer

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from neglect, during his frequent absenses from home,) was growing rich,—not from dishonest practices, but by attention to business, and economy; while it was shrewdly conjectured that Mr. North lived to the full extent of his income, if not a little beyond it. Some persons of that class who can always foresee what will happen, predicted, that in five years the junior partner would be sole possessor of the stock in trade, if not the real estate of Mr. North.

At the close of the same period Mrs. Lawrence was the mother of five children. She had almost given up the hope of doing Mrs. North any personal good; but she watched over her friend's neglected children, during the long periods of her absence from home, with as much vigilance as was consistent with the faithful discharge of duty to her own. So far from exhausting,—her diligence increased her mental vigor; and her character was constantly improving in dignity, and in every christian grace. Mr. Lawrence had been unremitting in his attention to business,—and his property had gradually and constantly increased. His house contained every thing necessary for comfort, gentility, and intellectual improvement. All was in perfect *keeping*. Good judgment, and correct taste were manifest in every thing in and about the dwelling, while there was nothing like show or splendor.

"Your husband is now rich, my dear Mrs. Lawrence," said Mrs. North, after one of her visits to New York, "and I wonder you do not change, in some measure, your style of furniture and living. You should have an elegant centre-table in your drawing-room, and damask curtains, like mine, instead of those modest ones that now hang at the windows,—beside some beautiful ornaments for the mantel. And in your library, that you love so well, and which is so nobly stocked with books, you must have some such delightful *lounges* and chairs as I saw in New York,—that you may be quite at your ease while reading. A few of these things would make your house look delightfully."

"I am quite satisfied with my furniture, my dear Anna," replied Mrs. Lawrence,—"and can enjoy a book as much, and understand it as well, in my old fashioned rocking-chair, as if reclining on the most delightful *lounge* in the world."

"Undoubtedly you can; but why not pay some attention to fashion and elegance, both about your house and dress? I really wonder at the simplicity of your dress! Your apparel is always very well, certainly, as to material and form,—but it is too plain. I wish you would commission me to get some dresses for you;—you would look like another creature under my hands;—and you can perfectly well afford to consult your taste in these matters."

"Were the property of my husband twice as large as it is," said Mrs. Lawrence, "I could not feel justified in incurring unnecessary expense. We have now five children to educate; and that, of itself, will require a *little fortune*. And independently of that, I could never be at peace with myself, should I expend in unnecessary ornament, that which would make so many light hearts, and cheerful faces among the poor,—to say nothing of the more noble, more holy object, of ameliorating the condition of the heathen world."

Mrs. North colored slightly as she replied—"I know the tenderness of your conscience; but surely one so remarkably disinterested and benevolent as yourself, may occasionally indulge a little without compunction. Do you not carry your scrupulosity too far?"

"There is little danger of our erring on the side of benevolence," said Mrs. Lawrence. "And if, when we appear for final judgment, it be said to us, 'inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me,' we shall hardly regret that we made not a more elegant and splendid appearance, while inhabiting, what will then emphatically appear to us, 'this *dim* spot, called earth.'"

The following winter Mrs. North accompanied her husband to Boston. They had been absent nearly six weeks, when Mrs. Lawrence was one evening alarmed by the cry of 'fire,' and hastening to the door, she saw the flames bursting from that part of Mr. North's house, in which the nursery was situated. Giving hasty directions to her servants, she flew, with all possible speed, to the spot. Mr. Lawrence, and many others were already there, and had succeeded in rescuing all the children from the blazing chamber, though the third child was burned in a most shocking manner. All the children were immediately consigned to the care of Mrs. Lawrence, who had them instantly conveyed to her own house,—while a man was despatched to call Dr. G—— to the aid of the little sufferer.

Meantime the whole village was collected at Mr. North's house, which, by the most strenuous exertions, was saved from utter destruction, though greatly injured. The fire caught in the nursery, through the carelessness of the nursery-maid, who left the younger children, and a blazing fire, under the care of the elder,—while she joined the other servants in the kitchen, to talk over the gossip of the day.

In a short time, Dr. G—— arrived at the house of Mr. Lawrence, and after examining the suffering child, gave his opinion that he could not long survive the injury he had sustained.

As soon as Mr. Lawrence reached home, he despatched a letter and messenger to apprise Mr. and Mrs. North of the calamity that had befallen them; and in as short a time as possible they arrived at L——, the latter nearly frantic with grief.

When she could bring herself to see the little boy, that a few weeks before, she had left bloom-

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ing in health and beauty—now a spectacle of horror—she was overwhelmed. Bitter were the reproaches she expended on the negligent nursery-maid: but more bitter still her own self-upbraiding. Repeatedly was she on the point of making a most solemn asseveration that never again, for a day, would she leave her dear, *dear* children. The moanings of the suffering child, seemed to rend her heart with anguish; and it appeared impossible that she could ever forgive herself.

She now appreciated the value of such a friend as Mrs Lawrence. Her feelings were such, that she could do nothing for the afflicted boy; could not even remain in the room, while he was under the hands of the surgeon. Mrs. Lawrence was Dr. G——'s constant assistant,—and indeed almost the sole nurse of the child; from the hand of no one else would he willingly receive either food or medicine. Mrs. North looked on Mrs. Lawrence with astonishment; and could not but think, that with all her tenderness, there was a *hard spot* in her heart, that enabled her to be useful in such a scene of suffering. Mrs. North had no knowledge of that true christian sympathy, firmness, and philosophy, that impels one to relieve, instead of flying from suffering; and she dignified her own weak and selfish indulgence by the name of sensibility.

"O, my dear friend, how can I ever be sufficiently grateful for your kindness? My *sensibilities* are such, that it shatters my nerves to pieces to witness suffering in any one—how much more in one's own sweet infant! How must the dear boy suffer, were there no one to help him but his poor, *sensitive* mother! It is really a misfortune to have a heart so feelingly constituted!"

The little boy lingered several weeks in great pain,—and then his liberated spirit took its flight from its decaying tenement. Three months after, Mrs. North became the mother of her fifth child; and as soon as she was able to go out, it was sent from home to nurse, like all its predecessors,—and she started on a journey to visit her parents. This journey was very well—very right; but Mrs. Lawrence feared that the impression made by her recent trouble, was fast fading away; that the rod of affliction would have no correcting influence;—produce no favorable change, either in character or conduct. When preparing to leave home, to have her mourning dresses of the most elegant, fashionable, and becoming kind, engrossed the whole woman, and left no room for any other thought or feeling. How inconceivably obdurate may the heart, even of a mother, be rendered by selfish indulgence!

The fears of Mrs. Lawrence were but too well founded. It was October when Mrs. North returned from her visit to her parents; and a few weeks after Mrs. Lawrence perceived there were great, and unusual preparations making for another journey. But she asked no questions. Her heart sickened; but she despaired of doing good, and was weary of giving unheeded admonitions; weary of attempting to touch a heart incased in the "triple mail" of vanity, selfishness, and love of pleasure.

Without inquiry she soon learned from Mrs. North, that she and Mr. North designed to spend the greater part of the winter in Washington. Mr. North had business as far as Philadelphia; they had both ever been anxious to visit the seat of government, and hear the eloquence of the senate; so good an opportunity might never again occur,—"and, really," Mrs. North added, "I have passed through scenes so *heart-rending*, so wearing to my constitution, that I need something more than ordinary, to restore me to myself again." She could leave home with an easy heart; for the unfaithful, *cruel* nursery-maid was dismissed from her service; and she had engaged Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Lawrence's own good nurse, (at very high wages, it was true,) to take care of her children, and superintend her household while she should be absent. At the appointed time they departed.

"Why will you thus grieve, my dear Ellen?" said Mr. Lawrence. "It is utterly useless."

"I know it, Horace, yet how can I help it? O, how completely do the love of pleasure, and the pride of fashion, destroy all the best feelings of the heart!—all the finest sensibilities of our natures!—To see a woman, capable of better things, thus bent on gratifying herself, in despite of every call of duty, and warning of Providence,—and leading an amiable husband to neglect every thing but herself, is dreadful; and yet, it is for the poor neglected children I grieve. What is to become of them? What can be expected of them?—thus continually left to their own guidance."

"Nothing good, of course, Ellen. They are a set of untaught, ungoverned, unmannered little bears; and must continue so, unless they are so fortunate as to lose their mother, or she reform. But you have done, and are still doing, all that a friend can do, under such circumstances. Having, therefore, discharged your duty, be cheerful, and borrow not troubles that properly belong to another."

Mrs. Lawrence received frequent letters from Mrs. North, filled with glowing descriptions of what she was seeing, and hearing, and doing; and wishes that her kind friend were with her to participate in such pleasures—pleasures that would suit even the correct and refined taste of Mrs. Lawrence,—they were so intellectual. She frequently expressed regret that time flew so rapidly, as she dreaded to leave scenes so replete with pleasure. In every letter she would send *kisses*, or something *equally valuable* to her dear little ones; but said she felt perfectly easy about them, under the care of good Mrs. Berry; and hav-

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ing the eye of the best of friends frequently upon them.

Mr. and Mrs. North had been absent something more than two months, when Mr. Lawrence received a letter from the former, requesting the loan of a hundred or two of dollars. Mr. North said he had written to Mr. Mason for a remittance; but having a payment to make out, he had not been able to forward it to him. If Mr. Lawrence would oblige him, doubtless Mr. Mason would in a short time be able to reimburse him; if not, Mr. North would do so, immediately on his return to L——.

The very day this letter was received, Mr. Mason called at the office of Mr. Lawrence, to consult with him concerning what was to be done in the present juncture of Mr. North's affairs,—and as a preliminary measure, to secure to himself the store and goods it contained, which would scarcely be sufficient to satisfy his just demands. Mr. North's debts were numerous, and his creditors were becoming clamorous; and although Mr. Mason had written to him, he seemed not to be alarmed, and had given no directions.

Mr. Lawrence was unwilling to have any thing to do in this unhappy business; yet he could not refuse to assist an industrious and honest young man, who was in danger of losing the earnings of several years' close attention to business, should he refuse to lend his assistance as a lawyer. He therefore did what his sense of justice and duty demanded, though he pitied his inconsiderate friend; and he immediately wrote him, informing him of what was done,—and inclosing (which he knew must be a gift) a draft for the money of which Mr. North had requested the loan. He concluded his letter, by urging his friend's instant return to L——, if it were yet possible to give his affairs a favorable turn.

Three days after this, all property that could be found, belonging to Mr. North, was seized by his creditors.

"My dear Horace," said the greatly agitated Mrs. Lawrence, "what will Alpheus and Anna do?—what *can* they do?"

"They must begin the world again, upon better principles," said Mr. Lawrence. "I hope they will learn wisdom from experience."

"But what can we do for them, my dear husband? You will receive them here when they arrive? Anna will feel so wretchedly!"

"For a day or two, certainly, if you wish it, my love."

"And for no longer? The contrast will be so striking, they will be overwhelmed! We must afford them all the assistance and consolation in our power?"

"Certainly!—but let us assist them in a rational way. They must feel the blow, and its consequences. We could do nothing to prevent it, short of utter ruin to ourselves. And it is necessary they should feel out; for nothing less could prove a cure for their folly. They must taste the bitter fruits of their extravagance. They must learn to live within their income, however small; and practise the self-denial that poverty demands. They must learn to be industrious, and support themselves by their own exertions."

"Poor Alpheus!—poor Anna!" ejaculated Mrs. Lawrence.

"If Alpheus had possessed either common firmness, or common prudence," said Mr. Lawrence, "or would Anna have listened to the admonitions, or followed the example of the best and kindest of friends, your sympathies would never have been thus called upon."

"O, make no comparisons,—it would be unjust," said Mrs. Lawrence. "Anna was never blessed with the instructions of such a father, or the example of such a mother as mine."

"True—and let us hope that this event will only prove a 'blessing in disguise,' to teach her what she would learn in no other way. Let us hope it will be for the best."

"O, may it prove so indeed!" said Mrs. Lawrence. "May the misguided and unfortunate Anna learn, that to be a *fashionable woman*, is not the way to be either respectable, or useful, or happy."

S. H.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

HINTS TO STUDENTS OF GEOLOGY.

No. II.

BY PETER A. BROWNE, ESQ.

The most effectual way to guard against the dangerous tendency of theories is to collect and lay open to examination at one view some of the most celebrated of them, with which mankind have from time to time been furnished. Several of these will be found to be so obscure that astonishment is excited that they were ever dignified with the name of philosophy; others are so entirely inconsistent and at the same time have such equal claims to plausibility that they mutually confute each other; a few are so intimately connected with the truths that the study of geology and astronomy have displayed that it is difficult to escape the hazardous abyss into which they would lead—but the greater part are the effusions of fancy, and resemble more the emanations of a feverish or disordered brain than the cool dictates of reason and common sense. It is confidently believed that the student who will attentively read them *all*, will be very slow to adopt *any one* of the number.

The most ancient Indian and Egyptian philosophers agreed in rightly ascribing the creation of the world to an OMNIPOTENT and INFINITE BEING, and it is a curious fact that they represented him as having *repeatedly destroyed* and *reproduced* the *world* and its *inhabitants*. In "the Institutes of Menû," the sacred volume of the Hindoos, which were written eight hundred and eighty-eight years B. C., are the following verses:

"The Being whose powers are incomprehensible, hav-

"ing created me, (Menû,) and this universe, again be-"came absorbed in the Supreme Spirit, changing the "*time of energy for the hour of repose.*"

"When this power *awakes*, then has this world its "*full expansion;* but when he *slumbers* with a tranquil "spirit, then *the whole system fades away*"

It is perfectly ascertained that the Greeks borrowed this idea of a former successive destruction and renovation of this world from the Egyptians. Plutarch tells us that it was the theme of one of the hymns of Orpheus; and it is well known that Orpheus, although a Greek poet, gained all his knowledge of astronomy, divinity, music and poetry in Egypt.

This most ancient Pagan theologist believed that all things were created by a Being whom he represents as *invisible* and *incomprehensible*, and to whom he has given the appellation of THE COUNSELLOR *of* LIGHT *and* SOURCE *of* LIFE; but he has degraded this sublime idea of the Almighty by supposing that from an egg, the progeny of *chance*, all mankind have been produced.

The philosopher *Leucippus*, who was also a Grecian, taught that "the universe was *infinite;* that it was in part a *plenum* and in part a *vacuum*—that the plenum contained innumerable corpuscles or atoms of various figures, which, falling into the vacuum, struck against each other; and hence arose a variety of curvilinear motions, which continued 'till at length atoms of similar forms met together, and *bodies* were produced. The primary atoms being specifically of equal weight, and not being able, on account of their multitude, to move in circles, the smaller rose to the exterior parts of the vacuum, whilst the larger (entangling themselves,) formed a spherical shell, which revolved about its centre and which included within it all kinds of bodies. This central mass was gradually increased by a perpetual accession of particles from the surrounding shell, till at last (says Leucippus) the EARTH was formed. In the mean time the spherical shell was continually supplied with new bodies, which, in its revolution, it gathered from without. Of the particles *thus* collected in the spherical shell, some in their combination formed *humid* masses, which, by their circular motion, gradually became *dry* and were at length ignited and became STARS. The SUN was formed in the same manner in the *exterior* surface of the shell; and the *moon* in its *interior* surface. In this manner the universe was formed."—Such a jargon of *learned nonsense* requires no comment; yet Leucippus had for a time the reputation of possessing superior wisdom!

Epicurus adopted the idea of Leucippus as to the atoms, and imagined that they moved *obliquely*, and Democritus bestowed on them *animation*. Gassendi contended for atoms and a *void*, and Descartes asserted a *plenum* and a subtle *matter*, which revolving in vortices was under the direction of an intelligent being.

Hippasus and Heraclitus maintained that the being who was the author of all things was *fire*.

Many of the ancient philosophers believed this world to be *eternal*—among these may perhaps be ranked Pythagoras, Aristotle, Socrates and Plato.

Zeno advocated with great zeal the theory of "two principles," *spirit* and *matter*, one active and the other passive.

Mahomet maintained that the world was created in two days, and the mountains were afterwards *placed* upon it; and that during *these* and two *additional* days the inhabitants were formed; and in two more the seven heavens were created.

The waters of the deluge are ridiculously represented by him as being poured out of an *oven*. The Alcoran says that all men were drowned except Noah and his family; and that at an appointed time God said, "O earth swallow up the waters!" "and thou, O heaven, withhold thy rain!" and *immediately* the waters abated. Is it not surprising that so many thousands should have adopted this theory.

Mr. Thomas Burnet was a man of genius and taste, a learned divine and a philosopher; but he suffered his imagination to take the lead of his judgment. He was the friend and object of admiration of Addison. His work is entitled, "The sacred theory of the earth, con-"taining an account of the origin of the earth and of "all the general changes which it hath already under-"gone or *is to undergo till the consummation of all things.*" He taught that originally the earth was a *fluid mass*, composed of various materials; that of these the heaviest descended to the centre, and formed a *hard* and *solid body*—that the waters took their station round this body—and that all lighter fluids rose above the water, forming first a strata of oily matter and next a strata of air—that the air was then impure, containing great quantities of earthy particles, which gradually subsided and composed a *crust* of earth and oil—that this crust was the first habitable part of the earth and abode of man and other animals—that the surface was *uniform*, no *mountains* nor *seas* nor other inequalities were to be seen—that in this *state* it remained about sixteen centuries; by which time the heat of the sun gradually drying the crust, produced cracks or fissures, which gradually penetrating deeper and deeper, finally perforated the entire crust—that in an instant the whole split in pieces and fell into the great abyss of water. *This* (says Burnet) was the UNIVERSAL DELUGE!—That with these masses of *earth* were carried vast quantities of *air*, and the masses dashing violently against each other, accumulated and divided so irregularly, that great *cavities* filled with air were left between them—that the waters gradually opened passages into these cavities. In proportion as they were filled with water, the surface of the earth began to discover itself in the most elevated places, till at last the waters appeared no where but in those extensive valleys which now contain the ocean—that islands and sea rocks are small fragments, and continents are large masses of this ancient crust."

His theory was attacked and pretty roughly handled by his cotemporaries Erasmus Warren, John Keill and McFlamstead, the astronomer royal.

How Burnet could imagine that man and other land animals could have inhabited an earth which had a *plane surface*, it is difficult to conceive. If these animals resembled those that at present inhabit this planet, they could not have subsisted without water; and if this element was supplied by rain, and the earth had no inequalities of surface, the whole earth must have been covered by a sea or at least been a swamp. It was perhaps this reflection that generated the idea of Demailet, that man was originally a *fish*.

Mr. Robinson was a respectable clergyman of the English established church. In 1694 he wrote what he calls an *anatomical* description of the earth. He con-

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tends that matter at first consisted of innumerable particles of divers figures and different qualities; these he obliges to move about in a confused manner until the world was finally created, by the *infusion* of a *vital spirit*. He is of opinion that the earth is a *great animal;* that it has a skin, flesh, blood, &c. He lays it down as incontrovertible, that the centre contains a vast cavity of a multangular figure, containing crude and indigested matter, endued with contrary qualities, and causing much strife and contention. When the airy particles prevail, they cause hurricanes; when the fiery ones are uppermost, earthquakes and volcanoes are the result. The mountain chains he takes to be real ribs, and finally he seriously tells us, that this vast animal is subject to fevers, agues, and other distempers. Yet Robinson had his day, and all his readers did not appear to consider him a lunatic.

Mr. John Woodward was a classical scholar and an eminent physician. He was *also* a man of much observation; but he was infected with the disease of theory-making.

He agreed in part with Burnet, but *refined* upon him.

He contended that the waters of the ocean were aided by a supply from the central parts of the earth in effecting the general deluge. He also believed that the *whole fabric* was dissolved instead of the *crust*, as taught by Burnet. He said, that in order to assist in this general dissolution, the *power* of attraction, of *cohesion*, was suddenly suspended. Every thing being thus dissolved and jumbled in one common mass, a precipitation took place according to the laws of gravitation. Locke pronounced a panegyric upon this theory!

Mr. William Whiston, a celebrated astronomer and learned divine, also gave loose to his fancy in an extraordinary manner.

He was of opinion that the ancient chaos from which this earth originated, was the atmosphere of a comet; that the detail given by Moses is not of the *creation* of the world, but of its *passage* from the state of a *comet* to that of a *planet*, so as to make it habitable.

In the beginning, (says Mr. Whiston,) "God created the *universe*," but the earth was then an uninhabitable comet, surrounded by darkness; and hence, he says, we are told that, "*darkness covered the face of the deep;*" that it was composed of heterogeneous materials, having its centre occupied with a globular hot nucleus of about two thousand leagues in diameter, round which was an extensive mass of thick fluid; that this fluid contained few solid particles, and still less of water or air; that on the first day of the creation, the *eccentric* orbit of the comet was exchanged for an ellipsis nearly circular, and every thing instantly assumed its proper place. The different materials arranged themselves according to the laws of gravity, and the annual motion of the earth then began. That the *centre* of the earth is a solid body, still retaining the heat of the former comet; that round this is a heavy fluid and a body of water in concentric circles, upon the latter of which the earth is founded; that after the atmosphere of the earth had been thus freed from the earthy particles of that of the comet, a pure air remained, through which the rays of the sun instantly penetrated, when God said "*let there be light.*" He ascribes to the *precipitation* with which the earth was formed, the great difference *now found* in the materials that compose its crust, and the mountains and vallies to the laws of gravity. He maintains that before the deluge the water of the present ocean was dispersed over the earth in small caverns, and that the mountains were at greater distances, and not so large as at present; but that the earth was a thousand times more fertile, and contained a great many more inhabitants, whose lives were ten times longer. All this he is of opinion was effected by the *superior heat* of the nucleus; but that this heat augmented the passions and destroyed the virtue of man and the sagacity of other animals, and caused the universal sentence of death which was inflicted by the deluge. He says, that that event was occasioned by a change in the inclination of the earth's axis, occasioned by the tail of a comet meeting with the earth, in returning from its perihelium, when "*the cataracts of heaven were opened.*" Newton denied that there was any thing in astronomy wherefrom to presume this change of inclination. But the celebrated Count de Buffon left his predecessors far behind, after premising that the sphere of the sun's attraction is not limited by the orbits of the planets, but extends indefinitely, always decreasing according to the squares of the augmented distances: that the comets which escape our sight in the heavenly regions are, like the planets, subject to the attraction of the sun, and by it their motions are regulated: that all these bodies (the directions of which are so various,) move round the sun, and describe areas proportioned to their periods; the planets in ellipses, more or less circular, and the comets in narrow ellipses of vast extent.—He asserts, that comets run through the system in all directions; but that the inclinations of the planes of their orbits are so very different, that though, like the planets, they are subject to the laws of attraction, they have nothing in common with regard to their progressive or impulsive motions, but appear in this respect to be absolutely independent of each other.

He then conjectures that a comet, falling obliquely into the body of the sun, drove off a part from its surface, and communicated to it a violent impulsive force. This effect he supposes was produced at the time when God is said, by Moses, to have "separated the light from the darkness," by which Buffon understands a *real, physical* separation; the opaque bodies of the planets being detached from the luminous matter of which he supposed the sun to be composed, and he imagined that the part struck off was one six hundred and fiftieth part of the sun's body.

He informs us that this matter issued from the sun, not in the form of *globes*, but of liquid *torrents* of fire; and that a projectile motion having been communicated by the stroke of the comet, the light particles separated from the dense, which, by their mutual attractions, formed globes of different solidities; and that the projectile force being proportioned to the density of the particles, determined the respective distances from the sun to which they would be carried. Our author having thus (at one blow of a comet) created the planets out of the superabundant materials of the sun, and having driven them to the distances of their spheres from that body, was put to a great straight to prevent them from obeying the law of projectiles, in returning whence they issued, and in obliging them to revolve round a common centre. This part of his theory is *very lame* indeed. He first unphilosophically ascribes

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this change of direction to an acceleration of velocity; and secondly, the acceleration he very erroneously supposed would take place by the anterior particles attracting and hastening the posterior ones, and by the posterior ones pushing forward or hastening the anterior ones. But appearing to be unsatisfied himself with this explanation, he next makes the shock of the comet remove the sun from its former situation—so that when the planets, according to the law of projectiles, returned to the place from whence they had departed, they did not enter into the sun again, who had thus *fortunately* stepped out of their way, or Buffon's ingenious creation would have been entirely destroyed.

But to proceed. He supposes that the earth, having acquired its present shape by its motion while in a liquid state, the fire was eventually extinguished by its rapid passage through space, or after having consumed all the combustible matter it contained. Mr. Buffon acknowledges that the constituent parts of the earth's crust are now of very different densities; but he gives no satisfactory explanation for the change which must have taken place, if as he supposed, they were *once homogeneous*. Nor does he account for the separation of the *land* from the *water*. It is true he leaves us to infer that such a separation took place; for he says, that "the motion of the *waters* is *coeval with time*." He also says, that the waters occupy the lowest grounds, and that all the mountains have been formed at the bottom of the sea, by means of currents and tides. His primeval world must therefore have had cavities, in which the waters were preserved.

Such is the theory of the Count de Buffon, a gentleman of great ingenuity, taste and erudition; whose works, so long as he confined himself to *facts* and *reasoning*, have been universally admired; but whose *theories* have been as much ridiculed by *others* as *he* ridiculed those of Burnet and Whiston. Soon after the publication of this theory, Buffon was summoned before the Faculty of Theology at Paris, and there informed that fourteen propositions in his works were reprehensible and contrary to the creed of the church. One of these, which related to geology, was, "That the waters of the sea were concerned in producing the mountains and valleys of the land." And it is curious to remark that *this*, which was almost the only correct geological proposition in the whole work, Buffon *publicly renounced!* Upon this theory of Buffon I would take leave, upon the highest modern authority, further to observe, that "from a long series of observations, made with powerful telescopes, Herschel discovered that the solar light and heat do not emanate from the *body* or *nucleus* of the sun, but from certain phosphoric and pyrophoric clouds, which are produced and developed in its atmosphere. That this immense ocean of light is violently agitated over its whole surface, causing those corrugations of its disc which he has so well described,—and which indeed, may be observed through a telescope of moderate powers, by even an unpractised eye. When this superficial structure is broken through and widely separated, we may discern the black veil of subjacent solar clouds, or even the solid dark nucleus of the sun itself. Hence Herschel accounts for the dark spots which are frequently observed on the sun's disc, and for the shelving margins which surround them.—Across these excavations of the phosphoric film, bridges of luminous matter, are seen to stretch, which extending in breadth, finally cause the dark chasm to disappear, and restore to the sun all its original brightness. The area of one of these black spots is often much greater than the whole surface of the terrestrial globe. When the storm subsides in the solar atmosphere, the equilibrium of its clouds replaces the layer of light. It is well known that these spots, first observed by Gallileo, led to the discovery of the sun's motion round its axis, and showed that this motion is accomplished in twenty-five and a half days."

Had Buffon been acquainted with these great excavations of luminous matter, he would probably have ascribed them to a projection of the solar substance giving origin to some new planet or comet, and causing diminution of the sun's heat proportional to the darkened portion of its orb. But Herschel has shown, on the contrary, that the seasons in which the solar spots are most abundant, are characterized not by decreased light and heat to the earth, but apparently by an opposite result. He hence infers, that these spots correspond, and are owing to an increased activity in the vibratory motions, by which the sun excites the ether, diffused through space.

The new improvements in optics, afford a very unexpected means of determining whether it be true, as Herschel imagined, that the solar light does issue from an incandescent solid or fluid. When such a body, raised to a very high temperature, becomes luminous, the rays which fly off in all directions, do not come from the *outer surface* only, but also proceed, as the rays of heat do, from a multitude of material points placed beneath or within the surface, to a certain depth, extremely small indeed, but actually existing. Now, such of those rays as traverse the envelope of the heated mass obliquely, acquire and preserve a peculiar property, which can be rendered sensible by experiment; they are *polarised*. But if the same mass, instead of being rendered luminous by its proper temperature, be only covered with an exterior film of flame, which is the source of its light, the rays do *not* then possess this property.

Science has thus been enabled to submit to this singular test, the light which the sun sends to us. M. Arago, the author of this beautiful experiment, has in fact discovered that the rays of the sun, when transmitted even obliquely, *are not polarised*.

These results are *fatal* to the *theory* of *Buffon*. Those who belong to his school, if any remain, can no longer contend for the *sun* as the eternal *furnace* from which to make *ignited spheres;* but on the contrary, the nucleus of that luminary may possibly enjoy a *habitable* planetary temperature.

In 1788 Werner published, by his lectures, *his* famous theory of the earth. He supposed that at some former period this globe had, for a long time, been covered with water to a greater depth than the original altitude of the highest mountains. That this immense body of water was then tranquil, or nearly so, and contained in solution all the materials of all the rocks of which the present crust of the earth is composed. That in this state, chemical deposites, exhibiting more or less of a crystalline structure, were first gradually made, and invested the nucleus of the earth. That these chemical deposites constitute the primitive rocks, including the

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granite and trap, and are distinguished by their crystalline form, and by the total absence of organic remains. That during this period, most of the highest mountains were formed; but by a gradual subsidence of the waters the summits of these mountains were left naked, the tranquillity of the waters was disturbed, and currents were consequently produced. That by these currents the naked rocks were worn and partially disintegrated; and the grains or fragments thus produced, were diffused through the mass of water. That the rocks formed at this period would, of course, consist partly of chemical and partly of mechanical deposites. That they would also lie over the primitive rocks, but in consequence of the diminished altitude of the waters, they would appear at a lower level, often resting on the declivities of primitive mountains. That as organic remains make their first appearance in the rocks of this period, it is inferred that the rocky shores which had recently emerged from the great deep, were then passing into a habitable state. That the level of the great ocean continuing to sink, more extensive portions of the earth were left exposed to the increasing violence of the currents, and the solution, which was originally chemical, now became, in a great degree, composed of grains, or comminuted fragments, detached from the older rocks, and that hence the minerals of this period consist of mechanical deposites; that they lie over the two preceding classes and at a lower level, in consequence of the greater subsidence of the waters.

That extensive portions of the globe having now become dry, new species and genera inhabited the waters and dwelt upon the land, while numerous vegetables adorn the shores and other parts of the earth. Hence these rocks abound with organic remains, both animal and vegetable.

Doctor Hutton published his theory about the year 1795; he supposed that all the solid parts which form the crust of the present globe, have proceeded from the disintegration and destruction of former continents, by the gradual action of the atmosphere and water; that the ruins of those ancient continents were transported by water, and deposited at the bottom of ancient seas; and that these heterogeneous materials thus deposited, were consolidated by the action of subterraneous fires; and, by the same agents, were subsequently elevated to form the present continents. That gneiss and other stratified rocks were only softened, elevated, and sometimes variously inclined; while granite and other unstratified minerals were completely fused, and in many cases forced upwards by this powerful agent through the incumbent strata. That as *this* earth had *arisen from the ruins* of an *anterior world*, so *that* had originated from the ruins of a *former* one, and so *ad infinitum*.

Each of the two last theories obtained numerous advocates; and a flame of controversy respecting them was kindled, that for some years blazed throughout Europe with great fury. As usual, both parties claimed the victory; but impartial readers appear to think that while each party may lay some claims to correctness, yet as an entire theory both are in the wrong.

(*To be continued.*)

A great mind may change its objects, but it cannot relinquish them; it must have something to pursue: Variety is its relaxation, and amusement its repose.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LETTERS FROM A SISTER.

LETTER FOURTH.

Bridge of Boats at Rouen—Ancient Custom—Old Tower and Town Clock—Church of St. Paul—Jugglers and Tumblers.

ROUEN, ———.

Dear Jane:—

"ANOTHER letter from Rouen!" you'll exclaim; yes, my dear sister, even so—for papa being well pleased with our accommodations here, and finding the town contains more curiosities than travellers are usually aware of, we have thus prolonged our stay; but tomorrow go we *must*, as our seats are engaged in the diligence for Paris. Since I wrote you three days ago, we have seen divers other objects worthy of notice, though not so interesting as those I have described to you. To-day we saw the bridge of boats which connects the city with the suburb of Saint Sévere; it rises and falls with the tide, and is divided into compartments that can be easily separated for ships to pass through at any moment. The invention of this bridge is attributed to an Augustin monk. A handsome stone bridge is now building over another part of the Seine.

Every evening at 9 o'clock we hear the tones of a clear sonorous bell, sounding what is termed the "*retreat*." This is merely the continuation of an ancient custom, practised during the Norman wars, when it was necessary to give a signal for those persons who might be without the city to enter, ere the gates were shut for the night. This bell is also rung on occasions of public ceremonies, festivities, or calamities, and is called the *silver* bell, because according to tradition, it was made of *money* raised from taxes. It hangs in the belfry of a curious old gothic tower, whose archway spans one of the chief streets of Rouen, and on the side of which is placed the city clock, resembling the face of a gigantic watch. This afternoon we purpose visiting the botanical garden, and after that taking a farewell drive in the neighborhood of the town; there are many beautiful prospects to be seen from the surrounding hills.

Yesterday Edgar and myself walked to the terrace of St. Paul, a plain and antique little church, built it is said on the ruins of a temple of Adonis. From the terrace you enjoy a fine view; and near it is a mineral spring, the second in Rouen. Here we met with a number of ladies and gentlemen, and were much diverted at the tricks of a fellow who mimicked the peculiarities of different nations; and when about to show off the *English*, cried out, "Maintenant pour 'Got dam;'" he made the most ridiculous faces you can imagine, and excited great mirth. It was surprising what power of muscle and expression he possessed; one moment his nose appeared turned up, his eyes squinting, and his mouth too small to admit a *plum;* the next, you'd think he could take in a *melon*—and his physiognomy would so completely change, that you could scarcely believe it was the same person before you. Sometimes to increase the effect, he put on a huge pair of spectacles and sung a droll song, a companion playing merrily on the violin all the while, and suiting the melody to the performance. After this came a band of tumblers, and three children tawdrily dressed—exhibited sundry feats on the back of a chair, and on the head and shoulders of a man. It was painful to behold the little creatures

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in such jeopardy; and having contributed our sous for their benefit, we quitted the scene. Adieu.

LEONTINE.

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LETTER FIFTH.

Paris—Modes of Living—Rue de la Paix—Place Vendome—Rue Castiglione—Garden of the Tuileries—Louvre—Italian Boulevard—Dress of the Ladies—Soirées—Admiralty—Mademoiselle Mars.

PARIS, ———.

Dear Jane:—

Not a question, I pray you! about the journey from Rouen hither. I can only tell you that we chose the lower route; that the prospects were lovely, and the diligence rolled rapidly along the banks of the Seine; that we stopped only to swallow our meals as quickly as possible, and had not time to examine any thing. We entered Paris by the Porte de Neuilly and Champs Elysées, at dusk, and witnessed the beautiful sight the latter presents, when illuminated by its numerous lamps, which instead of being fixed on posts, were suspended high above our heads from ropes swung across the road. The resemblance of these lamps when lighted, to a range of brilliant stars, occasions the gate by which we entered to be called the "barrière de l'étoile." We found rooms ready for us, papa having written to request Mr. Dorval to engage a suite in the pleasantest quarter of the city.

Here there are four modes of living customary among visiters. First, boarding in a hotel by the day, week, or month: second, boarding at a lodging house by the week, month or year: third, hiring furnished apartments and eating at a restaurateur's, or being supplied thence: fourth, furnishing rooms yourself, and having your own cook. The first of these plans, being the least troublesome, we have preferred. It is, however, more expensive than either of the others. Our hotel is delightfully situated, and commands a view of the Italian Boulevard and of the Rue de la Paix, at the corner of which it stands; the latter, one of the widest and handsomest streets in the metropolis. From our windows we can also see the "Place Vendome," with its superb and stately bronze column, erected by Napoleon, in imitation of that of Trajan at Rome. It is made of the cannons taken by him at the battle of Austerlitz; the principal events of that campaign are represented in a *bas-relief*, which is carried spirally around the whole shaft, the figure of the Emperor being prominent in each compartment. His statue formerly crowned the summit of the column; but since his downfall it has been removed, and the vacancy is now supplied by a simple banner.*

Beyond the Place Vendome is the Rue Castiglione, with its fine shops and arcades; and at the end of this street is the garden of the Tuileries, where we repair before breakfast every morning, to enjoy its shades, and contemplate its statues, flowers and fountains. In flowers it always abounds, for they are planted in pots concealed in the ground, and as soon as one set goes out of season, it is replaced by another in bloom.

From eleven until four o'clock we study the pictures in the magnificent gallery of the Louvre, whose halls are open for the benefit of strangers and students on every day of the week, except *Monday*. On Sunday they are open to *every body*, and consequently on Monday require the operations of the broom and brush. The halls appropriated to sculpture are on the ground floor, and the ceilings of several are superbly painted. It was from the window of one of these apartments that Charles the Ninth fired upon his persecuted subjects during the massacre of St. Bartholomews. (August 24, 1572)

Our usual evening resort is the Boulevard, where we listen to music, and observe the motley crowds around us; and when tired, refresh ourselves with ices or lemonade in a café.

Dear me! how tastefully the French ladies dress! What beautiful robes, and hats, and gloves, and shoes and boots they wear! and how well each article corresponds with another. If they have on different colors, they take care that they shall contrast agreeably, and not be an uncouth mixture, displeasing to the eye. In the morning their toilette is remarkably neat and appropriate. You'll probably find them when you call, in a simple gingham dress, with pelerine to suit, and a black silk apron; their hair arranged in puffs, and quite unadorned. Now is this not more rational than to be furbelowed, and curled, and richly clad, as if they were expecting company, instead of being usefully employed? At entertainments and in the public promenades, they display their fine clothes. We have already received and returned the visits of several of the French families to whom we brought letters; but much to our regret, the venerable Count Ségur is out of town, and Baron Hottinguer, his lady and son, are at their country seat. The Minister of the Marine (Mr. Hyde de Neuville) and Madame his spouse, are extremely pleasing and amiable. They still have their regular soirées, notwithstanding the advanced season, and we intend to avail ourselves of their polite invitation to attend them. By the by, I should tell you (what M. Dorval told *me*,) that in Paris many persons have an appointed evening for receiving their acquaintances, once a week, fortnight, or month, (as suits their convenience,) and on this evening they illuminate their rooms for the reception of their guests. The greater number of these remain only a half hour, and then repair to the opera, or to some other *soiree*, as such an assembly is termed. It is usual to go to three or four on the same night. There is seldom any refreshment offered, and the amusements are conversation and, écarte—*sometimes* billiards; and when the soirée is social and small, they even introduce childish plays, such as "Colin, Maillard," "Le Mouchoir," "Tierce," &c. in which elderly people frequently join with all the vivacity of youth.

Monsieur and Madame de Neuville reside in a superb mansion, that was formerly the "Garde meuble," or royal wardrobe. It is now called the "Admiralty," and appropriated to the use of the Minister of the Marine and Colonies. On its roof is a telegraph, and its front is embellished with sculpture, and columns, which support a portico as long as the building itself.

A few nights since we were at the Theatre Francais, and saw Mademoiselle Mars perform the part of the Duchesse de Guise in "Henri Trois." To the astonish-

* The statue of Napoleon has been replaced since the last revolution; the dress is the great coat and three cornered cocked hat in which he is so frequently represented, and he holds in his hand a short telescope, or rather opera glass.

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ment of every body she excels in this character, although it is a difficult one to play, and her first attempt at tragedy. Her talents hitherto, you know, have been devoted to comedy. She is the most lovely and youthful looking woman of her age I ever beheld. What do you think of her being passed fifty, and yet not appearing as old as twenty-five? She is so graceful too! and then her voice is melody itself! But I must cease my encomiums, or I shall not have space to assure you that I am your affectionate sister,

LEONTINE.

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LETTER SIXTH.

Palais Royal—King's Library—Hotel de Ville—Mint—Palace of Justice—Holy Chapel—Flower Market.

PARIS, ———.

Dear Jane:—

What a variety of places we have visited since I despatched to you my last letter! *Par exemple*, the Palais Royal, with its agreeable garden and jets d'eau, surrounded by arcades, under which are splendid shops and cafés, that are dazzling when illuminated at night; the Royal Library, with its vast collection of manuscripts and engravings, and its cabinets of antiquities and medals—the latter considered to be the most complete in the world; the Hotel de Ville, on the Place de Grève, where the guillotine sometimes plies its dreadful work; the Exchange, with its sixty-four corinthian columns, fine hall, and superb imitations of bas-reliefs, so admirably executed, that you can scarcely be convinced they are the effect of the *brush* instead of the *chisel*. Add to these several churches and fountains, the Mint, where we witnessed the curious process of coining, and the "Palais de Justice." In this vast structure of antiquity, the judicial courts of Paris hold their sittings. It was founded in the ninth century, and is termed a palace, because it was once the abode of the French monarchs. I remember having read in some history of the magnificent entertainments they gave here, in a grand hall containing statues of their race and a marble table of uncommon size, at which none but princes of the blood were allowed to feast. In 1618 nearly the whole edifice was burnt, and the wonderful table and statues destroyed; it was rebuilt by Desbrosses, the architect of the Luxembourg. Besides the court rooms and many others above them, filled with the judiciary archives of the kingdom, there are long galleries which have on each side rows of petty shops and stalls. Beneath these galleries are the gloomy prisons of the conciergerie, wherein such atrocities were committed during the revolution. Here we saw the dungeons in which Marie Antoinette and the Princess Elizabeth were immured; the cell in which Robespiérre was confined; and that of Louvel, who assassinated the Duke de Berri. We were shown the prison room of the gallant Ney. The cells that inclosed the unfortunate queen and her sister-in-law, are now converted into a small chapel, which communicates by means of an arch, with another of larger dimensions. In the latter, the captives of the conciergerie are permitted to attend mass on the Sabbath. The arch is decorated with medallions of Louis the Sixteenth and the Princess Elizabeth, and a few lines extracted from his will are inscribed on an altar in the smaller chapel. On the wall of this hang three pictures in oil colors; the first represents Marie Antoinette taking leave of her family just before she was brought to the prison; in the second, you behold her standing wrapt in meditation by her miserable cot-bed, after the door is barred upon her; in the third, you see her at confession, preparatory to ascending the scaffold. Melancholy themes, and well suited to the gloom of the place! You approach the Palace of Justice through an enormous iron gate remarkable for its workmanship and guilding. On the left of it stands an ancient building, called the "Holy Chapel," from its having been erected by Saint Louis for the reception of the sacred relics he brought with him from Palestine, whither he went on a crusade, in fulfilment of a vow he had made during a dangerous illness. His oratory is still shewn, and once served as a refuge from popular fury to the present King Charles the Tenth, in the time of the revolution. The painted windows of the chapel are beautiful,—the colors so bright and various. Around the interior, instead of altars and *confessionals*, are a range of cases, containing archives and records. By the by, among those we saw in the upper galleries of the Palace of Justice, (which communicates with the "Sainte Chapelle,") were the condemnation of Joan of Arc, and that of Jean Châtel, who attempted to stab Henry the Fourth, but failed, and having been seized was put to a dreadful death, according to the mandate which we read. He was stretched on the rack, then drawn on a sledge to the Place de Grève, his flesh torn with hot pincers, and his right hand cut off; finally, his limbs were tied to four wild horses, and thus rent asunder. When dead, his body was burnt, and his ashes scattered to the winds! The dress he wore when he attacked the King, and a rope ladder he used in endeavoring to escape while confined, are carefully preserved in a box, with a scull that was found in the possession of a famous robber, and is said to have served him as a cup, out of which he compelled his victims to drink wine, and then swear allegiance to him. The condemnation of Joan of Arc is replete with superstition and abuse of that poor warrior damsel; she is pronounced a sorceress, a blasphemer, a devil, &c. and numerous other opprobrious epithets are given to her besides. We were likewise shewn the hand writing of Francis the First, Louis the Eleventh, and that of several others of the French monarchs; and to speak the truth, I don't think their penmanship does them much credit.

Returning home, we stopped at the flower market, and were surprised at the beauty and cheapness of the flowers. You may buy them growing in pots, or arranged as boquets. The market is held on the Quay Dessaix, under two rows of trees, in the midst of which a plentiful fountain refreshes the air, and affords water for the plants. Adieu. Ever yours,

LEONTINE.

—

LETTER SEVENTH.

Church of St. Rock—Pére la Chase.

PARIS, ———.

Dear Sister:—

Your letter (received within a few hours) gave us all great pleasure, and we are rejoiced to learn that *folks* and *things* are going on so well at the Lodge. What a fine time you and Albert have for *sentimentalizing!* Make the best of it; for you know October is only a

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few months off, and when it comes you'll perhaps find me at your elbow oftener than you anticipate. I shall have so much to talk about; for believe me, altho' my communications are so long and frequent, a great deal will remain to be told when we reach "sweet home."

Now, let me inform you of the strange sight we have just been witnessing in the Church of St. Roch; a funeral and two weddings solemnizing in the same place and at the same moment! To us it was shocking, and *certes if I* had been one of the votaries of hymen on the occasion, I should have experienced sad forebodings of evil in the connubial state. Really, it was sometimes difficult to hear the priests who were performing the marriage rites, their voices being drowned in the loud requiem chanted over the dead. The coffin was strewed with white flowers, emblematical of the youth and maidenhood of the deceased.

We have visited Père la Chaise, and spent nearly a whole day in reading the inscriptions on its numerous and varied monuments,—many of them so magnificent! many so neat and simple! The inscriptions are generally beautiful and touching—they speak to the hearts of all; and the lovely and odoriferous flowers that decorate the tombs, seem to rob the grave of its sadness, and shed their balmy influence o'er the mind of the beholder. Several tombs are also adorned with miniatures inserted in the stone, and portraying the once animated countenances of those who rest beneath them. This romantic burying ground spreads itself over the side of a hill, and from the upper part you have a noble prospect of the city and its environs. In the fourteenth century it was the site of a splendid mansion, built by a wealthy grocer, whose name was Regnaud. Its magnificence being incompatible with his rank, it was soon entitled "Regnaud's Folly." The Jesuits afterwards obtained possession of it, and gave it the name of "Mont Louis," because Louis the Fourteenth when a boy, witnessed from its summit the battle in the Faubourg St. Antoine, between the Frondeurs,* commanded by the Prince of Condé, and the Court Party, under Marshal Turenne. I recollect reading in Voltaire's history of that monarch's reign, that during this bloody skirmish, Mademoiselle d'Orleans (Louis's cousin) sided with the Prince of Condé, and had the cannons of the Bastile pointed against the royal troops. This ruined her forever in the opinion of the king; and Cardinal Mazarin remarked, knowing her desire to marry a crowned head, "*ce canon la, vient de tuer son mari*"—"that cannon has killed her husband." But I've digressed from my original theme, and hasten to resume it. Père la Chaise, one of the Jesuits, became confessor to Louis, and had entire control of ecclesiastical affairs. The king was very fond of him, and as a mark of his esteem, presented him with the estate of "Mont Louis," having considerably enlarged and embellished it for his use. On the death of the holy father, it reverted to his brethren, and was called after him. These wily priests projected there the Revocation of the edict of Nantes, and issued thence many a lettre de cachet, decreeing imprisonment to their enemies. They retained possession of the place until the abolishment of their order in 1763, when it was sold for the benefit of their creditors, and had divers owners, until purchased by the Prefect of the Seine, and appropriated to its present purpose in 1804. There are three kinds of graves: first, those termed *public*, in which the poor are gratuitously buried; but each body can remain only five years, the time supposed to be sufficient for its decomposition. These graves resemble immense ditches, and the coffins are deposited one upon another, and side by side, as close as they can lay. They are wretchedly made, and soon drop to pieces; and therefore it is not uncommon, in burying a corpse, to see the exposed head and limbs of another! Is'nt this horrible? Second, *temporary* graves, wherein the dead remain undisturbed during ten years, for the sum of fifty francs. At the close of that period, unless the grave be rendered of the third kind, *perpetual*, by the payment of a larger portion of money, its ghastly tenant is removed. The oldest and most interesting sepulchre is that of Abelard and Héloise; it is formed of the ruins of the paraclete, and covered with antique sculpture and ornaments. It represents a gothic chapel, in the centre of which the bodies of the lovers are represented extended on a bier; the whole is of gray stone. The monument of the Countess Demidoff, a Russian lady, we considered the richest and handsomest in the collection. It is composed of pure white marble highly polished. A part of the cemetery is appropriated to the use of strangers, and a considerable space allowed to the Jews. The gate is always thronged with carriages that have brought either visiters or mourners. On each side of the entrance are stalls, where wreaths and bunches of flowers may be purchased. I must now conclude, and am sure you will dream of church yards and hobgoblins, after reading this letter, from your attached LEONTINE.

* This party were termed *frondeurs* or slingers by their opponents, in allusion to the boys who were then in the habit of throwing stones with slings in the street, and who ran away when any one appeared. The *Soubriquet*, as has frequently happened, was adopted by them as their distinctive appellation.

ORIGINAL LITERARY NOTICES.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

AN ORATION on the Life and Character of Gilbert Motier de Lafayette, delivered at the request of both Houses of the Congress of the United States, before them, in the House of Representatives at Washington, on the 31st of December, 1834, by John Quincy Adams, a Member of the House. Washington: Gales and Seaton. 1835. pp. 94.

EULOGY on La Fayette, delivered in Faneuil Hall, at the request of the Young Men of Boston, September 6, 1834; by Edward Everett. Boston: Nathan Hall & Allen & Tichnor. 1834. pp. 96.

"An Oration in praise of Hercules!!! And who ever thought of blaming Hercules!"

THE limits of the old world bounded the labors of Hercules. There nature had planted imperishable landmarks; and on these the gratitude of nations had inscribed, in imperishable characters, the name of their benefactor. What could the breath of man add to his glory?

But the pillars of Hercules have been passed. Beyond this *ne plus ultra* of the ancient world, the genius of Columbus opened a way to new regions, and extended the sway of his imperial master around the circuit of the earth. A new hero was wanting, whose labors, commensurate with this enlarged theatre, might compass the globe, and convey to the new world the be-

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nefits which his illustrious prototype had conferred on the old. Such a hero the bounty of Providence vouchsafed to man. But the spirit has returned to him who gave it; and it is in praise of his memory, that two distinguished orators have been required to task their acknowledged powers.

But "who ever thought of blaming La Fayette?" Who feels it necessary to utter his praise, even in this simple question? Who feels it necessary to answer it? Is not such silence the most expressive praise; the silence imposed by a common sentiment, which all are conscious is felt by all?

What can be expected from eulogy in such a case? What is there in the breath of praise; what is there in the pomp and circumstance of funeral pageantry, but a solemn mockery of the feelings that "bleed deep in the silent breast?" We find a natural though sad pleasure in telling the world of the unobtrusive merit of some good man, who in voluntary privacy had passed and closed a virtuous and useful life. We may have a purpose in erecting monuments to the *common great*, which, perishable as they are, may somewhat prolong the memory of those to whom they are dedicated. The undying strains of bards may rescue from oblivion names which might have perished. There were heroes before Agamemnon; but they had no Homer to record their deeds, and died without their fame. But what need had Hercules of Homer? What need has La Fayette that one should tell his fellow of him? Why proclaim to the world what all the world already knows? Why tell posterity what posterity can never forget, until man has lost the records of the history of man?

We talk of monuments to Washington. Why is none erected? Is it for want of reverence for his memory? For want of love? For want of gratitude? These questions are reproachfully asked, from time to time, by novices in politics, who, in striving to signalize their patriotism, their enthusiasm, or their *eloquence*, do but signalize their ignorance of the human heart. Such appeals are always answered by silence. It is the answer dictated by the unsophisticated feelings of our countrymen. Where would you place the monument? *In* the capitol? Is not the *capitol itself* too small? But the capitol may be considered symbolically as imbodying the free institutions of the country which he made free. What then? Is not the *thing itself* worthier than the symbol? Is any monument to Washington so appropriate as that reared by his genius, his toils and his virtues,—HIS COUNTRY? And what matters it under what part of that vast tablet, every where emblazoned with his glory, his bones repose? The silence of the people is the appropriate, the only *natural* expression of those sentiments which all can feel, though all know not how to speak them. The unsuccessful orator who, having uttered his premeditated declamation, goes his way, reproaching their apathy, does but expose himself to scorn, as one who would substitute *lip service* for the homage of the heart. But even that scorn, (such is the influence of the all-pervading reverence for the the mighty dead,) even that is repressed, and finds no voice.

These remarks are made because they illustrate the difficulty of the task imposed on Messrs. Adams and Everett. It is a difficulty which grows out of the nature of the subject. We are not sure that any man, endued with all those qualities which enter into the composition of the perfect orator, would not instinctively shrink from such a task. Mr. Webster declined it; and it does not appear that it was sought by Mr. Clay, Mr. Leigh, or Mr. Preston.

Of one thing we are sure. Whoever attempted it must have failed. All such attempts must end in failure. The eulogies on Washington were all failures. Those on Adams and Jefferson were failures too, but from a different cause. When, on the 4th of July, 1826, the Declaration of Independence was celebrated in jubilee over the continent; while the political partizans of both those illustrious men, whose rivalship had so long divided the people, were hyming their praises, it pleased him whose instruments they had been, to touch them with his finger, and to show that they were dust. Never was any people so suddenly and so awfully reminded that it is *God alone* who doeth his will on earth and in the armies of heaven; and never did any people use so strenuous an effort to shake off a salutary impression. They refused to lay to heart the admonition of Providence. "The Lord of Hosts had called to weeping, and to mourning, and to baldness, and to girding with sackcloth; and behold joy and gladness; slaying oxen, and killing sheep; eating flesh, and drinking wine." The worship of the living was closed by the *apotheosis* of the dead: the best talents in the land were engaged in the solemn mockery: and the very ministers of the living God were seen officiating in the profane ceremonial. What could come of all this; what did come of it, but failure? We have no fear of offending any one of the distinguished men who tasked his powers for that occasion, by saying that his effort was a failure. Each one must have felt that it was so; and each one will readily accept the excuse furnished by the unfitness of the ceremony to the occasion. How many of those who witnessed it, went home with hearts oppressed by a consciousness of something wrong? And as the evils of man-worship have advanced, (*as they are now advancing*,) to their fatal consummation, how many, recalling the circumstances of that ceremonial, have heard a voice as that of Jehovah, whispering, "Surely this iniquity shall not be purged from you, until you die?"

We trust that the temper of these remarks will not be misapprehended. They cannot be made in the spirit of party, for the subjects of them were the very antipodes of conflicting parties. Whatever feelings such thoughts awaken in our minds, the thoughts themselves are suggested by considerations purely critical. We have but attempted to imbody and apply two maxims that every master of the art of eloquence will own as true. First; that, *in cases calling for the highest reach of that art*, every attempt that *falls short* of it is *felt* to be a failure. Second; that under circumstances that *offend the better feelings of the heart*, the *highest reach of eloquence* is unattainable by human powers.

It may be readily believed that we have felt reluctant to sit in judgment on the works of men so renowned as Messrs. Adams and Everett. A decided condemnation would seem to many the height of presumption. Even to ourselves it has so much of this appearance, that we are desirous to have it in our power to charge the main defects of their performances rather on the occasion than on themselves.

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Mr. Everett has certainly made the most of it. His delineation of the character of La Fayette is highly graphic; the incidents of his life are judiciously and tastefully selected, and told with spirit, simplicity and distinctness; and the comparative summary of his claims to the grateful admiration of the world, commands the acquiescence of the reader. The whole is interspersed with just thoughts and natural sentiments, which do honor to the head and heart of the speaker.

But a higher praise is due to Mr. Everett. The history of La Fayette is the history of man, in the most portentous and eventful era of his existence. Of the events of that era Mr. Everett so speaks as to show that he has understood and rightly applied the lesson which they teach to the world. *He* does not profess to see any thing "cheering and refreshing" in the progress or the results of the French revolution. How should he? How should a man of "untaught feelings, with a heart of flesh and blood beating in his bosom," find any thing cheering in theoretical good, purchased at such an expense of actual crime and suffering? How should a friend of liberty look, but with despondency, on the result of a series of horrors unutterable and inconceivable, only serving to confirm the sad truth "that men of intemperate minds cannot be free?" Those who could "hope against hope," shut their eyes as long as possible, and tried to forget that *rational liberty* is but another name for *self-government*. But they have been forced to see that some appropriate training is necessary to qualify man for freedom. In what that training is to consist, it is not easy to say. Its application depends on him who rules the world. When he shall please so to order events as to qualify men by the discipline of life, for *self-government*, they will then be capable of freedom, and not till then. A corollary from this important truth comes nearer home to ourselves. *When men, thus qualified for freedom and thus made free, become wiser than their teachers, and impatient to unlearn the lessons taught in this school of discipline, there is danger that they may imperceptibly lose those personal qualities on which their fitness for the function of self-government depends.* The personal qualities of a limited monarch, who is but the minister of the actual sovereignty, may be of small consequence; but on the personal qualities of a free people, the efficient sovereign, *de facto* as well as *de jure*, every thing depends. If these be lost in experiments on the *theory* of government, all is lost.

We should extend our remarks too far, if we indulged in all the reflections on this subject suggested by these two orations. By that of Mr. Adams they are provoked by repeated allusions to it, which give to his performance something of the character of a dissertation (not very philosophical) on the philosophy of government. He doubtless felt the difficulties of his situation, not the less sensibly, because he had obviously sought it. The whole proceeding seems to have been planned by himself, but he was probably not aware how hard a task he had undertaken, until he set about its performance. He seems throughout to have been at cross-purposes with himself; never decided whether to play the statesman, the philosopher, or the orator; and not always certain which of his two sets of political opinions had the ascendant for the day. His digression at page four, in which he wanders away into a statement of the titles of Louis XV and George II, is certainly one of the strangest aberrations from the subject that we have ever seen. It is hard to imagine his motive for it, unless he was seeking an opportunity to record his testimony against *hereditary monarchy*. Why he should have felt this necessary, he best knows. But his observations on this point, after all, are superficial to very childishness; and we can hardly help questioning his sincerity when we see him affecting to be wholly unconscious of the true grounds on which the statesmen of the old world place their preference of the *hereditary* to the *elective* principle. Yet of these Mr. Adams could not have been ignorant, and had no right to suppose his hearers ignorant. What right had he then, to speak over their heads, to the uninitiated multitude, who have not yet learned that, in the judgment of the enlightened friends of liberty, it is not desirable that the throne should be filled by a man of high personal endowments? Such are the men to whom dangerous powers are conceded. Such are the men who seize prerogatives never claimed before, and transmit them to their successors. Even if the statesmen of England had been silent on the subject, could we have supposed them so unobservant of the history of their own country, as not to have remarked that *all concessions in favor of liberty* of which their annals bear record, have been obtained from *weak princes*, from those who held by *doubtful titles*, or from *minors?* Do they not know that the odious tyranny, the folly, the weakness, and the cowardice of John gave birth to *magna charta?* Had not this been extorted from him, could it have been wrung from the stern grasp of the first or third Edward? During the reign of this last, where slumbered that fierce spirit which broke out on the accession of the minor Richard II, and slunk away rebuked, the moment he showed that, though a boy in years, he was a man in spirit? Can we identify the abject slaves who crouched to the will of the bold and resolute Elizabeth, with the contumacious subjects of her silly and imbecile Scotch successor? Could the spirit which tumbled his son from the throne, have prepared itself for explosion during her vigilant and energetic reign? If little was gained at the restoration, it was because little was asked. The people had lost a sense of the value of liberty, from experience of the abuses perpetrated in her name. They only asked to be freed from a sour and gloomy tyranny which invaded the privacy, and marred the comforts of the domestic circle. They ask for nothing but leave to enjoy life. Charles opposed irreligion to fanaticism, and they wished no more.

The revolution found them in a different mood. Appetite was gorged, mirth had become stale, animal passion had spent its force, and men found themselves once more requiring something to engage the nobler faculties of the heart and mind.

Do we ask why, in this temper, they gained so little from William? Look at the character of the man, and you have your answer. Able, energetic, sagacious, firm and cold, he had power, even in the act of mounting the throne, to arrest the progress of reform in mid career.

The weak princes of the house of Brunswick enjoyed an advantage of a different sort, which supplied the place of talent to them. By contrast with the odious pretender of the house of Stuart they were popular;

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and this counter-prop upheld the power of the crown until that race became virtually extinct. So sensible of this was the purest, the ablest, and the most resolved of the friends of liberty in the reign of George II, (we speak of Mr. Shippen)—so sensible was he of the advantage which freedom has in contending with a weak prince, and an unpopular name, that he had serious thoughts of bringing in the pretender with that view.

But the house of Stuart passed off the stage; the bugbear of a popish succession was removed; the cant of the "great and glorious revolution" went out of fashion; and people instead of looking back to that, took leave to look forward to something better. Our own revolution was the first fruit of this change in public sentiment. That which was preparing in England was arrested by the horrors of the premature explosion in France. But that interruption of its progress was but temporary, and it is now finding its consummation under the reign of one who, having passed from first to second childhood, without ever being a man, seems fitted by Providence for the place to which the order of succession called, and in which the order of events required him.

Have these things been lost on Mr. Adams himself? And has not his *own* experience taught him the advantage which a questionable title, or the folly of a ruler may give his subjects? Has he yet to learn that vanity and obvious weakness may provoke a clamor for reforms, which the man of spirit and address, who is brought in to effectuate them, may laugh at? Does he believe that the revolution so "cheering and refreshing" to his spirit, would have taken place, had Henri IV occupied the throne of Louis XVI? Does he think the reform now going on in England would have commenced under Elizabeth or her grandfather Henry VII? Does he believe that the people of the United States would, at this moment, address themselves to the reform of their representation, however unequal, however corrupt, if its corruption only produced subserviency to the will of Andrew Jackson? In short is he to learn, at this time of day, that the power which the exigencies of public affairs require to be lodged in the hands of the Executive of a *great and ambitious* nation, implies a *faculty of usurpation?* That such power, passing from generation to generation successively, into the hands of men of mature age, of bold spirits and commanding minds, will increase and multiply itself without end, is certain. That such power will be deemed necessary, so long as men give themselves up to dreams of glory and the lust of conquest, is equally sure.

Why did our fathers hope that the experiment of free government might succeed with us, though it had failed every where else? Was it not because our local situation removed us far from war, and the entanglements of foreign politics? Let any infatuation tempt us to throw away this advantage, and seek the evil that seeks not us, and it is not difficult to foresee the consequence. We shall soon find ourselves, like the friends of freedom in England, reduced to inquire, "what hope remains to us, but to regulate the succession on a principle which may afford the people a chance of wresting from a weak prince, the advantages gained by the ability and address of his predecessors?" The solution of this problem was found in the device of "blending together the principle of hereditary succession with that of reformed protestant christianity," at which Mr. Adams sneers so bitterly. Its inventors were the truest friends to freedom in the world. They were *our* masters in the science of government. Relieved from the necessity which drove them to this device, *we* imbodied in our institutions the lessons we had learned from them. Should our folly throw away our peculiar advantages, and our vices render some contrivance of the sort necessary to us as to them, may we be equally fortunate in applying the maxims learned from them! If monarchy become necessary, (and they who most feel the necessity often most deeply lament it,) may we hit on some contrivance as well adapted to give the people the comfortable sense of security, while the ruler is made to feel that he holds his power only by their will. That in every stage of our political existence we may choose wisely, let us shut our ears to those who would disguise their well known predilections for strong government, by *ad captandum* sneers at any of its *particular modes*. What end can such sneers answer at this moment, but to confirm our people in the fatal error of supposing liberty secure because the *forms* of the constitution are preserved? because our monarch is elective, not hereditary; a man and not a child?

Of a piece with this is the declaration (at page forty-three) that, in the contemplation of the great results of the French revolution, Mr. Adams finds something "cheering and refreshing." It is well known that while the friends of freedom were animated with a hope, that the dark hour of its commencement was but the forerunner of a day of light and liberty and happiness, Mr. Adams belonged to a school which taught that this bright hope was but illusory; that all the horrors of the *reign of terror* were gratuitous; and that the French people would, in the end, return as near as might be, to the condition from which they were struggling to escape. These bodings have been fulfilled. The younger branch of the house of Capet has taken the place of the elder. The unteachable folly of those who could neither learn nor forget, has been superseded by the address, the subtlety, the energy and spirit of Louis Philippe. By these qualities, and by what is *instar omnium*, his private wealth, he has been able to stay the tempest of revolution in its wildest rage, and to establish himself firmly on the throne. The condemnation pronounced by Mr. Adams's school of politics, in the earlier stages of the revolution, has been justified by the event, and *he* finds something "*quite refreshing*" in the result!

We have perhaps extended these observations too far, and left ourselves but little room to remark on the style of these compositions. There is certainly much to praise in Mr. Everett's, and we would gladly adorn our pages with copious extracts from it; but it is in every body's hands, and will be read by thousands whom our humble pages will never reach.

It has been well said "that truth is sometimes more incredible than fiction." The history of La Fayette is a chapter in the romance of real life, more strange and interesting than any tale that imagination has ever suggested. The succinct sketch of that history, which forms the body of Mr. Everett's eulogy, must be read with great interest even by those already familiar with the facts. It is quite felicitously hit off.

We have already intimated the opinion, that the na-

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ture of the occasion fixed the doom of failure on the attempts of both gentlemen, however executed. We wish we could say that no part of the fault attached to the execution itself. The circumstances justified the expectation that each oration should be perfect in its kind. Men selected from among millions for the occasion, and having months for preparation, were bound to furnish specimens of composition without blemish. We are sorry to point out faults which would merit censure in works of less pretension. In Mr. Everett's eulogy we mark a few.

Does he mean, at page six, to intimate that the "boldness of truth" was ONLY "*not* WHOLLY *uncongenial*" to the character of La Fayette? We take this as a specimen of the faults into which men blunder, who adopt a sort of diluted style, in which affirmative propositions are stated by *disaffirming the negation of the affirmative.* This may be very polite and genteel. It betokens an amiable aversion to say any thing offensive; an eagerness to qualify and explain; and sometimes even a readiness to take back any thing that may displease. It may be called the *apologetic* or *bowing* style; for whenever we meet with it, we presently have before us the image of the speaker, ruffled, powdered and perfumed, and accompanying every sentence with the appropriate gesture of a deferential bow. This is Mr. Everett's besetting fault. But for this he might have been an orator.

At pages twelve and thirteen, we were inextricably puzzled (to say nothing of the ungraceful introduction of the *egomet ipse*,) by the following sentence.

"Yes, fellow-citizens, that I may repeat an exclamation, uttered ten years ago by him who has now the honor to address you, in the presence of an immense multitude, who welcomed 'the nation's guest' to the academic shades of Harvard, and by them received with acclamations of approval and tears of gratitude; when he was told by our commissioners, 'that they did not possess the means or the credit of procuring [credit of procuring!] a single vessel in all the ports of France, then, exclaimed the gallant and generous youth, 'I will provide my own.'"

The reader may unriddle this. We cannot. If the thing were possible, the most plausible guess would be, that the words "I will provide my own," were the words of Mr. Everett. It is the only exclamation we hear of.

We have not often had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Everett speak, and cannot pronounce whether he possesses that magic power of voice, and countenance, and attitude and gesture, which *should* have been displayed in the utterance of his closing paragraph. Without these, it is a school-boy declamation. We rather fear that Mr. Everett is not so endowed. Such was our impression on hearing him, and this is confirmed by the fact, that his power over the house of which he has long been a member, is no way commensurate to his acknowledged talents. We subjoin the paragraph, adding this advice—"that no man attempt to utter such a passage who is not very sure of his own powers." He who can do it as it should be done, may rival Cooke in Richard, or Cooper in the ghost-scene in Hamlet. This is the paragraph.

"You have now assembled within these *renowned* walls, to perform the last duties of respect and love, on the birth-day of your benefactor, beneath that roof which has resounded of old with the master voices of American *renown*. The spirit of the departed is in *high communion* [does this mean *high mass?*] with the spirit of the place;—the temple worthy of the new name, which we now behold inscribed on its walls. Listen, Americans, to the lesson, which seems borne to us on the very air we breathe, while we perform these dutiful rites. Ye winds, that wafted the pilgrims to the land of promise, fan in their children's hearts, the love of freedom;—blood which our fathers shed, cry from the ground; *echoing* arches of this *renowned* hall, *whisper* back the voices of other days;—glorious Washington, break the long silence of that votive canvass;—speak, speak, marble lips, teach us THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW."*

At pages six and seven, we have a passage, which besides savoring of transcendentalism, smacks of the school of Garrison and Tappan. We pass it by, because it is not with a mere occasional volunteer like Mr. Everett that we would discuss the subject there hinted at. Indeed we would touch him with a lenient hand, for his eulogy has great merit, and has deepened the kindly impression which his amiable character and classic talent had already made on us. The blemishes we have noted are but

> "Stains upon a vestal's robe,
> The worse for what they soil."

We recommend it to the perusal of all (if any there be) who have not read it.

We had noted for animadversion some of the most faulty passages of Mr. Adams's oration, but do not find them so much at variance with the general character of the work as to merit particular censure. When Secretary of State to a President, who, while minister to England, informed his government, in an official despatch, that he "had *enjoyed* very bad health," he acquired by contrast the reputation of a fine writer. He was the *cheval de battaille* of the administration. Afterwards, when the head of a dominant party, it pleased him to lay claim to the first place among the writers of the day, and his followers of course accorded it to him. A fatal claim, most fatally acknowledged! Had he known no more of writing than his successor, he might have been President now. As it was, he perilled the enjoyment of power, for the sake of vaunting it, in well turned sentences about "light-houses in the skies." His vanity tore away the veil under which federalism had lain securely hid for years. Had he, like his successor, unmasked a battery in doing so, he might have

* Subjoined to Mr. Everett's speech is an account of the circumstances of the ceremonial, much in detail. From this it appears that *by his side*, on the platform where he stood, was placed a bust of La Fayette, on a pedestal *just high enough* to bring the *face on a level with the speaker's*. The taste of this we do not propose to discuss with the committee of arrangement. It seems to have imposed on Mr. Everett a sort of necessity to have a word to say to the figure, and we do not know that he could have done it better than he has done. We incline to suspect that he would gladly have escaped from that part of his task. We are glad he got through it so well. We are glad too we were not there. The thought of Punch and the Devil knocking their noses together, might have made us laugh most unreasonably. Now that the thing is over, we venture to intreat that no man of genius and taste may be placed in a situation so perilous and so painful.

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done it safely. This may explain some of our former remarks, when classing him among those whose weakness afforded the people an opportunity (fatally abused) of retrieving their rights.

Mr. Adams's style is any thing but felicitous. He has not the art of gliding gracefully on from topic to topic. His digressions are abrupt, untimely and rectangular; his allusions are generally of the ebony and topaz school; his blows are never inflicted with that dexterous sleight which engages our admiration too much to permit sympathy with the sufferer. They never take effect but when the victim is bound hand and foot, or on some imbecile wretch, like Jonathan Russel, who can neither parry nor elude them. His oratory reminds us of the *fa sol la* of a country singing school, differing as much from the easy flow of spontaneous eloquence, as the mellifluous stream of real music from that harsh jangling in which each note claims its separate syllable.

To those who may be startled at this account of Mr. Adams's style, we recommend the perusal of his oration as an exercise. We venture to predict that by the time the sixty thousand copies ordered by Congress have found as many readers, our judgment will be confirmed by at least fifty-nine thousand of them. But that will never be.

To Mr. Everett's address are appended a requiem and a hymn, of which we will say, but more emphatically, what we said of the orations. They should have great excellence and no fault. Each should be a gem of the first water, and without flaw. The first consists of six stanzas, of which two or three are very fine. But what shall we say to this:

"One pulse is echoing there."

An echoing pulse!

"One pulse is echoing there!
The far voiced clarion and the trump are still,
And man's crushed spirit to the changeless will
Bows in *rebuke* and prayer!"

Whom or what does man rebuke? If the writer meant "*under* rebuke," he should have said so. Again—

"Gather about his pall,
And let the sacred memory of years
That he made glorious, call back your tears,
Or LIGHT *them as they fall!*"

If the writer had an idea connected with the last line it is incomprehensible to us.

The hymn of four short stanzas being destitute of any original thought, has not merit enough to be chargeable with any particular fault. There *may be* something new, though common-place, in the last stanza. Astronomers tell us that Venus and Mercury are morning and evening star by turns. Our poet, if we can understand his orrery, has a mind to make the name of La Fayette both morning and evening star at once.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE BEAUTIES of the Court of Charles the Second; a series of Memoirs, Biographical and Critical, illustrating the Diaries of Pepys, Evelyn, Clarendon, and other contemporary writers. By Mrs. Jameson, authoress of "The Loves of the Poets," "Lives of Female Sovereigns," "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad," &c. &c. Philadelphia: E. L. Cary & A. Hart. pp. 304. 8vo.

FEW portions of history are more replete with characters illustrating the good and evil of human nature, in both extremes, than that of the reign and court of Charles II. The stern dominion of a sour and superstitious bigotry had just passed away; the disgusting hypocrisy which had disguised all vice under the mask of religion and virtue had been exposed; and the disclosure had awakened a doubt, even in the minds of the wise and good, whether unbounded license was not more tolerable than the enormities practised in those hiding-places of crime, into which the severe discipline of the Protectorate had driven it. The public eye might impose some restraint; but when the indulgence of harmless mirth and the enjoyment of innocent amusement were unsafe, except in private, who could tell what unseen abominations might be perpetrated in recesses which the world was not permitted to look into.

Nothing is more true, than that the appetite for pleasure grows by indulgence, and that, pushed to the verge of what is lawful, it is too apt to pass into criminal excess. But *innocent* pleasures men *will* have. What security that they will be content with these? None but the influence of public sentiment, constraining them to respect the almost viewless boundary that divides the extreme of lawful indulgence from the beginnings of licentiousness. The exercise of this influence is a duty society owes to itself; but to exert it, we must bear to look upon the scenes where its authority should be felt. If we fastidiously turn away, and refuse to the young, the gay, the sanguine and the thoughtless, the benefit of that aggregate judgment concerning right and wrong, which we distinguish by the name of "public sentiment," we incur more risk of becoming "partakers of the sins of others," than we should by looking on with that complacent smile of benevolent sympathy, which its objects would not willingly exchange for the frown of merited disapprobation. In this smile and this frown are the sanctions for that "regulated indulgence" which a wise and good man has pronounced to be "the best security against excess."

When Charles on his accession avowed a disposition to claim for himself, and to allow to others the unbounded license which his foreign habits had rendered necessary to him, it was of course, that multitudes should eagerly avail themselves of the privilege. It was not wonderful that even the virtuous should acquiesce in this new scheme of things, instead of endeavoring to apply correctives which they had just seen so much abused.

The consequence was, that during that most flagitious reign, the mind was left to put forth all its wild unpruned luxuriance. Human nature displayed itself in all the forms of all of its varieties, each in the most extreme dimensions. Vice walked abroad in naked deformity; and orgies, such as the sun had never before been permitted to look on, were perpetrated in the face of day.

But if the "poor virtues of the age lacked countenance," how conspicuous was that virtue, which still resolutely resisted all the allurements with which fashion invests pleasure, and in the midst of a corrupt generation, preserved its purity inviolate. God has never left himself without a witness. There were, even in in that day, men devoted to all their duties to him, to their fellows, and to themselves, and their light did but shine the brighter for the darkness that surrounded it. The pacific policy of a monarch, who is now known to have been the pensioner of the natural enemy of his

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country, afforded few opportunities to acquire fame in the service of the crown. It was chiefly in private life that virtue had to seek that honorable distinction which it naturally covets. That distinction the character of the age rendered more conspicuous and honorable, and it was therefore the more eagerly sought.

We are not particularly anxious about this theory, but it helps us to understand, not only how it was that the pure and muddy waters mingled without blending, but how it happened that the *unexampled* excellence of an Ormond and an Ossory were found side by side with the unheard of depravity of a Buckingham and a Rochester.

Of the private as well as public history of the courtiers of Charles II, we have the most authentic records, and they are full of amusement and instruction. It has been lamented that they have been, for the most part, transmitted to us through channels which must soil the reader's mind, and endanger an injury more than commensurate to the value of the information. We have reason to rejoice therefore, that we are at length permitted to receive them through the refining filter of a female mind, from which they are transmitted pure and "bright as diamond spark."

What lover ever read the history of Grammont without lamenting that it was impossible to impart any portion of his delight to his mistress. The difficulty is now removed; and Mrs. Jameson deserves the thanks of her sex, for having rendered accessible to them, not only a theme of most amusing gossip, but one of the most instructive and edifying chapters in the history of man. We especially recommend this work to their perusal. The witty Hamilton and the gay Grammont will still perhaps be most read by the men, but even they will derive advantage from looking, through the chaste eyes of a virtuous female, on the same scenes and the same characters exhibited by this profligate pair.

Of the manner in which this work is executed, nothing need be said to those familiar with the writings of Mrs. Jameson. It is every way worthy of her well merited reputation. We extract a few passages, which may serve as examples of the work. But they are not selected for any particular merit, but merely to illustrate the foregoing remarks. They are most attractive pictures of virtues, the exact opposite of the vices which characterized the age; and we are not sure that they do not as widely differ from the average standard of the human character.

What can be more captivating than this account of *La belle Hamilton.*

"She was then just arrived at that age when the budding girl expands into the woman: her figure was tall, rather full, but elegantly formed; and, to borrow Lord Herbert's beautiful expression, 'varied itself into every grace that can belong either to rest or motion.' She had the finest neck and the loveliest hand and arm in the world: her forehead was fair and open; her hair dark and luxuriant, always arranged with the most exquisite taste, but with an air of natural and picturesque simplicity, which meaner beauties in vain essayed to copy; her complexion, at a time when the use of paint was universal, owed nothing to art; her eyes were not large, but sparkling and full of expression; her mouth, though not a little haughtiness is implied in the curve of the under lip, was charming, and the contour of her face perfect.

"The soul which heaven had lodged in this fair person was worthy of its shrine. In those days, the very golden age of folly and affectation, the beauties, by prescriptive right, might be divided into two factions, whom I shall call the *languishers* and the *sparklers;* the languishers were those who, being dull by nature, or at least not bright, affected an extreme softness—lounged and lolled—simpered and sighed—lisped or drawled out their words—half shut their eyes—and moved as if 'they were not born to carry their own weight.' The sparklers were those who, upon the strength of bright eyes and some natural vivacity and impertinence, set up for female wits: in conversation they attempted to dazzle by such sallies as would now be scarcely tolerated from the most abandoned of their sex; they were gay, airy, fluttering, fantastical, and talkative—they dealt in bon mots and repartees—they threw their glances right and left, *a tort et a travers*—and piqued themselves upon taking hearts by a *coup-de-main.* Miss Hamilton belonged to neither of these classes: though lively by nature, she had felt perhaps the necessity of maintaining a reserve of manner which should keep presumptuous fops at a distance. She wore her feminine dignity as an advanced guard—her wit as a body of reserve. She did not speak much, but what she said was to the purpose, just what the occasion demanded and no more. *Fiere a toute outrance*, whenever she was called upon to stand on the defensive, she was less possessed with the idea of her own merit than might have been supposed; and, far from thinking her consequence increased by the number of her lovers, she was singularly fastidious with regard to the qualifications of those whom she admitted upon the list of aspirants."

In the family of Ormond we have a galaxy of excellence. The following extracts make us balance the truth of history and our experience of real life. Whom do we know like old Ormond and his wife? Whom like his noble son and his charming countess?

Take the character of the Duchess from the lips of an enemy.

"When the Duke of Ormond withdrew to France, in 1655, he found himself obliged to leave his wife and family behind: and soon afterwards Cromwell caused the Earl of Ossory to be arrested upon no specific charge and committed to the Tower. His mother waited upon the protector to remonstrate, and to solicit his enlargement, pleading the quiet and inoffensive life which she led with her children in London. Cromwell told her plainly, that he had more reason to fear her than any body else. She replied with dignity and spirit, and in the presence of a numerous drawing-room, that 'she desired no favor at his hands, but merely justice to her innocent son;'—and that 'she thought it strange that she, who had never been concerned in a plot in her life, nor opened her mouth against his person and government, should be represented as so terrible a person.' 'No, madam!' replied Cromwell, 'that is not the case; but your worth has gained you so great an influence over all the commanders of our party, and we know so well your power over your own party, that it is in your ladyship's breast to act what you please.'"

The following descriptions of the Earl and Countess of Ossory are delightful.

"At this time, the Earl of Ossory was about four and twenty; he was tall, well made, and handsome; with an open expressive countenance, and fine teeth and hair; he rode, fenced, and danced remarkably well; played on the lute and the guitar; spoke French eloquently, and Italian fluently; was a good historian; and seems to have had a taste for light and elegant literature, for Sir Robert Southwell represents him as so well read in poetry and romance, that 'in a gallery full of pictures and hangings, he could tell the stories of all that were there described.' These however were the

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mere superficial graces which enabled him to please in the drawing-room, and to these he added all the rare and noble qualities which can distinguish a man in the cabinet and in the field. He was wise in council, quick and decided in action, as brave in battle as an Amadis of Gaul—gallant 'beyond the fiction of romance'—humane, courteous, affable, temperate, generous to profusion, and open almost to a fault. 'In a word,' says the historian, 'his virtue was unspotted in the centre of a luxurious court; his integrity umblemished amid all the vices of the times; his honor untainted through the course of his whole life;' and it is most worthy of remark, that in those days, when the spirits of men were heated with party rage; when profligate pens were wielded by profligate and obscure individuals, and satire 'unbated and envenomed,' was levelled at whatever was noble, or beautiful, or good in the land; not a single expression can any where be traced to contradict or invalidate this universal testimony. 'No writer,' (I quote again from history,) 'ever appeared then or since, so regardless of truth and of his own character, as to venture one stroke of censure on that of the Earl of Ossory.' "

" 'She was, indeed,' adds the grave historian of the family, 'an admirable economist; always cheerful, and never known to be out of humor, so that they lived together in the most perfect harmony imaginable. Lord Ossory never found any place or company more agreeable than he found at home; and when he returned thither from court, they constantly met with open arms, with kind embraces, and the most moving expressions of mutual tenderness.'

"But this picture, bright and beautiful as it is, had its shades. In this world of ours, 'where but to think, is to be full of sorrow,' Lady Ossory was so far most happy, that though she suffered *through* those she loved, (as all must do who embark their happiness in their affections,) she never suffered by them: but she lost several of her numerous family at an early age; and the frequent absence of Lord Ossory, whilst engaged in the highest civil and military employments, must have doomed her to many widowed hours. The reckless valor too, with which he exposed his life, and which was such as even to call down a rebuke from his brave father, must have filled the gentle bosom of his wife with a thousand fond anxieties: yet might not those partings and meetings, those alternations of hope and fear, those trembling terrors for his safety, those rapturous tears which greeted his return, have assisted to keep freshly alive, through a long series of years, all the romance of early passion? And was not this much? Did Lady Ossory buy too dearly the proud happiness of belonging to that man, upon whom the eyes of all Europe were fixed to gaze and to admire; who from every new triumph brought her home a faith and love unchanged—deposing his honors at her feet, and his cares in her gentle arms? Let the woman who reads this question, answer it to her own heart."

The following anecdote, with the appended note, illustrates a point of character on which we always dwell with delight, though it is not often found associated with prudence and wisdom.

"In 1671 occurred that extraordinary attempt on the life of the Duke of Ormond by the ruffian Blood, of notorious memory; it is supposed at the instigation of Buckingham. There was, in fact, something so audacious and so theatrical in the idea of hanging the duke upon the gallows at Tyburn, that it could only have originated with that 'Fanfaron de crimes.' Such, at least, was the general opinion at the time. A few days after this event, Lord Ossory meeting the Duke of Buckingham in the king's chamber, the color flushed to his temples with passion, and his eyes sparkled with such ire, that the duke took refuge behind the king's chair. 'My lord,' said Ossory, stepping up to him, 'I know well that you are at the bottom of this late attempt of Blood's upon my father, and therefore I give you fair warning, if my father comes to a violent end by sword or pistol,—if he dies by the hand of a ruffian, or the more secret way of poison, I shall not be at a loss to know the first author of it; I shall consider *you* as the assassin; I shall treat you as such, and I shall pistol you, though you stood beside the king's chair; and I tell it you in his majesty's presence, that you may be sure I shall keep my word.' So saying, he turned upon his heel, leaving the duke so completely overawed, that he had not even spirit to utter a denial."*

We will conclude by adding the character of a lady (the wife of Hyde Earl of Rochester,) of whom it is praise enough to say, that she was beautiful, rich, noble and powerful, and chose to love her husband, nurse her children, and live in obscurity.

"It is perhaps the highest eulogium that could be pronounced on the character and conduct of his fair, gentle-looking, and really amiable wife, that while her husband was treading the steep and tortuous paths of court diplomacy, rising to rank and honors, and filling the highest offices in the state, we do not even hear of her, except in her domestic relations. In the recent publication of the Clarendon papers, Lady Rochester is seldom mentioned; but from the manner in which she is alluded to, we may infer, without danger of being mistaken, that she was the excellent and submissive wife of an impatient and despotic husband; that she lived in the utmost harmony with her children and her relatives; that she frequented the court but little.

"It should seem that her days flowed along in one even course of unpretending duties and blameless pleasures: duties such as her sex and station prescribe, pleasures such as her rank and fortune permitted,—interrupted and clouded by such cares and infirmities as are the common lot of mortality. This description of Lady Rochester may appear a little insipid after the piquante adventures of a Cleveland and a Chesterfield, and others of her more brilliant and interesting contemporaries; yet there is in its repose and innocence something that not only refreshes, but sweetens the imagination: as in a garden where peonies, and pinks, and carnations, and tall lilies,

> 'And canker blooms, with full as deep a die,
> As the perfumed tincture of the roses,'

flaunt to the eye and allure the sense, should we suddenly find a jasmine, trailing its light tendrils and luxuriant foliage round a lordly elm, with what delight should we appropriate its starry, unsullied blossoms, and place them in our bosom!"

* I believe no writer has remarked the singular coincidence between the charactors and fortunes of the Duke of Ormond, and his ancestor, the Earl of Ormond, of Elizabeth's time. Both were brave, popular, enthusiastically loyal, and inflexibly honest; both were accomplished courtiers, and lived to experience the ingratitude and injustice of the princes they had served; both experienced many changes of fortune, and lived to an extreme old age, so as to behold their heirs in the third generation. Both were opposed to the reigning favorites, for the enmity of the Duke of Ormond and Buckingham was at least equal to that of the Earl of Ormond and Lord Leicester. As Buckingham was believed to have instigated Blood in his attempt on the Duke of Ormond, so Leicester was known to have attempted the assassination of Ormond, by means of a hired cut-throat, who was afterwards, like Blood, forgiven and rewarded. The following anecdote is very characteristic:—The Earl of Ormond coming one day to court, met Lord Leicester in the antechamber: after the usual salutations, "My lord," said Leicester, insolently, "I dreamed of you last night!" "Indeed!" replied Ormond, "what could your lordship dream of me?" "I dreamed that I gave you a box on the ear." "Dreams are interpreted by contraries," replied the high spirited Irishman, and instantly lent him a cuff on the ear, which made the favorite stagger; for this he was committed to the tower by Elizabeth.

CALAVAR; or The Knight of the Conquest: a Romance of Mexico. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1834.

Who reads an American book? was tauntingly asked some years since, by the Edinburg or Quarterly Review,—we do not recollect which,—nor is it important to know. For the present we will answer the question somewhat in the Hibernian or Yankee style, by a remark which is not exactly responsive; and that is, that if Sir Walter Scott himself were living, he would have the candor and honor to acknowledge that "Calavar" was vastly superior to some five or six of the last litter of his own great genius, and not very far behind the very best of those renowned performances which have thrown a classic glory over the bleak hills and barren moors of Scotland. But whether that would have been the award of Sir Walter or not, impartial critics on both sides of the Atlantic, and coming generations, if "Calavar" should escape the vortex of oblivion,—will undoubtedly render a judgment somewhat similar. It is certainly the very best American novel, excepting perhaps one or two of Mr. Cooper's, which we have ever read; that is, if boldness of design, vigor of thought, copiousness and power of language,—thrilling incident, and graphic and magnificent description, can constitute a good novel. For the first fifty or sixty pages, it is confessedly somewhat heavy; still the reader will perceive that a master spirit is at work, to whose guidance he confidingly trusts. In a short time the whole interest of the narrative rushes upon him; he gazes in imagination upon the beautiful and Eden-like vallies of Mexico; he throbs with pain at the spectacle of slaughtered thousands of the brave aborigines, and he sympathises with the tender sorrows and heroic sufferings of the only female who figures in the story, and she too in the unwomanly garb of a page, destined to perform the somewhat curious, and certainly very unthankful office, of a *menial to her own lover*. Here we think the author has decidedly failed,—we mean in the invention and arrangement of his story. He is entirely too *unnatural* even for romance. There is too much improbable and miraculous agency in the various life-preserving expedients, and extraordinary rescues which are constantly occurring,—and which, although taken singly, do not surpass the strange events of actual life, shock us nevertheless by their perpetual succession, and impart to a tale founded upon historical truth, an air of oriental fiction which is not agreeable. The author, who is vastly superior to Cooper in dialogue, is, we fear, equally unqualified with that writer, to depict the female character in all its exquisite traits and attractive graces—else why not give us more than a mere glimpse at the daughter of Montezuma, (the beloved of the melancholy De Morla,) whose image we behold as in a "glass darkly," and whose wretched fate we regard with the less anguish, knowing so little as we do of the fair and unfortunate victim. Even Jacinto is a mysterious and shadowy, though lovely being, with whom we have not, and cannot well have much sympathy. Some few passages indeed, illustrate the disguised princess with great force,—and throughout there is an unaccountable anxiety felt towards her; but she is not sufficiently presented in the foreground of the picture, to awaken a positive and powerful interest in her behalf. Jacinto, alias Leila, is nevertheless a most delightful vision,—seen always under very unfavorable circumstances,—but when seen, winding around the heart of the reader in spite of himself,—a beautiful, modest, heroic boy,—and yet a girl,—the discovery of whose sex, though anticipated, does not beam upon the reader until towards the latter end of the story. By the way, there is something very strange and improbable in the idea, that this same sweet creature should have waited upon her own lover in the assumed character of page or servant, *and he, the lover, not to know it*. It is altogether too marvellous, and the author of "Calavar" ought not to have drawn such a heavy draft upon the reader's credulity. As to Don Amador de Leste, he is in fact the hero of the story; instead of that demented melancholy uncle whose name gives the title to the romance, but whose agency in it is of very little importance, and whose wild and mournful aberration of mind attracts less of admiration than pity, sometimes mingled with a feeling allied to disgust. The character of Botello too, half knave and half conjurer, is, we think, somewhat of a failure; perhaps not altogether so, for he relieves the mind from the contemplation of spectacles of blood and misery,—and that of itself is a refreshment for which we ought to be thankful.

Notwithstanding these strictures, which impartial justice required, we still maintain the opinion that Calavar is the production of a man of great capacity. If he follows up this first effort by corresponding success in the region of historical romance, he will assuredly outstrip all his competitors on this side of the Atlantic. The history of the conquest of Mexico, affords an admirable field for the novelist; and in the faithful delineation of Cortez, the extraordinary spirit who directed the work of devastation and surmounted almost superhuman difficulties in his triumphant career,—we think that the author of "Calavar" has been wonderfully successful.

We forbear making quotations from the work, or entering into a more minute analysis of the story. Our chief object is to inform our readers that "Calavar" is an American production, which will not shrink from competition with the very best European works of the same character. Faults it has, and some of them obvious and censurable; but its display of intellectual power and its various beauties are so transcendant, that its blemishes are lost like specks upon the orb of day.

The description of the flight of the Spaniards over the dike of Tacuba, and of the horrors of the "Melancholy night," so called in history, is awfully sublime. In truth the whole work abounds in powerful delineation both of character and scenery, and it is with pride that we hail it as at once assuming and commanding a proud rank in the department of historical romance.

JUDGE BLACKSTONE—*A Poet.*

A correspondent in January's Messenger said, that on the death of this great lawyer, *poems* were unexpectedly found among his papers. The following is the only one of them we have seen. Its smooth yet vigorous numbers, its simply touching strain of thought and language, the deep and just feeling it evinces, and the apt felicity of its imagery, prove the author to have possessed a genius which, had it been so inclined, might have rendered him as conspicuous in the flowery paths of elegant literature, as he actually became in the stern-

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er walks of the law. There is something strikingly magnanimous in the *self-denial*, which could make such a mind relinquish pursuits so congenial to its tastes and so meet for its abilities, for a profession the most abounding of all others in dry, ponderous, and perplexing drudgery, yet amongst the most vital to the well-being of society. What a lesson to our *dilettanti*, who, even after having adopted that profession, cannot bravely face and grapple with its difficulties, but remain entranced by the Circean draughts and Syren songs of the lightest and most frivolous of the Muses! What should be their humiliation, when they compare their own inability to renounce the novel, the newspaper, and the frothy magazine, with Blackstone's generous farewell to his so far noble muse? They may rest assured, that it is only to one capable of such a sacrifice, that Lord Coke's parting wish is not addressed in vain: "I wish unto him the gladsome light of Jurisprudence, the lovelinesse of temperance, the stabilitie of fortitude, and the soliditie of justice."

The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse.

BY SIR WM. BLACKSTONE.

As by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemned to roam,
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay;
Till on some neighb'ring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eye below;
There, melting at the well known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doomed from thee to part,
Gay queen of fancy and of art,
Reluctant move with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage!
How blithesome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill and shady grove,
Where fervent bees with humming voice
Around the honeyed oak rejoice,
And aged elms, with awful bend,
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lulled by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheered by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded roll'd along:
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,—
These scenes must charm me now no more:
Lost to the field, and torn from you,
Farewell!—a long, a last adieu!

The wrangling courts, and stubborn law,
To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw;
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice throng the way;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose revelry and riot bold
In frighted streets their orgies hold;
Or when in silence all is drowned,
Fell murder walks her lonely round;
No room for peace, no room for you,—
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!

Shakspeare, no more, thy sylvan son,
Nor all the arts of Addison,
Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self must please:
Instead of these a formal band
In furs and coifs around me stand,
With sounds uncouth, and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony.
Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore;
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding, close retreat,
Is justice doom'd to fix her seat;
There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,
She keeps the wondering world in awe;
And there, from vulgar sight retired,
Like eastern queens, is much admired.

Oh let me pierce the secret shade,
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark with reverend awe,
The guardian of Britannia's law;
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
(Th' united boast of many an age,
Where mixed, though uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years.)
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true,
And other doctrines thence imbibe,
Than lurk within the sordid scribe;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend,
By various laws, to one great end;
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades and regulates the whole.

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp by night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
For thee, fair justice, welcome all!

Thus, though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun at last
Find out the still, the rural cell
Where sage retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the home-felt bliss
Of innocence and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed amid the harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honor and my conscience clear;
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend!

There are moments of despondency, when Shakspeare thought himself no poet and Raphael no painter; when the greatest wits have doubted the excellence of their happiest efforts.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

I do not know that the author of the following lines designed or wished them to appear in print; but I am sure that the readers of the Messenger, and especially that portion who saw the parody of "Roy's Wife," in the last number, will be obliged to the publisher for their insertion. The author is one, as far as I can judge, who, like Garrick, between the muses of tragedy and comedy, has his attachments to poetry and music so nicely balanced, that neither can be said to have won his superior regard. Such a one was peculiarly qualified to pour out a tribute to the memory of the orator and poet, and at the same time to adapt his words to that truly beautiful air which was first imbodied in language by Burns, and afterwards by the lamented Davis with scarcely less success. H. E. J.

LINES

Written as a tribute to the memory of the Hon. Warren R. Davis; suggested by his inimitable verses to "Johnston's Wife of Louisiana."

Air—"Roy's Wife."

He's gone to join his sainted "Anna,"
He's gone to join his sainted "Anna."
Extinguished is the brightest beam,
That lighted up the "gay savannah."
The wit—the poet—patriot—sleeps!
But long his country's brilliant story,
Will glitter through the tear she weeps,
O'er one so blended with her glory.
He's gone, &c.

The "Inca's" radiant mantle fell,
Its splendor round his form revealing;—
His glowing heart proclaimed the spell,
And overflowed with generous feeling.
He's gone, &c.

When flushed with hope and manhood's prime,
One form controlled his heart's emotion;—
Love triumphed o'er the power of time,
And sanctified his last devotion.
He's gone, &c.

His harp is broken—hushed the breath
Which won the free and chained the wise;
But "Time shall hurl a dart at Death,"
Before another Davis dies.
He's gone, &c.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE EXILE.

I go from the land where my forefathers dwelt;
I go from the land of my home and my birth:
The dark doom of exile has rung in my ear,
And I go, a lone wand'rer, abroad through the earth.

No more shall I bend o'er the grave of my sire,
And dream that his spirit is hov'ring around!
I never shall mingle my ashes with his—
I never shall rest in that dear hallow'd ground!

And is there a feeling more desolate still?
More dreary and heart-breaking even than this?
Oh, yes! there is one—'tis the thought that my cheek
Has felt for the last time, a lov'd mother's kiss.

We select the following exquisite little gem from the "*New York Spirit of the Times.*" The "Times," by the way, is a weekly paper devoted to the Literary, Fashionable and Sporting world, and is one of the most lively, spirited and interesting papers of the kind in the whole country. It is edited by William T. Porter.

The annexed little poem was written many years ago, and has travelled all over the world. It has been translated in the French, Spanish, Italian, and German languages, and several times set to music in Europe. It has been the rounds of the American press a number of times credited to the English journals. Its great popularity was the cause of its being claimed by our worthy contemporary of the Mirror, who published it originally without his signature in that superb respository of American belles-lettres. Like most of the productions of that gentleman, it contains point, piquancy, and quiet humor. We found it again the other day snugly ensconced in the poet's corner of the Evening Star,—let the Major alone for finding out a good thing, wherewith to delight his readers.

THE MINIATURE.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

William was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife—
Fresh, as if touched by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace, and life.
He almost thought it spoke:
He gazed upon the treasure still,
Absorbed, delighted, and amazed,
To view the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true:
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."
"And has it kissed you back, my dear?"
"Why—no—my love," said he.
"Then, William, it is very clear,
It is not all *like me!*"

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EPIGRAM.

THE MISTAKE CORRECTED.

Anne, my foolish fancy's o'er,
And I cannot love you more—
Nay, sweet girl, why knit your brow?
Cannot love you more—*than now.*

For the Souther Literary Messenger.

THE SPIDER.

The Spider taketh hold with her hands and is in King's palaces.—*Proverbs of Solomon* 30: 28.—

What dost thou there, unlucky wight,
Upon that cornice fair,
Midst things so beautiful and bright?
Thy many eyes might sure have sight
To see that it would not be right
To do thy spinning there!

These things, I own are wondrous fine
And beautiful and bright;
And eyes, accustomed less than mine
To things that so resplendent shine,
No doubt to wonder would incline
And gaze at such a sight;

But I've been used to splendid things—
Familiar long at Courts;
In all the palaces of Kings,
My beauteous five-twined net-work swings,—
Of this a sacred poet sings
And History reports.

The wisest of the sons of men—
(And glorious too was he)
With graphic and historic pen
Describes the blessed era, when
Amidst his court—in glory then—
He gave a place to me.

Since then, each Queenly drawing-room
Hath own'd me for a guest,
And where the eternal roses bloom,
In Tapestry, from the Gobelin's loom,
To hang my own, I dare presume—
Finer—by all confest.

Tapestry in needle-work is seen
In stately Hardwicke Hall;
Done by the famous Scottish Queen
When captive there,—her thoughts to wean
From chequered past, or gloomier scene
That might her steps enthral.

My skill with her I used to try,
When she was sad and lone,
And oft amused her languid eye
By spinning down so merrily;
And now her handiwork close by
Is proudly hung my own.

Poor Coligni's untimely doom,
When Medicis was Queen,
Was pictured in the Gobelin's loom;—
Colors of light o'er thought of gloom,
Like sun-shine on an unblest tomb—
Portray'd the historic scene.

The broach and reed I saw them ply,
And work the wondrous loom;
Nor broach nor loom nor silk had I,
But spun my web and wove it by,—
They watch'd me with invidious eye
And swept me from the room!

The wise may triumph o'er the proud:
Their work of skill complete
Adorn'd the palace of St. Cloud,—
And there, amidst the courtier crowd,
Where weaver Gobelin never bowed,
I took my honored seat.

'Twere long, my life and works to trace
Through lines of Kings renown'd—
How mirrors proud my net-works grace
Where daily shines a princely face
And hang—most worthy of the place—
Corregio's pictures round.

None *my prerogative* disown,
Nor is it ought to me
What Dynasties the nations own;—
Whether *Legitimates* alone
Or "*Citizens*" usurp the throne
To make the people free.

Maine. ELIZA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

DIALOUGE,

From the Italian of Francisco da Lemene,

BY R. H. WILDE, *of Georgia.*

TIRSIS. PHILLIS.

Phillis. I'd love you Tirsis, but . . . .
Tirsis. Speak out!—but what?
Phillis. I must not tell you that—
Tirsis. Dearest! why not?
Phillis. Perhaps you'd laugh at me?
Tirsis. Indeed I sha'nt.
Phillis. You wo'nt?—I'll tell you then—O no! I ca'nt!—
Tirsis. Tell me at once, you plague! do'nt teaze me so!—
Phillis. Well then—I'd love you Tirsis—but I know . . . . . .
Tirsis. Know what?
Phillis. You're vowed to CHLORIS—a'nt it true?
Tirsis. And what of that? I'll vow myself to you.
Phillis. What! two at once! D'ye take me for a fool?
Tirsis. "Love those that love you"—is not that the rule?
Both. { Then we must love each other!—yes, we must!
Swear to love those that love you!—a'nt it just? }

NEWPORT, R. I. August 29, 1834.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, *January* 20, 1835.

MR. WHITE,—I enclose you the following lines for insertion in the Messenger. They are copied from the note book of a dear departed parent, whose affectionate tenderness, and sincere and ardent piety,—are portrayed in every line, and breathe from each word, of these simple and touching verses. I am unable, at this moment, to say whether they are, or are not, original; but be this as it may, they cannot fail I think to interest your readers.

From the Note Book of my Mother.

WHEN morning, from the damps of night,
Beams on the eye with rosy light,
And calls thee forth with smile benign—
Then think whose heart responds to thine,
And still, with sympathy divine,
"Remember me."

When gentle twilight, pure and calm,
Comes leaning on reflection's arm,
When o'er the throngs of cares and woes,
Her veil of sober tints she throws,
And woos the spirit to repose,
"Remember me."

When the first star, with crescent bright,
Beams lonely from the arch of night,
The moon sends forth her cheering glance,
Then—gazing on the blue expanse,
"Remember me."

When mournful sighs the hollow wind,
And pensive thoughts enwrap the mind,
If e'er thy heart, in sorrow's tone,
Should sigh, because it feels alone,—
"Remember me."

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When passing to thy silent bower,—
Devotion claims the sacred hour,—
When bending o'er the holy page,
Whose spirit calms affliction's rage,
Directs our youth and cheers our age,
"Remember me."

Oh! yet indulge the ardent claim,
While friendship's heart the wish can frame,
For, oh! but transient is my lay—
And, mingling soon with kindred clay,
My silent lip no more shall say
"Remember me."

And when in deep oblivion's shade,
My cold and mouldering form is laid,
If near that bed thy steps should rove,
With one short prayer, by feeling wove,
One glance of faith, or tear of love,
"Remember me."

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Thoughts on Seeing the Evening Star.

Mild star of the soul! in the vesper glow
Of the lingering daylight beaming—
There's a priceless balm to the bosom of woe
In the light from thy coronet streaming.

From the placid arch of the evening sky,
And the waveless ether sleeping—
Thy spell descends to the dewy eye,
And our woes dissolve in weeping.

On the lightning wings of memory borne,
We retrace the paths of our gladness,—
And the bounding bliss of our vernal morn
Brings smiles to lighten our sadness.

With the airy step and the bird-like song
Of our youth on the star-lit mountain,
We dance to the streamlet's tuneful tongue,
Or lave in the gelid fountain.

We renew the joys of the wild-rose bower
Where the burning vow was plighted;
And again in the calm of the genial hour
We drink the warm kiss delighted.

In the smiles of a *Mother's* love we stand,
The tears of joy repressing,
And we thrill at the touch of a *Father's* hand,
As we kneel to ask his blessing.

These—these are the thoughts that thy talisman ray,
Calls up from the years departed;
And these are the joys that in hope's decay,
Yield a balm to the broken-hearted.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

JEU DE MOTS.—ON A NAME.

Says Hal, "This Miss A*****'s a charming young *belle*,
But has she a *beau*, my dear Will, can you tell?"
"Indeed," replied Will, "it is more than I know;
But an *archer*, I think, must of course have a *bow*."

A. Z.

MISS MARTINEAU.

Our city has lately been favored with a short visit from this celebrated lady, who has distinguished herself so much by her Illustrations of Political Economy, and other popular writings. She excited, of course, no small sensation in the *monde* here, in which she appeared like a "star shot" *brightly*, (we cannot say "*madly*") "from its sphere;" and she has certainly left a very favorable impression of herself behind her. We had the pleasure ourselves to be in her company for a short time, and have set her down in our *souvenir* as a woman of fine understanding; a ready talker; easy, affable, and unaffected in her manners; and altogether more feminine and pleasing than we had expected to find her.

We understand that Miss M. is making a sort of moral and political *reconnoissance* of our country, for the purpose of giving the British public a more accurate account of our institutions, and the state of things amongst us, than any one has yet done. In some points, we think, she is admirably qualified for such a work; but in others, we should apprehend, she may be a little deficient. She has good sense, certainly; and, we suppose, a good disposition to do us justice; but we doubt whether she will have the best opportunities for obtaining full information upon some subjects; and, in many cases, her very sex must shut her out from the most proper sources of intelligence. Still she will, no doubt, give us something rather better than the scandal of Mrs. Trollope, or the blunders of Basil Hall. So we shall look out for her book with interest; and not the less for having seen and chatted with her for a few moments, whilst she was here.

Miss M. we believe, is not at all poetical; but, it seems, she has inspired a friend of ours, who is also a friend of the Muses, to write the following tribute to her merit, which, with his permission, we append.

LINES.

ON MISS MARTINEAU.

When Martineau came, I was curious to see
What sort of a body the damsel might be:
A writer of sensible stories, I knew,
On labor and wages; but was she *a blue?*
Was she grave as a judge? Did she talk like a book?
(A sort of man-woman,) and how did she look?
So I waited upon her, and, venturing near,
I whispered some words in her ivory ear;
When she broke forth at once in her voluble chat,
And talked away freely of this and of that,
With such feminine ease, and such masculine sense,
Without any portion of pride or pretence;
(*Illustrating* all that she said with a smile,
That showed she could charm if she thought it worth while;)
That I dub her, you see, "an agreeable dame,
And worthy of Hymen, as well as of Fame."

Richmond, Feb. 28.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EPITAPH.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

Where this bending willow weeps,
All alone, Myrtilla sleeps:
Softly scatter nard and myrrh,
Lest ye should awaken her.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EPIGRAM.

ON A WALTZING GIRL.

There's a charming young girl that I know,
And I've thought that, if I were a beau,
I should like to engage her in chat,
To feast on her smiles, and all that,
And drink her sweet words as they flowed
From her musical mouth, like an ode;
But there's one thing that shocks me, I own,
And drives me to let her alone:
She has one of the worst of all faults—
She is fond of this new-fangled waltz. Q.

—

ANOTHER.—ON THE SAME.

She is pretty, I agree;
But she waltzes, sir, you see;
And I would not give a fig
For a *dancing whirligig.* Q.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES.

Oh! to forget her!—*Young.*

Oh! give me that oblivious draught
That comes from Lethe's silent shore!
And when the charming cup is quaff'd,
I may forget—and love no more.

Forget? Forget? And can it be?
And is there aught beneath the sun
Can wean my constant heart from thee,
Thou lovely and beloved one?

Ah no! Remembrance cannot choose
But hold thy precious image fast;
And Time, whatever else I lose,
Shall spare me that—till all is past.

Long nights of sorrow may elapse
When all the stars of joy are set;
This heart may bend—may break perhaps—
But never, never can forget.

MONOS.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE TRUE FOUNDATION.

Quisquis volet perennem
Cautus ponere sedem, &c.
Boet. Lib. II. Met. 4.

Say, wouldst thou build a lasting seat,
Secure from Fortune's rage;
A quiet and a safe retreat,
To rest thy weary age?

Set not thy house upon the sand,
By ocean's sounding shore;
Vain Pleasure's palace cannot stand
When tempests rise and roar.

Nor yet upon the mountain's side
Command thy tower to rise:
How oft the airy hall of Pride
Calls lightning from the skies!

But build upon the solid rock,
In that sweet vale of green
Where the Good Shepherd feeds his flock,
And wait life's closing scene.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

There's a tuneful river
In Erin's Isle,
Where the sunbeams quiver
In silvery smile;
Where the leaves that fall
'Neath the autumn sky,
Grow gem-like all,
And never die:
And such is the stream, by truth enlightened,
That leaves the breast by wisdom brightened,
Where even the joys that the storms dissever,
Are turned to gems that glow forever.

There's a darkling tide
In the Indian clime,
By whose herbless side
There's a sulphury slime—
To the flower that it touches,
A scorching wave,—
To the bird that approaches,
A weltering grave:—
And such are the waters of bitterness rising
In the desart bosom of dark disguising;
And the birds of joy, and the flowers of feeling,
Must perish, wherever that wave is stealing.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES

TO MISS H—— M——

On her talking against slavery.

You're a foe to all slavery, Harriet, you say;
Then why do you talk in so charming a way?
For I too have surely a right to be free,
And yet you are fastening your chains upon me!

Richmond, February 28.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TRUST NOT.

BY A. L. B. M. D.

"Ay they that find
Affection's perfect trust on aught of earth,
Have many a dream to start from."

Trust not to aught of earthly mould;
O! trust not woman's love—
The warmest heart will soon grow cold,
The purest faithless prove.

Put not thy trust in glowing smiles,
Or lips of rosy hue;
O! fly thee far from woman's wiles,
Her heart cannot be true.

O! never trust the sunny beam
In maidens sparkling eye,
How bright soever it may seem,
It glistens but to die.

The lips that once could speak of love,
Can breathe another strain;
And, O! the warmest breast may prove
The seat of proud disdain.

Then leave the hall of love and song,
Cast off the gaudy chain,
Nor worship with the craven throng,
Where truth must sue in vain.

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VARIETY.

The subjoined advertisement, which appeared, we believe, in the Lynchburg Virginian some time since, escaped our notice until recently. We are gratified that the opinion expressed by a correspondent of the "Messenger," in respect to the stanzas referred to, is sustained in so *substantial* a manner. We feel authorized to say that the name of the author can be communicated by us if desired.

"The author of the piece which appeared in the Southern Literary Messenger, recently, commencing—

'I'd offer thee this heart of mine
If I could love the less,' &c. &c.

will receive a Gold Medal, by writing to 'W. B. T.' Lynchburg, Virginia, and giving his name, which the writer of this notice wishes to have engraved upon it."

From Littel's Museum of Foreign Literature.

Byron and Brougham. It may not be generally known that the late Lord Chancellor Brougham is the real author of the famous article in the Edinburgh Review, on Byron's juvenile production "Hours of Idleness," for which Jeffrey was so severely taken to task in the satire "English Bards and Scottish Reviewers." We have this fact from an authority on which we can place the utmost reliance.

Scraps from the "Spirit of the Times."

A significant question. Stuart once asked a painter, who had met with a painter's difficulties, "how he got on in the world?" "Oh," said the other, "so, so! hard work—but I shall get through." "Did you ever hear of any body that did not?" was the rejoinder.

Clerical error. An ignorant priest celebrating mass, finding in the rubric, "*salta per tria*," meaning "*skip three*," (that is, three pages,) took three leaps in front of the altar, to the astonishment of the congregation.

LADY'S REPLY TO AN IMPERTINENT.

"Louisa, you've the brightest eyes,
They look me *through*, just like a dart."
"Do they, Sir Fop?" Louisa cries;
"If so, I'm sure *they see no heart*."

A scrap from a conversation between too "literary and fashionable characters," in the immediate vicinity of Thorburn's garden.

"Hist now and I'll sing you a *solo*."
"Well, sing it *so low*, then, that nobody can hear it."

A wag of the first water closed an amusing and spirited article in the last Knickerbocker with the following "brace" of clever items. I have been sick of poetry since I saw the Vermont editor's quotation from Shakspeare. Speaking of the free negroes in New York, and their depredation on society, he says, that during the fervors of a summer's solstice, they come,

—— "from the sweet South,
Stealing and giving odor."

But more especially, since a friend of mine travestied a noble line of Byron's by applying it—while riding along a road which commanded a view of Weathersfield, Connecticut—to that place of onions, tears and pretty maidens:

"Niobe of nations—there she stands!"

The following epigram from the North American Magazine, is a "Bonne bouche."

I'm sorry dear M*, there is a damp to your joy,
Nor think my old strain of mythology stupid,
When I say that your wife had a *right* to a boy,
For Venus is nothing without a young Cupid.

But since Fate the boon that you wished for refuses,
By granting three girls to your happy embraces,
She meant, while *you* wandered *abroad* with the *Muses*,
Your *wife* should be circled at *home* by the *Graces*.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

We have placed the whole of the letter of our correspondent in Shepherdstown, (*See Letters from Correspondents*,) before our readers, and we do it the more readily, as it contains some gentle thrusts at ourselves, which we receive in very good part.

We take leave also to offer one or two words of explanation. The writer is totally mistaken in supposing that in order to obtain admission into the columns of the "Messenger," it is necessary that its contributors should be personally known to the Publisher, or his Editorial Auxiliaries, or that the contributors themselves should be individually known to fame. The great design of the Messenger, from its commencement to the present moment, has been much misconceived, if such an inference has been deemed in the slightest degree warrantable. Its principal aim has been, to foster and encourage native genius—no matter how obscure or humble, and without inquiring whether the writer be a friend and acquaintance, or a stranger. Its columns are open to the fair claims of him who inhabits the lowly cottage, as well as of the proud tenant of a wealthier mansion. That some articles have met with a kind reception which did not deserve it, is extremely probable; and it is not less probable, that some have been excluded, or hitherto suspended, for lack of proper discrimination in our council of criticism. We will endeavor to make amends however, by sharpening our optics a little in future; and, if we cannot please all, we will strive to give offence to none. Our correspondent we think, however, is a little harsh in his criticisms. It is easy to select particular words or passages from any production, and by showing partial defects, involve the whole in ridicule or censure.

"A perfect judge will read each work of wit,
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind."

We make this quotation from Pope, for the special benefit of our Shepherdstown friend. Does he see no beauty, no merit, no poetry, in the "Song of the Seasons?" We grant there are defects, and we endeavored gently to point them out; but we still contend that the writer (we have reason to believe him a very young man,) is endowed with talents of no mean order. Who has written more quaintly and obscurely than Ben Johnson or Cowley; or to come nearer to our own time, than Wordsworth or Coleridge? And yet who will deny to either of these bards the possession of genius. The remarks of our correspondent upon "The Passage of the Beresina," are, we think, also couched in too much severity. He seems to think there can be no good poetry without exact metrical

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arrangement and harmony; but there are numerous examples to the contrary. We do not say indeed that all his observations are unjust, but some at least strike us as hypercritical. We take pleasure in concurring with him however, in the high praise which he bestows upon the two little poems which appeared in the last number, to wit: "Beauty without Loveliness," and the lines to "Ianthe."

We hope that no one whose eye may light upon the fourth number of the *Tripoline Sketches*, will forego the pleasure of reading it. The energy and enterprise of our brave countryman, General Eaton, were worthy to be recorded by such a pen. [☞ We have to call the reader's attention to a typographical transposition of *two* words in the fourth number of the "*Sketches*." In the first column of page 261, eleven lines from bottom, instead of "*Mourad, joined the Turks, others sided with the French*," read "Mourad, joined the French, others sided with the Turks." ☜]

Impartial justice would have required the insertion of the answer to a *Note to Blackstone's Commentaries*, even if it had not been demanded by higher considerations. The author has won many a trophy on the field of logic and eloquence; and even an adversary who should contend that his weapons were pointless, would not deny that they were highly polished, and dexterously wielded.

We are mistaken if the "*Romance of Real Life*" be not highly commended.

We particularly invite the reader's attention to the fourth number of the "*Letters from New England, by a Virginian.*" It is replete with interesting facts and reflections, presented in the writer's peculiarly happy and forcible style.

The "*Extracts from my Mexican Journal*," are from a gentleman every way qualified from his opportunities for accurate observation, to present vivid pictures of the city of Montezuma and its environs. We hope he will feel no reluctance to furnish us with further glances at his journal.

Mr. Garnett's *Address before the Institute of Education at Hampden Sidney College*, never before published, needs no commendation from us. His ability as a writer, and his ardent zeal in the cause of education, are well known to the public. To the graver portion of our readers, especially such as have thought deeply upon the necessity of wise and extended systems of instruction, and their intimate connexion with the preservation of sound morals and rational liberty, this paper will be particularly acceptable.

The "*Contrast*," by a lady, whose pen has heretofore charmed our readers, will be read with interest. It is a touching illustration of the consequences which await the love of pleasure and a life of imprudence, as well as of the solid benefits which attend a contrary course.

The second number of "*Hints to Students of Geology*," is a learned epitome of the various theories with which geologists have puzzled themselves and mankind. That absurd views have been entertained concerning this science, does no more detract from its importance,—than that because of the vain and visionary speculations which were once indulged respecting astronomy, the now certain truths of that sublime branch of knowledge should be discredited.

The "*Letters from a Sister*," which have reached their seventh in the present number, increase in attraction. They will amply repay the reader.

We cannot say that we coincide in every particular with the able and eloquent author of the Review of the Orations of Messrs. Adams and Everett on the death of La Fayette. Some of his criticisms are undoubtedly just, but some perhaps have more *piquancy* than the subject deserved. We cannot concur in the sentiment that the fame of La Fayette, or even of Washington, has placed either of those great men superior to eulogy. The most sublime events and the most heroic actions have generally found some poet or historian of sufficient qualifications to record them with dignity and effect. Even the most exalted truths which have ever dawned upon mankind,—the facts and doctrines of revelation,—have lost none of their grandeur in the simple narratives of plain and unlettered men. We somewhat fear too that a few of the passages in the review may be supposed rather too *political* for a literary journal. We hope however that in this respect our apprehensions are unfounded.

To the same vigorous pen however, we award all the praise which is due for the judicious and discriminating notice of Mrs. Jameson's Book, which appears in the present number.

We can fearlessly recommend the *poetry* in this number,—if not faultless, as at least superior to the carpings of illiberal and puerile criticism. There are some little great men in the world, who have the vanity to conceive that their taste and judgment (if they have any) is the standard for all mankind—and if all do not exactly conform to it, they snap and bark like the curs which infest our streets, and annoy the by-ways. True criticism is the sentence of a liberal and enlightened judgment, which delights as much in approving what is worthy of praise, as in condemning what deserves censure. By such an arbiter, and by such alone, let the specimens of native genius which we now present to our readers be tried. Reluctant as we are to discriminate, we cannot forbear to express the hope that the author of "*Truth and Falsehood*," and another piece in the present number,—will, from time to time, unfold his "Port Folio" for our special use—and that he will delight others with some of those dulcet strains with which he has beguiled his own toilsome and victorious march in the severer paths of science.

The lines commencing "Oh! give me that oblivious draught," are beautiful.

Extracts from the Letters of Correspondents.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Feb. 17, 1835.

I enclose five dollars for my subscription to the "Southern Messenger." Allow me to take the occasion to express my particular gratification in the perusal of the "Letters from New England." Although their merit as literary compositions, as bright and graphical descriptions of the condition and manners of an interesting people, much misunderstood, is of a high order, they have, in my estimation, a still higher value. They tend to remove prejudices excited by vulgar anecdotes and the practices of vulgar men; to bring the members of the American family better acquainted with each other; to cultivate a fraternal feeling and mutual respect among them; and to show that there is no important difference

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of character, education or habits, between gentlemen of the same grade in the South and North. Each have some local peculiarities in their modes of life, but none of them affect the substantial ingredients of their personal and national character.

If your Journal should do nothing more than promote this good feeling throughout our great Republic, it will entitle itself to the patronage and thanks of every sound American. With great respect,

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

—

FROM WASHINGTON CITY.

I am happy to tell you, that I hear your Messenger spoken well of in many high quarters. A young lady here, who, in talent, education and taste, has not, I think, her equal among the ladies of America, yesterday told me that it contained better original poetry than any other periodical she had ever seen.

—

FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

I cannot let this occasion pass, without expressing my high sense of the merits of your most excellent periodical, the "Southern Literary Messenger." It is read here with universal applause. As a Virginian, I have used and shall continue to use my best efforts to promote its success here.

—

FROM GEORGIA.

Permit me to compliment you, sir, on your undertaking; and deem it no flattery when I express myself delighted with the numbers of your work which have been thus far published. The sincere good wishes of every man interested in the cause of "southern literature," are with you; and if these wishes do but dictate, as I have no doubt they will do, *sincere exertions*, success will crown your efforts, and triumph attend your periodical. Your "Messenger" shall not depend upon the "Old Dominion" alone for encouragement in its pioneering pilgrimage. From the land of the palmetto and the orange-grove, shall tributes to your budget flow. *Macte virtute.*

—

FROM ALABAMA.

I have received four numbers of the Southern Literary Messenger, and am well pleased with the work. I have no doubt but it will be more extensively circulated than any literary work in the United States. There is something in every number interesting and instructive to the youth, the middle, and the aged.

—

Your numbers of the "Literary Messenger" were received by the last evening's mail. My anticipations relative to its merit, though of the most exalted nature, were more than fully gratified. That you may be amply compensated, both in honor and lucre, for so laborious and magnanimous an undertaking, is my most ardent wish.

—

FROM OHIO.

Permit me to add here, that I am heartily glad that the *experiment* (for such it is,) of publishing a literary paper in the south, is likely to succeed. I do hope that the southerners, and especially the *young men*, have *pride* and *patriotism* sufficient to sustain the Messenger, both by their funds and talent. As a native of the south I feel an interest in its permanent success.

FROM TENNESSEE.

I am much pleased with the Messenger, particularly the third and fourth numbers, and hope you will continue as you have begun, and not let it degenerate and become filled up with the light stuff that is generally found in the columns of the periodicals of the day.

—

FROM WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The opinion entertained of the Messenger, is, perhaps, more clearly manifested by becoming subscribers, than in any other way; you will therefore know that it is very favorably received in this section when I give you the following list of five subscribers.

To Correspondents, Contributors, &c.

We have given the communication of "*Spectator*" the disposition which he suggested, in case of its exclusion from our columns. It is due to the writer to state, that we lament with him, the innovations upon the ancient simplicity of Virginia manners, which are daily becoming more popular and fashionable. We remember well the time, when an attempt to introduce public *waltzing* between the two sexes, would have been sternly rebuked, by those who now not only tolerate, but encourage it. We think, however, that his satire is too severe and pointed; and might, possibly, do more mischief than good. We are aware that satire is almost the only weapon by which customs violating propriety, can be driven from society,—and especially from that circle which, *par excellence*, is called the *first;* but then, to be effective, the arrow must be keen and elegant; and neither barbed nor tipped with venom. We are not sure either, that "*Spectator*" strikes at the root of the mischief. Why should he level all his wit at the poor girls, and suffer their fathers, and mothers, and brothers, who aid and abet the custom complained of, to escape censure? Young females, just entering into society, are liable to receive the strongest impressions, from those who are most likely to share their confidence. It is one of the privileges of the sex too, to be won by assiduous attentions; and, if their heads are sometimes made a little giddy by adulation, it is less imputable to them as a fault, than to those flippant flatterers who pour the "leperous distilment" into their ears,—and as often laugh at the fruits of their own folly and insincerity.

We beg leave to say to our worthy young friend, and frequent correspondent, who resides somewhere in a nearly due north line from the Metropolis, that we had pledged our pages to an answer from another quarter to the "*Note to Blackstone's Commentaries*"—before the receipt of his essay on the same subject. With respect to his *poetical effusions*, we hope he will not take the remark amiss, that, whilst we should like to gratify him, by their insertion—we fear that he has not bestowed sufficient care upon most of them—to authorise the belief, that our readers would also be gratified. We ask him candidly, to say, whether he does not think that the following stanza, in the "*Lines to Lillia,*" might be considerably *improved.*

> "Take the verse and oh if joy,
> Blooms to print one votary there
> Bear the strain with thee and brightly
> Thou shalt in its joys share."

We confess that we cannot very readily perceive its claim to the rank of poetry, nor indeed penetrate its real meaning—though it is probable, that, owing to the peculiar character of the hand writing, the language of the writer may not be truly represented.

We have a number of favors on hand which we shall attend to as speedily as possible. Among those whose exclusion from the present number we particularly regret, is the article on the *fine arts.*

We have received the poetical communications of a writer who chooses, for some reason or other, to sign himself "*Fra Diavolo;*" but too late for our present number. We shall publish them in our next, according to his wish, "as poetry" (and very fine poetry it is,) but with some small omissions which we *must* make, not so much for the sake of our "orthodoxy," as for that of common decency, which the lines excluded would, in

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our judgment, grossly offend. Such things indeed, may be only "dramatic," and quite in character for a "Lover Fiend;" but we do not choose, for our part, to deal with one of his cloth, in any form or shape whatever. We have, in fact, no sort of taste for German "*diableric*," which, in our judgment, sins against good taste, as well as against good morals. In saying this, however, we must not be understood to insinuate any thing against the character of our "unknown" correspondent himself, who, for aught we know, may be the very pink of virtue and decorum. We only speak of his pieces "as poetry," and not as articles of his creed, which we should be sorry to suppose them. Indeed it is sufficiently apparent to us that, in the worst parts of his verses, he is only affecting something that is foreign to himself, but which he happens to think very fine; and we regret that he should thus fancy to imitate such vicious models as Byron, Shelly, and other gentlemen of "the Satanic school," as it has been called, who, we think, have had their day. It is a pity, in truth, that he should do so; for he has evidently a fine vein of his own, and, we are confident, would do better if he would only dare to be a little more original. Let him reform his poetry, then, (we do not say himself,) and we will give him "a fair page," at any time, for the effusions of his genius, which, we can truly assure him, we shall always be happy to receive, and to display.

We thank our correspondent D. for the Parody of the Lines on the Death of Sir John Moore, which he has so obligingly sent us; and which, we think, is worthy of all the praise he gives it—for the *poetry*. We believe, however, that we have seen it in print more than once already; and we must reserve our columns, as far as possible, for original matter. We are of opinion, moreover, (though in this we may be singular,) that it would not be exactly right, or in good taste, to *profane*, as it were, one of the very finest odes in our language, by associating it in our remembrance, with a burlesque imitation of it, which might rather injure its beauty in our minds. Indeed we hate all parodies; or, at least, all such as cast an air of ridicule over their originals; because they give us a lower and baser pleasure, for one of a higher and purer strain. So we hope our friend D. will excuse us for shutting his article out, (good as it is in its way,) and send us something better for it, from his own pen.

—

FROM SHEPHERDSTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY, VA.

As you do not *know* me, I take it for granted that this communication will not be honored with a place in the "Messenger;" for I have discovered by your "editorial remarks," that the authors of almost all the pieces which adorn the columns of that work, are persons *already* distinguished in the literary world, (as, for instance, "Death among the Trees," "the production of a distinguished female writer already known to fame,") or else they are individuals with whom you have a personal acquaintance,—as the author of "Lines on the billet of an early friend," whom you "know as a gentleman of fine taste and varied endowments," &c. &c. Now all this is very well, and no one can object to it, so long as the productions of those persons are really worthy of your notice, or of a place in the Messenger. And as the pieces which I have just quoted are very beautiful, I can make no objections to *them*. But how the authors of some of the poetical effusions which grace the columns of your fifth number, have managed to get into your good graces, is to me a mystery, unless it was through a personal acquaintance with yourself, and your reluctance to wound their feelings by refusing to publish their pieces, for I know that you have too much taste to have published them through choice. I do not pretend to say that the poetical contributions for the Messenger are, generally speaking, indifferent; on the contrary, I believe it contains more truly excellent original poetry, than any periodical I have ever seen. Even the fifth number is not entirely destitute of beauty in this line. It contains several very talented and beautiful pieces of original poetry; among which, the piece headed "Beauty without Loveliness," stands pre-eminent. I have seldom met with a more chaste and beautiful piece of composition than that. In my opinion, it is surpassed by nothing that has ever appeared in the Messenger, unless it be the piece to "Ianthe," in the fourth number, beginning—"Think of me," &c. and signed "Fergus." You have not thought either of those pieces worth noticing in your "*remarks;*" but I am confident that if you will read them again, you will agree with me in thinking that they are surpassed by nothing that the Messenger has ever contained.

But while I admire these and many other beautiful *gems*, I cannot but marvel why you should crowd your columns with such trash as most of the pieces contained in your fifth number. For example, the "Song of the Seasons," by "*Zarry Zyle*," the "youth of *unquestionable talent*, perception," &c. He certainly must be a youth of *great perception*, and judges every one by himself, or else he never would have inflicted upon the public the *study* of his "*song*." I perfectly agree with you in thinking it advisable for him to change his *style*, and write less obscurely; for as we are not all youths of *his perception*, it is quite difficult for us

"To comprehend, the mystery of what he means."

If, instead of talking about "amethystine beams," "bugle-bees," (a new species I presume, as I never heard of them before; perhaps Zarry meant "bumble" bee,) "old summer's *conch*," robins with *golden* breasts, (they *used* to be *red*,) and *gauze* wings, and "*soughing* blasts," &c. &c. he would give us a little more *common sense* and a little better measure in his next, we will like it better. But if *Mr.* Zyle's song were the only objectionable piece contained in the fifth number,—or if it were the *worst* that it contained, we might "grin and bear it." But there are many others even more dull and common than this. I will name but one more—"The Passage of the Beresina." Now I appeal to you as a man of candor and good taste, to know if there is any thing in this effusion which should entitle it to a place in the Messenger? Has it one single attribute of true poetry? If it has I beseech you to point it out in your next number, for I confess *I* cannot discover *one*. No, it has not even *measure*. I beg you to take the trouble to read it over again, for I am certain you never gave it a very careful perusal, or you never would have printed it; your taste is too good. Read it once more, and if you can discover any thing like *poetry*, or even like common sense in the following lines, I hope you will let us know what it is in your next:

"Thousands lie here; kindred and aliens in race,
They are rigid and fix'd in *death's cold embrace;*
They *clench* and they *cling* in the last dying grasp,
And the living, the dead, reluctantly clasp:
Or, fearing a friend in his last cold embrace,
They spurn him beneath to his dark dreary place."

Now I say if you can discover any thing like *poetry* in these lines, or can tell us how *thousands* who are "rigid and fixed in *death's* cold embrace," can "*clench* and *cling*," or "*spurn*" a friend to his "dark dreary place," you will very much oblige more than one of your subscribers. I could make you many other quotations from the same piece, equally as obscure as the above. As—

"With unearthliest cries, grim phantasied shapes
Brood o'er the senses ere the spirit escapes;
On the wings of the *wind* how swift speeds the blast,
With pinions all viewless it fleets as the past;—
Oh say, does it bear the spirits that have fled,
In the last bitter *strife*, ere the *dying* be *dead*?"

I should presume not, as it would be rather a difficult matter for the spirit to *have fled before* the "dying be dead." Now the idea of the "*blast's* speeding on the *wings* of the *wind*," is certainly *original;* but not satisfied with *this*, the author has also hoisted death upon the same wings. I wonder what the *wind* did in the meantime? Took it *a-foot*, I s'pose; or perhaps it borrowed death's wings for a few moments.

The two last lines of this piece would be very pretty, if it did not unfortunately happen to be impossible for the "smile of Hope" to linger upon the "face of the dead" *before* "the spirit be fled." Dead, fled, and dread, seem to be favorite rhymes with this author.

Your correspondent from "Eastern Virginia," has given you some excellent advice: I hope you will follow it *next time*.

You say, those who dislike the contents of the Messenger, should write better pieces themselves. I do not exactly agree with you. We pay for reading the paper, and are entitled to the *best* pieces that *are* written for it, and not merely those of your personal friends and acquaintances. I am one of your subscribers, and most sincere well wisher.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

Vol. I.] RICHMOND, MARCH 1835. [No. 7.

T. W. WHITE, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR. FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

☞ The *Publisher* regrets that the learned and interesting discourse of Professor Tucker on the "Progress of Philosophy," delivered before the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society at its last meeting, could not appear in the present number without dividing it. It shall certainly appear in the April number *entire*.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY
And Present Condition of Tripoli, with some accounts of the other Barbary States.

No. V.

On the arrival of Commodore Barron in the Mediterranean, he as senior captain, superseded Preble in the command of the American forces in that sea. The determined manner in which the war had been prosecuted by the latter officer, and the many acts of gallantry which had distinguished the period of his direction, caused his withdrawal to be universally regretted; and the more so, as Barron was at that time laboring under a disease of the liver, which disqualified him for exertions, and indeed soon after obliged him to retire from active duty. Preble returned to the United States, where he was received with every mark of respect by the government and by his fellow-citizens in general; leaving under Barron's command, six frigates, four brigs, two schooners, a sloop of war and eight gunboats, which mounted in all three hundred and twenty-six guns. The season was however too far advanced to admit of farther operations against Tripoli; ships were stationed off the harbor sufficient to maintain a blockade, the others passed the winter in cruising or lying at Malta and the Sicilian ports.

It has been stated that Mr. Cathcart was appointed to succeed Eaton as Consul of the United States at Tunis, with instructions to obtain a peace with Tripoli, even on condition of paying for it, should it be otherwise impossible; but he was soon after removed, his place as Consul being supplied by George Davis. The power to negotiate was given to Tobias Lear, a gentleman who had been private secretary to President Washington, and afterwards an agent of the American Government in Saint Domingo, and who was sent in 1803 to reside at Algiers, as Consul General for the Barbary States. Mr. Lear was instructed to join Commodore Barron, in order to treat for peace with Tripoli, which it was hoped "might be effected without any price or pecuniary compensation whatever; but should adverse circumstances, of which he could best judge, and which were not foreseen, render the campaign abortive, and a pecuniary sacrifice preferable to a protraction of the war," he was authorised, *in the last instance and in that only*, "to agree to the payment of twenty thousand dollars immediately, and of an annual tribute of eight or ten thousand more, for peace." "For the ransom of the prisoners, *if ransom should be unavoidable*, he might stipulate a sum not exceeding five hundred dollars for each man, including officers," the Tripoline prisoners being however exchanged for an equal number of Americans; but "this rate of ransom was not to be yielded, without such a change in affairs, by accident to the squadron, or by other powers joining against the United States, as was very unlikely to happen;" and it was to be borne in mind, that this sum, "connected with terms otherwise favorable, was the voluntary offer of the Pasha* to Captain Preble in January, 1804." The Commodore was at liberty to avail himself of Hamet's co-operation, "if he should judge that it might prove useful; to engage which, as well as to render it the more effectual, he had discretionary authority to grant him pecuniary or other subsidies, not exceeding twenty thousand dollars; but the less reliance was placed upon his aid, as the force under the orders of the Commodore was deemed sufficient for any exercise of coercion, which the obstinacy of the Pasha might demand." The power to negotiate was confided to Mr. Lear in the first instance, as Commissioner of the United States for that purpose; in case of accident, it was to devolve upon the acting Commodore of the squadron.

These instructions bear the stamp of that extreme cautiousness and uncertainty with regard to the employment of decisive measures, which characterized the government of the United States at that period. A force is sent, deemed adequate for any exercise of coercion which may be required, without recourse to a Pretender from whose alliance, a considerable accession of moral influence might have been fairly expected; yet in anticipation of adverse events, or of circumstances not then foreseen, a civil agent is vested with authority to purchase a humiliating peace. It is doubtless proper in all cases, to provide for possible mishaps, particularly where the scene of action is far distant; but in this instance, it is difficult to conceive that any occurrences should render necessary a total abandonment by the United States, of principles, for the support of which so large an armament had been prepared; and there were the less grounds for such anticipations, as it was believed, though erroneously, that the Pasha had already offered terms much more favorable than those to which the agent was authorised in the end to agree. It must be observed however, that these instructions were issued on the 6th of June, 1804, at which period Preble's spirited attacks had not been made, and the proceedings of the American forces in the Mediterranean had, with one or two exceptions, been remarkable only for their inefficiency or their disastrous results.

Having received these orders, Mr. Lear quitted Al-

* A mistake; no such proposition was made by the Pasha; of this there are many proofs; it is sufficient however to quote Preble's own words in his despatch of September 18th, 1804, in which, speaking of the Pasha's offer of the 10th of August, to terminate the war on payment by the Americans of five hundred dollars for each prisoner, he says that "it was 350,000 dollars less than was demanded previous to the bombardment of the 3d of the same month."

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giers, and joined Barron off Tripoli; they both soon after retired to Malta, which they considered the most convenient place, either for carrying on negotiations with Tripoli, or for directing the operations of the ships. On the 28th of December, 1804, a letter reached them from Don G. J. de Sousa, Spanish Consul at Tripoli, in which he stated, that at a late audience the Pasha had expressed his willingness to make peace with the Americans, provided they would come forward on proper grounds, but had added, "that their proposals had hitherto been extravagant and inadmissible, not only from the trifling amount of money offered, but also from their having sought to compel their acceptance by force of arms, a method by which they would never succeed." The Consul then suggested, that Mr. Lear should himself appear before the city with a flag of truce, and treat directly with the Pasha, "whom means would be found *sub rosa*, to dispose for a peace on terms appropriate and suitable for both parties." He concluded by tendering his own good offices in the affair, requesting however, that for the present, the utmost secrecy might be observed with regard to this communication.

Notwithstanding the last injunction, many circumstances conspired to induce a belief that the letter had been written under Yusuf's directions, in order to discover the temper and disposition of the Americans. In truth, the general character of the Spanish Consul was by no means respectable; he was known to be closely connected with the Pasha, and it had even been suspected, that to his influence or agency the war with the United States was chiefly to be attributed. In addition to this, no communications had been received from Yusuf since his last proposition to Preble, after the bombardment in August; nor indeed was any thing known respecting his strength, or the effects which had been produced by the attacks made during the preceding summer. It was therefore difficult to judge what "would be appropriate and suitable for both parties;" and the Spanish Consul's *sub rosa* means of disposing the Pasha to such terms, were very naturally mistrusted. For these reasons, and from an expectation that more direct offers would soon be made, it was determined that no answer should be given to the letter immediately.

Of Eaton, no news was received by the Commodore from the period of his departure for Egypt, until the return of the Argus from Alexandria, on the 10th of March, 1805. She brought despatches from him, containing information of the means pursued to communicate with Hamet, of their successful issue, of the Convention about to be made with the Prince, and of their projected expedition to Derne, in aid of which he intreated that supplies of money, provisions and ammunition might be sent to Bomba, and if possible, a detachment of one hundred marines. In the brig came also Mahumed Mezaluna, an old Moor, who had been Hamet's secretary, and who now appeared as his accredited agent to solicit assistance.

Barron had however, by this time become very doubtful as to the propriety of acting in concert with the exile, and he moreover feared, that he had already exceeded his own authority, in the instructions which he had given to Eaton on parting. The information conveyed by the despatches, particularly as regarded the Convention, increased his uneasiness, as he was led to apprehend that Eaton had acted even beyond the limits of those instructions, and had entered into engagements "incompatable with the ideas and intentions of their government, or with the authority vested in himself." Indeed, independently of the evident disinclination of the government to act in concert with Hamet, and the smallness of the sum allowed for the purpose, absolute engagements to place him on the throne of Tripoli, might have produced the most serious consequences to the Americans. The enterprise, in order to be effective, would have been necessarily attended with a great expenditure of funds, for which indemnification could not have been reasonably expected, in whatever way or however pointedly it may have been stipulated: by its failure the insolence of the Barbary States would have been increased, and additional encouragement have been given to the exactions of their Sovereigns; and even if completely successful, the advantages to be derived by the United States were by no means evident. The ruler of every country, however unrestrained his authority may be, must in his policy take into consideration, the habits and the prejudices of his people; few have succeeded by acting without reference to both, and fewer still have lived to witness any important change wrought in either through their own efforts. The Tripolines were bigoted Mahometans, and piracy was among them an ancient and most honorable calling; the establishment of Hamet by the aid of Christians, and his engagement to remain at peace with them, without immediate compensation or the promise of tribute, would certainly render him unpopular with his own subjects, and excite against him the enmity of the other Barbary powers. To overcome such difficulties, the Prince would have neither the courage nor the means; and it could hardly be anticipated, that when once on the throne of Tripoli he would risk its possession, by pursuing a course at variance with the wishes of his people, and the requisitions of the adjoining Sovereigns, merely from gratitude to the Americans, or from respect for engagements made to them in the days of his adversity.

The probability of obtaining beneficial results through Hamet's co-operation, or indeed from any offensive measures against Tripoli, had always been doubted by Bainbridge; and his opinion certainly merited attention, for although imprisoned, yet he had sufficient intercourse with the foreign consuls and other residents of the town, to enable him to judge of the Pasha's strength and of the dispositions of the inhabitants with regard to the two brothers. By letters received from him, about the time of the arrival of the Argus, he repeated his conviction that the establishment of the exiled Prince in Tripoli, was not possible, from the weakness of his character the contempt in which he was held by the people, his want of resources and the force which Yusuf was capable of employing against him; and that if the liberation of the American prisoners were made to depend upon that measure, it would be better to leave them to their fate, than to squander lives and treasure in so futile an attempt. He acknowledged that he had been mistaken in the ideas he had entertained of the Pasha's strength, and of the effects to be produced on the place by naval operations only; that the damage occa-

sioned by Preble's attacks, had been slight as the houses were miserably built and almost destitute of furniture; and that although the blockade had occasioned embarrassments to the mercantile class and somewhat straitened Yusuf's means, yet he would be able to hold out a long time, and be disposed to suffer any extremity rather than surrender his prisoners without ransom.

The situation in which those prisoners might be placed by Hamet's marching against Tripoli, was also to be considered. Although the utmost precaution was adopted to conceal the object of Eaton's mission to Egypt, it was soon made known to Yusuf, by an Italian who was his agent at Malta. It gave him much alarm, but with his usual energy he prepared to meet the consequences, by sending such troops as he could spare to reinforce those under the Beys of his frontier provinces. He likewise despatched an agent to Alexandria, to intreat the Viceroy not to allow his brother to quit the country; but Eaton had been already joined by the Prince, and had so completely secured the favor of the Turkish authorities, that this attempt to defeat the plan proved fruitless. Yusuf had however, a strong security for his throne, at least so far as regarded any danger from the forces of the Americans; for he held in his power three hundred and seven of their fellow-citizens, whose lives he well knew would be considered infinitely more valuable than any advantages which could be derived from his expulsion. With this view, he declared that he should consider them as hostages for the conduct of their government, and that any attempts made in favor of his brother, might prove fatal to them. Information of his intentions was conveyed to Barron in January, by a letter from Bainbridge, which he concludes by saying: "The Pasha is very attentive to your transactions with his brother at Alexandria; a force is going against Derne. Give me leave to tell you, I have found your plan with the Pasha's brother very vast, and that *you sacrifice the lives of the prisoners here in case of success.*" Other notices of the same purport were received; and the determined violence of Yusuf's disposition was too well known, to leave a doubt that in the last extremity, he might be inclined thus to wreak his vengeance on the unfortunate captives. Until such extremity however, no fears were to be entertained with regard to them, as their existence was evidently most important to the Pasha.

Considerations of this nature made a deep impression upon Barron, and induced him to view the cause in which Eaton had embarked, in a most unfavorable light; honor and policy, however, forbade the immediate abandonment of Hamet. The Argus and Hornet were therefore laden with ammunition and stores for the supply of the expedition, and despatched to Bomba, where their opportune arrival and the assistance rendered by them at Derne have been already noticed. A letter was also carried by the Argus from Barron to Eaton, in which after applauding his courage and perseverance, he represents to him "that their Government in consenting to act in concert with Hamet, did not contemplate the measure as leading necessarily and absolutely to his establishment in Tripoli, but as a means which, provided there existed energy in the exiled Prince, and attachment to his person on the parts of his former subjects, might be employed to the common furtherance and advantage of his claims and the American cause; that if he possessed these qualities, and had sufficient interest with the people, he might after getting possession of Derne and Bengazi, move on with firm steps, and conduct his followers to the gates of the capital, in aid of which, operations would be prosecuted with vigor by the squadron, as soon as the season would permit." He declared, however, that "he must withhold his sanction from any convention or engagement, tending to impress upon Hamet, the idea that the Americans had bound themselves to place him on the throne," such engagements being unauthorized and inexpedient, particularly taking into view, the situation in which Bainbridge and their other captive countrymen might be placed by this co-operation: that he should not suffer any convention with the Prince, to interfere with that "perfect and uncontrolled power of choice and action, in concluding a pacification with the Pasha, which it was important under such circumstances to preserve;" and "that honorable and advantageous terms being once offered, and accepted by the representative of government appointed to treat for peace, all support to Hamet must necessarily cease." The request for a detachment of marines could not be complied with, "as the services of all would be required on board their respective ships." The confused and indeed contradictory injunctions contained in this letter, mark the utmost indecision in the mind of the writer, and were calculated only to puzzle the person to whom they were directed. He is discouraged from prosecuting the enterprise in which he had engaged, while he is at the same time assured, that the utmost assistance will be afforded to its advancement by the squadron. A few days after the sailing of the Argus and Hornet, the Nautilus was also sent to Derne, with additional supplies and some cannon, which proved serviceable in the attacks on that place.

About the same time a small vessel being sent to Tripoli by the Commodore with clothing and other necessaries for the prisoners, Mr. Lear wrote to the Spanish Consul thanking him politely for his communication and his offers, but assuring him at the same time, that as the Pasha had rejected several propositions for terminating the war, no others would be made on the part of the United States; and that the armed force, which was then considerable, would be employed with vigor against Tripoli as soon as the season would permit; in the mean while however, any proposition from the Pasha, tending to the establishment of peace on honorable terms, would receive due consideration. The vessel on its return, (April 21,) brought a second letter from the Spanish Consul conveying a direct proposition from Yusuf, to terminate the war and surrender the prisoners, on condition that the Americans should pay him two hundred thousand dollars and restore the Tripolines who had fallen into their hands, with all their property. The Consul added, that he considered this offer as only intended to form the basis of a negotiation, for which he again urged Mr. Lear to come to Tripoli, assuring him that he would be received with respect and remain in safety. This proposition was considered inadmissible; it was however important, as giving evidence of the Pasha's disposition, and the American negotiators, under the persuasion that it would soon be followed by others of a more acceptable nature, very prudently remained silent.

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Other letters giving assurances of the Pasha's desire to make peace, were received at the same time, from persons, whose characters and situations gave the utmost weight to their opinions. Bainbridge and his unfortunate companions had borne their fate with so much manly fortitude, as to interest in their behalf, not only several of the most respectable foreign residents in Tripoli, but also the minister of foreign affairs Mahomet D'Ghies, who has been previously mentioned, as a worthy and intelligent person. This minister being himself engaged in extensive mercantile transactions, was naturally anxious for the termination of a war by which the commerce of the place was almost destroyed; but independently of this consideration, the accounts of Bainbridge and of all who have subsequently known him, warrant the belief that he was actuated by motives of real benevolence in his endeavors to procure peace, and in the steps taken by him to mitigate the severity which his dark-souled master was disposed to exercise towards the captive Americans. He had already made several attempts to communicate with Preble, in order to induce him to treat with the Pasha, on condition of paying ransom for the prisoners; but the difficulties of transmission and the precautions which he was obliged to adopt to prevent discovery, had caused them all to fail. The state of his health had become such, as to require his absence from Tripoli during the ensuing summer, and he was most anxious that peace might be made before that time, as he was well aware of the force of the Americans, and of the advantages which Hamet would have from their assistance; he may have also entertained fears that the desperate determination of Yusuf might lead him to the accomplishment of his fatal threats against the prisoners. He therefore resolved to make another effort, and knowing the views and inclinations of the Pasha with regard to peace, he conferred with Bainbridge on the subject, as also with Mr. Nissen the Danish Consul, a man of the highest respectability who had been uniformly the friend of the Americans. In consequence of arrangements between them, Mr. Nissen wrote to the Commodore on the 18th of March, in the name of Mahomet D'Ghies; recommending him to take measures for treating with the Pasha, and proposing to that effect, that he should send some one duly authorized and instructed to Tripoli, for whose perfect inviolability during his stay the strongest guaranties would be given; he considered this plan as much more likely to lead to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion, than a negotiation carried on by correspondence, or through a Tripoline agent on board the squadron. This letter was accompanied by others from Bainbridge urging an immediate acquiescence in the plan proposed, the result of which he believed would be as favorable to the Americans, as they could expect; he had no doubt that the ransom of the prisoners might be effected for a hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and that their liberation could never be obtained without paying for it, unless large land forces were employed; concluding by an assurance, that no Tripoline would ever consider a farthing, as paid for the Pasha's friendship, after what had been already experienced from the Americans.

These communications were not received until late in April; they were then accompanied by another of more recent date from Bainbridge, enclosing a copy of one which had been sent him by Mahomet D'Ghies; in the latter, the minister states that the Pasha had just heard of his brother's being *with* the American squadron, (a report probably occasioned by the arrival of Hamet's agent at Malta) and had in consequence manifested the strongest resentment; saying that "as long as the war was a war of interest, it might easily be brought to a conclusion by some sacrifice on one side or the other; but that it was now directed against himself and for his dethronement, and he would act in a manner, by which the feelings of the United States, should be hurt in the most tender point which he had the means of reaching." The minister concluded by intreating, that the Commodore might be made fully aware of the difficulties attending any negotiation, while he was at all in relations with Hamet. The French Consul also confirmed the account of the Pasha's irritation, and of the danger in which the captives were placed. The letters were all forwarded by Captain Rodgers, who commanded the ships blockading the harbor of Tripoli; this officer being acquainted with their contents, wrote at the same time to Mr. Lear, (April 18) strongly dissuading him from meeting the advances of the Pasha, "until he had been rendered more sensible of the force of the Americans, and of their capacity to use it," and insisting that if an attack were made within six weeks, under proper regulations, peace might be concluded on terms perfectly honorable and advantageous to the United States.

On the 11th of May, the Hornet arrived from Derne, bringing accounts from Eaton of the capture of that place, and of all the occurrences since leaving Egypt, with a reply at length to Barron's letter of March 22d. He represented that the measures had been eminently successful; Hamet was in possession of the most valuable province of Tripoli, his enemies were retreating, and the supply of some funds with a few regular troops to give effect to operations requiring energy, would enable him without doubt soon to appear at the gates of the City. He had however been much discouraged by the Commodore's declaration, that all support to the Prince must cease, if the terms which the Pasha might offer, should be accepted; he was convinced that terms would be offered as soon as Yusuf entertained serious apprehensions for his safety, but he considered it incumbent on the United States, in case they were accepted, and it should be determined to withdraw all aid from Hamet, to place him in a situation at least as good as that from which he had been drawn, and out of the reach of his vindictive brother. He expressed his opinion that Derne should not be abandoned, nor peace made precipitately, as the navy might thus be crushed and the national honor receive a heavy blow.

The result of all these communications, was a determination on the parts of the Commander of the forces, and the Consul General, to abandon the co-operation with Hamet and to enter into a negotiation with Yusuf. Barron considered the moment the most favorable for concluding peace, on advantageous terms, as the capture of Derne must doubtless have produced a powerful effect on the Pasha's mind; and although discarding the idea of yielding any point of national honor or advantage, to obtain the liberation of the prisoners, he yet contended that "the lives of so many valuable and estimable Americans should not be sacrificed to abstract points of honor." Mr. Lear in reply, "conceived it his

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duty, to open and bring to a happy issue, a negotiation for peace consistent with the tenor of their instructions, whenever the Commander of the American naval forces in the Mediterranean should judge the occasion proper and favorable;" he would therefore at once proceed to Tripoli for the purpose; he *could not however believe that any impression favorable to the United States had been made on Yusuf, by the measures in concert with his brother, unless the bravery and perseverance of the Americans at Derne, had given him a proof of what might be done against him without extraneous aid.*

Preparations were instantly made to carry both these resolutions into effect. The Hornet was sent back to Derne with despatches notifying Eaton of the projected negotiation, directing him at the same time explicitly to inform Hamet, that all supplies of arms and money were at an end, and he must trust entirely to his own resources and exertions; that as he was now "*in possession of the most valuable province of Tripoli,*" and at the post from which he was driven when he first solicited the assistance of the United States, all had been done for him which he had a right to expect; but that endeavors would be made to stipulate some conditions in his favor, provided they could be obtained "without any considerable sacrifice of national advantage." Eaton and his companions were not indeed directly ordered to retire from Hamet's service, but the expressions of the letter conveyed a hint that they were expected to do so which could not be mistaken; in addition to which, Captain Hull, who commanded the ships at Derne, was required to proceed with them immediately to Tripoli.

The necessary arrangements being also made for carrying Mr. Lear to Tripoli, he sailed in the Essex frigate for that place, off which he arrived on the 26th of May. He bore with him a letter from Barron to Rodgers, resigning to the latter the command of the American forces in the Mediterranean, a station which, as he said, "the languor of sickness, and consequent mental as well as bodily inactivity, prevented him from filling any longer, with approbation to himself, or with advantage to the service." Some remarks are here necessary.

Commodore Barron had arrived in the Mediterranean, affected with a disease which universally weakens the mental powers of those who are subject to it; in his case we have the evidence of his officers, that during the whole winter and spring, he had been "disqualified from transacting any business, his mind being so much impaired, that he scarcely recollected what transpired from one day to another; and on applications being made to him for instructions, he would lose the recollection of what passed in the course of conversation." It was also generally believed by the officers in the Mediterranean, "that Mr. Lear had a great ascendancy over the Commodore in all his measures relative to the squadron." For merely exercising such an ascendancy, Mr Lear cannot certainly be blamed; nor can it be imputed as a fault to Barron, that in his situation it should have existed; he had been intrusted with an important command, which he wished to retain, particularly as he was much better acquainted with the views and wishes of his government, than the officer who would succeed him in case of his resignation could possibly have been. Under these circumstances it was natural, that being himself aware of his debilitated state, he should have looked for counsel and assistance to one in whom their government had manifested such implicit confidence. Respecting the course to be pursued with Tripoli, Mr. Lear in all his despatches and recorded conversations, had advocated the propriety of strong measures, for which he considered the forces of the United States alone as perfectly adequate. To the plan of co-operation with Hamet, he had been from the first opposed, pronouncing it visionary and impracticable; he insisted that Yusuf might be compelled to accede to honorable terms without any extraneous assistance whatever, and "that more reliance might be placed on a peace with him if well beaten into it, than with his brother, if placed on the throne by the aid of the Americans." When the accounts arrived of Eaton's junction with Hamet, and their projected expedition from Egypt, he declared his conviction openly that it would prove fruitless, and "that they with their adherents, would be sacrificed before reaching Derne." For these opinions there were certainly strong grounds; but knowing as he did, that Yusuf had manifested the utmost uneasiness ever since he had been informed of his brother's intended expedition, how could Mr. Lear have supposed that no impression favorable to the United States had been made on him, by the capture of Derne and the defeat of his army? We have certainly a right here to suspect the existence of prejudice or of personal feeling, or of too great a disinclination to acknowledge the erroneousness of previous assertions. That "a deep impression had in reality been made on the Pasha by the heroic bravery of the few Americans at Derne, and by the idea that the United States had a large force and immense supplies at that place," he indeed afterwards admitted, and endeavored from thence to make an arrangement favorable to Hamet. From the terms of Rodgers's letter already quoted, it appears that he was by no means desirous to negotiate until the Pasha should have been humbled; and he declares in another letter, that he never had entertained any apprehensions for the lives of the prisoners. It is therefore possible, that had not Barron before his relinquishment, taken such decided steps with regard to the abandonment of Hamet's cause, and (at least apparently) induced Mr. Lear to enter upon the negotiation with Yusuf, those measures might have met with some opposition from Rodgers, which delicacy under the actual circumstances forbade.

The Spanish Consul boarded the Essex immediately on her arrival off Tripoli; Mr. Lear informed him that he had come at the Pasha's request to treat for peace, but that the terms which had been already proposed through him were inadmissible, and that unless they were put aside entirely, no progress could be made in the affair. The Consul returned to Tripoli, and came on board again on the 29th, bringing a commission from the Pasha to treat on the principal points of accommodation; Yusuf relinquished all demands of payment for peace, and offered to restore the prisoners for a hundred and thirty thousand dollars, the Tripolines in the hands of the Americans being given up gratis. Mr. Lear replied by other propositions, which were—that the prisoners should be restored on both sides, the Americans immediately, the Tripolines as soon as they could be brought from America and Sicily where they then were; that as the Americans exceeded the Tripolines in number by about two hundred, the

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sum of sixty thousand dollars would be paid as ransom for the balance in favor of the Pasha; and that a treaty of peace should then be made on mutually honorable and beneficial terms. After some difficulties, Yusuf agreed to these propositions, except that he refused to give up his prisoners until the Tripolines were ready to be delivered to him in return for them.

This was probably only a pretence to gain time. Indeed, within the preceding year, the question between the United States and Tripoli had been materially changed. The Americans had appeared in such force in the Mediterranean, that they could no longer be regarded as supplicants for peace, and the great object was to obtain the liberation of their captive fellow-citizens; on the other hand, the Pasha had suffered so much from the blockade and the expenses of the war, that he was desirous to have it terminated on as good terms as he could obtain. Hamet's success at Derne had much increased his anxiety, and knowing that it was entirely due to the assistance of the Americans, he was determined not to give up the advantages he possessed by means of the prisoners, without securing in return the withdrawal of this important aid from his brother's cause; for this reason he wished to have the treaty of peace made before the execution of any other measures. As to the restoration of his own subjects who were in the hands of the Americans, he was entirely indifferent; often declaring when exchange was proposed, "that he would not give an orange apiece for them."

On the 1st of June, Bainbridge came on board, under guaranty of Mahomet D'Ghies and the Danish Consul. He assured Mr. Lear that Yusuf would not consent to surrender the prisoners, until a treaty of peace were made. As the objects of the Americans were to obtain the liberation of their countrymen and security for their commerce and navigation in future, it was not worth while to oppose this, and Bainbridge was directed to inform the Pasha, that if the terms proposed were accepted, a negotiation would be immediately entered into for a treaty, with any proper person duly authorized by him, but that no farther communication would be held with the Spanish Consul. Yusuf upon this accordingly commissioned Mr. Nissen to confer with Mr. Lear on the terms of the treaty; instructing him specially to have an article inserted, stipulating that the American forces should be withdrawn from Derne, and that efforts would be used to persuade Hamet to leave the Tripoline dominions. This stipulation was agreed to by Mr. Lear, who, however insisted that the Prince's family, who still remained in the Pasha's hands, should be restored to him. Yusuf objected and the negotiation was almost at a stand; at this crisis the Nautilus arrived from Malta, bringing notices of Eaton's farther successes at Derne, and also information of the arrival of additional forces from the United States. Rodgers here expressed his anxiety to try the effect of farther offensive operations against him; but Mr. Lear "would not suffer the business to be broken off and leave his countrymen longer in slavery," and therefore consented that *time should be allowed for the delivery of Hamet's family.* The difficulties between him and the Pasha were then removed and the preliminaries were assented to by both parties. Mr. Lear landed directly after, and on the 4th of June 1805, corresponding with the 6th of the first month of Rabbia of the year of the Hegira 1220, a *Treaty of Peace and Amity between the United States of America and the Pasha, Bey and subjects of Tripoline Barbary,* was signed at Tripoli.

By this treaty, firm and inviolable peace and sincere friendship was to exist between the two nations; the prisoners were to be returned on each side, sixty thousand dollars being paid by the Americans for the difference in number against them; the forces of the United States, in hostility against the Pasha at Derne or elsewhere in his dominions, were to be withdrawn, and no supplies to be given by the Americans during the continuance of the peace, to any of his subjects who may be in rebellion against him; the Americans were to use all means in their power to persuade Hamet to retire from the Tripoline territory, but they were to use no force or improper means to that effect, and in case he should thus retire, the Pasha was to deliver up to him his wife and children. The stipulations respecting commerce and navigation, the rights of citizens and of consuls of either party in the territories of the other, the assistance to be given to stranded vessels, the protection to be afforded to vessels pursued by an enemy, &c. were placed on the most equal footing; and it was moreover declared, that in case a war should hereafter break out between the two parties, the prisoners taken on either side should not be made slaves, but should be returned at a stated ransom. This provision was at least harmless, and it held out inducements to humane conduct.

The American prisoners were sent on board the squadron, immediately after the signing of the treaty, and the Constitution frigate was sent to Malta and Syracuse for the money to be paid as ransom and the Tripolines. The American flag was again hoisted in the town, a Consul was installed, and the inhabitants testified their pleasure on the termination of a war by which they had so severely suffered.

This pacification has proved most advantageous for the Americans; no tribute has been since paid by them to Tripoli, nor has any infraction of the treaty been made either by the government, or the subjects of that regency, without full indemnification having been promptly obtained for it. The Pasha has indeed always appeared ready to do or to submit to any thing, rather than have another war with the United States. There is however every reason to suppose that the peace might have been made on terms more honorable to the Americans; and it is difficult to conceive what proper motives could have induced their commissioner, to offer a sum of money as ransom for the prisoners, with so strong a force at his disposal, and with the finest province of the Tripoline dominions actually in the hands of his countrymen. The proposition must certainly have surprised Yusuf, who had up to that moment received from him nothing but expressions of a fixed determination to seek peace only at the cannon's mouth.

Although it was expected that the information conveyed by the Hornet would have induced Eaton and the other Americans to evacuate Derne, still it was thought proper to despatch the frigate Constellation to that place, with accounts of the peace which had been concluded; it carried also one of Yusuf's officers, who was empowered to proclaim a general amnesty,

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and her captain was instructed to receive Hamet and his immediate followers on board, should they choose to accompany him.

The communications previously received by the Hornet had prepared Eaton for these results; and he had instantly made known to Hamet the critical state in which his affairs were placed; the poor Prince very naturally exclaimed, that "to abandon him then, was to co-operate not with him, but with his brother"—and seeing that it would be impossible for him to prosecute the war, after the withdrawal of the American forces, he prepared to leave Derne with them whenever they should go. Eaton, however, could not bear "to strike the flag of his country in presence of an enemy, who had not merited the triumph, and to see the unbounded confidence placed by the inhabitants in the American character, sink into contempt and eternal hatred;" he had, therefore, resolved not to give up the advantages already obtained at Derne, and carefully concealing his apprehensions, continued to pursue the measures best calculated to advance the success of the enterprise. In this determination he seems to have been seconded by Captain Hull, and the other officers of the ships on the station, who had been induced by the declarations of Commodore Barron and Mr. Lear, to expect that an opportunity would have been afforded them in the approaching season to chastise the insolence of the Pasha, and fully establish the reputation of the Americans in the Mediterranean.

The Constellation arrived off Derne on the 11th of June, and it being at once supposed that she brought supplies and troops in aid of Hamet, the hopes of his partizans were excited to the highest pitch, while the Tripolines were so much dismayed, that they broke up their camp in haste, and retreated to the distance of fifteen miles from the town. When Eaton had examined the despatches brought by her, he saw at once that it would be a nice and difficult task to embark the Christians with Hamet and his followers in safety, as the inhabitants would place but little confidence in the Pasha's amnesty, and might be disposed to sacrifice their lives in revenge for this apparent desertion. He therefore took measures to conceal the real state of affairs; he ordered the troops to be inspected, distributed ammunition and rations, and sent off spies as if in anticipation of an attack. At night, patroles were placed to cut off all communication between the battery near the sea, which was occupied by the Christians and the town; the Constellation's boats came to the wharf, and the Christians, to their great astonishment, were all embarked and rowed off to the frigate, except the Americans. A message was then sent to Hamet, requesting an interview; he understood what was meant and instantly came with his retinue; they entered the boats, which had by that time returned, the Americans followed, and last of all went Eaton, just in time to escape the soldiery and inhabitants, who learning what was going on, rushed in distraction to the beach. Finding themselves deserted by those who had led them to take up arms against their tyrannical master, their rage burst forth in execrations against Hamet and his infidel friends. In the morning, the Tripoline agent landed and proclaimed amnesty to those who would return to their allegiance; but the place was already nearly deserted; the Arabs had plundered it of all that could be carried away and retreated to the mountains, accompanied by many of the inhabitants; those who remained rejected the terms of pardon offered them, and prepared to defend themselves to the last from the tops of their houses. What was their fate we have been unable to learn. At noon, on the 13th of June, Eaton writes, "In a few minutes, we shall lose sight of this deserted city, which has experienced as strange a reverse in as short a time, as ever recorded in the disasters of war." The Constellation arrived in a few days at Syracuse, where the men who had served with Eaton at Derne were paid off. The whole expenses of the expedition amounted to about forty thousand dollars.

A few words will suffice to trace the subsequent history of Hamet. It has been stated that provision was made in the treaty of June 4th, for the restoration of his family; but when he demanded them, his brother refused to comply or to give him any assistance whatever. He had been aided by Eaton, and by the orders of the Commodore of the squadron, he received two hundred dollars per month for the support of himself, and fifteen or twenty dependants in Syracuse. Two thousand four hundred dollars were afterwards appropriated by Congress, for his "immediate and temporary relief." The American Consul at Tripoli was also instructed to require the delivery of his family; he did so, but in reply a paper was exhibited, which proved to be a secret article signed in due form by Mr. Lear, on the day after the conclusion of the treaty, by which it was stipulated, that Yusuf should not be required to give up his brother's wife and children, until the expiration of four years, during which, Hamet was to evince his peaceful disposition, and his determination not to disturb the tranquillity of the Tripoline dominions. Of this article, no copy, and indeed no notice whatever, had been transmitted by Mr. Lear to his Government; whether from miscarriage or from other causes is not ascertained. The Consul was however ordered to urge the delivery of the family by the Pasha, and to endeavor to obtain some arrangements for their support and that of Hamet. This was at length effected through the aid of Mahomet D'Ghies; and on the 25th of October, 1807, his wife and children arrived at Syracuse in an American sloop of war, with the exception of one of the daughters, who had married the Bey Mahomet, Yusuf's eldest son; an offer was also made by the Pasha, to settle a handsome allowance on his brother, provided he would establish his residence in Morocco. This Hamet positively refused, demanding at least the restoration of his former governments of Derne and Bengazi; after some difficulties Yusuf consented to his demand, and he went to Derne in 1809, where he passed the remainder of his life in quiet, as Bey of the two Eastern Provinces. Eaton immediately resigned his situation as navy agent, and returned to the United States, where he was universally received with interest and attention; but never recovered his equanimity; he had been as he conceived, disappointed in the opportunity of distinguishing himself, and moreover unjustly robbed of his share in the credit of reducing the Pasha to terms. His natural irritability was increased, and he was on many occasions tempted to assert his claims, in a manner which savored of boastfulness. His own peaceful coun-

try offered no field for the display of his peculiar talents; he had no taste for the quiet occupations of the farm, or for the petty intrigues and wordy war of politics; he tried both and failed. He became involved in pecuniary embarrassments, his spirits deserted him, and he sought for consolation in the bowl. Those who knew him only at this period, represent him as an intemperate disagreeable vain-glorious man, and the few friends who followed him to the grave in June 1811, had reason to regret that he had not died earlier.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Anecdotes of Patrick Henry.

From the Manuscripts of the late David Meade Randolph.

The birth of party spirit has been variously conjectured: the result of the Richmond Convention for the adoption of the Federal Constitution, was one of its imputed parents. In the evening of the day of the final vote, General Meade and Mr. Cabell assembled the *discontents* in the old Senate Chamber; and after a partial organization of the party, a deputation was sent to Patrick Henry inviting him to take the chair. The venerated patriot accepted. Understanding that it was their purpose to concert a plan of resistance to the operations of the Federal Government, he addressed the meeting with his accustomed animation upon important occasions; observing, "he had done his duty strenuously, in opposing the Constitution, in the *proper place*,—and with all the powers he possessed. The question had been fully discussed and settled, and, that as true and faithful republicans, they had all better go home! They should cherish it, and give it fair play—support it too, in order that the federal administration might be left to the untrammelled and free exercise of its functions:" reproving, moreover, the half suppressed factious spirit which he perceived had well nigh broken out. The impressive arguments of Mr. Henry produced the gratifying effect he had hoped for.

—

The purity of Henry's republicanism was such, as when dining with his brother Col. John Syme, at the Rocky Mills, during a May session of the Circuit Court held by Judge Iredell in Richmond, the company, composed of very respectable characters of both parties—'The People' as the first toast, upon removing the cloth, was pronounced very audibly by the host. Mr. Henry pushing his old black wig aside, as was his custom when much excited;—and, with *elbows akimbo!* exclaimed, "What—brother, not drink General Washington? as we used to do!—for shame brother, for shame;"—and filled up his glass with a bumper of Thomson's Madeira; announcing the name of WASHINGTON.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

YOUNG ROSALIE LEE.

I love to forget Ambition
And Hope, in the mingled thought
Of valley and wood and meadow,
Where whilome my spirit caught
Affection's holiest breathings;
Where, under the skies, with me
Young Rosalie roved—aye drinking
From Joy's bright Castaly.

I think of the valley and river,
The old wood bright with blossoms;
Of the pure and chastened gladness
Upspringing in our bosoms;
I think of the lonely turtle
So tongued with melancholy;
And the hue of the drooping moonlight,
And the starlight pure and holy!

Of the beat of a heart most tender;
The sigh of a shell-tinct lip,
As soft as the land tones, wandering
Far leagues, over ocean deep;
Of a step, as light in its falling,
On the breast of the beaded lea,
As the fall of the fairy moonlight,
On the leaf of yon tulip tree.

I think of these and the murmur
Of bird and katadyd,
Whose home is the grave yard cypress,
Whose goblet the honey-reed;
And then I weep! for Rosalie
Has gone to her early rest;
And the green-lipped reed and the daisy,
Suck sweets from her maiden breast.

Winchester, Va. L. L.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

STRAY LEAVES.

See'st thou yon withered tree,
Which stretches towards the sea,
Its long and ghastly arms—
Does it not say to thee,
How speedily shall flee,
Thy now so envied charms.

That forehead high
In the dust shall lie,
And that soft dark eye
Shall be shrivelled and dry;
And those pearly teeth,
Shall be trodden beneath,
The foot of the idle passer-by.

* * * * *

Change the subject, change the measure,
Sing not of death—let life and pleasure
Be the theme of Poet's lay;
Our earth contains full many a treasure—
Let us seek them while we may.

Fill the glass with yellow juice,
Of Rhine's old banks, the rich produce;
Or let the ruby claret flow,
Or Portugal's dark streams unloose—
They all bring joy and banish woe.

Let not woman enter here,
Woman brings but pain and care,
Woman smiles but to deceive,
In woman's tears let none believe.

Love is folly—fill the glass,
In mirth and glee, the hours we'll pass.
The smiling vine alone is true,
The grape's pure tears none ever rue.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger

BERENICE—A TALE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Misery is manifold. The wretchedness of earth is multiform. Overreaching the wide horizon like the rainbow, its hues are as various as the hues of that arch, as distinct too, yet as intimately blended. Overreaching the wide horizon like the rainbow! How is it that from Beauty I have derived a type of unloveliness?—from the covenant of Peace a simile of sorrow? But thus is it. And as, in ethics, Evil is a consequence of Good, so, in fact, out of Joy is sorrow born. Either the memory of past bliss is the anguish of to-day, or the agonies which *are*, have their origin in the ecstasies which *might have been*. I have a tale to tell in its own essence rife with horror—I would suppress it were it not a record more of feelings than of facts.

My baptismal name is Egæus—that of my family I will not mention. Yet there are no towers in the land more time-honored than my gloomy, grey, hereditary halls. Our line has been called a race of visionaries: and in many striking particulars—in the character of the family mansion—in the frescos of the chief saloon—in the tapestries of the dormitories—in the chiseling of some buttresses in the armory—but more especially in the gallery of antique paintings—in the fashion of the library chamber—and, lastly, in the very peculiar nature of the library's contents, there is more than sufficient evidence to warrant the belief.

The recollections of my earliest years are connected with that chamber, and with its volumes—of which latter I will say no more. Here died my mother. Herein was I born. But it is mere idleness to say that I had not lived before—that the soul has no previous existence. You deny it. Let us not argue the matter. Convinced myself I seek not to convince. There is, however, a remembrance of ærial forms—of spiritual and meaning eyes—of sounds musical yet sad—a remembrance which will not be excluded: a memory like a shadow, vague, variable, indefinite, unsteady—and like a shadow too, in the impossibility of my getting rid of it, while the sunlight of my reason shall exist.

In that chamber was I born. Thus awaking, as it were, from the long night of what seemed, but was not, nonentity at once into the very regions of fairy land—into a palace of imagination—into the wild dominions of monastic thought and erudition—it is not singular that I gazed around me with a startled and ardent eye—that I loitered away my boyhood in books, and dissipated my youth in reverie—but it *is* singular that as years rolled away, and the noon of manhood found me still in the mansion of my fathers—it is wonderful what stagnation there fell upon the springs of my life—wonderful how total an inversion took place in the character of my common thoughts. The realities of the world affected me as visions, and as visions only, while the wild ideas of the land of dreams became, in turn,—not the material of my every-day existence—but in very deed that existence utterly and solely in itself.

* * * * *

Berenice and I were cousins, and we grew up together in my paternal halls—Yet differently we grew. I ill of health and buried in gloom—she agile, graceful, and overflowing with energy. Hers the ramble on the hill side—mine the studies of the cloister. I living within my own heart, and addicted body and soul to the most intense and painful meditation—she roaming carelessly through life with no thought of the shadows in her path, or the silent flight of the raven-winged hours. Berenice!—I call upon her name—Berenice!—and from the grey ruins of memory a thousand tumultuous recollections are startled at the sound! Ah! vividly is her image before me now, as in the early days of her light-heartedness and joy! Oh! gorgeous yet fantastic beauty! Oh! Sylph amid the shrubberies of Arnheim!—Oh! Naiad among her fountains!—and then—then all is mystery and terror, and a tale which should not be told. Disease—a fatal disease—fell like the Simoom upon her frame, and, even while I gazed upon her, the spirit of change swept over her, pervading her mind, her habits, and her character, and, in a manner the most subtle and terrible, disturbing even the very identity of her person! Alas! the destroyer came and went, and the victim—where was she? I knew her not—or knew her no longer as Berenice.

Among the numerous train of maladies, superinduced by that fatal and primary one which effected a revolution of so horrible a kind in the moral and physical being of my cousin, may be mentioned as the most distressing and obstinate in its nature, a species of epilepsy not unfrequently terminating in *trance* itself—trance very nearly resembling positive dissolution, and from which her manner of recovery was, in most instances, startingly abrupt. In the meantime my own disease—for I have been told that I should call it by no other appellation—my own disease, then, grew rapidly upon me, and, aggravated in its symptoms by the immoderate use of opium, assumed finally a monomaniac character of a novel and extraordinary form—hourly and momentarily gaining vigor—and at length obtaining over me the most singular and incomprehensible ascendancy. This monomania—if I must so term it—consisted in a morbid irritability of the nerves immediately affecting those properties of the mind, in metaphysical science termed the *attentive*. It is more than probable that I am not understood—but I fear that it is indeed in no manner possible to convey to the mind of the merely general reader, an adequate idea of that nervous *intensity of interest* with which, in my case, the powers of meditation (not to speak technically) busied, and, as it were, buried themselves in the contemplation of even the most common objects of the universe.

To muse for long unwearied hours with my attention rivetted to some frivolous device upon the margin, or in the typography of a book—to become absorbed for the better part of a summer's day in a quaint shadow falling aslant upon the tapestry, or upon the floor—to lose myself for an entire night in watching the steady flame of a lamp, or the embers of a fire—to dream away whole days over the perfume of a flower—to repeat monotonously some common word, until the sound, by dint of frequent repetition, ceased to convey any idea whatever to the mind—to lose all sense of motion or physical existence in a state of absolute bodily quiescence long and obstinately persevered in—Such were a few of the most common and least pernicious vagaries induced by a condition of the mental faculties, not, indeed, altogether unparalleled, but certainly bidding defiance to any thing like analysis or explanation.

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Yet let me not be misapprehended. The undue, intense, and morbid attention thus excited by objects in their own nature frivolous, must not be confounded in character with that ruminating propensity common to all mankind, and more especially indulged in by persons of ardent imagination. By no means. It was not even, as might be at first supposed, an extreme condition, or exaggeration of such propensity, but primarily and essentially distinct and different. In the one instance the dreamer, or enthusiast, being interested by an object usually *not* frivolous, imperceptibly loses sight of this object in a wilderness of deductions and suggestions issuing therefrom, until, at the conclusion of a day-dream *often replete with luxury*, he finds the *incitamentum* or first cause of his musings utterly vanished and forgotten. In my case the primary object was *invariably frivolous*, although assuming, through the medium of my distempered vision, a refracted and unreal importance. Few deductions—if any—were made; and those few pertinaciously returning in, so to speak, upon the original object as a centre. The meditations were *never* pleasurable; and, at the termination of the reverie, the first cause, so far from being out of sight, had attained that supernaturally exaggerated interest which was the prevailing feature of the disease. In a word, the powers of mind more particularly exercised were, with me, as I have said before, the *attentive*, and are, with the day-dreamer, the *speculative*.

My books, at this epoch, if they did not actually serve to irritate the disorder, partook, it will be perceived, largely, in their imaginative, and inconsequential nature, of the characteristic qualities of the disorder itself. I well remember, among others, the treatise of the noble Italian Cœlius Secundus Curio "*de amplitudine beati regni Dei*"—St. Austin's great work the "City of God"—and Tertullian "*de Carne Christi*," in which the unintelligible sentence "*Mortuus est Dei filius; credibile est quia ineptum est: et sepultus resurrexit; certum est quia impossibile est*" occupied my undivided time, for many weeks of laborious and fruitless investigation.

Thus it will appear that, shaken from its balance only by trivial things, my reason bore resemblance to that ocean-crag spoken of by Ptolemy Hephestion, which steadily resisting the attacks of human violence, and the fiercer fury of the waters and the winds, trembled only to the touch of the flower called Asphodel. And although, to a careless thinker, it might appear a matter beyond doubt, that the fearful alteration produced by her unhappy malady, in the *moral* condition of Berenice, would afford me many objects for the exercise of that intense and morbid meditation whose nature I have been at some trouble in explaining, yet such was not by any means the case. In the lucid intervals of my infirmity, her calamity indeed gave me pain, and, taking deeply to heart that total wreck of her fair and gentle life, I did not fail to ponder frequently and bitterly upon the wonder-working means by which so strange a revolution had been so suddenly brought to pass. But these reflections partook not of the idiosyncrasy of my disease, and were such as would have occurred, under similar circumstances, to the ordinary mass of mankind. True to its own character, my disorder revelled in the less important but more startling changes wrought in the *physical* frame of Berenice, and in the singular and most appalling distortion of her personal identity.

During the brightest days of her unparalleled beauty, most surely I had never loved her. In the strange anomaly of my existence, feelings, with me, *had never been* of the heart, and my passions *always were* of the mind. Through the grey of the early morning—among the trellissed shadows of the forest at noon-day—and in the silence of my library at night, she had flitted by my eyes, and I had seen her—not as the living and breathing Berenice, but as the Berenice of a dream—not as a being of the earth—earthly—but as the abstraction of such a being—not as a thing to admire, but to analyze—not as an object of love, but as the theme of the most abstruse although desultory speculation. And *now*—now I shuddered in her presence, and grew pale at her approach; yet, bitterly lamenting her fallen and desolate condition, I knew that she had loved me long, and, in an evil moment, I spoke to her of marriage.

And at length the period of our nuptials was approaching, when, upon an afternoon in the winter of the year, one of those unseasonably warm, calm, and misty days which are the nurse of the beautiful Halcyon,* I sat, and sat, as I thought alone, in the inner apartment of the library. But uplifting my eyes Berenice stood before me.

Was it my own excited imagination—or the misty influence of the atmosphere—or the uncertain twilight of the chamber—or the grey draperies which fell around her figure—that caused it to loom up in so unnatural a degree? I could not tell. Perhaps she had grown taller since her malady. She spoke, however, no word, and I—not for worlds could I have uttered a syllable. An icy chill ran through my frame; a sense of insufferable anxiety oppressed me; a consuming curiosity pervaded my soul; and, sinking back upon the chair, I remained for some time breathless, and motionless, and with my eyes rivetted upon her person. Alas! its emaciation was excessive, and not one vestige of the former being lurked in any single line of the contour. My burning glances at length fell upon her face.

The forehead was high, and very pale, and singularly placid; and the once golden hair fell partially over it, and overshadowed the hollow temples with ringlets now black as the raven's ring, and jarring discordantly, in their fantastic character, with the reigning melancholy of the countenance. The eyes were lifeless, and lustreless, and I shrunk involuntarily from their glassy stare to the contemplation of the thin and shrunken lips. They parted: and, in a smile of peculiar meaning, the teeth of the changed Berenice disclosed themselves slowly to my view. Would to God that I had never beheld them, or that, having done so, I had died!

* * * * * *

The shutting of a door disturbed me, and, looking up, I found my cousin had departed from the chamber. But from the disordered chamber of my brain, had not, alas! departed, and would not be driven away, the white and ghastly *spectrum* of the teeth. Not a speck upon their surface—not a shade on their enamel—not a line in their configuration—not an indenture in their

* For as Jove, during the winter season, gives twice seven days of warmth, men have called this clement and temperate time the nurse of the beautiful Halcyon.—*Simonides.*

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edges—but what that brief period of her smile had sufficed to brand in upon my memory. I saw them *now* even more unequivocally than I beheld them *then*. The teeth!—the teeth!—they were here, and there, and every where, and visibly, and palpably before me, long, narrow, and excessively white, with the pale lips writhing about them, as in the very moment of their first terrible development. Then came the full fury of my *monomania*, and I struggled in vain against its strange and irresistible influence. In the multiplied objects of the external world I had no thoughts but for the teeth. All other matters and all different interests became absorbed in their single contemplation. They—they alone were present to the mental eye, and they, in their sole individuality, became the essence of my mental life. I held them in every light—I turned them in every attitude. I surveyed their characteristics—I dwelt upon their peculiarities—I pondered upon their conformation—I mused upon the alteration in their nature—and shuddered as I assigned to them in imagination a sensitive and sentient power, and even when unassisted by the lips, a capability of moral expression. Of Mad'selle Sallé it has been said, "*que tous ses pas etoient des sentiments*," and of Berenice I more seriously believed *que tous ses dents etaient des idées*.

And the evening closed in upon me thus—and then the darkness came, and tarried, and went—and the day again dawned—and the mists of a second night were now gathering around—and still I sat motionless in that solitary room, and still I sat buried in meditation, and still the *phantasma* of the teeth maintained its terrible ascendancy as, with the most vivid and hideous distinctness, it floated about amid the changing lights and shadows of the chamber. At length there broke forcibly in upon my dreams a wild cry as of horror and dismay; and thereunto, after a pause, succeeded the sound of troubled voices intermingled with many low moanings of sorrow, or of pain. I arose hurriedly from my seat, and, throwing open one of the doors of the library, there stood out in the antechamber a servant maiden, all in tears, and she told me that Berenice was—no more. Seized with an epileptic fit she had fallen dead in the early morning, and now, at the closing in of the night, the grave was ready for its tenant, and all the preparations for the burial were completed.

With a heart full of grief, yet reluctantly, and oppressed with awe, I made my way to the bed-chamber of the departed. The room was large, and very dark, and at every step within its gloomy precincts I encountered the paraphernalia of the grave. The coffin, so a menial told me, lay surrounded by the curtains of yonder bed, and in that coffin, he whisperingly assured me, was all that remained of Berenice. Who was it asked me would I not look upon the corpse? I had seen the lips of no one move, yet the question had been demanded, and the echo of the syllables still lingered in the room. It was impossible to refuse; and with a sense of suffocation I dragged myself to the side of the bed. Gently I uplifted the sable draperies of the curtains.

As I let them fall they descended upon my shoulders, and shutting me thus out from the living, enclosed me in the strictest communion with the deceased.

The very atmosphere was redolent of death. The peculiar smell of the coffin sickened me; and I fancied a deleterious odor was already exhaling from the body. I would have given worlds to escape—to fly from the pernicious influence of mortality—to breathe once again the pure air of the eternal heavens. But I had no longer the power to move—my knees tottered beneath me—and I remained rooted to the spot, and gazing upon the frightful length of the rigid body as it lay outstretched in the dark coffin without a lid.

God of heaven!—is it possible? Is it my brain that reels—or was it indeed the finger of the enshrouded dead that stirred in the white cerement that bound it? Frozen with unutterable awe I slowly raised my eyes to the countenance of the corpse. There had been a band around the jaws, but, I know not how, it was broken asunder. The livid lips were wreathed into a species of smile, and, through the enveloping gloom, once again there glared upon me in too palpable reality, the white and glistening, and ghastly teeth of Berenice. I sprang convulsively from the bed, and, uttering no word, rushed forth a maniac from that apartment of triple horror, and mystery, and death.

* * * * * *

I found myself again sitting in the library, and again sitting there alone. It seemed that I had newly awakened from a confused and exciting dream. I knew that it was now midnight, and I was well aware that since the setting of the sun Berenice had been interred. But of that dreary period which had intervened I had no positive, at least no definite comprehension. Yet its memory was rife with horror—horror more horrible from being vague, and terror more terrible from ambiguity. It was a fearful page in the record of my existence, written all over with dim, and hideous, and unintelligible recollections. I strived to decypher them, but in vain—while ever and anon, like the spirit of a departed sound, the shrill and piercing shriek of a female voice seemed to be ringing in my ears. I had done a deed—what was it? And the echoes of the chamber answered me "what was it?"

On the table beside me burned a lamp, and near it lay a little box of ebony. It was a box of no remarkable character, and I had seen it frequently before, it being the property of the family physician; but how came it *there* upon my table, and why did I shudder in regarding it? These were things in no manner to be accounted for, and my eyes at length dropped to the open pages of a book, and to a sentence underscored therein. The words were the singular, but simple words of the poet Ebn Zaiat. "*Dicebant mihi sodales si sepulchrum amicæ visit arem curas meas aliquantulum fore levatas.*"* Why then, as I perused them, did the hairs of my head erect themselves on end, and the blood of my body congeal within my veins?

There came a light tap at the library door, and, pale as the tenant of a tomb, a menial entered upon tiptoe. His looks were wild with terror, and he spoke to me in a voice tremulous, husky, and very low. What said he?—some broken sentences I heard. He told of a wild cry heard in the silence of the night—of the gathering together of the household—of a search in the direction of the sound—and then his tones grew thrillingly distinct as he whispered me of a violated grave—

* My companions told me I might find some little alleviation of my misery, in visiting the grave of my beloved.

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of a disfigured body discovered upon its margin—a body enshrouded, yet still breathing, still palpitating, still alive!

He pointed to my garments—they were muddy and clotted with gore. I spoke not, and he took me gently by the hand—but it was indented with the impress of human nails. He directed my attention to some object against the wall—I looked at it for some minutes—it was a spade. With a shriek I bounded to the table, and grasped the ebony box that lay upon it. But I could not force it open, and in my tremor it slipped from out my hands, and fell heavily, and burst into pieces, and from it, with a rattling sound, there rolled out some instruments of dental surgery, intermingled with many white and glistening substances that were scattered to and fro about the floor.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EXTRACT

From Reminiscences of a Western Traveller.

"I presume," said I, "that having so long resided in Kentucky, you must have had some acquaintance with Indian warfare."

"I had no occasion," he replied, "to come to Kentucky to learn that. I may say, that I have had something to do with it all my life, and it had to do with me before I was born."

The speaker was a tall, handsome man, uncommonly stout, with an appearance of great strength, perfect health, and a quiet good humor, which disposed him to be communicative, merely by way of obliging. Though by no means garrulous, I had discovered that he was ready to tell whatever another might be desirous of hearing. He spoke with that strong accent, and deliberate tone, which characterize the Scotch Irish race, and which always, to my ear, conveys a promise that what is said will be said distinctly and clearly.

Here then was the very man I wanted. I had left the peaceful scenes of the Atlantic coast, expecting, not indeed to "roam through anters vast and deserts wild," in my western tour, (for my maps and gazetteer had taught me better,) but to find some traces of the scenes, which but a few years before, had made it dangerous for a white man to set his foot where we now rode along securely. My eye had eagerly scanned every object which afforded promise of food to my young and eager imagination; but as yet I had found none. The soft beauty and exuberant fertility of the country, need only the touch of civilization to take from it every appearance of wildness, and I could hardly bring myself to believe that it had been so lately the haunt of the prowling savage. My enthusiasm was consequently much damped; but it was not extinguished, and these last words of my companion blew it into a flame. A well directed question soon drew him out.

"I was born," said he, "among the mountains of Virginia. I never saw my father. He was killed at the battle of Point Pleasant, just before I came into the world. That is the reason why I said that Indian fighting had to do with me before I was born. But that was not all; many years before that, the Indians made a break on our settlement, and carried off my oldest brother, and kept him."

"Did you never see him again?"

"I suppose I have, but I did not know it at the time." As he said this, a gloom came over his countenance, which checked my inquisitiveness, and he rode on, perhaps a mile, in moody silence. At length his brow cleared, and he again spoke, but in a somewhat saddened tone.

"It is something strange; I am not superstitious, and yet it seems to me, as if at times, when people are in great distress of mind, they are apt to say things that turn out almost like a prophecy. It was a great grief to my mother, the loss of her child, and the longer she lived the more she mourned after him. He was quite small when they took him; and they carried him away over the lakes, so far, that they never heard where he was, until he was almost grown up, a perfect wild man. My mother was a religious woman; and the thought of his being brought up among savages, where the word of God could never reach him, went to her heart. She said, it was always borne upon her mind that he was not dead, and that he would grow up among those vile wretches, to be the death of his own father, and perhaps to die at last by the hand of one of his own brothers. When they raised a party to follow the Indians, she *would* go with them, and all the way, she said, she looked and looked, in hopes to see where they had dashed out her poor child's brains against a tree. It was the only comfort she hoped for, and that was denied her.

"As I told you, they never heard of him till he was near or quite a man; and that was just before Dunmore's war. There was no chance to do any thing towards getting him home at that time, for it was dangerous to go near the Ohio. Indeed, all they knew was, that there was a white man of about his age among the Indians, who answered to his name. It was not until after the peace that we knew certainly all about him.

"Well! he was at the battle of the Point, fighting among the Shawanees; and there my father was killed. When my mother heard that he had been there, you may be sure her own words came back to her. No body knew who killed my father. But why not he as well as another? Flesh and blood could not have made her believe that it was not he.

"Just after that I was born, and then again my mother took it into her head that I had come into the world to revenge my father's death. There was no great comfort in that thought, you may be sure; so as soon as the war was over, they tried all they could to get my brother back. He was

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told that my father was dead, and had left a good estate; and that he was the heir at law; (for you know that my father died under the old law,) but it all would not do. He was a complete Indian, and had an Indian wife and children that he would not leave. But he had kind feelings for us all, and sent us word to take the estate; for he wanted nothing but his rifle.

"Well! my mother died; and I and a brother a little older than me, sold out and went to Kentucky. Where we settled was a dangerous frontier near the Ohio, and the Indians once or twice every year, would come over and strike at us. Then we would raise a party, and follow them away almost to the lakes; and after we got strong enough, we commonly kept a smart company ranging about on that side of the river. Sometimes we volunteered; sometimes we were drafted; sometimes one went; sometimes another. One year my brother went, and had a fight with the Indians. Afterwards we heard that our wild brother was in that fight, and was badly wounded. The next year I went out, and we had a fight, and my poor brother was there again, and *he was killed.*"

He ceased speaking, and again sunk into a gloomy silence, which none of us were disposed to interrupt. At length he said, in a softened voice, "Thank God! I was spared one thing. I never think of it, that it does not make the cold chills run over me. It was the night before the battle. We had been following hard upon the trail all day, and just before night we came up with them. But we did not let them see us, and lay back till they had camped for the night. We knew we could find them in the dark by their fires. Sure enough we soon saw the light, and crawled towards it. The word was to attack at day light. In the meantime every man was to keep his eye skinned, and his gun in his hand, and not to fire on any account till the word was given. But in this sort of business every man fights, more or less, on his own book; and if a fellow only kills an Indian, they never blame him. There they were, all dead asleep, around their fire; and we standing looking at them, almost near enough to hear them snore. You may be sure we did not breathe loud. Well! while I was standing off on one flank, watching them with all my eyes, up gets one, and stands right between me and the light. Up came my rifle to my face. It was against orders, but I never had shot at an Indian, and how could I stand it? My hand was on the trigger, when the figure turned, and I saw the breasts of a woman. You may be sure I did not shoot. It was my brother's daughter, as I afterwards learned."

This story required no comment. It admitted of none. The ideas it suggested was such as reason could neither condemn nor justify. We could only muse on it in silence. At length, the other stranger, who, like myself, had listened attentively, said, "I too was once within an ace of shooting a woman."

I started at this, and turned to reconsider the speaker. I had already scrutinized him pretty closely, and had formed a judgment concerning him, which these words quite unsettled. The idea that he had been familiar with scenes, where every man must make his hand guard his head, had never entered my mind. He was indeed formidably armed, carrying a brace of pistols in his belt, and another in his holsters. The handle of a dirk peeped through the ruffle of his shirt, and a rifle on his shoulder completed his armament. I had been of course struck with an equipment so warlike, but attributed it to excess of caution. The mildness and elegance of his manners had fixed him in my mind, as one bred up in the scenes of peaceful and polished life, where, in youth, he had heard so much of the perils of the country he was now traversing, as to suppose it unsafe to visit it without this load of weapons. I certainly had never seen a man of more courteous and gentlemanlike demeanor; and though his countenance gave no token of one "acquainted with cold fear," I had nevertheless, emphatically marked him as a man of peace. He was the oldest man in company, but deferential to all, accommodating, obliging, and, on all occasions, modestly postponing himself, even to such a boy as I was. He seemed now to have spoken from a wish to divert the painful thoughts of our companion, and, in answer to an inquiring look from me, went on with his story.

"It was nearly thirty years ago," said he, "I was travelling from Virginia through the wilderness of Kentucky, then much infested by Indians. I had one companion, an active, spirited young man, and we were both well mounted and well armed. Vigilance alone was necessary to our safety, and as we had both served a regular apprenticeship to Indian warfare, we were not deficient in that. We soon overtook a company of moving families, who had united for safety. The convenience of the axes of the men, in making fires, and of the women in cooking, determined us to join them. We camped together every night; and as we derived great advantage from the association, we tried to requite it by our activity and diligence as scouts and flankers. We commonly rode some distance ahead, so as to give them time to prepare in case of attack; depending on our own diligence and skill to guard against surprise.

"Riding thus one day, a mile or two in advance, we were suddenly startled by an outcry from behind, which was not to be mistaken. We immediately drew up, and presently saw our party hurrying towards us, in great confusion and alarm, whipping up their teams, and only stopping long enough to say that they were pursued. The rear was therefore now our post, and, waiting till they

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had all passed, we dismounted,—hid our horses, took trees, and awaited the enemy. I did not wait long, until I saw the head and shoulders of a figure above the undergrowth, rushing at full speed towards me. My rifle was at my cheek, and a steady aim at the advancing figure made me sure of my mark, when an opening in the brushwood showed me the dress of a female. She was the wife of one of the wretches who had just passed us, completely spent and sinking with fatigue. Had there been Indians she must have perished. As it was, her appearance showed the alarm to be false; so I took her up behind me, and we went quietly on, in pursuit of her dastard husband, to whose *protection* I restored her."

In speaking these last words, the face of the speaker underwent, for a moment, a change, which told more than his story. The tone of scornful irony too, which accompanied the word *protection*, gave a new face to his character. As I marked the slight flush of his pale and somewhat withered cheek, the flash of his light blue eye, the curl of his lip, and a peculiar clashing of his eye-teeth as he spoke; I thought I had rarely seen a man, with whom it might not be as safe to trifle.

The day was now far spent; and as the sun descended, we had the satisfaction to observe that he sank behind a grove, that marked the course of a small branch of the Wabash, on the bank of which stood the house where we expected to find food and rest.

None but a western traveller can understand the entire satisfaction with which the daintiest child of luxury learns to look forward to the rude bed and homely fare, which await him, at the end of a hard day's ride, in the infant settlements. There is commonly a cabin of rough unhewn logs, containing one large room, where all the culinary operations of the family are performed, at the huge chimney around which the guests are ranged. The fastidious, who never wait to be hungry, may turn up their noses at the thought of being, for an hour before hand, regaled with the steam of their future meal. But to the weary and sharp set, there is something highly refreshing to the spirits and stimulating to the appetite. The dutch oven, well filled with biscuit, is no sooner discharged of them, than their place is occupied by sundry slices of bacon, which are immediately followed by eggs, broken into the hissing lard. In the mean time, a pot of strong coffee is boiling on a corner of the hearth; the table is covered with a coarse clean cloth; the butter and cream and honey are on it; and supper is ready.

"Then horn for horn they stretch and strive."

It makes me hungry now to think of it; and I am tempted to take back my word and eat something, having just told my wife I wanted no supper. But it will not do. I have not rode fifty miles to day, and my table is so trim and my room so snug that I have no appetite.

But it is only in the first stage of a settlement, that these things are found. By and by, mine host, having opened a larger farm, builds him a house, of frame-work or brick, the masonry and carpentry of which show the rude handy-work of himself and his sons. He now employs several hands, and the leavings of their dinner will do for the supper of any chance travellers in the evening. A round deep earthen dish, in which a bit of fat pork or lean salt beef, crowns a small mound of cold greens or turnips, with loaf bread baked a month ago, and a tin can of skimmed milk now form the travellers supper. It is vain to expostulate. Our host has no fear of competition. He has now located the whole point of wood land crossed by the road, and no one can come nearer to him, on either hand, than ten miles. Besides, he is now the "squire" of the neighborhood, with "eyes severe," and "fair round belly with *fat bacon* lined;" and why should not the daily food of a man of his consequence be good enough for a hungry traveller?

It was to a house of this latter description that we now came. No one came out to receive us. Why should they? We took off our own baggage, and found our way into the house as we might.

On entering, I was struck with the appearance of the party, as their figures glimmered through the mingled lights of a dull window and a dim fire. Each individual, though seated, (and no man moved or bad us welcome) wore his hat, of shadowy dimensions; a sort of family resemblance, both in cut and color, ran through the dresses of all; and a like resemblance in complexion and cast of countenance marked all but one. This one, as we afterwards found, was the master of the mansion, a man of massive frame, and fat withal, but whose full cheeks, instead of the ruddy glow of health, were overcast with an ashy, dusky, money-loving hue. In the appearance of all the rest there was something ascetic and mortified. But landlord and guest wore all one common expression of ostentatious humility and ill-disguised self-complacency, which so often characterizes those new sects, that think they have just made some important discoveries in religion. Mine host was, as it proved, the Gaius of such a church, and his guests were preachers of the same denomination. I have forgotten the name; but they were not Quakers. I have been since reminded of them, on reading the description of the company Julian Peveril found at Bridgnorth's.

When we entered, our landlord was talking in a dull, plodding strain, and in a sort of solemn protecting tone, to his respectfully attentive guests. Our appearance made no interruption in his discourse; and he went on, addressing himself mainly to a raw looking youth, whose wrists and

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ankles seemed to have grown out of his sleeves and pantaloons since they were made. Where the light, which this young man was now thought worthy to diffuse, had broken in upon his own mind, I did not learn, but I presently discovered that he came from "a little east of sunrise," and had a curiosity as lively as my own, concerning the legends of the country.

"I guess brother P——," said he, "you have been so long in these parts, that it must have been right scary times when you first came here."

"Well! I cannot say," replied the other, "that there has been much danger in this country, since I came here. But if there was, it was nothing new to me. I was used to all that in Old Kentuck, thirty years ago."

"I should like," said the youth, "to hear something of your early adventures. I marvel that we should find any satisfaction in turning from the contemplation of God's peace, to listen to tales of blood and slaughter. But so it is. The old Adam will have a hankering after the things of this world."

"Well!" replied our host, "I have nothing very particular to tell. The scalping of three Indians, is all I have to brag of. And as to danger; except having the bark knocked off of my tree into my eyes, by a bullet, I do not know that I was ever in any mighty danger, but once."

"And when was that?"

"Well! It was when we were moving out along the wilderness road. You see it was mighty ticklish times; so a dozen families of us started together, and we had regular guards, and scouts, and flankers, just like an army. The second day after we left Cumberland river, a couple of young fellows joined us, one by the name of Jones, and I do not remember the other's name. I suppose they had been living somewhere in Old Virginia, where they had plenty of slaves to wait on them; and it went hard with them to make their own fires, and cook their own victuals; so they were glad enough to fall in with us, and have us and our women to work and cook for them. But a man was a cash article there; and they both had fine horses and good guns; and, to hear them talk, (especially that fellow Jones,) you would have thought, two or three Indians before breakfast, would not have been a mouthful to them. We did not think much of them, but we told them, if they would take their turn in scouting and guarding, they were welcome to join us."

At this moment, our landlady, who was busy in a sort of shed, which adjoined the room we sat in, and served as a kitchen, entered, and stopping for a moment, heard what was passing. She was a good-looking woman, of about forty-five, with a meek subdued and broken hearted cast of countenance. I saw her look at her husband, and as she listened, her face assumed an expression of timid expostulation, mixed with that sort of wonderment, with which we regard a thing utterly unaccountable, but which use has rendered familiar.

Her lord and master caught the look, and bending his shaggy brow, said, "I guess the men will want their supper, by the time they get it."

She understood the hint, and stole away rebuked; uttering unconsciously, in a loud sigh, the long hoarded breath which she had held all the time she listened. Her manner was not intended to attract notice; but there was something in it, which disposed me to receive her husband's tale with some grains of allowance. He went on thus:

"The day we expected to get to the crab-orchard, it was their turn to bring up the rear. By good rights, they ought to have been a quarter of a mile or so behind us; and I suppose they were; when, all of a sudden, we heard the crack of a rifle, and here they come, right through us, and away they went. I looked round for my woman and I could not see her. The poor creature was a little behind, and thought there was no danger, because we all depended on them two fire eaters in the rear, to take care of stragglers. But when they ran off, you see, there was nobody between her and the Indians; and the first thing I saw, was her, running for dear life, and they after her. I set my triggers, and fixed myself to stop one of them; and just then, her foot caught in a grape vine, and down she came. I let drive at the foremost, and dropped him; but the other one ran right on. My gun was empty; and I had no chance but to put in, and try the butt of it. But I was not quite fast enough. He was upon her, and had his hand in her hair; and it was a mercy of God, he did not tomahawk her at once. He had plenty of time for that;—but he was too keen after the scalp; and, just as he was getting hold of his knife, I fetched him a clip that settled him. Just then, I heard a crack or two, and a ball whistled mighty near me; but, by this time, some of our party had rallied, and took trees; and that brought the Indians to a stand. So I put my wife behind a tree, and got one more crack at them; and then they broke and run. That was the only time I ever thought myself in any *real* danger, and that was all along of that Jones and the other fellow. But they made tracks for the settlement."

"Have you never seen Jones since?" said the mild voice of the courteous gentleman I have mentioned.

"No; I never have; and it's well for him; though, bless the Lord! I hope I could find in my heart *now* to forgive him. But if I had ever come across him, before I met with you, brother B——;" (addressing a grave senior of the party who received the compliment with impenetrable gravity;) "I guess it would not have been so well for him."

"Do you think you would know him again, if you were to see him?" said my companion.

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"It's a long time ago," said he, "but I think I should. He was a mighty fierce little fellow, and had a monstrous blustering way of talking."

"Was he any thing like me?" said the stranger, in a low but hissing tone.

The man started, and so did we all, and gazed on the querist. In my life, I never saw such a change in any human face. The pale cheek was flushed, the calm eye glowed with intolerable fierceness, and every feature worked with loathing. But he commanded his voice, though the curl of his lip disclosed the full length of one eye tooth, and he again said, "look at me. Am not I the man?"

"I do not know that you are," replied the other doggedly, and trying in vain to lift his eye to that which glared upon him. "I do not know that you are?" muttered he.

"Where is he? where is he," screamed a female voice; "let *me* see him. *I'll* know him, bless his heart! *I'll* know him any where in the world."

Saying this, our landlady rushed into the circle, and stood among us, while we all rose to our feet. She looked eagerly around. Her eye rested a moment on the stranger's face; and in the next instant her arms were about his neck, and her head on his bosom, where she shed a torrent of tears.

I need not add, that the subject of the Landlord's tale, was the very incident which my companion had related on the road. He soon made his escape, cowed and chop-fallen; and the poor woman bustled about, to give us the best the house afforded, occasionally wiping her eyes, or stopping for a moment to gaze mutely and sadly on the generous stranger, who had protected her when deserted by him who lay in her bosom.

The grave brethren looked, as became them, quite scandalized, at this strange scene. It was therefore promptly explained to them; but the explanation dissipated nothing of the gloom of their countenances. Their manner to the poor woman was still cold and displeased, and they seemed to forget her husband's fault, in their horror at having seen her throw herself into the arms of a stranger. For my part, I thought the case of the good Samaritan in point, and could not help believing, that he who had decided that, would pronounce that her grateful affection had been bestowed where it was due.

We are permitted by Richard Randolph, Esq. to publish the following extract, from a Journal kept by his father, the late *David Meade Randolph*, when a Student at *William & Mary College* in 1779 under the patronage of Professor Andrews. It is a curious anecdote and will be read with interest.

Washington's Birth Night.

On the 22d February, 1779, the students of William & Mary College, and most of the respectable inhabitants of Williamsburg, prepared a subscription paper for celebrating Washington's birth night; and the pleasure of presenting it, was confided to *certain students* immediately under the patronage of Professor Andrews.

Governor Henry was first waited on, and offered the paper: he refused his signature! "*He* could not think of any kind of rejoicing at a time when our country was engaged in war, with such gloomy prospects." Dudley Digges, and Bolling Starke, members of the Council, were both waited on by the same persons, and received less courteous denials, and similar excuses.

The ball, nevertheless, was given at the Raleigh. Colonel Innis, more prominent than any other member of the association, directed its proceedings. It was thought proper to enliven the occasion by discharges of cannon. There were two pieces at the shop of Mr. Moody that had lately been mounted. There was a Captain commanding a company of soldiers, under the orders of Governor Henry; but the cannon were under no other care or authority at the time, than that of Mr. Moody the mechanic. Colonel Innis, with a party seconded by Colonel Finnie, brought the two pieces before the door of the Raleigh. On the way from the shop to the Raleigh, not two hundred yards, Colonel Innis saw Captain Digges passing up the street. Whilst the party concerned were collecting powder, and preparing for firing, Lieutenant Vaughan appeared before the Raleigh with a platoon, demanding possession of the cannon. He was carried in; took some punch; and said that he was ordered by Captain Digges to take away the pieces, by force, if they were not surrendered peaceably. This was refused. Vaughan repeated his orders: He was prevailed upon to return to his quarters, and report to Capt. Digges. Captain Digges waited on the Governor, and reported the state of things; and soliciting instructions how to proceed. The Governor referred Captain Digges to his own judgment. Captain Digges went immediately to the *Arena*, where, in the pride of his power, with sixty men, he drew up in form; and demanded the cannon at the point of his bayonets! Innis stept up to Captain Digges, and shaking his cane at him, swore that he would *cane him*, if he did not depart instantly with his men! This enraging Digges,—he said that if the pieces were not surrendered, he *would fire upon the party*. Innis *repeating* his *threat*,—ordered Finnie to charge the cannon with *brick bats*: the mob in the street, and the gentlemen of the ball, re-echoing the order. The pieces were soon charged with brick bats: Innis all the while firmly standing by the Captain at the head of his men, *daring him to fire!* After some delay, the Captain retreated with his men; and the evening closed with great joy.

Next day, Innis was arraigned before the Hustings Court, for Riot! confronted by the valiant Captain Digges. During the proceedings, when Innis replied to the charge, Digges in the body of the Court, and Innis in the Bar—among other particulars characteristic of the Colonel's temper and genius, he swore "it made no odds whether Captain Digges wore a red coat, or a black coat, he would *cane him!*" The case was attended with no farther particulars. Innis facing the Court, and repeating his threats; till at length he was dismissed, and triumphantly walked out of Court, attended by most of his friends, who had shared the honors of the preceding night.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

From the Diary of a Revolutionary Officer.

Mr. White,—I embrace the opportunity afforded, by the transmission of my subscription for the "*Messenger*," to furnish you with a small contribution to the pages of that excellent periodical. Neither leisure nor ability, at present, allows me to present any original composition; but I feel confident that nothing I have to offer, could be more interesting and acceptable to your readers, than the following extract from the "*Manuscript Diary of a Revolutionary Officer*," which has recently been placed in my hands. It is expected that the whole will be transcribed in a *fac simile* as to style, and so on, and presented to the Historical Society at an early period.

The writer was, I believe, a lieutenant in the Southern army. He was a native and resident of Powhatan county, Virginia, where his descendants still reside. He was a captain at the taking of Charleston, South Carolina, and composed the Diary referred to, while confined by the British as a prisoner of war. The Diary commences with a statement of the events which led to the surrender of the American army, and exhibits at length the official correspondence of General Lincoln and Sir Henry Clinton on the occasion.

We may admire the devotion and bravery of our forefathers, recount in terms of poetical exaggeration their heroic achievements, and dwell with fond recollection on their memories, but we can never form an accurate idea of their feelings, any correct conception of their sufferings, or properly estimate our debt of gratitude, until we can enter more fully into the *minutiæ* of those events which general history relates. So long therefore, as it is praiseworthy (and long may it be so,) to set before our eyes the examples and characters of revolutionary patriots, will it be interesting to examine such records as the following.

Yours, truly.

*** ***

Union Seminary, Pr. Ed. Va. 1835.

SURRENDER OF CHARLESTON.

[The correspondence and articles of capitulation are omitted.]

May 12th, 1780. One company of British and one company of Hessian grenadiers marched in and took possession of the town work. At one o'clock our garrison were paraded, and at two were marched out with their drums beating, but we were not allowed to beat a British march. * * * after which two regiments of British grenadiers and light infantry marched in town. The commissary of prisoners, Major Stewart of the sixty-third regiment, came and got a list of the officers' and soldiers' names. He then asked for our second line. We told him that every soldier of our garrison fit for duty, he then saw paraded in that line. He said "that it was impossible for such a small army to defend the town and themselves, from ten thousand British troops: you certainly have more than these." Our answer was, we have not.—Thus an army of not more than *three thousand troops*, composed of regular soldiers, militia, sailors and marines, defended our post thirty-one days, closely besieged *by ten thousand* British soldiers The *want of provisions* and proper rest, at last obliged us to fall into the hands of our enemies. Our soldiers were marched into the barrack's yard, where was a British guard waiting to receive them. The men were permitted to go out, as many as would ask leave. The officers had leave to go to their old quarters that evening; accordingly I went to my bomb proof, and pulled off my clothes. This was the first night for the space of fifty-five days past, I pulled off my clothes to go in bed. I went to bed, but could not rest for reflecting on my present condition of life.*

13th. We removed to a house in town, and are allowed to walk the streets. We are much in want of provisions; almost in a starving condition.

15th. We are yet continued in our quarters without one morsel *of provision allowed us* since we capitulated. This afternoon we were in some measure relieved from hunger, by means of a poor sheep a Hessian was driving by our quarters, that ran round the house and went in our cellar, and was immediately concealed by some of our waiters. The Hessian hunted some time for his poor sheep but could not find it, and we soon made some good hot soup [from the poor sheep].

16th. I was invited to breakfast with Mr. Elliot in town.

17th. [Parole to Haddrel's Point.] "I do hereby acknowledge myself to be a prisoner of war upon my parole to his Excellency Sir Henry Clinton, and that I am hereby engaged, until I shall be exchanged or otherwise released therefrom, to remain at the barracks at Haddrel's Point, or within six miles thereof, without crossing any river, creek, or arm of the sea. And that in the mean time, I shall not do, or cause any thing to be done prejudicial to the success of his Majesty's arms, or have intercourse with his enemies; and that upon a summons from His Excellency, or other person having authority, I shall surrender myself to them, at such time and place as I shall hereafter be required. Witness my hand."

18th. We have continued here four days without receiving any supply of provision, except what we caught from the water.

June 22d. A flag arrived from North Carolina, for permission to send supplies to their troops in captivity, which was granted.

* As we do not value our forefathers of the revolution for their literature and refinement, I transcribe the Diary as I find it, making only those corrections as to punctuation, which are necessary to perspicuity.

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CELEBRATION OF JULY 4, 1780.

[With all their discouragements, these unfortunate men were not too much depressed to celebrate this day. I do not recollect to have seen any notice of its celebration at a period earlier than this. It is interesting to see how it was regarded by those who suffered in the cause it commemorates.]

JULY 4th. This day was appointed for a general meeting of the officers at Haddrel's Point, to celebrate the Independency of the Thirteen United States of America. The following TOASTS were drank on the occasion:

1st. The Free and Sovereign Independent States of America.

2d. The Honorable the Continental Congress.

3d. His Most Christian Majesty the King of France.

4th. His Most Catholic Majesty the King of Spain.

5th. May impartial justice guide the other powers of Europe.

6th. Stability and firmness to the Alliance between France and America.

7th. Gen. Washington and the American Army.

8th. The American Navy.

9th. The American Ministry at Foreign Courts.

10th. *May the States of America be always found a sure refuge and an asylum against despotism and oppression.*

11th. May the sword never be drawn but in the cause of justice.

12th. The immortal memory of those patriots and warriors who have fallen in the present war, in defence of the rights of mankind.

13th. Our brethren in captivity, suffering in the glorious cause of liberty.

From each toast there followed a discharge of *thirteen pistols* and three cheers. That night the barracks were illuminated.

July 5th. The enemy was much exasperated from our yesterday's transactions. Capt. Roberts of the sixty-third regiment, who commanded at Fort Arbuthnot, wrote to General Patterson, who commanded in Charleston, informing him "the rebel officers on Haddrel's Point could not be satisfied with celebrating *their supposed day* of independency by illuminating the barracks, but must fire small arms," which he thought too great "an indulgence for rebel prisoners," and that we had been guilty of a breach of our paroles.

6th. General Patterson wrote to General Moultrie and enclosed Captain Roberts' letter, ordering a return of the names of the officers who were at the head of the affair on the 4th instant. Likewise ordering every pistol in our possession to be sent to Fort Arbuthnot. [After considerable difficulty, it appears the pistols were given up, but no names accompanied them. The prisoners were threatened with close confinement for such behaviour in future. How differently are we situated!]

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Copy of a Manuscript written but not published at the period of the Missouri Question, 1821.

JONATHAN BULL AND MARY BULL.

Jonathan Bull and Mary Bull who were descendants of Old John Bull, the head of the family, had inherited contiguous estates in large tracts of land. As they grew up and became well acquainted, a partiality was mutually felt, and advances on several occasions made towards a matrimonial connection. This was particularly recommended by the advantage of putting their two estates under a common superintendance. Old Bull however as guardian of both, and having been allowed certain valuable privileges within the estates, with which he was not long content, had always found the means of breaking off the match, which he regarded as a fatal obstacle to his secret design of getting the whole property into his own hands.

At a moment favorable as he thought for the attempt, he brought suit against both, but with a view of carrying it on in a way that would make the process bear on the parties in such different modes, times and degrees, as might create a jealousy and discord between them. Jonathan and Mary had too much sagacity to be duped. They understood well Old Bull's character and situation. They knew that he was deeply versed in all the subtleties of the law, that he was of a stubborn and persevering temper, and that he had moreover a very long purse. They were sensible therefore that the more he endeavored to divide their interests, and their defence of the suit, the more they ought to make a common cause, and proceed in a concert of measures. As this could best be done by giving effect to the feelings long entertained for each other, an intermarriage was determined on and solemnized, with a deed of settlement as usual in such opulent matches, duly executed; and no event certainly of the sort was ever celebrated by a greater fervor or variety of rejoicings among the respective tenants of the parties. They had a great horror of falling into the hands of Old Bull; and regarded the marriage of their proprietors under whom they held their freeholds, as the surest mode of warding off the danger. They were not disappointed. United purses, and good advocates compelled Old Bull, after a hard struggle, to withdraw the suit, and relinquish forever, not only the new pretensions he had set up, but the old privileges he had been allowed.

The marriage of Jonathan and Mary was not a barren one. On the contrary every year or two added a new member to the family; and on such occasions the practice was to set off a portion of land sufficient for a good farm to be put under the authority of the child on its attaining the age of manhood; and these lands were settled very rapidly by tenants going as the case might be from the

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estates, sometimes of Jonathan, sometimes of Mary, and sometimes partly from one and partly from the other.

It happened that at the expiration of the nonage of the 10th or 11th fruit of the marriage, some difficulties were started concerning the rules and conditions, of declaring the young party of age, and of giving him as a member of the family, the management of his patrimony. Jonathan became possessed with a notion that an arrangement ought to be made that would prevent the new farm from being settled and cultivated, as in all the latter instances, indiscriminately by persons removing from his and Mary's estate, and confine this privilege to those going from his own; and in the perverse humor which had seized him, he listened moreover to suggestions that Mary had some undue advantage from the selections of the head stewards which happened to have been made much oftener out of her tenants than his.

Now the prejudice suddenly taken up by Jonathan against the equal right of Mary's tenants to remove with their property to new farms, was connected with a peculiarity in Mary's person not as yet noticed. Strange as it may appear, the circumstance is not the less true, that Mary when a child, had unfortunately received from a certain African dye, a stain on her left arm which had made it perfectly black, and withal somewhat weaker than the other arm. The misfortune arose from her being prevailed on to let a ship from Africa, loaded with the article, enter a river running through her estate, and dispose of a part of the noxious cargo. The fact was well known to Jonathan at the time of their marriage; and if felt as an objection, it was in a manner reduced to nothing by the comely form and pleasing features of Mary in every other respect; by her good sense and amiable manners; and in part perhaps by the large and valuable estate she brought with her.

In the unlucky fit however which was upon him, he looked at the black arm, and forgot all the rest. To such a pitch of feeling was he wrought up, that he broke out into the grossest taunts on Mary for her misfortune; not omitting at the same time to remind her of his long forbearance, to exert his superior voice in the appointment of the head steward. He had now, he said, got his eyes fully opened, he saw every thing in a new light, and was resolved to act accordingly. As to the head steward, he would let her see that the appointment was virtually in his power; and she might take her leave of all chance of ever having another of her tenants advance to that station. And as to the black arm, she should, if the color could not be taken out, either tear off the skin from the flesh, or cut off the limb: For it was his fixed determination, that one or the other should be done, or he would sue out a divorce, and there should be an end of all connection between them and their estates. I have, he said, examined well the marriage settlement, and flaws have been pointed out to me, that never occurred before, by which I shall be able to set the whole aside. White as I am all over, I can no longer consort with one marked with such a deformity as the blot on your person.

Mary was so stunned with the language she heard that it was sometime before she could speak at all; and as the surprise abated, she was almost choked with the anger and indignation swelling in her bosom. Generous and placable as her temper was, she had a proud sensibility to what she thought an unjust and degrading treatment, which did not permit her to suppress the violence of her first emotions. Her language accordingly for a moment was such as these emotions prompted. But her good sense, and her regard for Jonathan, whose qualities as a good husband she had long experienced, soon gained an ascendancy, and changed her tone to that of sober reasoning and affectionate expostulation. Well, my dear husband, you see what a passion you had put me into. But it is over now, and I will endeavor to express my thoughts with the calmness and good feelings which become the relation of wife and husband.

As to the case of providing for our child just coming of age, I shall say but little. We both have such a tender regard for him and such a desire to see him on a level with his brethren as to the chance of making his fortune in the world, that I am sure the difficulties which have occurred will in some way or other be got over.

But I cannot pass so lightly over the reproaches you cast on the color of my left arm; and on the more frequent appointment of my tenants than of yours, to the head stewardship of our joint estates.

Now as to the first point; you seem to have forgotten, my worthy partner, that this infirmity was fully known to you before our marriage, and is proved to be so by the deed of settlement itself. At that time you made no objection whatever to our union; and indeed how could you urge such an objection, when you were conscious that you yourself was not entirely free from a like stain on your person. The fatal African dye, as you well know, had found its way into your abode as well as mine; and at the time of our marriage, had spots and specks scattered over your body as black as the skin on my arm. And although you have by certain abrasions and other applications, taken them in some measure out, there are visible remains which ought to soften at least your language when reflecting on my situation. You ought surely, when you have so slowly and imperfectly relieved yourself from the mortifying stain, although the task was comparatively so easy, to have some forbearance and sympathy with me who have a task so much more difficult

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to perform. Instead of that you abuse me as if I had brought the misfortune on myself, and could remove it at will; or as if you had pointed out a ready way to do it, and I had slighted your advice. Yet so far is this from being the case, that you know as well as I do, that I am not to be blamed for the origin of the sad mishap; that I am as anxious as you can be to get rid of it; that you are as unable as I am to find out a safe and feasible plan for the purpose; and moreover, that I have done every thing I could in the mean time, to mitigate an evil that cannot as yet be removed. When you talk of tearing off the skin or cutting off the unfortunate limb, must I remind you of what you cannot be ignorant, that the most skilful surgeons have given their opinions that if so cruel an operation were to be tried, it could hardly fail to be followed by a mortification or a bleeding to death. Let me ask too, whether, should neither of the fatal effects ensue, you would like me better in my mangled or mutilated condition, than you do now? And when you threaten a divorce and an annulment of the marriage settlement, may I not ask whether your estate would not suffer as much as mine by dissolving the partnership between them? I am far from denying that I feel the advantage of having the pledge of your arm, your stronger arm if you please, for the protection of me and mine; and that my interests in general have been, and must continue to be the better for your aid and counsel in the management of them. But on the other hand you must be equally sensible that the aid of my purse will have its value, in case Old Bull or any other rich litigious fellow should put us to the expense of another tedious law suit. And now that we are on the subject of loss and gain, you will not be offended if I take notice of a report that you sometimes insinuate, that my estate, according to the rates of assessment, does not pay its due share into the common purse. I think, my dear Jonathan, that if you ever entertained this opinion you must have been led into it, by a very wrong view of the subject. As to the direct income from rents, there can be no deficiency on my part; the rule of apportionment being clear and founded on a calculation by numbers. And as to what is raised from the articles bought and used by my tenants, it is difficult to conceive that my tenants buy or use less than yours, considering that they carry a greater amount of crops to market, the whole of which, it is well known, they lay out in articles from the use of which the bailiff regularly collects the sum due. It would seem then that my tenants selling more, buy more; buying more, use more; and using more, pay more. Meaning, however, not to put you in the wrong, but myself in the right, I do not push the argument to that length, because I readily agree that in paying for articles bought and used, you have beyond the fruits of the soil on which I depend, ways and means which I have not. You draw chiefly the interest we jointly pay for the funds we were obliged to borrow for the fees and costs the suit Old Bull put us to. Your tenants also turn their hands so ingeniously to a variety of handicraft and other mechanical productions, that they make not a little money from that source. Besides all this, you gain much by the fish you catch and carry to market; by the use of your teams and boats in transporting and trading on the crops of my tenants; and indeed in doing that sort of business for strangers also. This is a fair statement on your side of the account, with the drawback however, that as your tenants are supplied with a greater proportion of articles, made by themselves, than is the case with mine, the use of which articles does not contribute to the common purse, they avoid in the same proportion, the payments collected from my tenants. If I were to look still further into this matter and refer you to every advantage you draw from the union of our persons and property, I might remark, that the profits you make from your teams and boats, and which enable you to pay your quota, are in great part drawn from the preference they have in conveying and disposing of the products of my soil; a business that might fall into other hands, in the event of our separation. I mention this, as I have already said, not by way of complaint, for I am well satisfied that your gain is not altogether my loss in this more than in many other instances; and that what profits you immediately may profit me also in the long run. But I will not dwell on these calculations and comparisons of interest, which you ought to weigh as well as myself, as reasons against the measure to which you threaten a resort. For when I consult my own heart, and call to mind all the endearing proofs you have given of yours being in sympathy with it, I must needs hope that there are other ties than mere interest, to prevent us from ever suffering a transient resentment on either side, with or without cause, to bring on both, all the consequences of a divorce; consequences too which would be a sad inheritance indeed for our numerous and beloved offspring.

As to the other point relative to the head stewards, I must own, my worthy husband, that I am altogether at a loss for any cause of dissatisfaction on your part or blame on mine. It is true, as you say, that they have been oftener taken from among my tenants than yours; but under other circumstances the reverse might as well have happened. If the individuals appointed, had made their way to the important trust, by corrupt or fallacious means; if they had been preferred merely because they dwelt on my estate, or had succeeded by any interposition of

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mine contrary to your inclination; or finally, if they had administered the trust unfaithfully, sacrificing your interests to mine, or the interests of both to selfish or unworthy purposes, in either of these cases, you would have ground for your complaints. But I know Jonathan that you are too just and too candid not to admit that no such ground exists. The head stewards in question could not have been appointed without your own participation as well as mine. They were recommended to our joint choice by the reputed fairness of their characters, by their tried fidelity and competency in previous trusts, and by their exemption from all charges of impure and grasping designs; and so far were they from being partial to my interest at the expense of yours, that they were rather considered by my tenants as leaning to a management more favorable to yours than to mine. I need not say that I allude to the bounties direct and indirect to your teams and boats, to the hands employed in your fisheries, and to the looms and other machineries, which without such encouragements would not be able to meet the threatened rivalships of interfering neighbors; I say only, that these ideas were in the heads of some of my tenants. For myself I should not have mentioned them but as a defence against what I must regard as so unfounded a charge, that it ought not to be permitted to make a lasting impression.

But laying aside all these considerations, I repeat, my dear Jonathan, that the appointment of the head steward lies as much, if not more, with you than with me. Let the choice fall where it may you will find me faithfully abiding by it, whether it be thought the best possible one or not, and sincerely wishing that he may equally improve better opportunities of serving us both, than was the lot of any of those who have gone before him.

Jonathan who had a good heart, as well as a sound head and steady temper, was touched with this tender and conciliatory language of Mary; and the bickering which had sprung up ended as the quarrels of lovers *always*, and of married folks *sometimes* do, in an increased affection and confidence between the parties.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MARRYING WELL.

PHILADELPHIA, 1835.

*My Dear Miss H*****,—*

I FULLY agree with you in the high character you have given of the "Southern Literary Messenger,"—some numbers of which I have had the pleasure of reading, and join most heartily with you in the wish that it may meet with the success it so eminently deserves. But what shall I say in reply to your request to write something for its columns? You are aware that nothing "*mediocre*" can find its way there; and you are as well aware that I have seldom or never been charged with the sin of authorship. Your requests however are commands; and although I may fail to give to the subject I have selected, sufficient interest to induce the editors to yield it a place in their paper, yet will I indulge the hope that as it is a true story, it may prove useful to yourself, for the truths it reveals,—though lacking the ornament to make them acceptable to the general reader.

It is not necessary to give a "local habitation" to those whose brief story I am about to record. For all the purposes for which I have called them up, you may suppose them to have lived in either Albany or Richmond; for in many respects these cities are very much alike. Each is situated on a noble river, and is the capital of a state. Each has in its vicinity, hills and valleys, and landscapes of picturesque beauty and grandeur, amid whose romantic and love inspiring scenes many a sigh has been breathed and many a vow offered in vain. Notwithstanding these places thus resemble each other, I would here observe that you are not at liberty to be particular in your choice, because you may have known or heard of persons and events in either of them similar to those here described. What happens in one place may happen in another, and he who travels far and wide will find the human family every where agitated by the same feelings and the same passions, and that all the elements that enter into the history of the world, may be found in any one town or village, directing and controlling the destinies of its inhabitants.

Leaving however, to the historian and the philosopher, the task of writing the history of the world, and developing the secret springs of human action, and to sager heads to read them, than that of my fair correspondent,—I will only ask your attention to what will be more congenial to your wishes, and a more easily understood subject, a tale of "Ladye Love," in which some of my younger friends and feelings were deeply interested.

During our schoolboy days, I became acquainted with George Marley; but we will pass over his earlier years, until he had arrived at the age of twenty. As it is not my intention to enter upon a particular analysis of form and features, mind or manners, I will leave your imagination to make George whatever you please, not incompatible with a "marvellously proper" young man, tall and straight, with raven locks and eagle eye—with all those high intellectual qualities, and that deep moral rectitude, which wins admiration and commands esteem. Two years before I have here introduced him to you, George's father was considered one of the most wealthy merchants in the city, and George's education and hopes were in accordance with his high expectations. But a

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series of disasters to which commercial property is so very liable, swept away from Mr. Marley every thing he possessed but the honorable and virtuous character of himself and his family. At the time of his father's misfortune George was taken from school, and placed in a merchant's counting house, to qualify him for the active career of life thus early forced upon him—a career in which he must depend upon his own exertions for success, and in which he must win for himself, and by himself, whatever he might obtain of fortune or of fame.

In the particular circumstances of his situation at this time, I am aware there is nothing to excite your sympathy. Many thousands of young men enter upon the active scenes of life under more disadvantages than these—without friends, without a good education, without early habits of propriety and rectitude, and yet reach to the highest eminence and renown; and why might not George Marley? The answer is simply, he *loved!* and would not love inspire him with stronger and more powerful motives for exertion and success?

Isabella Barclay was, if ever there was, a perfectly lovely girl. She was one of those fair creatures that occasionally are seen among us, but which seem to belong to a higher order of beings than those inhabiting this lower world. It is not wonderful therefore that George Marley should love her, or that she should love him. They did love, truly—devotedly. They were too young to conceal it; there was no cause for concealment. Every body knew it; their parents knew it, and sanctioned it—and why should they not? Previously to the failure of Mr. Marley, they were equal in fortune, in education, and in all that could give promise of a certain and happy union. Although Mr. Marley had fallen from affluence to comparative poverty, yet himself and his family continued to enjoy the respect of all their acquaintance; and the particular friendship that had existed between Mr. Marley and Mr. Barclay, and their respective families, to all appearance suffered no interruption.

The misfortunes of Mr. Marley, although it had blighted the hopes of George, had no effect on Isabella but to excite her pity and strengthen her love. She was too young to calculate chances or consequences—she had not loved George for his father's wealth, but for himself; and while he remained the same, her affections were immutable. Thus reasoned this pure and amiable girl; and for the two years that elapsed from the time of the unfortunate failure of Mr. Marley, up to that at which we commenced our tale, George was happy in the expectation of ere long being enabled to raise his own fallen fortune, and happier in the tried sincerity of his Isabella's love.

I need not stop to tell you of the thousand hopes and fears, pleasures and pains, our lovers suffered or enjoyed: I suppose they were such as are common to all the votaries of the fickle God. Their attachment had commenced at school, and we have continued it until he had arrived at the age of twenty, and she seventeen, and at no time had any interruption to its progress taken place. If you have paid any attention to these love affairs, you will have observed the great difference there is between those where the attachment commences early in life, and the parties grow up together, forming and moulding their feelings, their wishes, their amusements, their tastes, their whole heart and soul, by the same model; and those "whom accident or blind chance" bring together, and from some peculiarity of form or mind, for a while deem themselves in love with each other. With the former, it is the web of their existence, which, once broken, can never be woven again; with the latter, it is "like a lady's glove," put off as easily as it is put on, and with whose last sigh passes away all its pleasures and its pains, leaving no "wreck behind." As that of George and Isabella was of the former kind, and as no objection had been made on the inequality of their fortunes, and as he was about to enter into business for himself under the fairest prospects, their marriage when they should arrive at a proper age, was looked for by themselves and all others as beyond the reach of doubt or contingency. What contingency could happen? Their known engagement, his constant attention, and her acknowledged affection for him, formed an impassable barrier to the advances that otherwise would have been made by many who admired her. Indeed, you and I would suppose that no one would attempt to mar their promised happiness, or wish to win hearts that had so long beat for each other, and each other only. Yet did the spoiler come! and where will he not come? Since he first found his way into the Garden of Eden, and blasted the happiness of our common parents, where is the paradise some spoiler has not entered? where the scene of love and harmony he has not attempted to break up and destroy?

In the particular city to which we have alluded, there lived a bachelor of upwards of double the age of George Marley, although his appearance was younger than his age would have indicated; with few personal attractions, he had but little education; and no more of common sense, or any other kind of sense, than fitted him for the accumulation of wealth. As he sustained a respectable character, was called rich, and lived in a style of comparative splendor, he was of course one of the good society of the city, and a desirable match for any daughter a mother wished to sell to the highest bidder. If Mr. Simson, for such was this gentleman's name, ever had had any feelings of the heart—if he ever was susceptible of a pure and holy love; the associations, habits, and pursuits of his whole life, had long since deadened them all, or made them subservient to his will, an

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article of trade or commerce, of marketable value, to bestow them on the wife of his bosom, as a Pacha bestows his on the last fairest slave his wealth has purchased. But you may ask what Mr. Simson has to do with the loves of George and Isabella? Ah! my dear girl, old, ignorant and cold hearted as he may be, he is the arbiter of their fate. It is in his power to give them years of happiness, or it is in his power to blight their buds of promise, and send them prematurely to their graves! and why? because he is *rich!* I know your young heart rejects the supposition that such a man would, or could, break their bonds of mutual love, that thus seemed to have been formed and strengthened under the auspices of heaven,—that he by any means could "pluck from the brows of their innocent love, the rose, and place a blister there." I know you anticipate that he will appropriate a part of his wealth to establish George in business, or will die and leave it all to him; that thus he will be enabled to wed his Isabella, and their lives thenceforth "go merry as a marriage bell." Alas! how little do we know of ourselves or our destiny! how unseen or mistaken may be the path that leads to high and happy places, or that which leads to misery and despair!

Nothing is more painful to my mind, than to witness a beautiful girl thrown into the alluring and deceptive scenes of life without a mother's guardianship. No other heart can sympathise with her, no other hand direct her course. She does not feel for them, and they cannot feel with her! Others may warn and advise her, but none but a mother's watchful eye can perceive, and a mother's tender care guard or direct her young affections. Isabella had a mother. But Mrs. Barclay was a woman of the world. In early life she may have loved, and that love may have been successful and happy; or she may have married for convenience, to gratify some darling passion, and never have known the deep feelings of a long cherished affection. No matter what was the history of her younger days, they had passed away, and with them all their sympathies and all their influence. She was now a woman of the world—a *fashionable lady*. She loved her daughter, and to make that daughter happy was the chief object of her care. The notions of happiness entertained by this worthy matron, was such as thousands and thousands believe, yet never find true. The show, the glare of wealth and its attendants, the unsatisfying yet exciting routine of fashionable life, were to her every thing; and that calm, pure and virtuous happiness which springs in the heart, and is cherished by its high and heavenly attributes, were to her unknown, or as nothing. With such views, it was not to be expected that she would look upon the attachment of George and Isabella in the most favorable light, or promote its continuance, when it interfered with any other more splendid prospect that might offer. Such a prospect did offer; and that being who of all others should have directed her young and unsuspecting offspring in the path of truth and rectitude; by a course of deceptions, endeavored to induce Isabella to forsake her first and only love, and unite herself to one who was incapable of loving her, and who she could never love—to Mr. Simson! George was early apprised of her purpose, and did all a true and noble mind could do, to avert the blow she was preparing for him. His fears were always lulled by the unwavering love of Isabella, and her vows of constancy. He believed her true, and she believed herself true. But the continual and insidious efforts of her mother and her fashionable friends, poisoned her mind; and, tired of their importunities, she at length yielded to their persuasions. George was too proud to let the world triumph in the prostration of his hopes; as soon therefore as he was assured of her infidelity, he set sail for South America.

Isabella's abandonment of George, and her affiance to Mr. Simson, were events soon known, and as soon attracted the attention of their acquaintance. It was perceptible to every one, that her character had passed away with him who had so long given it its tone and direction. Freed from him who had from her infancy been the source and the companion of all her pleasures, she visited every public and private amusement or assembly, and was every where remarkable for her vivid and reckless gaiety. Those who judged by appearances deemed her happy in her new situation; but those who looked beneath the surface, saw only in these wild demonstrations of joy, the vain efforts to banish from her heart "the worm that dyeth not."

Some months after the departure of George, Mr. Simson and Isabella were married. From the time the latter had broken her vows to George, all intimacy between her and myself had ceased. I was not therefore at her wedding, but it was said to be numerous and brilliant—the bride splendidly decorated, lovely, and the gayest of the gay.

For a few short years after her marriage, although I lived in a distant part of the country, I could hear of Isabella, now Mrs. Simson. For sometime she apparently luxuriated in the golden vision, for which had been sacrificed her earliest and fondest anticipations. She gave the largest parties, and the most splendid fetes, and the fashionable world pronounced her marriage *fortunate*. But soon this illusory existence vanished, and I learned, what nothing can conceal, that the decay which halteth not had settled itself upon her beautiful form. A few months and she was confined to her house, and then to her room, and then to her bed—and then came from her a brief but thrilling letter, ardently desiring me to come to her before she died. I did go; and did hear from her dying lips,

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how a mother's mistaken love had made her faithless, and of the years of hopeless and bitter anguish that followed and dragged her down to the grave. I have stood by the dying bed of friends and relations—I have seen the last struggle of a father, of brothers and sisters, and for all of these I have had deep sorrow. But it was in the presence of that broken hearted sufferer, and from the revealings and monitions of her departing spirit, I learned that enduring lesson of life, which time nor circumstance can ever obliterate. Yes! my dear girl; it was there I received that lesson which I have so often endeavored to impress upon your mind,—to guard you against the snares that are every where spread by those who have wrecked their own happiness, to draw the young and thoughtless into the vortex of their own dazzling but heartless pleasures. Could you have been in that chamber, and have seen and known how one so lovely, and whose morning of life was so fair, had been snatched from the world of her bright dreams,—prostrating in her fall all the years of earthly bliss that might have been hers, and all the proud aspirations, the promised felicity of him, the betrothed of her heart,—you would never again breathe one sigh, or one wish,—or weaken one chord of pure affection, for all that wealth and fashion can promise or bestow.

A few days after this interview, she left this world of trouble,—and the papers of the day, announced in the usual manner,—Died, on the — instant, of a "pulmonary complaint," Mrs. Simson, wife of Mr. —— Simson; and who thought otherwise? who of all that surrounded her, could deem she had a *heart* to *break?* Thus she passed away; and the world, busied with its own little and great schemes, soon ceased to remember that she had ever lived, or loved, or died.

With Isabella ends our tale. And it is only necessary in conclusion to say, that George never knew how fully and fearfully she had atoned for her fatal error. Before I had an opportunity of communicating to him my last painful interview with her,—and her prayers for his happiness and forgiveness, he had fallen in the struggle of South America for liberty and independence. Mrs. Barclay is still alive, and so is Mr. Simson, though now some ten years older than when he led Isabella a victim to the altar. I presume he is still in the market; he is ten years older, he is ten years richer, and thus doubly desirable to those mothers who *love* their daughters, and wish to have them *well married.*

I have endeavored to be as brief as possible, but my letter has extended itself too long, and yet I fear it is too short to make that impression I could wish. I cannot but hope, however, that Isabella's fate will awaken in your breast, as it did in mine, those reflections that will lead you justly to appreciate how false and empty are the world's opinions, when compared with the conscientious dictates of our own calm and unbiassed judgment,—and determine you to choose that life whence rises and flows the streams of all our earthly happiness. If I have failed, and that flower which now blooms so fair and fragrant by the banks of Powhatan, should be plucked by a hand insensible to its sweets, to ornament some princely hall, and wither amid all its splendor, then you may recollect the warning voice, and think of one, though humble, who would have sacrificed every other hope of happiness to cherish that flower—you may then remember—— B——.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SKETCH OF VIRGINIA SCENERY.

The following Sketch of Virginia Scenery is sent with the hope the author will excuse the liberty taken, as it was written without the slightest idea of its being ever published, by a traveller through some of the scenes of Western Virginia:—

"It was a charming evening—the sky was almost cloudless, and the sultry air of summer seemed to be gradually giving way to the cool and refreshing breezes of autumn. Accompanied by a few companions and some persons acquainted with the surrounding country, I ascended the large and romantic rock near the village of Rockymount, known by the name of the "*Bald Knob.*" This rock is about 200 feet above the level of the water, and the ascent exceedingly steep and difficult. Its name is indeed descriptive of its general character and appearance, which are calculated to strike more by its novelty of height and rugged aspect, than its beauty of herbage or richness of attire.—We wound up among ledges of rock, and now and then found our progress retarded by the intervention of some stunted cedars and oaks, which had clung to a soil which would seem hardly able to afford any sustenance, except to the moss, long celebrated for its fondness for the flinty rock. This moss, consisting of several rich and beautiful species, has wove a seeming carpet of the most vivid green, and surpasses in softness the finest fabrics of the Turkish looms. Delighted and amused, we strolled from cliff to cliff, gazing on the works of Omnipotence, which arose around, above, beneath us, and feasting our delighted senses on the rich magnificence of the scenes presented from its summit. The lofty mountains dimly seen from afar; the 'rural cottages' in the vales below; the smoke richly curling from the unseen hamlets among the lofty trees; the startling sound of the huntsman's gun re-echoed from the rocky heights—were an assemblage of pleasures rarely enjoyed by so short an excursion. The 'Peaks of Otter,' appeared with much distinctness and beauty, while a rich and variegated cloud seemed to rest on their summit, as though it had stooped to gaze with us on their magnificent heights. A branch of the Alleghany is also visible between two lofty hills, and the blue tints that rested on its brow, contrasted with the

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glowing greens of the adjacent forests, presented to the eye a grateful and pleasing variety of shade.—The picturesque village of Rockymount appears to much advantage from this rock, and the country around is one of much wild and romantic beauty. Long did we gaze on the works of nature's God,—displayed in majestic, rural, and beautiful scenes; and then turning from these glorious manifestations of wisdom and power, traced the names of many a youthful swain and maid, who had chiselled out their initials on the flinty rock, urged no doubt by the puerile ambition of being remembered long after they had ceased to roam among its rocky alcoves. There could the poet's soul catch sparks of inspiration from nature's open volume, and the painter's pencil vainly strive to touch with living lines his there *faithless* canvass. 'Who can paint like nature?' would echo from each lovely object; and man, in all his pride of nature and of art, shrink from the task of copying her rich and gorgeous dyes. There would the Christian pour out his soul in adoration and praise; and, lost in contemplation of the Hand that raised the mountains and spread out the plain, stoop not to draw his sources of delight from the *poorer, yet still rich* pleasures afforded to the carnal mind. The fanciful may, aided by this sketch, catch a glimpse of the beauties of the scenes,—but let them, like me, view them as they are, and they will own how far the reality exceeds the most vivid colorings of even a wild and enthusiastic admirer of the works of nature's God."

J. W. C.

September, 1832.

From the Scottish Literary Gazette.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

There lived in a country not a thousand miles from Edinburgh, a decent farmer, who, by patient industry and frugality, and without being avaricious, had made himself easy in circumstances. He enjoyed life without being profuse; for he tempered his enjoyments with moderation. At the age of sixty, he still retained the bloom of health on his cheek. He lived till that age a bachelor; but his household affairs were regulated by a young woman, whose attentive zeal for her master's interest made it easy for him to enjoy his home without a wife. She was only in the character of his humble servant, but she was virtuous and prudent. Betty allotted the tasks to the servants in the house, performed the labor within doors, during harvest, when all the others were engaged. She saw every thing kept in order, and regulated all with strict regard to economy and cleanliness. She had the singular good fortune to be at once beloved by her fellow-servants, as well as respected and trusted by her master. Her master even consulted her in matters where he knew she could give advice, and found it often his interest to do so. But her modesty was such, that she never tendered her advices gratuitously. Prudence regulated all her actions, and she kept the most respectful distance from her master. She paid all attention to his wants and wishes; nor could a wife or daughter have been more attentive. When he happened to be from home, it was her province to wait upon him when he returned, provide his refreshment, and administer to all his wants. Then she reported to him the occurrences of the day, and the work which had been done. It did not escape her master's observation, however, that, though she was anxious to relate the truth, she still strove to extenuate and hide the faults of those who had committed misdemeanors. Her whole conduct was such, that, for the period of fifteen years, the breath of slander dared not to hazard a whisper against her.

It happened, however, that a certain *maiden* lady in the neighborhood had cast an eye upon the farmer. She was the niece of a bachelor minister, and lived at the manse in the character of housekeeper. But, with all opportunity to become a competitor with Betty, she could never gain her character. Those people who want personal attractions take strange means of paying court, and endeavoring to open the way for themselves. What they cannot effect by treaty, they endeavor to do by sapping. Scandal is their magazine, by which they attempt to clear their way from all obstructions. This maiden lady made some sinister remarks, in such a way, and in such a place, as were sure to reach the farmer's ear. The farmer was nearly as much interested for the character of his servant as he was for his own, and so soon as he discovered the authoress, made her a suitable return. But he made ample amends to Betty for the injury she had suffered, and, at the same time, rewarded her for her services, by taking her for his wife. By this event, the lady, whose intentions had been well understood, and who had thought of aggrandizing herself at the expense and ruin of poor Betty, found that she had contributed the very means to advance her to the realization of a fortune she had never hoped for. May all intermeddlers of the same cast have the same punishment: they are pests to society.

Betty's success had created some speculation in the country. Though every one agreed that Betty deserved her fortune, it was often wondered how such a modest, unassuming girl had softened the heart of the bachelor, who, it was thought, was rather flinty in regard to the fair sex. Betty had an acquaintance, who was situated in nearly the same circumstances as herself, in being at the head of a bachelor farmer's house; but it would appear that she had formed a design of conquering her master. If Betty used artifice, however, it was without design. But her neighbor could not, it would appear, believe that she had brought the matter to a bearing without some stratagem; and she wished Betty to tell her how she had gone about "courting the old man." There was, withal, so much native simplicity about Betty, and the manner of relating her own courtship and marriage is so like herself, that it would lose its *naveté* unless told in her own homely Scotch way. Betty, into all, had a lisp in her speech, that is, a defect in speech, by which the *s* is always pronounced as *th*, which added a still deeper shade of simplicity to her manner; but it would be trifling to suit the orthography to that common defect. The reader can easily suppose that he hears Betty lisping, while she is relating her story to her attentive friend.

"Weel, Betty," says her acquaintance, "come, gi'e me a sketch, an' tell me a' about it; for I may ha'e a chance mysel'. We dinna ken what's afore us. We're

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no the waur o' ha'ein' some body to tell us the road, whan we dinna ken a' the cruiks and thraws in't." "Deed," says Betty, "there was little about it ava. Our maister was awa at the fair ae day selling the lambs, and it was gey late afore he cam' hame. Our maister verra seldom steys late, for he's a douce man as can be. Weel, ye see, he was mair herty than I had seen him for a lang time; but I opine he had a gude merket for his lambs, and ther's room for excuse whan ane drives a gude bergen. Indeed, to tell even on truth, he had rather better than a wee drap in his e'e. It was my usual to sit up till he cam' hame, when he was awa. When he cam' in and gaed up stairs, he fand his sipper ready for him. 'Betty,' says he, very saft-like. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'what has been gaun on the day—a's right, I houp?' 'Ouy, sir,' says I. 'Very weel, very weel,' says he, in his ain canny way. He ga'e me a clap on the shouther, and said I was a gude lassie. When I had telt him a' that had been dune throu' the day, just as I aye did, he ga'e me another clap on the shouther, and said he was a fortunate man to ha'e sic a carefu' person about the house. I never had heard him say as muckle to my face before, tho' he aften said mair ahint my back. I really thocht he was fey. Our maister, when he had gotten his sipper finished, began to be verra joky ways, and said that I was baith a gude and bonny lassie. I kent that folks arna' themsels whan in drink, and they say rather mair than they wad do if they were sober. Sae I cam' awa' doon into the kitchen.

"Twa or three days after that, our maister cam' into the kitchen—'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'come up stairs; I want to speak t'ye,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. Sae I went up stairs after him, thinking a' the road that he was gaun to tell me something about the feeding o' the swine, or killing the heefer, or something like that. But whan he telt me to sit doun, I saw there was something serious, for he never bad me sit doun afore but ance, and that was whan he was gaun to Glasgow fair. 'Betty,' says he, 'ye ha'e been lang a servant to me,' says he, 'and a gude and honest servant. Since ye're sae gude a servant, I aften think ye'll make a better wife. Ha'e ye ony objection to be a wife, Betty?' says he. 'I dinna ken, sir,' says I. 'A body canna just say hou they like a bargain till they see the article.' 'Weel, Betty,' says he, 'ye're very right there again. I ha'e had ye for a servant these fifteen years, and I never knew that I could find fau't wi' ye for onything. Ye're carefu', honest, an' attentif, an'——.' 'O, sir,' says I, 'ye always paid me for't, and it was only my duty.' 'Weel, weel,' says he, 'Betty, that's true; but then I mean to mak' amens t'ye for the evil speculation that Tibby Langtongue raised about you and me, and forby, the warld are taking the same liberty: sae, to stop a' their mouths, you and I sall be married.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I; for what cou'd I say?

"Our maister looks into the kitchen another day, an' says, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'I am gaun to gi'e in our names to be cried in the kirk, this and next Sabbath.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I.

"About eight days after this, our maister says to me, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'I think,' says he, 'we will ha'e the marriage put owre neist Friday, if ye ha'e nae objection.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. 'And ye'll tak' the grey yad, and gang to the toun on Monday, an' get your bits o' wedding braws. I ha'e spoken to Mr. Cheap, the draper, and ye can tak' aff onything ye want, an' please yoursell, for I canna get awa that day.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I.

"Sae I gaed awa to the toun on Monday, an bought some wee bits o' things; but I had plenty o' claes, and I cou'dna think o' being 'stravagant. I took them to the manty-maker, to get made, and they were sent hame on Thursday.

"On Thursday night, our maister says to me, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'To-morrow is our wedding-day,' says he, 'an' ye maun see that a' things are prepared for the denner,' says he, 'an' see every thing dune yoursel,' says he, 'for I expect some company, an' I wad like to see every thing feat and tiddy in your ain way,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I.

"I had never ta'en a serious thought about the matter till now; and I began to consider that I must exert mysel to please my maister and the company. Sae I got every thing in readiness, and got every thing clean—I cou'dna think ought was dune right except my ain hand was in't.

"On Friday morning, our maister says to me, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Go away and get yoursel dressed,' says he, 'for the company will soon be here, and ye maun be decent. An' ye maun stay in the room up stairs,' says he, 'till ye're sent for,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. But there was sic a great deal to do, and sae many grand dishes to prepare for the dinner to the company, that I could not get awa', and the hail folk were come afore I got mysel dressed.

"Our maister cam' doun stairs, and telt me to go up that instant and dress mysel, for the minister was just comin doun the loan. Sae I was obliged to leave every thing to the rest of the servants, an' gang up stairs, an' pit on my claes.

"When I was wanted, Mr. Brown o' the Haaslybrae cam' and took me into the room among a' the gran' fouk, an' the minister. I was maist like to fent; for I never saw sae mony gran' folk together a' my born days afore, an' I didna ken whar to look. At last, our maister took me by the han,' an' I was greatly relieved. The minister said a great deal to us—but I canna mind it a'—and then he said a prayer. After this, I thought I should ha'e been worried wi' folk kissing me,—mony a yin shook hands wi' me I had never seen afore, and wished me much joy.

"After the ceremony was o'er, I slipped awa' doun into the kitchen again amang the rest o' the servants to see if the dinner was a' right. But in a wee time our maister cam' into the kitchen, an' says, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'ye must consider that ye're no longer my servant, but my wife,' says he; 'and therefore ye must come up stairs and sit amongst the rest of the company,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. Sae what could I do, but gang up stairs to the rest of the company, an' sit doun among them? I sat there in a corner, as weel out o' sight as I could, for they were a' speaking to me or looking at me, an' I didna ken how to behave amang sic braw company, or how to answer them. I sat there till it was gey late, and our maister made me drink the company's healths, and they gaed a' away.

"When the company were a' gaen awa', I went doun

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to the kitchen, and saw that every thing was right; and after I put a candle into my maister's bed-room, I took another, and gaed away up to my ain wee room, in the garret. Just whan I was casting aff my shune, I hears our maister first gang into his ain room, and then come straight awa' up towards mine. I think I can hear him yet, for it was siccan extraord'nar thing, and I never saw him there afore; and every stamp o' his feet gaed thunt, thunt to my very hert. He stood at the cheek o' the door, and said, very saftly, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I—'But what brought ye here, sir,' says I. 'Naething,' says he. 'Verra weel, naething be it, sir,' says I. 'But,' says he, 'remember that ye're no longer my servant, but my wife,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I; 'I will remember that.' 'And ye must come down stairs,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I; for what could I do? I had always obeyed my maister before, and it was nae time to disobey him now.

"Sae, Jean, that was a' that was about my courtship or marriage."

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

REMINISCENCE:

OR, STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

In the year 1797, I left the United States, having under my control a new clipper built schooner of about eighty tons, bound to Cape Francais, in the island of St. Domingo, with a cargo, chiefly munitions of war, for the colonial government of that island. The harbor of Cape Francais is one of the best in the world,—capacious, safe, and of easy access; the entrance under a high point of land,—on the side of which is a strong fortification called Fort Picolet, which completely commands the pass. Above the fort, on very elevated ground, was placed the observatory, in view of the town, although two or three miles distant.

England being then at war with France, and having the command of the West India seas, the direct intercourse of the island with France was rare and uncertain—European news generally reaching them by the way of the United States. My business at the Cape being nearly finished, it became necessary, for a particular mercantile speculation, that I should return to the United States by the way of St. Thomas. Three or four days before I was prepared to sail, early one forenoon, I observed all at once a singular excitement in the streets,—drums beating, alarm guns firing, &c. Upon making inquiry into the occasion, I was informed that the signals at the observatory indicated a fleet to windward standing for the port. The leading frigate was soon seen from the town, making signals to the fort, and without molestation stood directly in, and proved to be a squadron from France, under the command of Commodore Barney, with a number of prizes in company, which altogether made a very imposing appearance. The day before I had intended to leave the Cape, I was accosted in the street by a stout sailor looking man, who civilly inquired if I had not a vessel in port bound to St. Thomas, and could he get a passage in her—adding, that he was an Englishman, had been captain of one of the brigs then in port, captured by Commodore Barney, on his passage out from Liverpool to Barbadoes; and as he had not been armed he was not held as a prisoner, but turned ashore pennyless, to shift for himself as he best might—that could he get to St. Thomas, he could raise funds by bills on his consignees at Barbadoes, and would pay whatever the charge might be for his passage up. I told him I believed that it was the custom for unfortunate seamen to receive assistance from their fellows, without thinking of recompense—that he was entirely welcome to a passage; and as the schooner would leave the port early the next morning, I would give him a note to the captain, and advise him to take his baggage and go immediately on board. He observed that his baggage was easily removed—that although he had considerable property on board of the brig when captured, belonging to himself, the captors had left him nothing but a sailor's bag to take care of. Next morning we left Cape Francais, with a view of beating up to St. Thomas. This is a voyage of some difficulty, being a distance of some six or seven hundred miles, with the trade wind dead ahead. Navigators of those seas know that in this passage there is a dangerous reef of sunken rocks, whose sharp points rarely reach the surface, called the Silver Keys, lying about midway between the northeast part of the island of St. Domingo, and the cluster of islands, keys and shoals, east of Turk's Island; and although the passage is probably a hundred miles wide, and the reef covers but a small space, yet many a fine vessel has been wrecked thereon. Knowing perfectly well the existence and location of this dangerous reef, and making my own observations on the run of the vessel, I had calculated on the third night that we were out—that if we neither saw nor heard any thing of it by midnight, we should have passed it; I therefore kept the deck until that hour, when concluding all was safe, went below. I had got to sleep, when I was awoke by the vessel's bottom and sides rubbing violently against the rocks. I immediately got upon deck, and looking round found we were in a most perilous situation; on all sides surrounded by rocks, which were plainly known by the waves gently breaking upon them. The moon was near her full, occasionally obscured by passing clouds—the wind moderate. The schooner was instantly put about, under the expectation of finding the way out by which we entered; she had only got cleverly under way when she went bows on, upon a sunken sharp pointed rock, and remained stationary. An immediate examination was made, when it was discovered that the rock had penetrated her bottom, and the water was pouring in. Our situation was in the highest degree alarming—the schooner evidently lost, and no chance for our safety but the boat, which for a vessel of eighty tons could not be large. There was nine of us, the captain, mate, English captain, myself, and five colored seamen. Fortunately the weather was mild; the vessel quietly hanging to the rock, and not filling very fast, gave us time to make our arrangements. The boat was launched, a mast and sail prepared, short stanchions nailed to her gunwale, and a strip of sail cloth attached thereto, for the purpose of raising her sides, to prevent the spray of the sea washing in. We took also on board, the ship's compass, a bag of biscuit, a keg of water, and some bottles of brandy. No baggage was permitted. My own dress was shirt, pantaloons, shoes, hat, and an old surtout coat. I had taken the precaution to secure the papers relative to the voyage, my watch, and about sixty Spanish dollars tied up in a shot bag; the bag of dollars I made fast to the

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ringbolt in the boat's stern. We were probably a couple of hours in making those preparations. At length the schooner being nearly full of water, we settled ourselves in the boat and left her,—the captain, who steered, and myself in the stern sheets, the mate and English captain next, two of the seamen midships, with tin cans to bail the water out as it should splash in, the others forward. I had little expectation that the boat could possibly live as deeply loaded as she was, and such I believe was the opinion of all on board,—for the first two or three hours there was not a dozen words spoken. It was our object to make the island of St. Domingo, from which we were fifty or sixty miles distant, as soon as possible. To effect this all our exertions were used; but so miserably rigged as we were, and so deep withal, that we could do little more than run before the wind. Our oars were some how or other of little use. On the first day we made, that is we had a very distant view of land, on our larboard bow, which we supposed to be Point Isabella, the most northern part of the island of St. Domingo; the wind would not permit us to reach it. In the evening we had a severe squall; the wind blew, the waves increased; we lowered our sail, just sufficient to keep before the wind. Soon it commenced raining hard, the waves were stilled, we rode out the storm, and began to breathe more freely—entered into conversation, and entertained hopes of our ultimate safety, by getting to land somewhere, or being picked up; but neither land nor vessel appeared during the whole of the second day, we still running before the wind, making as much southing as the nature of our equipment would permit. On the morning of the third day we found ourselves off Monti Christi, and might probably have reached the land; but by this time we had become confident in our power to sustain ourselves, and determined to run for Cape Francais, which then lay direct to leeward, and which we reached in perfect safety about three o'clock that afternoon. Thus terminated a voyage of about two hundred and fifty miles, in about sixty hours, in the open sea, and in a small boat so deeply loaded, that her gunwale, on an even keel, could not be above four inches above the water—leaving us in a complete state of destitution; not a man but myself had saved any thing but the clothes around him.

Our return created a considerable sensation. I was quickly surrounded by my acquaintances, anxious to hear the details of our misfortune, and to offer their services in the most liberal manner. This was naturally to be expected from my countrymen. There was however one occurrence in a French gentleman, which I can never forget, and must relate; he held some subordinate office under government. I had been introduced to his family by a German who I had known in the United States. This gentleman called upon me, and taking me aside from the crowd by which I was surrounded, told me that he had just heard of my misfortune, and had come to offer me any money I might want, to be returned in my own way, and at my own convenience. Altogether his manner was so kind and friendly, that I am sorry his name has entirely escaped my memory. After very sincerely thanking him for his friendship and generosity, I told him I had sufficient funds for my immediate wants. Early next day I was called upon by two American gentlemen, the one a Mr. Dodge, who from his long residence and good character, was usually called "consul." They informed me that the Americans at the Cape, resident and transient, hearing of the misfortunes of myself and crew, had raised a subscription for our relief, and that they had called upon me to know the numbers and relative situation of those on board at the time of the disaster, to enable them to make the distribution of the money raised, in the fairest and most efficient manner. I informed these gentlemen that we were not exactly objects of charity—that my funds were sufficient for my purposes—that the captain had sold the boat which preserved us, for thirty or forty dollars—that the mate could get employment if he wished it, or could get a gratuitous passage home—that the colored seamen could ship aboard American vessels in port, who were in want of hands—but that there was one person shipwrecked with us, who was particularly unfortunate: he was, or rather had been, the captain of an English brig then in the harbor, a prize to Commodore Barney, turned ashore with nothing but his clothes, and those lost in the wreck; I was giving him a passage to St. Thomas, with a view of placing him as near as I could to the place he was bound to; he was now in an enemy's country, and entirely destitute. Mr. Dodge observed that he would not consent to give the Englishman a dollar; that the English cruisers were plundering and confiscating American property wherever they could find it, and that they had almost ruined him. I observed that I had correctly informed them of the situation of all the persons in the vessel when wrecked, and that they, as the distributors of the public contribution, would in course use their own discretion. They left me. A few hours afterwards, the gentleman who had accompanied Mr. Dodge returned alone. He told me that Mr. Dodge had consented to let the Englishman in for a portion of the money collected, and that he would share equally with the schooner's mate, and that if I would bring him to Mr. Dodge's counting house, his quota was ready for him. This I promised to do; and in the course of the day fell in with our companion in misfortune, told him what had been done, took him to the place designated, and introduced him to the gentlemen. They counted out, as well as I remember, about sixty hard dollars, and presented them to him. He gathered them up in a dirty handkerchief, and thanked them for their kindness and liberality—in doing which he was so much affected, that he burst into tears. We left the place together; I parted from him in the street, and have never heard of him since. In a few days I took passage on board an American schooner bound for Philadelphia, and after a short passage, was peaceably under quarantine in the river Delaware.

R.

Alexandria, January 1835.

SELECTIONS

From the Papers of the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society.

We have been permitted to transfer to our pages the subjoined papers in possession of the Historical Society, which will doubtless afford much gratification to our readers. The first is an extract from a manuscript which was the property of the late venerable and learned Chancellor Wythe, and seems to have been

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copied by him, or for his use, from the "Breviate Book" of Sir John Randolph, who was attorney general of the Colony in 1734. This extract contains biographical sketches of John Holloway and William Hopkins, two prominent members of the bar at that early period. The orthography of the original has been preserved.

The second is an interesting record of the proceedings of a patriotic band in Norfolk Borough and County in the early part of the Revolutionary war, associated under the brief and imposing title of "Sons of Liberty." This document breathes a noble spirit of resistance to tyranny in our ancestors, which we may fondly hope their descendants will never cease to cherish and emulate. It was presented at the last meeting of the Society by Dr. Barraud, whose letter we also take pleasure in publishing.

The third paper, is an authentic narrative of an Indian attack upon Wheeling Fort in 1777, furnished by one of the survivors, who is now living in the county of Brooke. This document was communicated by William McCluney, Esq. of Wellsburg, and has once appeared in the "Brooke Republican." Mr. McCluney states, that Captain Samuel Mason, the commander of the fort, was afterwards the famous Mississippi robber.

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Taken from Sir John Randolph's Breviate Book.

On the 14th of December, 1734, died suddenly of a fit, John Holloway, Esq., after having languished about ten months with a sort of epilepsie at certain times of the moon, which had much impaired his memory and understanding. He had practised in this court upwards of thirty years, with great reputation for diligence and learning; and was so much in the good opinion of the court, that I have, upon many occasions, known him prevail for his clients against reasons and arguments much stronger and better than his. His opinions were by most people looked upon as decisive, and were very frequently acquiesced in by both parties, those against whom he pronounced being discouraged from disputing against so great authority. He practised with much artifice and cunning, being thoroughly skilled in attorneyship; but when his causes came to a hearing, he reasoned little, was tedious in reading long reports of some cases, and little abridgments of others, out of which he would collect short aphorisms, and obiter sayings of judges, and rely upon them, without regarding the main point in question, and arbitrarily affirm or deny a matter of law, which had often too much weight, against the reason and difference of things. By this method, he gained many causes which always gave him great joy; but was as impatient if he lost one, as if it tended to a diminution of his credit. He was blameable for one singular practice, in drawing notes for special verdicts. He would state naked circumstances of facts only, and leave it to the court to collect the matter of fact out of them; so that, upon such verdicts, we have had many tedious debates about what the fact was: whereas, if that had been found positively as it should be, there would have been no need of a special verdict. But against this I could never prevail. His greatest excellence was his diligence and industry; but for learning I never thought he had any, nor could it be expected he should. He had served a clerkship; went a youth afterwards into the army in Ireland, in the beginning of King William's reign; after that betook himself to business, having got to be one of the attorneys of the Marshalsea court; but not being contented with his income from that, turned projector and ruined himself, which brought him first into Maryland, and afterwards hither. I remember one particular instance, which satisfied me his knowledge in the law was not very profound. An ejectment was brought, (whether I was at first concerned in it I forget,) and upon a special verdict the case was thus. A seized in fee by deed, gave the land in question to B his daughter, for life, and after her death, to her heirs forever. She sold it to the defendant, and after her death, the plaintiff, B's heir, claiming as a purchaser in remainder, brought this action to recover. When I saw this, I told the plaintiff, who was my client, I could not say one word for him, not knowing a more certain rule of law than this:—that where by will or conveyance, any estate of freehold is given to the ancestor, and by the same writing an estate is limited to his heirs, that makes a fee, [heirs] being there a word of limitation, and not of purchase. Yet the defendant, by this eminent lawyer's advice, gave up the land without argument, upon the plaintiff's allowing him to remain in possession some short time longer; when if the matter had been brought to a hearing I would not have said one word. However, his reputation was such, that he was universally courted, and most people thought themselves obliged to him, if he would engage their side upon any terms; and he really thought so himself. This gave him great opportunities of exacting excessive fees; which I have heard he always did, where the value of the thing in question would allow it: and covered great blemishes in one part of his private life, besides many imperfections of his mind, which any body might observe who knew any thing of him. He was of a haughty, insolent nature; passionate and peevish to the last degree. He had a stiffness in his carriage which was ridiculous, and often offensive; and was an utter stranger to hospitality. He was sincere in his friendship, where he professed any,—but not constant; apt to change upon small provocations, and to contract new friendship upon very slight grounds, in which he would be very warm and ready to do all good offices. One of his greatest defects was that he would always bring his opinion and friendship to agree. But what he wanted in virtue and learning to recommend him, was abundantly supplied by fortunate accidents. He was fourteen years speaker of the House of Burgesses, and eleven years public Treasurer. But in those he acted with little applause, and less abilities; though he was three times chosen, and once unanimously. His management of the treasury contributed to his ruin, and brought him to the grave with much disgrace. I was always his friend, and had a great deal of reason to believe him mine. Yet it was impossible to be blind to so many imperfections. He died, little lamented, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

In a few daies afterwards, in London, died William Hopkins, Esq. who had practised in this court about eighteen years, and in that time, by hard study and observation, he made a surprising progress; became a very ingenious lawyer and a good pleader, though at his first coming he was raw and much despised. But

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he had a carelessness in his nature, which preserved him from being discouraged, and carried him on till he came to be admired. He had a good foundation in school learning; understood Latin and French well; had a strong memory, a good judgment, a quickness that was very visible, and a handsome person;—all mighty advantages. But his manner was awkward; his temper sour, if it was to be judged by the action of his muscles; and was given, too much given, to laugh at his own discourses.

When he had brought himself into good business, he almost totally neglected it; which I believe was owing to a desire of dipping into all kinds of knowledge, wherein he had a great deal of vanity, and prevented his digesting what he had so well as he would have done otherwise. He had many good qualities in his practice; was moderate in his fees; ingenious and honest; never disputed plain points, but was a candid, fair arguer. Yet he had a failing, which brought him to a quarrel with me. It was an odd sort of pride, that would not suffer him to keep an equilibrium in his own conceits. He could not see himself admired, without thinking it an injury to him to stand upon a level with any other; and therefore, though I was always his friend, had done him many kindnesses, and he himself thought himself obliged to me, he came into so ill a temper, as not to allow me either learning or honesty; which broke our acquaintance—and after that I thought I discovered some seeds of malice in him. He died in the flower of his age, and may be justly reckoned a loss to this poor country, which is not like to abound (at present at least) in great genius's.

—

Norfolk, January 16th, 1835.

Sir: I herewith transmit you (with a request that if you shall deem it proper, it may be presented to the next meeting of the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society,) a copy of an ancient Record of the Actings and Doings of certain inhabitants of the Borough and County of Norfolk, associated under the name of "Sons of Liberty." This record has lain (tradition relates) in the office of the clerk of this Borough from its date; unknown to the world at large, and unnoticed even by many of the inhabitants themselves. The moment my attention was called to it, it appeared to me entitled by its antiquity and the generous spirit of patriotism and self-devotion which it so strongly breathes, to a place in the records of a society whose laudable purpose is to rescue from oblivion (into which already too many of the works of talent and deeds of patriotism of the state have fallen,) the remaining monuments of the colonial and revolutionary history of Virginia.

The letter of Richard Bland, (attached to the original, and which is obviously autographic,) seemed to me particularly interesting, and to deserve a place among the transactions of your society. That letter characterizes the resolutions as "noble," and declares that "they will remain lasting monuments of the public spirit of the Sons of Liberty, and of their love to their country." To this end I very respectfully tender them to your society, whose institution, allow me to say, I hail as the dawn of a new era in the literature and science of the commonwealth.

Be pleased to accept for your society, and yourself individually, assurances of my high respect,

Otway B. Barraud.

To the President of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Virginia.

—

PROCEEDINGS

Of the Sons of Liberty at Norfolk, 1766.

Preserved as a monument of their public spirit and love to their country.

At a meeting of a considerable number of inhabitants of the town and county of Norfolk, and others, Sons of Liberty, at the court-house of said county, in the Colony of Virginia, on Monday, the 31st of March, 1766—

Having taken into consideration the evil tendency of that oppressive and unconstitutional act of Parliament, called the stamp act, and being desirous that our sentiments should be known to posterity, and recollecting that we are a part of that colony who first, in general assembly, openly expressed their detestation to the said act, (which is pregnant with ruin, and productive of the most pernicious consequences,) and unwilling to rivet the shackles of slavery and oppression on ourselves and millions yet unborn, have unanimously come to the following resolutions—

1. *Resolved*, That we acknowledge our sovereign lord King George the Third to be our rightful and lawful king; and that we will at all times, to the utmost of our power and ability, support and defend his most sacred person, crown and dignity, and shall be always ready, when constitutionally called upon, to assist his said majesty with our lives and fortunes, and to defend all his just rights and prerogatives.

2. *Resolved*, That we will, by all lawful ways and means which Divine Providence has put into our hands, defend ourselves in the full enjoyment of, and preserve inviolate to posterity, those inestimable privileges of all free-born British subjects, of being taxed only by representatives of their own choosing, and of being tryed by none but a jury of their peers: and that if we quietly submit to the execution of the said stamp act, all our claims to civil liberty will be lost, and we and our posterity become absolute slaves; for by that act, British subjects in America are deprived of the invaluable privileges aforementioned.

3. *Resolved*, That a committee be appointed, who shall, in such manner as they think most proper, go upon necessary business, and make public the above resolutions; and that they correspond, as they shall see occasion, with the associated Sons of, and Friends to Liberty, in the other British colonies in America.

James Holt; Henry Tucker; Robert Tucker; Robert Tucker, Jr.; John Hutchings; Thomas Davis; Manuel Calvert; James Parker; Lewis Hansford.

Signed to the foregoing—

John Hutchings, Jr.; Paul Loyall; William Roscow Curle; Anthony Lawson; Joseph Hutchings; Thomas Newton, Sr.; John Phripp, Jr.; John Ramsay; John Gilchrist; Matthew Godfrey; Matthew Phripp; Thomas Newton, Jr.; Samuel Boush; Richard Knight; James Campbell; John Lawrence; Joshua Nicholson; Nicholas Wonycott; Matthew Rothery; Jacob Elligood; Cornelius Calvert; Edward Archer; Edward Voss; Francis Peart; Samuel Calvert; James Gibson; Nicholas Winterton; Griffin Peart; John Wil-

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fery; William Skinker; Thomas Butt; William Gray; Hudson Brown; John Taylor; Alexander Moseley; John Taylor, Jr.; William Calvert; William Atchison; Edward Hach Moseley, Jr.; William Hancock; Robert Brett; Stephen Tankard; Thomas Willoughby; James Dunn; John Crammond; Alexander Kincaid; George Muter; Christopher Calvert.

On a motion made that a Moderator be chosen for the better transacting business, the Reverend Thomas Davis was recommended, and unanimously chosen.

On a motion made that a Secretary be appointed to this general meeting—

Resolved, That James Holt and William Roscow Curle be Secretaries.

Resolved, That the Committee of Correspondence do consist of the following persons, to wit:

Manuel Calvert, Esq.; Mr. Paul Loyall; Mr. James Parker; Mr. Joseph Hutchings; Doctor John Ramsay; Mr. Anthony Lawson; Mr. Samuel Boush; Mr. John Phripp, Jr.; Mr. John Gilchrist; Mr. Lewis Hansford; Mr. John Lawrence; Mr. John Hutchings, Jr.; Mr. Thomas Newton, Jr.; Mr. Matthew Phripp.

And that they or any five of them do make public the resolutions aforesaid; and take into consideration all matters necessary to be laid before this society, and make report of their proceedings to the next general meeting.

Resolved, That this general meeting adjourn till tomorrow nine o'clock.

—

At a meeting of the Sons of Liberty, continued and held at the court-house in the town and county of Norfolk, in the colony of Virginia, on Tuesday, April 1st, 1766—

Resolved, That we will, on any future occasion, sacrifice our lives and fortunes, in concurrence with the other Sons of Liberty in the neighboring provinces, to defend and preserve our invaluable blessings transmitted to us by our ancestors.

Resolved, That whoever is concerned, directly or indirectly, in using or causing to be used, in any way or manner whatsoever, within this colony, (unless authorised by the general assembly thereof,) that detestable paper called the stamps, shall be deemed to all intents and purposes, an enemy to his country, and treated by the Sons of Liberty accordingly.

Resolved, That the thanks of this society be given to Colonel Richard Bland, for the deep investigation and connective chain of reasoning set forth in his treatise, justly opposing the rights and liberties of this colony to the non-existing stamp act.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to present the thanks of the Sons of Liberty to Colonel Richard Bland, for his treatise, entitled "An Enquiry into the Rights of the British Colonies;" and that Mr. Loyall, Mr. Boush, and Mr. Parker be appointed to draw an address for that purpose.

Resolved, That this society be adjourned till Friday, the 11th day of this instant, April. T. D.

J. H. *Secretary.*

W. R. C. *Secretary.*

—

At a Committee of Correspondence of the Sons of Liberty, held at the court-house in Norfolk, in Virginia, on Wednesday, the 2d April, 1766—

Present, Mr. Manuel Calvert; Mr. Paul Loyall; Mr. John Ramsay; Mr. John Phripp, Jr.; Mr. Lewis Hansford; Mr. John Gilchrist; Mr. John Lawrence; Mr. John Hutchings, Jr.; Mr. Thomas Newton, Jr.

A copy of the resolves of the Sons of Liberty having been fairly transcribed, the same was delivered to Mr. John Hutchings, Jr., who undertook to deliver the same to the printer of the Virginia Gazette, and request him to insert the same in his next paper, and make report to this committee.

J. H. *Secretary.*

W. R. C. *Secretary.*

The copy delivered is as follows:

At a meeting of a considerable number of inhabitants of the town and county of Norfolk, and others, Sons of Liberty, at the court-house of the said county, in the colony of Virginia, on Monday, the 31st of March, 1766—

Having taken into consideration the evil tendency of that oppressive and unconstitutional act of Parliament, commonly called the stamp act; and being desirous that our sentiments should be known to posterity, and recollecting that we are a part of that colony who first in general assembly, openly expressed their detestation to the said act, (which is pregnant with ruin, and productive of the most pernicious consequences,) and unwilling to rivet the shackles of slavery and oppression on ourselves and millions yet unborn, have unanimously come to the following resolutions—

1. *Resolved*, That we acknowledge our sovereign lord and king George the Third to be our rightful and lawful king, and that we will at all times, to the utmost of our power and ability, support and defend his most sacred person, crown and dignity; and will be always ready, when constitutionally called upon, to assist his majesty with our lives and fortunes, and defend all his just rights and prerogatives.

2. *Resolved*, That we will, by all lawful ways and means which Divine Providence hath put into our hands, defend ourselves in the full enjoyment of, and preserve inviolate to posterity, those inestimable privileges of all free born British subjects, of being taxed by none but representatives of their own choosing, and of being tried only by a jury of their peers; for if we quietly submit to the execution of the said stamp act, all our claims to civil liberty will be lost, and we and our posterity become absolute slaves.

3. *Resolved*, That we will, on any future occasion, sacrifice our lives and fortunes, in concurrence with the other Sons of Liberty in the American provinces, to defend and preserve those invaluable blessings transmitted us by our ancestors.

4. *Resolved*, That whoever is concerned, directly or indirectly, in using or causing to be used, in any way or manner whatsoever, within this colony, unless authorised by the general assembly thereof, those detestable papers called stamps, shall be deemed to all intents and purposes, an enemy to his country, and by the Sons of Liberty treated accordingly.

5. *Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to present the thanks of the Sons of Liberty to Colonel Richard Bland, for his treatise, entitled "An Enquiry into the Rights of the British Colonies."

6. *Resolved*, That a committee be appointed, who shall make public the above resolutions, and corres-

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pond, as they shall see occasion, with the associated Sons of, and Friends to Liberty, in the British colonies in America.

Copy—Test, J. H. *Secretary.*

[Here ends the record of the proceedings of the Sons of Liberty.]

[The following is a copy of the original letter in the hand-writing of Richard Bland, and attached to the above record, in answer to the letter of thanks written him in obedience to one of the resolves, but which no where appears on the minutes.]

Gentlemen!

The approbation of my Enquiry into the rights of the British Colonies, by the Norfolk Sons of Liberty, which you have been pleased to transmit to me in the politest terms, does me a very singular and unexpected honor, and demands my most sincere acknowledgements, which I beg leave to return to them with feelings of the warmest gratitude.

The glorious cause they have united to defend, merits of every true friend of the colonies the highest sentiments of their virtue. And though we have the strongest assurance that the violent attacks made upon our rights and liberties by a late arbitrary and oppressive minister will soon be removed; yet the noble resolutions entered into by the Norfolk Sons of Liberty, against the detestable stamp act, will remain lasting monuments of their patriotic spirit and love to their country. I am, with particular regard to yourselves, and the deepest respect to all the members of your association, gentlemen, your much obliged and very

RICHARD BLAND.

Jordan's, May 8th, 1766.

To Paul Loyall, Lewis Hansford, and Thomas Newton, Jr. Esqrs. in Norfolk.

Virginia, Borough of Norfolk, to wit:

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of an old record in the clerk's office of the Borough aforesaid, endorsed "Proceedings of the Sons of Liberty at Norfolk, 1766, preserved as a monument of their patriotic spirit and love to their country."

I further certify that the said record was found in the said office in the year 1831, when I became clerk of the Borough court, and tradition relates that it was deposited there at the date of the transactions recorded.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 16th day of January, in the year 1835.

JOHN WILLIAMS, *C. C.*

—

ATTACK ON WHEELING FORT

IN THE YEAR 1777.

We are indebted to Mr. Abraham Rogers, a distinguished actor in the scene, and now a resident of this county, for the following particulars of the attack, by the Indians, in the year 1777, on Wheeling fort, and the successful defence of that place by twelve men.

As an interesting incident connected with the early settlement of the country, and as a tribute of respect and gratitude to the early and adventurous Pioneers of the west, for their valor, perseverance and long suffering, it is due to their memory that it should be recorded, and find a place in the history of our country.

The fort was situated on the higher bank or bluff, not far from the place, where the mansion house of the late Noah Zane, Esq., was subsequently erected. It covered between one half and three quarters of an acre of ground, and was enclosed with pickets 8 feet high. The garrison, at the time of the attack, including all who were able to bear arms, did not exceed 15 in number, and of these several were between the ages of 12 and 18. The number of women and children is not known.

The first intimation the commandant of the fort, (Col. David Shepard) had of the approach of an enemy, was received the evening before the attack, from Capt. Ogle, who with Abraham Rodgers, Joseph Biggs, Robert Lemons and two others, had just arrived from Beech bottom fort, on the Ohio, about 12 miles from Wheeling. Capt. Ogle, on his approach to Wheeling, had observed below that place, the appearance of large volumes of smoke in the atmosphere, which he rightly conjectured was caused by the burning of Grave creek fort by hostile Indians, and upon his arrival immediately communicated his suspicions to Col. Shepard, but it was too late in the evening to reconnoitre. At a very early hour the next morning, (1st day of September,) the commander of the fort sent two of his men in a canoe, down the river, to ascertain the cause of the smoke, and whether any Indians were in the neighborhood. These two men were massacred by the Indians, (on their return as it was supposed) at the mouth of Wheeling creek, a few hundred yards below the fort. In the mean time, an Irish servant and a negro man had also been sent out to reconnoitre in the immediate vicinity. The Irishman was decoyed, seized, and killed by the Indians, but the negro was permitted to escape, who, on his return, gave the first alarm of the actual approach of the Indians. Capt. Ogle, on the receipt of this intelligence, accompanied by 15 or 16 of the garrison, leaving but 12 or 13 in the fort, immediately proceeded towards the mouth of the creek, in pursuit of the savages. The Indians were lying in ambush, and permitted the captain and his devoted followers to advance almost to the creek, when a brisk and most deadly fire was opened upon them; they fought bravely—desperately; but overpowered by the number of the enemy, were, all except the captain and two others, killed and scalped.

Upon hearing the firing at the creek, Rodgers, Biggs and Lemons, left the fort to join their comrades, but the work of death was over, their comrades slaughtered, and the triumphant enemy with a horrid yell, were rapidly advancing upon the fort. The three were fired upon and compelled

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to return. On their arrival at the gate of the fort, so near were the savages, that it was not without the most imminent danger that it was opened for their admission. A general attack was then immediately made on the fort by the whole body of the Indians, consisting of about 500 men, commanded by the infamous Simon Girty. The grand assault was from the east side, under cover of a paled garden, and a few half faced cabins within 40 or 50 yards of the fort, of which they took possession, and from whence a brisk fire was kept up until a late hour at night. During the engagement, the Indians sustained great injury from the bursting of a maple log, which they had bored like a cannon, and charged to fire upon the fort.

The little garrison of twelve sustained this protracted siege, from about 7 o'clock in the morning until 10 or 11 o'clock at night, when the savages were finally repulsed and obliged to retreat, without having killed or wounded a single individual in the fort. The loss on the part of the Indians was variously estimated from twenty to one hundred, but their dead were principally carried off or concealed, and a conjecture of the number of the killed, could only be formed from the great appearance of blood, which was observable for many days after the battle. The day was fair, and the most of the garrison were called "sharp shooters," all of whom had a great number of "fair shots:" it is therefore not improbable that some 30 or 40 of the enemy were killed, and perhaps many more; for there was a continued firing during the whole time of the engagement. Every man did his duty, and all were entitled to an equal meed of praise and thanks from the commander. But our informant particularly distinguished one person, who, he said, contributed more to the successful termination of the issue than any other. This was Mrs. Zane, wife of Ebenezer, and mother of the late Noah Zane, Esq., who rendered much actual service to the men, by running bullets, cutting patches, making cartridges, and hurrying from post to post, cheering and encouraging by her presence, exhortations and assistance, the sometimes almost exhausted efforts of the brave defenders of the fort. By her example, zeal and presence of mind, much assistance was also afforded, by a number of the other "blessed women" in the fort, (as our informant termed them.) A rapid fire was continued from the fort, from the commencement of the assault, until the Indians retired. Their rifles were used until they become too much heated to handle, when they were obliged to exchange them for muskets, which were fortunately found in the magazine. This more than Spartan band of patriots, had no time to take any sustenance from Sunday, the last day of August, until the 2d September, after the retreat of the Indians.

When it is considered that the Indians were led to the attack by the noted Simon Girty, a man who had much experience in the art of savage warfare, that he mustered more than 500 veteran warriors, and that the fort was defended by 12, and those chiefly old men and boys; the successful and glorious defence of the fort, by that little band of western pioneers; their names will richly merit a place in the page of history, with the most renowned heroes of the "olden time."

We much regret, that from a want of acquaintance with the localities of the place, as well as from other circumstances, we have been unable to do full justice to this subject; but we are not without a hope, that some more experienced pen will take a hint from these crude remarks, and redeem from oblivion this memorable event.

The Editor of the New York Evening Star is so well known and so highly estimated as a political writer, that we believe there is no party which does not feel the stronger for his friendship—or does not experience some dread from his opposition. His genius, however, does not exclusively delight in the *carte and tierce* of political strife. He has an infinite fund of strong common sense and racy humor, and withal an uncommon power of description, which he employs with great effect in hitting off the manners of the age, and rebuking those pernicious innovations which are making such sad havoc with our antient simplicity. In the following article, he depicts with admirable force the evil consequences which, in our large cities especially, are likely to flow from an unrestrained indulgence in the follies and extravagancies of fashion.

FASHIONABLE PARTIES AND LATE HOURS.

BY M. M. NOAH.

We are killing ourselves in this country by inches, and that for a tall man or an amazonian woman, is a dreadful reflection. In sooth, our late hours break in terribly on real comfort, sound health, and that refreshing sleep which "seals up the eyelids" in calm and soft repose, and ministers to our real enjoyments We marvel why *fashion*, instead of being represented in bewitching and attractive colors, is not drawn with a Medusa's head, fiery eyes and snaky crest—or, under the silken cowl and wreaths of roses, a skeleton head peeping out as a warning—a caution in time—a *memento mori*. In this country we eat and dance ourselves to death with much more rapidity than they do at the Sandwich Islands.

I met a friend on the *pave* last week, who said, "Will you come to our party to-morrow night?" "A party? How? Comfortable dish of tea, game of whist, glass of whiskey-punch, and a sandwich, eh?" "Oh, no—a real tearer—a regular turn-out—been preparing a fortnight. I must give a couple every year for the sake of the world you know." "The world, ha! Well, I'll come, and if I don't, you won't miss me in the squeeze. Tell

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me, for old acquaintance sake, how much will the party cost?" "Why, about fifteen hundred dollars." "Fifteen hundred dollars! Prodigious! How many charming *tertulias* in Spain, *converzaziones* in Italy, and *soirees* in France, would fifteen hundred dollars procure?—and all this sum swallowed up in one dancing frolic!"

I determined to go, and a friend promised to call for me in his carriage. I was ready at seven, and sat quietly until nine—half past nine—ten; when, just as I was ringing for my slippers, and preparing, as Monsieur Morbleu says, for my night-caps, *rat-tat-tat* goes the coachman, and in walked my friend—pumps and tight pants on—white gloves and perfumed handkerchief. "So, sir, a pretty time you have called for me; why I have been ready since seven o'clock." "Seven o'clock! why bless you, the company only begin to assemble at ten; and even now we are rather early." "Early, do you call it? Go out to spend the evening at half past ten o'clock! Well, well, I suppose we must not be out of the fashion—so come along."

Our carriage rattled up one of the principal streets, and a glare of light was showered in all directions from the house. We fell in behind a range of coaches, and had to wait until our turn, and found, on alighting, a retinue of yellow servants to usher us in the mansion; to take our coats, hats, and canes, and prepare us in form for the *entree*. Every thing was elegant—gayety, fashion, and pleasure reigned triumphant; beauty, in resplendent beams, shed its halo over the scene; plenty, from its golden horn, was poured forth in all directions; music, and the giddy dance, were kept up with unabated vigor, until the russet morn had nearly flickered the east. I got home; tossed and tumbled for two or three hours in bed, and then rose for the duties of the day.

Having occasion to call on an old gentleman about twelve o'clock, I found him in his parlor, with the breakfast table before him. "What, not breakfasted yet?" "O yes, long ago—this is for my daughters, who came from the party about three o'clock, and are not yet up." In a few minutes the young ladies entered; but oh, how altered!—where were the bounding step and elastic gait—the brilliant eye, the jocund smile—the silken attire—the well-dressed hair, and jewelled form of last night's entertainment? They were pallid and exhausted—their eye, their hair, their dress, all *en dishabille*—both with a hectic cough—both looking as wo-begone and spiritless as if they had just escaped from the siege of Troy.—"Have you slept well, girls?" said the anxious parent. "Not a wink, father—we tossed and tumbled and worried for several hours, but not a wink of sleep—oh, my head, my head—and oh, my bones, my bones." "Probably your restlessness arose from eating too heartily at supper."—"No such thing, father—why, I only ate a little chicken salad, a wing of turkey, some jelly, a few macaronies and mottoes, a dozen pickled oysters, and drank a few glasses of champaign, that's all—excepting a sponge cake or two, and a glass of lemonade, during dancing, and a little ginger sweetmeats. There's Lizzy ate twice as much as I did." "No I didn't, but I was more select, father; a few slices of cold tongue—a piece of a-la-mode beef—three pickles—a few olives, some *blanc mange*—two plates of ice-cream—a little floating island—some truffles and bons bons—and oranges, plum-cake, and custard during the evening. I'm sure I don't care much for solids." "And did you dance after supper?" "To be sure we did; one cotillion, one contra dance, the mazourka and a gallopade." The murder's out! no wonder at head-aches, and bone-aches, and heart-aches, and sleepless hours, after so much eating; and then dancing on so much eating—churning these singular masses of food and contradictory condiments in a delicate female stomach, with scarcely sufficient gastric juice to digest the wing of a pheasant.—That's the way our girl's kill themselves prematurely; that's the cause of our heavy weekly lists of interments; of the many cases of consumption, uncharitably carried to the credit of our climate. Alas! how many charming women are hurried to the grave by carelessness; by the bewitching attractions of fashion; by keeping late hours; by thin clothing, and by eating too much! The observation made by strangers is, "how pale and thin your ladies are!" Why will they not have resolution enough to discard these seducing and destructive allurements; why not enjoy life soberly, discreetly, prudently?

What can be more agonizing to true affection than to see the girl nourished with tenderness in infancy; amiable, intelligent, and accomplished, gradually sinking into the grave ere she reaches the age of womanhood? The pride and delight of fond parents and numerous friends, the rose which early bloomed, daily fading in the brilliancy of its colors, and drooping like the lily of the vale? To see the eye, once so brilliant, sunken, heavy, and dull; and the lips, once so ruby, now thin and pallid? To witness the being so beloved, so cherished, the victim of slow, but unerring disease, not constitutional, but brought on by neglect, by fashion? To see the vision recede from the sight, step by step, until evening frowns upon its setting glory, and the tomb closes upon it forever!

Pride, Envy, and Hate.

If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you. There is a diabolical trio, existing in the *natural* man, implacable, inextinguishable, co-operative, and consentaneous, Pride, Envy, and Hate. Pride, that makes us fancy we deserve all the goods that others possess; Envy, that some should be admired, while we are overlooked; and Hate, because all that is bestowed on others, diminishes the sum that we think due to ourselves.—[*Lacon.*

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We extract the following eloquent and pathetic narrative from the pages of the "Western Monthly Magazine," published at Cincinnati, Ohio; and we invite our readers, especially those of the "softer sex," to give it a perusal.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR'S WIFE.

What impels me to take up my pen, compose myself to the act of writing, and begin the record of feelings and events which will inevitably throw a shadow over the character which too partial and misjudging affection once beheld shining with reflected lustre? I know not—but it seems to me, as if a divine voice whispered from the boughs that wave by my window, occasionally intercepting the sun's rays that now fall obliquely on my paper, saying, that if I live for memory, I must not live in vain—and that, perchance, when I, too, lie beneath the willow that hangs over *his* grave, unconscious of its melancholy waving, a deep moral may be found in these pages, short and simple as they may be. Then be it so. It is humiliating to dwell on past errors—but I should rather welcome the humiliation, if it can be any expiation for my blindness, my folly—no! such expressions are too weak—I should say, my madness, my sin, my hard-hearted guilt.

It is unnecessary to dwell on my juvenile years. Though dependent on the bounty of an uncle, who had a large family of his own to support, every wish which vanity could suggest, was indulged as soon as expressed. I never knew a kinder, more hospitable, uncalculating being, than my uncle. If his unsparing generosity had not experienced a counteracting influence in the vigilant economy of my aunt, he would long since have been a bankrupt. She was never unkind to me; for I believe she was conscientious, and she had loved my mother tenderly. I was the orphan legacy of that mother, and consequently a sacred trust. I was fed and clothed like my wealthier cousins; educated at the same schools; ushered into the same fashionable society; where I learned that awkwardness was considered the only unpardonable offence, and that almost any thing might be said and done, provided it was said and done gracefully. From the time of our first introduction into what is called the world, I gradually lost ground in the affections of my aunt, for I unfortunately eclipsed my elder cousins in those outer gifts of nature and those acquired graces of manner, which, however valueless, when unaccompanied by inward worth, have always exercised a prevailing, an irresistible influence in society. I never exactly knew why, but I was the favorite of my uncle, who seemed to love me better than even his own daughters, and he rejoiced at the admiration I excited, though often purchased at their expense. Perhaps the secret was this. They were of a cold temperament; mine was ardent, and whatever I loved, I loved without reserve, and expressed my affection with characteristic warmth and enthusiasm. I loved my indulgent uncle with all the fervor of which such a nature, made vain and selfish by education, is capable. Often, after returning from an evening party, my heart throbbing high with the delight of gratified vanity, when he would draw me towards him and tell me—with most injudicious fondness, it is true—that I was a thousand times prettier than the flowers I wore, more sparkling than the jewels, and that I ought to marry a prince or a nabob, I exulted more in his praise, than in the flatteries that were still tingling in my ears. Even my aunt's coolness was a grateful tribute to my self-love—for was it not occasioned by my transcendency over her less gifted daughters?

But why do I linger on the threshold of events, which, simple in themselves, stamped my destiny—for time, yea, and for eternity.

It was during a homeward journey, with my uncle, I first met him, who afterwards became my husband. My whole head becomes sick and my whole heart faint, as I think what I might have been, and what I am. But I must forbear. If I am compelled at times to lay aside my pen, overcome with agony and remorse, let me pause till I can go on, with a steady hand, and a calmer brain.

Our carriage broke down—it was a common accident—a young gentleman on horseback, who seemed like ourselves a traveller, came up to our assistance. He dismounted, proffered every assistance in his power, and accompanied us to the inn, which fortunately was not far distant, for my uncle was severely injured, and walked with difficulty, though supported by the stranger's arm and my own. I cannot define the feeling, but from the moment I beheld him, my spirit was troubled within me. I saw, at once, that he was of a different order of beings from those I had been accustomed to associate with; and there was something in the heavenly composure of his countenance and gentle dignity of manner, that rebuked my restless desire for admiration and love of display. I never heard any earthly sound so sweet as his voice. Invisible communion with angels could alone give such tones to the human voice. At first, I felt a strange awe in his presence, and forgot those artificial graces, for which I had been too much admired. Without meaning to play the part of a hypocrite, my real disposition was completely concealed. During the three days we were detained, he remained with us; and aloof from all temptation to folly, the best traits of my character were called into exercise. On the morning of our departure, as my uncle was expressing his gratitude for his kindness, and his hope of meeting him in town, he answered—and it was not without emotion—'I fear our paths diverge too much, to allow that hope. Mine is a lowly one, but I trust I shall find it blest.' I

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then, for the first time learned that he was a minister—the humble pastor of a country village. My heart died within me. That this graceful and uncommonly interesting young man should be nothing more than an obscure village preacher—it was too mortifying. All my bright visions of conquest faded away. 'We can never be any thing to each other,' thought I. Yet as I again turned towards him, and saw his usually calm eye fixed on me with an expression of deep anxiety, I felt a conviction that I might be all the world to him. He was watching the effect of his communication, and the glow of excited vanity that suffused my check was supposed to have its origin from a purer source. I was determined to enjoy the full glory of my conquest. When my uncle warmly urged him to accompany us home, and sojourn with us a few days, I backed the invitation with all the eloquence my countenance was capable of expressing. Vain and selfish being that I was—I might have known that we differed from each other as much as the rays of the morning star from the artificial glare of the skyrocket. *He* drew his light from the fountain of living glory, *I* from the decaying fires of earth.

The invitation was accepted—and before that short visit was concluded, so great was the influence he acquired over me, while *I* was only seeking to gain the ascendancy over *his* affections, that I felt willing to give up the luxury and fashion that surrounded me, for the sweet and quiet hermitage he described, provided the sacrifice were required. I never once thought of the duties that would devolve upon me, the solemn responsibilities of my new situation. It is one of the mysteries of Providence, how such a being as myself could ever have won a heart like his. He saw the sunbeam playing on the surface, and thought that all was fair beneath. I did love him; but my love was a passion, not a principle. I was captivated by the heavenly graces of his manner, but was incapable of comprehending the source whence those graces were derived.

My uncle would gladly have seen me established in a style more congenial to my prevailing taste, but gave his consent, as he said, on the score of his surpassing merit. My aunt was evidently more than willing to have me married, while my cousins rallied me, for falling in love with a country parson.

We were married. I accompanied him to the beautiful village of ——. I became mistress of the parsonage. Never shall I forget the moment when I first entered this avenue, shaded by majestic elms; beheld these low, white walls, festooned with redolent vines; and heard the voice, which was then the music of my life, welcome me here, as Heaven's best and loveliest gift. How happy—how blest I might have been! and I *was* happy for awhile. His benign glance and approving smile were, for a short time, an equivalent for the gaze of admiration and strains of flattery to which I had been accustomed. I even tried, in some measure, to conform to his habits and tastes, and to cultivate the good will of the plebians and rustics who constituted a great portion of his parish. But the mind, unsupported by principle, is incapable of any steady exertion. Mine gradually wearied of the effort of assuming virtues, to which it had no legitimate claim. The fervor of feeling which had given a bluer tint to the sky and a fairer hue to the flower, insensibly faded. I began to perceive defects in every object, and to wonder at the blindness which formerly overlooked them. I still loved my husband; but the longer I lived with him, the more his character soared above the reach of mine. I could not comprehend, how one could be endowed with such brilliant talents and winning graces, and not wish for the admiration of the world. I was vexed with him for his meekness and humility, and would gladly have mingled, if I could, the base alloy of earthly ambition with his holy aspirations after heaven. I was even jealous—I almost tremble while I write it—of the God he worshipped. I could not bear the thought, that I held a second place in his affections—though second only to the great and glorious Creator. Continually called from my side to the chamber of the sick, the couch of the dying, the dwelling of the poor and ignorant, I in vain sought to fill up the widening vacuum left, by becoming interested in the duties of my station. I could not do it. They became every day more irksome to me. The discontent I was cherishing, became more and more visible, till the mild and anxious eye of my husband vainly looked for the joyous smile that used to welcome his return.

It is true, there were many things I was obliged to tolerate, which must inevitably be distasteful to one, educated with such false refinement as I have been. But I never reflected they must be as opposed to my husband's tastes as my own, and that christian principle alone led him to the endurance of them. Instead of appreciating his angelic patience and forbearance, I blamed him for not lavishing more sympathy on me for trials which, though sometimes ludicrous in themselves, are painful from the strength of association.

The former minister of the village left a maiden sister as a kind of legacy to his congregation. My husband had been a protegee and pupil of the good man, who, on his death-bed, bequeathed his people to the charge of this son of his adoption, and *him*, with equal tenderness and solemnity, to the care of his venerable sister. She became a fixture in the parsonage, and to me a perpetual and increasing torment. The first month of our marriage, she was absent, visiting some of her seventh cousins in a neighboring town. I do not wish to

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exculpate myself from blame; but, if ever there was a thorn in human flesh, I believe I had found it in this inquisitive, gratuitously advising woman. I, who had always lived among roses, without thinking of briars, was doomed to feel this thorn, daily, hourly, goading me; and was constrained to conceal as much as possible the irritation she caused, because my husband treated her with as much respect as if she were an empress. I thought Mr. L—— was wrong in this. Owing to the deep placidity of his own disposition, he could not realize what a trial such a companion was to a mercurial, indulged, self-willed being as myself. Nature has gifted me with an exquisite ear for music, and a discord always 'wakes the nerve where agony is born.' Poor aunt Debby had a perfect mania for singing, and she would sit and sing for hours together, old fashioned ballads and hymns of surprising length—scarcely pausing to take breath. I have heard aged people sing the songs of Zion, when there was most touching melody in their tones; and some of the warmest feelings of devotion I ever experienced, were awakened by these solemn, trembling notes. But aunt Debby's voice was full of indescribable ramifications, each a separate discord—a sharp sour voice, indicative of the natural temper of the owner. One Sunday morning, after she had been screeching one of Dr. Watts' hymns, of about a hundred verses, she left me to prepare for church. When we met, after finishing our separate toilettes, she began her animadversions on my dress, as being too gay for a minister's wife. I denied the charge; for though made in the redundance of fashion, it was of unadorned white. 'But what,' said she, disfiguring the muslin folds with her awkward fingers, 'what is the use of all these fandangles of lace? They are nothing but Satan's devices to lead astray silly women, whose minds are running after finery.' All this I might have borne with silent contempt, for it came from aunt Debby; but when she brought the authority of a Mrs. Deacon and a Mrs. Doelan of the parish to prove that she was not the only one who found fault with the fashion of my attire, the indignant spirit broke its bounds; deference for age was forgotten in the excitement of the moment, and the concentrated irritation of weeks burst forth. I called her an impertinent, morose old maid, and declared that one or the other of us should leave the parsonage. In the midst of the paroxysm, my husband entered—the calm of heaven on his brow. He had just left his closet, where he had been to seek the divine manna for the pilgrims it was his task to guide through the wilderness of life. He looked from one to the other, in grief and amazement. Aunt Debby had seated herself on his entrance, and began to rock herself backward and forward, and to sigh and groan—saying it was a hard thing to be called such hard names at her time of life, &c. I stood, my cheeks glowing with anger, and my heart violently palpitating with the sudden effort at self-control. He approached me, took my hand, and said, 'My dear Mary!' There was affection in his tone, but there was upbraiding, also; and drawing away my hand, I wept in bitterness of spirit. As soon as I could summon sufficient steadiness of voice, I told him the cause of my resentment, and declared, that I would never again enter a place, where I was exposed to ridicule and censure, and from those, too, so immeasurably my inferiors in birth and education. 'Dearest Mary!' exclaimed he, turning pale from agitation, 'you cannot mean what you say. Let not such trifles as these, mar the peace of this holy day. I grieve that your feelings should have been wounded; but what matters it what the world says of our outward apparel, if our souls are clothed with those robes of holiness, which make us lovely in our Maker's eyes? Let us go together to the temple of Him, whose last legacy to man was *peace*.' Though the bell was ringing its last notes, and though I saw him so painfully disturbed, I still resisted the appeal, and repeated my rash asseveration. The bell had pealed its latest summons, and was no longer heard. 'Mary, must I go alone?' His hand was on the latch—there was a burning flush on his cheek, such as I had never seen before. My pride would have yielded—my conscience convicted me of wrong—I would have acknowledged my rashness, had not aunt Debby, whom I thought born to be my evil spirit, risen with a long-drawn sigh, and taken his arm, preparatory to accompany him. 'No,' said I, 'you will not be alone. You need not wait for me. In aunt Debby's company, you cannot regret mine.'

Surely my heart must have been steeled, like Pharaoh's, for some divine purpose, or I never could have resisted the mute anguish of his glance, as he closed the door on this cold and unmerited taunt. What hours of wretchedness I passed in the solitude of my chamber. I magnified my sufferings into those of martyrdom, and accused Mr. L—— of not preparing me for the trials of my new situation. Yet, even while I reproached him in my heart, I was conscious of my injustice, and felt that I did not suffer alone. It was the first time any other than words of love and kindness had passed between us, and it seemed to me, that a barrier was beginning to rise, that would separate us forever. When we again met, I tried to retain the same cold manner and averted countenance, but he came unaccompanied by my tormenter, and looked so dejected and pale, my petulance and pride yielded to the reign of better feelings. I had even the grace to make concessions, which were received with such gratitude and feeling, I was melted into goodness, transient, but sincere. Had aunt Debby remained from us, all

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might yet have been well; but after having visited awhile among the parish, she returned; and her presence choked the blossoms of my good resolutions. I thought she never forgave the offending epithet I had given her in the moment of passion. It is far from my intention, in delineating peculiarities like hers, to throw any opprobrium on that class of females, who from their isolated and often unprotected situation, are peculiarly susceptible to the shafts of unkindness or ridicule. I have known those, whose influence seemed as diffusive as the sunshine and gentle as the dew; at whose approach the ringlets of childhood would be tossed gaily back, and the wan cheek of the aged lighted up with joy; who had devoted the glow of their youth, and the strength of their prime, to acts of filial piety and love, watching the waning fires of life, as the vestal virgins the flame of the altar. Round such beings as these, the beatitudes cluster; and yet the ban of unfeeling levity is passed upon the maiden sisterhood. But I wander from my path. It is not *her* history I am writing, so much as my own; which, however deficient in incident, is not without its moral power.

I experienced one source of mortification, which I have not yet mentioned; it may even seem too insignificant to be noticed, and yet it was terribly grating to my aristocratic feelings. Some of our good parishioners were in the habit of lavishing attentions, so repugnant to me, that I did not hesitate to refuse them; which I afterwards learned, gave great mortification and displeasure. I would willingly accept a basket of fragrant strawberries, or any of the elegant bounties of nature; but, when they offered such plebeian gifts as a shoulder of pork or mutton, a sack of grain or potatoes, *I* invariably returned my cold thanks and declined the honor. Is it strange, that I should become to them an object of aversion, and that they should draw comparisons, humbling to me, between their idolized minister and his haughty bride?

My uncle and cousins made me a visit, not long after my rupture with aunt Debby, which only served to render me more unhappy. My uncle complained so much of my altered appearance, my faded bloom and languid spirits, I saw that it gave exquisite pain to Mr. L——, while my cousins, now in their day of power, amused themselves continually with the old fashioned walls of the house, the obsolete style of the furniture, and my humdrum mode of existence. Had I possessed one spark of heavenly fire, I should have resented all this as an insult to him whom I had solemnly vowed to love and honor. These old fashioned walls should have been sacred in my eyes. They were twice hallowed—hallowed by the recollections of departed excellence and the presence of living holiness. Every leaf of the magnificent elms that overshadowed them, should have been held sacred, for the breath of morning and evening prayer had been daily wafted over them, up to the mercy-seat of heaven

I returned with my uncle to the metropolis. It is true, he protested that he would not, could not leave me behind—and that change of scene was absolutely necessary to the restoration of my bloom, and Mr. L—— gave his assent with apparent cheerfulness and composure. But I knew—I felt that his heart bled at my willingness, my wish to be absent from him, so soon after our marriage. He told me to consult my own happiness, in the length of my visit, and that he would endeavor to find a joy in solitude, in thinking of mine. 'Oh!' said one of my cousins, with a loud laugh, 'you can never feel solitary, when aunt Debby is' ——

Behold me once more 'mid the scenes congenial to my soul—a gay flower, sporting over the waves of fashion, thoughtless of the caverns of death beneath. Again the voice of flattery fell meltingly on my ear; and while listening to the siren, I forgot those mild, admonishing accents, which were always breathing of heaven—or if I remembered them at all, they came to my memory like the grave rebuke of Milton's cherub—severe in their beauty. Yes, I did remember them when I was alone; and there are hours when the gayest will feel desolately alone. I thought of him in his neglected home; him, from whom I was gradually alienating myself for his very perfections, and accusing conscience avenged his rights. Oh! how miserable, how poor we are, when unsupported by our own esteem! when we fear to commune with our own hearts, and doubly tremble to bear them to the all-seeing eye of our Maker! My husband often wrote me most affectionately. He did not urge my return, but said, whenever I felt willing to exchange the pleasures of the metropolis for the seclusion of the hermitage, his arms and his heart were open to receive me. At length I received a letter, which touched those chords, that yet vibrated to the tones of nature and feeling. He seldom spoke of himself—but in this, he mentioned having been very ill, though then convalescent. 'Your presence, my Mary,' said he, 'would bring healing on its wings. I fear, greatly fear, I have doomed you to unhappiness, by rashly yielding to the influence of your beauty and winning manners, taking advantage of your simplicity and inexperience, without reflecting how unfitted you were, from natural disposition and early habits, to be a fellow-laborer in so humble a portion of our Master's vineyard. Think not, my beloved wife, I say this in reproach. No! 'tis in sorrow, in repentance, in humiliation of spirit. I have been too selfish. I have not shown sufficient sympathy for the trials and vexations to which, for me, you have been exposed. I have asked to receive too much. I have given back too little. Return then, my Mary; you were created for nobler purposes than the beings who surround you. Let us begin

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life anew. Let us take each other by the hand as companions for time—but pilgrims for eternity. Be it mine to guard, guide, and sustain—yours, to console, to gild and comfort.' In a postcript, he added:

'I am better now—a journey will restore me. I will soon be with you, when I trust we will not again be parted.'

My heart was not of rock. It was moved—melted. I should have been less than human, to have been untouched by a letter like this. All my romantic love, but so recently chilled, returned; and I thought of his image as that of an angel's. Ever impulsive, ever actuated by the passion of the moment, I made the most fervent resolutions of amendment, and panted for the hour when we should start for, together, this immortal goal! Alas! how wavering were my purposes—how ineffective my holy resolutions. * * * * *

There was a numerous congregation gathered on the Sabbath morn, not in the simple village church, but the vaulted walls of a city dome. A stranger ascended the pulpit. Every eye was turned on him and none wandered. He was pallid, as from recent indisposition; but there was a flitting glow on his cheek, the herald of coming inspiration. There was a divine simplicity, a sublime fervor, an abandonment of self, a lifting up of the soul to heaven, an indescribable and spiritual charm, pervading his manner, that was acknowledged by the breathless attention of a crowded audience, composed of the wealth and fashion of the metropolis. And I was there, the proudest, the happiest of the throng. That gifted being was my husband. I was indemnified for all past mortifications, and looked forward to bright years of felicity, not in the narrow path we had heretofore travelled, but a wider, more brilliant sphere. My imagination placed him at the head of that admiring congregation; and I saw the lowly flock he had been lately feeding, weeping, unpitied, between the porch and the altar.

Before we bade farewell to my uncle, I had abundant reason to believe my vision would soon be realized. The church was then without a pastor. No candidate had as yet appeared in whom their opinions or affections were united. They were enthusiastic in their admiration of Mr. L——, and protested against the obscurity of his location. With such hopes gilding the future, I left the metropolis with a cheerfulness and elasticity of spirits, which my husband hailed as a surety for long years of domestic felicity. I would gladly linger here awhile. I fear to go on. You have followed me so far with a kind of complaisant interest, as a poor, vain, weak young creature, whose native defects have been enhanced by education, and who has unfortunately been placed in a sphere she is incapable of adorning. The atmosphere is too pure, too rarified. Removed at once from the valley of sin to the mount of holiness, I breathe with difficulty the celestial air, and pant for more congenial regions. Must I proceed? Your compassion will turn to detestation: yet I cannot withdraw from the task I have imposed on myself. It is an expiatory one; and oh, may it be received as such!

It was scarcely more than a week after our return. All had been peace and sunshine: so resolved was I to be all that was lovely and amiable. I even listened with apparent patience to aunt Debby's interminable hymns, and heard some of her long stories, the seventy-seventh time, without any manifest sympton of vexation. It was about sunset. We sat together in the study, my husband and myself, watching the clouds as they softly rolled towards the sinking sun, to dip their edges in his golden beams. The boughs of the elms waved across the window, giving us glimpses of the beautiful vale beyond, bounded by the blue outline of the distant hills. Whether it was the warm light reflected on his face, or the glow of the heart suffusing it, I know not, but I never saw his usually pale features more radiantly lighted up than at that moment. A letter was brought to him. I leaned over his shoulder while he opened it. From the first line I understood its import: it was the realization of my hopes. The offer was there made—more splendid, more liberal than I had dared to anticipate. I did not speak: but with cheeks burning and hands trembling with eagerness and joy, I waited till he had perused it. He still continued silent. Almost indignant at his calmness, I ejaculated his name in an impatient tone; when he raised his eyes from the paper and fixed them on me. I read there the death-blow of my hopes. They emitted no glance of triumph: there was sorrow, regret, humility, and love—but I looked in vain for more. 'I am sorry for this,' said he, 'for your sake, my dear Mary. It may excite wishes, which can never be realized. No! let us be happy in the lowlier sphere, in which an All-wise Being has marked my course. I cannot deviate from it.' 'Cannot!' repeated I: 'say, rather, you will not.' I could not articulate more. The possibility of a refusal on his part had never occurred to me. I was thunderstruck. He saw my emotion—and, losing all his composure, rose and crushed the letter in his hand. 'I could not, if I would, accept this,' he cried; 'and, were my own wishes to be alone consulted, I would not, were I free to act. But it is not so. I am bound to this place, by a solemn promise, which cannot be broken. Here, in this very house it was made, by the dying bed of the righteous, who bequeathed the people he loved to *my* charge—*me*, the orphan he had protected and reared. "Never leave them, my son," said the expiring saint—"never leave the lambs of my flock to be scattered on the mountains."

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I pledged my word, surrounded by the solemnities of death: yea, even while his soul was taking its upward flight. It is recorded, and cannot be recalled.'

Did I feel the sacredness of the obligation he revealed? Did I venerate the sanctity of his motives, and admit their authority? No! Totally unprepared for such a bitter disappointment, when I seemed touching the summit of all my wishes, I was maddened—reckless. I upbraided him for having more regard to a dead guardian, who could no longer be affected by his decision, than for a living wife. I threatened to leave him to the obscurity in which he was born, and return to the friends who loved me so much better than himself. Seeing him turn deadly pale at this, and suddenly put his hand on his heart, I thought I had discovered the spring to move his resolution, and determined that I would not let it go. I moved towards the door, thinking it best to leave him a short time to his own reflections, assured that love must be victorious over conscience. He made a motion as if to detain me, as I passed—then again pressed his hand on his heart. That silent motion—never, never, can I forget it! 'Are you resolved on this?' asked he, in a low, very hoarse tone of voice. 'Yes, if you persist in your refusal. I leave you to decide.' I went into the next room. I heard him walk a few moments, as if agitated and irresolute—then suddenly stop. I then heard a low, suppressed cough, but to this he was always subject, when excited, and it caused no emotion. Yet, after remaining alone for some time, I began to be alarmed at the perfect stillness. A strange feeling of horror came over me. I remembered the deadly paleness of his countenance, and the cold dew gathered fast and thick on my brow. I recollected, too, that he had told me of once having bled at the lungs, and of being admonished to shun every predisposing cause to such a malady. Strange, that after such an entire oblivion of every thing but self, these reflections should have pressed upon me, with such power, at that moment. I seemed suddenly gifted with second sight, and feared to move, lest I should see the vision of my conscience embodied. At length, aunt Debby opened the door, and for the first time, rejoicing in her sight, *I* entreated her to go into the library, with an earnestness that appalled her. She did go—and her first sharp scream drew me to her side. There, reclined upon the sofa, motionless, lifeless—his face, white as a snow-drift, lay my husband; his neck-cloth and vest, saturated with the blood that still flowed from his lips. Yes, he lay there—lifeless, dead, dead! The wild shriek of agony and remorse pierced not his unconscious ear. He was dead, and *I* was his murderer. The physician who was summoned, pronounced my doom. From violent agitation of mind, a blood vessel had been broken, and instant death had ensued. Weeks of frenzy, months of despair, succeeded—of black despair. Nothing but an almighty arm thrown around my naked soul, held me back from the brink of suicide. Could I have believed in annihilation—and I wrestled with the powers of reason to convince myself that in the grave, at least, I should find rest. I prayed but for rest—I prayed for oblivion. Night and day the image of that bleeding corse was before me. Night and day a voice was ringing in my ears, '*Thou hast murdered him!*' My sufferings were so fearful to witness, the at first compassionate neighbors deserted my pillow, justifying themselves by the conviction that I merited all that I endured.

My uncle and aunt came when they first heard the awful tidings, but unable to support my raving distress, left me—after providing every thing for my comfort—with the injunction that as soon as I should be able to be removed, to be carried to their household. And whose kind, unwearied hand smoothed my lonely pillow, and held my aching brow? Who, when wounded reason resumed her empire, applied the balm of Gilead and the oil of tenderness; led me to the feet of the divine Physician, prayed with me and for me, wept with me and over me, nor rested till she saw me clinging to the cross, in lowliness of spirit, with the seal of the children of God in my forehead, and the joy of salvation in my soul? It was aunt Debby. The harsh condemner of the fashions of this world, the stern reprover of vanity and pride, the uncompromising defender of godliness and truth; she who in my day of prosperity was the cloud, in the night of sorrow was my light and consolation. The rough bark was penetrated and the finer wood beneath gave forth its fragrance. Oh! how often, as I have heard her, seated by my bedside, explaining in a voice softened by kindness, the mysteries of holiness, and repeating the promises of mercy, have I wondered, that I, who had turned a deaf ear to the same truths, when urged upon me with all an angel's eloquence, should listen with reverence to accents from which I had heretofore turned in disgust. Yet, at times, there seemed a dignity in her tones; her harsh features would light up with an expression of devout ecstacy, and I marvelled at the transforming power of christianity. Well may I marvel! I would not now, for the diadem of the east, exchange this sequestered hermitage for the halls of fashion—these hallowed shades for the canopies of wealth—or the society of the once despised and hated aunt Debby, for the companionship of flatterers. I see nothing but thorns where once roses blushed. The voice of the charmer has lost its power, though 'it charm never so wisely.' My heart lies buried in the tomb on which the sunlight now solemnly glimmers—my hopes are fixed on those regions from whence those rays depart.

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Had he only lived to forgive me—to know my penitence and agony—but the last words that ever fell on his ear from my lips, were those of passion and rebellion—the last glance I ever cast on him, was proud and upbraiding.

The sketch is finished—memory overpowers me.

C. L. H.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THOUGHTS ON AFFECTATION,

For the benefit of all whom they may concern.

Affectation, as defined by Johnson, is "an artificial show, an elaborate appearance, a false pretence,"—"affected, studied with overmuch care, or with hypocritical appearance." The terms of this definition are so revolting, that the justice of its ascription to any individual, however felt, can scarcely be expected to be acknowledged by such, because it too deeply wounds self-love, its natural parent. Studiously disguised from ourselves, it is vainly believed to be so from others. Let us compare the utmost advantages to be derived from its adoption, with its peril and its loss. Do we really hope to improve by it, those qualities, moral, intellectual or physical, with which the bounty of nature has distinctively gifted us? Or do we hope by "an artificial show, an elaborate appearance, a false pretence," to obtain credit with others for attributes which do not belong to us? and with the deceitful appearance of which, (*provided* it deceive,) we shall be basely content; thus falsely laboring for the attainment of a vain shadow, when the same labor honestly bestowed, would give us the real substance of all we ought to desire, viz: that solid improvement of the heart and mind, around which ever play, as their natural consequences, the most captivating of all graces—*simplicity and truth.* Viewed simply as matter of taste, can any thing short of its vilest corruption, its lowest degradation, induce a preference for a clumsy counterfeit, a hand-maiden, who impudently usurping the place of her mistress, presumes to play high life below stairs, over her noble mistress, arrayed in her simple majesty? What monstrous perversion can prompt us to turn the latter out of doors, and hug to our bosoms so vile an intruder? With what bribes does she corrupt the loyalty of her fair advocates? With what store of "quips and quirks, and wreathed smiles?" with what rich caskets of bright gems, counterfeit or stolen; with what rare graces, unmatched by those even of her injured and abused mistress, which she boldly pronounces *fade and obsolete?* Alas! how often do such meretricious lures prove resistless to the infatuated fair one! Behold her arrayed in all the paraphernalia of the despicable traitress,—henceforth sole promptress of the drama in which she proposes to act a conspicuous part, and which she vainly flatters herself to act with that last degree of art which conceals it. Not reflecting that the whole history of dramatic art affords few such adepts, she aspires at her very first debut, to surpass even a Siddons. Discarding nature, and not sufficiently wedded to art,—what becomes of her witchery? Her smiles are grimaces—her laughter discord—her movements ridiculous antics. Her tones speak to any thing but the heart;—all is foreign to nature,—whose modesty she outrages and oversteps. She is mocked and hissed by all the world with whom she would cordially unite, were the actress other than her own *dear* self, whom alone self-love has blinded to herself. Hers is the delusion of the silly ostrich, which in the concealment of his head, thinks to elude pursuit. But granting her the utmost success of long and carefully practised art—and that her airs and graces, her soft *languishments,* killing glances, heavenly smiles, and soul thrilling laughter, have all the witchery that such art can give, and have called forth the applause of the crowd of vulgar admirers,—will it compensate for the obvious disgust of those who have learned to detect and to despise their empty and heartless display? Will it compensate for the lowering of that proud self-esteem, which is the bright reward of truth, and the best security of virtue? Would she flourish in the empire of the heart, that bright dominion of her sex? Would she, by her look, manner and words, inspire respect, confidence and love? And shall each betray that they have been practised but to deceive? Shall she hope to speak to the heart in tones which come not from the heart? Shall she hope to engage interest for the subject of her conversation, when full not of it but of herself? For what is it that she would challenge the affections? For a being pure, single hearted, and identical,—or for one whose very identity is almost lost amidst the perpetually varying aspects and phases, under which, in her inflated vanity, she pleases to exhibit herself. How shall our love continue to pursue, and cling to that, of whose very form and essence we have no abiding assurance? In the disruption of feeling produced by such changes, we cannot but feel that we have almost lost the beloved object, and exclaim in bitterness,—alas! she is no longer what I have loved.

> "Why *affectation,*—why this mock grimace?
> Go silly thing, and hide that simp'ring face;
> Thy lisping prattle, and thy mincing gait—
> All thy false mimic fooleries I hate:
> For thou art Folly's counterfeit—and she,
> Altho' right foolish, hath the better plea;—
> Nature's true idiot I prefer to thee.
>
> "Why that soft languish,—why that drawling tone?
> Art sick? art sleepy? Get thee hence; begone—
> I laugh at all thy pretty baby tears,
> Those flutterings, faintings, and unreal fears.
>
> "Can they deceive us? Can such mum'ries move?
> Touch us with pity, or inspire with love?
> No! affectation—vain is all thy art;
> Those eyes may wander over every part,
> They'll never find their passage to the heart."

Of all the diseases of the mind or the heart, affectation is the fittest subject of ridicule,—since we are ridiculous not for what we are, but for what we pretend to be. One of the arguments of the apologists for this mean and pitiful vice is,—that the ordinary conventional forms of politeness necessarily involve its commission, and that all the tutored and refined graces of polished life, are but its varying forms. Of the former, benevolence should be, if it be not always, the genuine and captivating source; and if we have it not, the assumption of a virtue which inculcates a sacrifice to the feelings of others of our own, may find a sufficient apology, perhaps, for a semblance to which society has learned to affix its value. With regard to the latter, *la belle nature* is loveliest when embellished, not prostituted, by art, in its most vulgar form, viz: *affectation.*

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Neither wealth nor fashion can divest it of its character of vulgarity. One should, indeed, be too proud to be *vain*, when vanity leads to affectation,—which in its milder form, is the meanness of asking credit for what we do not possess—and in its deeper die, impels us to obtain it by dissimulation, hypocrisy and fraud. In its approaches, few vices are more insidious. Having its germ in the indiscriminate love of imitation natural to youth, vanity prompts an eager exchange of our native attributes, for what we deem attractive in others—and artifice is speedily resorted to, to give the acquisition the semblance of an original possession. One cherished appropriation is added to another, until the product becomes a complete bundle of fancied charms and perfections, entailing, however, all that anxiety of concealment, whose only tendency is to betray the theft. If the original effects of affectation have been correctly assigned, the mode and importance of prevention will sufficiently suggest themselves. Let parents beware how they suffer their children to be exposed to the contagion of this vile leprosy. Let them carefully remove from them, as from a pestilence, those infected subjects, whose resemblance they would shudder to see them. The garment of affectation once put on, like that of the fated Nessus, grows to the wearer. Should her complacency ever be so far alarmed as to make her attempt to doff it, may vainly fancy she has succeeded, by simply pulling it around, and exhibiting it under a different aspect. Should she be so fortunate as to have the most invaluable, because the rarest of friends,—one who will neither flatter, nor shrink from the task of the faithful anatomy of her heart, and the development of the fatal poison which lurks at its core, and be brought sincerely to desire its removal,—let her, while she earnestly applies to it her own rigid examinations, fervently invoke the aid of a mightier physician, who cleansing her heart, will restore her to a place a little less than the angels, of whom I am an

ADORER.

Our readers are apprised that the poet Willis has for some time past, been employed in making the grand tour of Europe—a kind of literary reconnoissance, not only for his own benefit and gratification, but also for the purpose, we suppose, of enriching the columns of the New York Mirror (of which periodical he is one of the Editors,) with the various results of his observation. With many of his letters, or "first impressions" as they are called, we acknowledge ourselves to have been much delighted. His sketches of character and scenery are generally very impressive, and whilst on the one hand he avoids the too common fault of American writers,—a wearisome profusion of words—he does not, on the other, disdain the graces of ornament, or the beauties of amplification. It appears that he is at last peeping into the concerns of our venerable ancestor, John Bull. We hope that he will give a fair and candid account of the old gentleman's virtues, as well as his faults and peculiarities, "nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice."—The following letter is very interesting.

WILLIS'S IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON.

From the top of Shooter's Hill we got our first view of London—an indistinct, architectural mass, extending all round to the horizon, and half enveloped in a dim and lurid smoke. "That is St. Paul's!—there is Westminster Abbey!—there is the Tower of London!" What directions were these to follow for the first time with the eye!

From Blackheath, (seven or eight miles from the centre of London,) the beautiful hedges disappeared, and it was one continued mass of buildings. The houses were amazingly small, a kind of thing that would do for an object in an imitation perspective park, but the soul of neatness pervaded them. Trellises were nailed between the little windows, roses quite overshadowed the low doors, a painted fence enclosed the hand's breadth of grass-plot, and very, oh, *very* sweet faces bent over lapfuls of work beneath the snowy and looped-up curtains. It was all home-like and amiable. There was an *affectionateness* in the mere outside of every one of them.

After crossing Waterloo bridge, it was busy work for the eyes. The brilliant shops, the dense crowds of people, the absorbed air of every passenger, the lovely women, the cries, the flying vehicles of every description, passing with the most dangerous speed—accustomed as I am to large cities, it quite made me giddy. We got into a "jarvey" at the coach-office, and in half an hour I was in comfortable quarters, with windows looking down St. James'-street, and the most interesting leaf of my life to turn over. "Great emotions interfere little with the mechanical operations of life," however, and I dressed and dined, though it was my first hour in London.

I was sitting in the little parlor alone, over a fried sole and a mutton cutlet, when the waiter came in, and pleading the crowded state of the hotel, asked my permission to spread the other side of the table for a clergyman. I have a kindly preference for the cloth, and made not the slightest objection. Enter a fat man, with top-boots and a hunting whip, rosy as Bacchus, and excessively out of breath with mounting one flight of stairs. Beefsteak and potatoes, a pot of porter and a bottle of sherry followed close on his heels. With a single apology for the intrusion, the reverend gentleman fell to, and we ate and drank for a while in true English silence.

"From Oxford, sir, I presume," he said at last, pushing back his plate, with an air of satisfaction.

"No, I had never the pleasure of seeing Oxford."

"R-e-ally! may I take a glass of wine with you, sir?"

We got on swimmingly. He would not believe I had never been in England till the day before, but his cordiality was no colder for that. We exchanged port and sherry, and a most amicable understanding found its way down with the wine. Our table was near the window, and a great crowd began to collect at the corner of St. James' street. It was the king's birth-day, and the people were thronging to see the nobility come in state from the royal *levee*. The show was less splendid than the same thing in Rome or Vienna, but it excited far more of my admiration. Gaudiness and tinsel were exchanged for plain richness and perfect fitness in the carriages and harness, while the horses were incomparably finer. My friend pointed out to me the different liveries as they turned the corner into Piccadilly, the duke of Wellington's among others. I looked hard to see his grace; but the two pale and beautiful faces on the

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back seat, carried nothing like the military nose on the handles of the umbrellas.

The annual procession of mail coaches followed, and it was hardly less brilliant. The drivers and guard in their bright red and gold uniforms, the admirable horses driven so beautifully, the neat harness, the exactness with which the room of each horse was calculated, and the small space in which he worked, and the compactness and contrivance of the coaches, formed altogether one of the most interesting spectacles I have ever seen. My friend, the clergyman, with whom I had walked out to see them pass, criticised the different teams *con amore*, but in language which I did not always understand. I asked him once for an explanation; but he looked rather grave, and said something about "gammon," evidently quite sure that my ignorance of London was a mere quiz.

We walked down Piccadilly, and turned into, beyond all comparison, the most handsome street I ever saw. The Toledo of Naples, the Corso of Rome, the Kohlmarket of Vienna, the Rue de la Paix and Boulevards of Paris, have each impressed me strongly with their magnificence, but they are really nothing to Regent-street. I had merely time to get a glance at it before dark; but for breadth and convenience, for the elegance and variety of the buildings, though all of the same scale and material, and for the brilliancy and expensiveness of the shops, it seemed to me quite absurd to compare it with any thing between New York and Constantinople—Broadway and the Hippodrome included.

It is the custom for the king's tradesmen to illuminate their shops on his majesty's birth-night, and the principal streets on our return were in a blaze of light. The crowd was immense. None but the lower order seemed abroad, and I cannot describe to you the effect on my feelings on hearing my own language spoken by every man, woman and child about me. It seemed a completely foreign country in every other respect, different from what I had imagined, different from my own and all that I had seen, and coming to it last, it seemed to me the farthest off and strangest country of all—and yet the little sweep, who went laughing through the crowd, spoke a language that I had heard attempted in vain by thousands of educated people, and that I had grown to consider next to unattainable by others, and almost useless to myself. Still, it did not make me feel at home. Every thing else about me was too new. It was like some mysterious change in my own ears—a sudden power of comprehension, such as a man might feel who was cured suddenly of deafness. You can scarcely enter into my feelings till you have had the changes of French, Italian, German, Greek, Turkish, Illyrian, and the mixtures and dialects of each, rung upon your hearing almost exclusively, as I have for years. I wandered about as if I were exercising some supernatural faculty in a dream.

A friend in Italy had kindly given me a letter to lady Blessington, and with a strong curiosity to see this celebrated lady, I called on her the second day after my arrival in London. It was "deep i' the afternoon," but I had not yet learned the full meaning of "town hours."—"Her ladyship had not come down to breakfast." I gave the letter and my address to the powdered footman, and had scarce reached home when a note arrived inviting me to call the same evening at ten.

In a long library lined alternately with splendidly-bound books and mirrors, and with a deep window of the breadth of the room, opening upon Hyde Park, I found lady Blessington alone. The picture to my eye, as the door opened, was a very lovely one. A woman of remarkable beauty half buried in a fauteuil of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp, suspended from the centre of the arched ceiling; sofas, couches, ottomans and busts arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness through the room; enamel tables, covered with expensive and elegant trifles in every corner, and a delicate white hand relieved on the back of a book, to which the eye was attracted by the blaze of its diamond rings. As the servant mentioned my name, she rose and gave me her hand very cordially, and a gentleman entering immediately after, she presented me to her son-in-law, Count D'Orsay, the well-known Pelham of London, and certainly the most splendid specimen of a man and a well-dressed one that I had ever seen. Tea was brought in immediately, and conversation went swimmingly on.

Her ladyship's inquiries were principally about America, of which, from long absence, I knew very little.—She was extremely curious to know the degrees of reputation the present popular authors of England enjoy among us, particularly Bulwer, Galt, and D'Israeli, (the author of Vivian Grey.) "If you will come to-morrow night," she said, "you will see Bulwer. I am delighted that he is popular in America. He is envied and abused by all the literary men of London, for nothing, I believe, except that he gets five hundred pounds for his books and they fifty, and knowing this, he chooses to assume a pride, (some people call it puppyism,) which is only the armor of a sensitive mind, afraid of a wound. He is to his friends the most frank and gay creature in the world, and open to boyishness with those who he thinks understand and value him. He has a brother, Henry, who is as clever as himself in a different vein, and is just now publishing a book on the present state of France. Bulwer's wife, you know, is one of the most beautiful women in London, and his house is the resort of both fashion and talent. He is just now hard at work on a new book, the subject of which is the last days of Pompeii. The hero is a Roman dandy, who wastes himself in luxury, till this great catastrophe rouses him and developes a character of the noblest capabilities.—Is Galt much liked?"

I answered to the best of my knowledge that he was not. His life of Byron was a stab at the dead body of the noble poet, which, for one, I never could forgive, and his books were clever, but vulgar. He was evidently not a gentleman in his mind. This was the opinion I had formed in America, and I had never heard another.

"I am sorry for it," said Lady B., "for he is the dearest and best old man in the world. I know him well.—He is just on the verge of the grave, but comes to see me now and then, and if you had known how shockingly Byron treated him, you would only wonder at his sparing his memory so much."

"*Nil mortuis nisi bonum*," I thought, would have been a better course. If he had reason to dislike him, he had better not have written since he was dead.

"Perhaps—perhaps. But Galt has been all his life miserably poor, and lived by his books. That must be his apology. Do you know the D'Israeli in America?"

I assured her ladyship that the "Curiosities of Lite-

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rature," by the father, and "Vivian Grey and Contarini Fleming," by the son, were universally known.

"I am pleased at that, too, for I like them both. D'Israeli the elder came here with his son the other night.—It would have delighted you to see the old man's pride in him. He is very fond of him, and as he was going away, he patted him on the head, and said to me 'take care of him, lady Blessington, for my sake. He is a clever lad, but he wants ballast. I am glad he has the honor to know you, for you will check him sometimes when I am away!' D'Israeli, the elder, lives in the country about twenty miles from town, and seldom comes up to London. He is a very plain old man in his manners, as plain as his son is the reverse. D'Israeli, the younger, is quite his own character of Vivian Grey, crowded with talent, but very *soigne* of his curls, and a bit of a coxcomb. There is no reserve about him, however, and he is the only *joyous* dandy I ever saw."

I asked if the account I had seen in some American paper of a literary celebration at Canandaigua, and the engraving of her ladyship's name with some others upon a rock, was not a quiz.

"Oh, by no means. I was equally flattered and amused by the whole affair. I have a great idea of taking a trip to America to see it. Then the letter, commencing 'Most charming countess—for charming you must be since you have written the conversations of Lord Byron'—oh, it was quite delightful. I have shown it to every body. By the way, I receive a great many letters from America, from people I never heard of, written in the most extraordinary style of compliment, apparently in perfectly good faith. I hardly know what to make of them."

I accounted for it by the perfect seclusion in which great numbers of cultivated people live in our country, who, having neither intrigue, nor fashion, nor twenty other things to occupy their minds as in England, depend entirely upon books, and consider an author who has given them pleasure as a friend. America, I said, has probably more literary enthusiasts than any country in the world; and there are thousands of romantic minds in the interior of New England, who know perfectly every writer this side the water, and hold them all in affectionate veneration, scarcely conceivable by a sophisticated European. If it were not for such readers, literature would be the most thankless of vocations. I, for one, would never write another line.

"And do you think these are the people who write to me? If I could think so, I should be exceedingly happy. People in England are refined down to such heartlessness—criticism, private and public, is so interested and so cold, that it is really delightful to know there is a more generous tribunal. Indeed I think all our authors now are beginning to write for America. We think already a great deal of your praise or censure."

I asked if her ladyship had known many Americans.

"Not in London, but a great many abroad. I was with Lord Blessington in his yacht at Naples, when the American fleet was lying there, eight or ten years ago, and we were constantly on board your ships. I knew Commodore Creighton and Captain Deacon extremely well, and liked them particularly. They were with us, either on board the yacht or the frigate every evening, and I remember very well the bands playing always "God save the King," as we went up the side. Count D'Orsay here, who spoke very little English at that time, had a great passion for Yankee Doodle, and it was always played at his request."

The count, who still speaks the language with a very slight accent, but with a choice of words that shows him to be a man of uncommon tact and elegance of mind, inquired after several of the officers, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing. He seemed to remember his visits to the frigate with great pleasure. The conversation, after running upon a variety of topics, which I could not with propriety put into a letter for the public eye, turned very naturally upon Byron. I had frequently seen the Countess Guiccioli on the continent, and I asked lady Blessington if she knew her.

"No. We were at Pisa when they were living together, but though Lord Blessington had the greatest curiosity to see her, Byron would never permit it. 'She has a red head of her own,' said he, 'and don't like to show it.' Byron treated the poor creature dreadfully ill. She feared more than she loved him."

She had told me the same thing herself in Italy.

It would be impossible, of course, to make a full and fair record of a conversation of some hours. I have only noted one or two topics which I thought most likely to interest an American reader. During all this long visit, however, my eyes were very busy in finishing for memory a portrait of the celebrated and beautiful woman before me.

The portrait of lady Blessington in the Book of Beauties is not unlike her, but it is still an unfavorable likeness. A picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence hung opposite me, taken, perhaps, at the age of eighteen, which is more like her, and as captivating a representation of a just matured woman, full of loveliness and love, the kind of creature with whose divine sweetness the gazer's heart aches, as ever was drawn in the painter's most inspired hour. The original is now (she confessed it very frankly) forty. She looks something on the sunny side of thirty. Her person is full, but preserves all the fineness of an admirable shape; her foot is not crowded in a satin slipper, for which a Cinderella might long be looked for in vain, and her complexion, (an unusually fair skin, with very dark hair and eyebrows,) is of even a girlish delicacy and freshness. Her dress of blue satin, (if I am describing her like a milliner, it is because I have here and there a reader of the mirror in my eye who will be amused by it,) was cut low and folded across her bosom, in a way to show to advantage the round and sculpture-like curve and whiteness of a pair of exquisite shoulders, while her hair dressed close to her head, and parted simply on her forehead with a rich *ferronier* of turquoise, enveloped in clear outline a head with which it would be difficult to find a fault.—Her features are regular, and her mouth, the most expressive of them, has a ripe fulness and freedom of play, peculiar to the Irish physiognomy, and expressive of the most unsuspicious good humour. Add to all this a voice merry and sad by turns, but always musical, and manners of the most unpretending elegance, yet even more remarkable for their winning kindness, and you have the prominent traits of one of the most lovely and fascinating women I have ever seen. Remembering her talents and her rank, and the unenvying admiration she receives from the world of fashion and genius, it

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would be difficult to reconcile her lot to the "doctrine of compensation."

There is one remark I may as well make here, with regard to the personal descriptions and anecdotes with which my letters from England will of course be filled. It is quite a different thing from publishing such letters in London. America is much farther off from England than England from America. You in New York read the periodicals of this country, and know every thing that is done or written here, as if you lived within the sound of Bow-bell. The English, however, just know of our existence, and if they get a general idea twice a year of our progress in politics, they are comparatively well informed. Our periodical literature is never even heard of. Of course, there can be no offence to the individuals themselves in any thing which a visiter could write, calculated to convey an idea of the person or manners of distinguished people to the American public. I mention it lest, at first thought, I might seem to have abused the hospitality or frankness of those on whom letters of introduction have given me claims for civility.

N. P. W.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

To Miss C——, on her coquetry.

"Go to," and quit thy idle ways
  Thou winning little creature;
A mind of nobler import plays,
  Around thy every feature.

Why waste those powers, by heav'n design'd
  To win true hearts and wear them?
To wreck the peace of half mankind,
  Who let thy arts ensnare them?

In thy pursuit 'tis all the same,
  The simple, wise, or learned,
Alike are fuel for thy flame—
  Are on thy altar burned.

Nay, say not "no!"—within that hall,
  Hallowed by deeds of ages,
I've seen thy *look* around thee call
  Virginia's proudest sages.

I've seen thee, 'midst the festive scene,
  With fools and fops in waiting,
Essay to conquer things too mean,
  For pity, love, or hating.

Go, quit it all—'tis weak—'tis vain—
  'Tis wicked—nay, 'tis *cruel;*
Thy native truth alone can gain
  For thee, the brightest jewel. B.

Richmond, Feb. 1835.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Written for Miss M—— T——'s Album.

Mary, thou wert a lovely child!
A sweeter cherub never smiled!
Tho' since we have not often met,
Those days I well remember yet;
When, in thy sportiveness and glee,
Thou wert a favorite with me;
And told me, in thy frolic mood,
The story of Red-riding-hood—
In words I ne'er could understand—
They seemed sweet sounds from fairy land.

Time's changes numberless had passed
O'er thee when I beheld thee last,
Yet still I thought that I could trace
The same expression in thy face;
Only that then it was refined
By the bright impress of the mind—
For years had failed to steal away
The artlessness of childhood's day.
In nature's richest tints arrayed,
Thy cheek the bloom of health displayed;
And in its varying flush, I read
All that thy lips had left unsaid.

Mary, I thought thee lovely then—
Oh! may'st thou long thy charms retain,
And ne'er thine eyes their witness bear
To any but compassion's tear!
May life's fast flowing stream, for thee
Roll smoothly bright, and buoyantly—
Bearing thee calmly on thy way,
To realms of ever-shining day;
To regions of eternal peace,
Where joys live on and sorrows cease.

E. A. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES

Written on the Pillar erecting by Mrs. Barlow, to the memory of her husband, Minister of the United States at Paris.

Where o'er the Polish desarts trackless way,
Relentless Winter rules with savage sway,
Where the shrill polar storms, as wild they blow,
Seem to repeat some plaint of mortal woe;
Far o'er the cheerless space, the traveller's eye
Shall this recording pillar long descry,
And give the sod a tear where Barlow lies,
He who was simply great and nobly wise;
Here led by Patriot zeal, he met his doom,
And found amid the frozen wastes a tomb—
Far from his native soil the Poet fell,
Far from that Western World he sung so well.
Nor she, so long beloved, nor she was nigh,
To catch the dying look—the parting sigh!
She, who, the hopeless anguish to beguile,
In fond memorial rears the funeral pile;
Whose widowed bosom, on Columbia's shore,
Shall mourn the moments that return no more—
While bending o'er the broad Atlantic wave,
Sad fancy hovers on the distant grave.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

To one who will understand me.

Memory! within thy deepest cell
A recollection glows;
A burning thought—whose magic spell
Can charm away my woes:
It gushes o'er my troubled soul
In lava streams of joy,
Its talismanic power can roll
The darkness from my sky;

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It thrills my heart with ecstacy,
That ever present thought!
And, oh! it were too sweet to die
With mind so richly fraught:
And who is she for whom my heart,
My feelings, harmonize?
And who is she that has the art
To chain my sympathies?

Thine is the brightness of the eye,
Which tide nor time can dim;
Thy voice is softer than the sigh
Of love, or angel's hymn;
The rose is thine—but not the hue
That fadeth with the morn—
Thy color's deeper when the dew
Away from flower is gone—
When all beside is bleak and drear
Thy genial blushes rise,
Like flow'rets of the northern year,
That bloom amid the ice;
But more than all, thy beauty brings
In her imperial train;
And more than all, thy magic flings
To dim the dizzened brain.
Yes! more than these—than rosy cheek—
Is thy pure lofty mind;
Thy nature calm, and soft and meek,
With warmth of heart conjoined.
These are the charms that deck *thee* most,
With radiance deep and pure,—
These are the flow'rs that thou may'st boast,
When beauty's hour is o'er:
Thy world may fade—its glory past,—
But in the sky afar,
Thy mind will shine undimmed at last,
A high and holy star!
Go to the East—it is thy home—
In nature like to thee;
And while o'er beds of flowers you roam,
No breeze, no bird so free—
And while you breathe the Attar-Gul
Of fragrant memory,
Your heart with thrilling joy so full,
It throbs like summer sea;
Oh! then should thought of times gone by,
With dew-drop dim thine ee,
May, mid the breeze that dances nigh,
A sigh be heard for me.

———.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

There is a form before me now,
A spirit with a peerless brow,
And locks of gold that lightly lie,
Like clouds on the air of a sunset sky,
And a glittering eye, whose beauty blends
With more than mortal tenderness,
As bright a ray as Heaven sends
To light those orbs, where the pure and blest
Are taking their eternal rest.
Sweet Spirit! thou hast stolen afar
From thy home in yonder crystal Star,
That I might look on thee, and bless
Thy kindness and thy loveliness.

How oft against these prison bars
I have leaned my head, and gazed for hours
Upon the wonder-telling stars;
Thinking, if in their sinless bowers
The memory of this planet dim
E'er mingles with thy blissful dream.
And when low winds were stealing by,
I have sometimes closed my weary eye;
And fancied the sigh that was silently stealing
Through my damp hair, was thine own breathing:
Then would I lay me down upon
This carpetless cold flinty stone,
And pray—how long! how fervently!
To look on thee once more and die.

———

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MOONLIGHT.

The half-orbed Moon hangs out her silvery lamp,
A liquid lustre pouring o'er the scene;
While silk-winged zephyrs bathed in dewy damp
Scarce move the pensile leaves, or break the calm serene.

Radiant she rests upon the brow of night,
The lucid diadem that crowns the sky;
So softly beautiful, so mildly bright,
She sways the ravished heart, and feeds the insatiate eye.

In jocund *boyhood* erst her magic face
Impressed no feeling but a gentle joy;
For moonlit memory knew not then to trace
The saddened scenes of youth that later hopes alloy.

When dawning *manhood*, fired by fancy's ray,
Enrobed all nature in her rainbow hues,
Then fond affection loved at eve to stray
And, gazing on the Moon, with thrilling heart to muse.

But when *advancing years* have broke the ties
Formed at the altar of the Moonlit Heaven,
The thoughts of buried joys in sadness rise,
And tear-drops glisten in the silent light of even.

———

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO HOPE.

O! ever skilled to wear the form we love!
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,
Come gentle Hope! with one soft smile remove
The wasting sadness of an aching heart.

Thy voice benign, enchantress let me hear;
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom;
That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's precious tear
Shall brighten or shall soothe misfortune's gloom.

But come not glowing with the dazzling ray,
Which once, with dear illusions charmed my eye!
O! strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way,
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die.
Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
That asks not Happiness, but longs for rest.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO THE BIBLE.

Go, Holy Book!
Tell those whom many woes assail
On thee to look;
They'll find how weak it is to wail
Though every earthly comfort fail.

The Orphan's tear
Go wipe away, and bid his heart
To be of cheer;
Heal thou his bosom's sorest smart,
And gild with Hope misfortune's dart.

Say thou to those,
Shut out from every good on earth,
Lost to repose,
Baptized in sorrow at their birth,
That worldly joy's of little worth.

The poor soul tell,
The poor, lone, wretched, friendless man,
Though his heart swell,
The ways of God, he must not scan—
But trust the Universal plan.

Tell poor disease,
Bravely to bear the piercing pain;
Eternal ease,
Waits those who do not poorly plain,
And worldly loss is heavenly gain.

Tell those who sigh
Over some friend's untimely doom,
That all must die;
He whom they saw laid in the tomb,
In God's own paradise may bloom.

Go, say to those
Doom'd still to groan and till the soil,
That soon repose
Shall wipe away their drops of toil,
And stay for aye their weary moil.

Tell those who pine
In the damp dungeon's dreary gloom,
There yet will shine
Through their poor melancholy dome,
A light to guide their footsteps home.

Tell the Pilgrim,
When storms are blackening round his head,
'Tis good for him;
What though his thorn torn feet have bled,
The heart's blood of his God was shed.

The Mariner,
Who bides the tempest's fiercest blaze,
Bid not to fear;
Though thunders hurtle in the air,
The Launcher of the thunder's there.

Tell those who fear
Their sins can never be forgiven,
To be of cheer—
If they have call'd on God and striven,
There's mercy for them still in Heaven.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

On seeing the Junction of the Susquehanna and Lackawanna Rivers.

Rush on, broad stream, in thy power and pride,
To claim the hand of thy promis'd bride,—
She doth haste from the realm of the darken'd mine,
To mingle her murmur'd vows with thine;
Ye have met, ye have met,—and the shores prolong
The liquid tone of your nuptial song.

Methinks ye wed as the white man's son
And the child of the Indian king have done;
I saw thy bride as she strove in vain
To cleanse her brow from the carbon stain,—
But the dowry she brings, is so rich and true,
That thy love must not shrink from the tawny hue.

Her birth was rude in the mountain cell,
And her infant freaks there are none to tell;
The path of her beauty was wild and free,
And in dell and forest she hid from thee,—
But the time of her fond caprice is o'er,
And she seeks to part from thy breast no more.

Pass on, in the joy of your blended tide,
Thro' the land where the blessed Miquon* died;
No red man's blood with its guilty stain,
Hath cried unto God, from that green domain;
With the seeds of peace they have seen the soil
Bring a harvest of wealth for their hour of toil.

On,—on,—thro' the vale where the brave ones sleep,
Where the waving foliage is rich and deep;
I have look'd from the mountain and roam'd thro' the glen,
To the beautiful homes of the western men,
Yet naught in that realm of enchantment could see,
So fair as the Vale of Wyoming to me.

Hartford, Conn. L. H. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

HOPES AND SORROWS.

The fitful beam
Of the rippled fountain,
The purple gleam
Of the eve-lit mountain,
The vanishing glance
Of the meteors motion,
The lights that dance
On the darkened ocean,
Are the faithful types of the *hopes* that won us,
While the dew of our youth still sparkled upon us.

The arid sands
Of the sun-dried river,
The rock that stands
Where lightnings quiver,
The pitiless rush
Of the earthquake's ruin,
The startling hush
Of the sea-storm brewing,
Are as truly types of the *sorrows* that found us,
When the hopes that we nursed had all fled from around us.

* The Indian name for William Penn.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE WANDERER.

BY ALEX. LACEY BEARD, M. D.

Along the devious paths of life,
A wild and wayward wand'rer, I,
Have steered my bark mid passion's strife,
And where destruction's pitfalls lie.

When on a dark and rock-bound shore,
My bark was wildly tempest tost,
And o'er the breakers' sullen roar,
Arose the fearful cry—*all's lost!*

I shrunk not from the raging blast,
But with a bold and reckless hand
I steered her on, till she had past
The stormy sea and rocky strand.

A fierce enthusiast, I have dared
To risk my all, upon one cast,—
Have seen the danger,—nor have feared,
What others looked upon aghast.

Disease has laid her iron hand,
With no weak grasp, my frame upon,
But all her power could not withstand
The spirit which has borne me on.

A demon some have called me—yet,
Admit that with my spirit blends,
A feeling strangely to forget
All thought of self, in aid of friends.

A madman some have deemed me—and,
In sooth, dark shadows often run
Across my mind, as o'er the land,
When darkest clouds obscure the sun.

I often wish to die—and flee
Far, far away from earth, that I
May search the dim unknown, and see
What wonders in its bosom lie.

'Tis not because life has no charm,—
I love the gay and laughing stream;
I love the glowing sunshine warm;
I love Old Luna's silvery beam.

I love to gaze on maiden's eye,
Though it has often been my bane;
I love on courser swift to fly,
Like arrow o'er the flowery plain.

Yet still, my wayward soul will oft,
Cherish the wish to pass that bound,
Which spans this life, and seek aloft
For bliss which here is never found.

But now my lyre begins to fail
I'll cease my lone and wand'ring song.
Fearful lest with my idle wail,
I linger o'er the chords too long.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TRUE RICHES AND GLORY.

For fortune's prize let others pant,
And count the "yellow slave,"
No joys can gathered jewels grant,
No sickening sorrows save—
But bustling and jostling
To swell the treasured heap,
It cloys us, annoys us,
And leaves the *heart* to weep.

Let others climb the dizzy height
Where glory shines afar,
Alas! renown is but the light
That decks the falling star.
Still driving and striving
To reach the radiant prize,
We grasp it and clasp it,
And in our touch it dies.

But, oh! let mine the treasure be
That social joys impart,
And mine the glory, sympathy
Beams on the feeling heart—
Still soothing and smoothing
The grief of friends distrest,
And lending and spending,
That others may be blest.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE DEATH OF THE MOTHERLESS.

"As the little one turned for the last time, his tenderly beaming eyes on all around, they seemed to say 'Father!—she calls,—I go,—farewell,—farewell.'"

"Who calleth thee, my darling boy?
What voice is in thine ear?"
He answer'd not, but murmur'd on
In words that none might hear;
And still prolong'd the whispering tone,
As if in fond reply
To some dear object of delight
That fix'd his dying eye.

And then, with that confiding smile
First by his Mother taught,
When freely on her breast he laid
His troubled infant thought,
And meekly as a placid flower
O'er which the dew-drops weep,
He bow'd him on his painful bed,
And slept the unbroken sleep.

But if in yon immortal clime
Where flows no parting tear,
That root of earthly love may grow
Which struck so deeply here,
With what a tide of boundless bliss,
A thrill of rapture wild,
An angel mother in the skies,
Must greet her cherub child.

L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LETTERS FROM A SISTER.

LETTER EIGHTH.

Hotel des Invalides—Chamber of Deputies—Pont Louis 16th—Bridges of Paris—The Pont Neuf.

PARIS, ———.

My dear Jane:

"Let them gild the dome of the Hotel des Invalides," said Napoleon to an officer, who informed him that unless the war in Italy was discontinued, there would certainly be a revolution in Paris. The mandate was issued, the dome covered with the shining leaf, and the minds of the people immediately turned from the operations of war, to those of the artisans employed on the cupola of the military asylum. Napoleon foresaw this, for well he knew the character of his subjects. A mere trifle, having *novelty* to recommend it, attracts their notice, engages their attention, and forms the theme of their conversation for a long while—at least, until another new bubble arises. This we must own is a happy disposition, and better calculated to render a nation contented and joyous, than the sober, phlegmatic temperament of our Islanders.

Thus, my dear Jane, have I managed to describe to you in a very few words—the dome of the Invalids and the character of the Parisians. Knowing you hate prolixity, I rejoice at my success, and for the same reason, proceed without delay, to give you an account of the Hospital in question. It is a stately edifice, and was erected by Louis 14th, for the reception of brave and disabled old soldiers. In approaching it, you traverse a vast esplanade embellished with a fountain and bordered by a grove of lofty trees, with seats beneath them, to tempt the lounger and rest the weary; some of them were occupied by veterans whom I readily imagined to be telling "how fields were won." We spent three hours in their noble asylum, examining its spacious halls and dormitories, its cleanly and well arranged kitchen, its library and magnificent church, and its cabinet of architecture, which consists of two large rooms, containing models of all the fortified towns in the kingdom. These are most ingeniously and beautifully executed, and give you a perfect idea of the places they represent. The council chamber adjoins the library, and this and two other apartments are decorated with the portraits of the deceased marshals of France; while the originals are living, their likenesses are deposited in the "Salle des Marécheaux," at the Palace of the Tuilleries. In the church we saw the mausoleum of Turenne and that of the famous engineer Vauban.* The interior of the dome and the ceilings of six chapels surrounding it are richly painted, and the tesselated pavement, interspersed with fleurs de lis and other symbols, is exceedingly beautiful. Three hundred flags, the spoils of different nations, were once suspended from the dome; but when the allies entered Paris the *invalid* warriors tore them down to prevent their being retaken.

From the Hotel des Invalides we rode to the Chamber of Deputies, adjoining the palace of Bourbon, and situated on the southern bank of the Seine, which separates it from the "Place Louis Quinze." It is a handsome building, adorned with statues and corinthian columns, and has a pleasant garden attached to it; the deputies hold their assemblies in a semicircular hall, lighted from the top and appropriately arranged. Monsieur de N——— was so kind and polite as to send us tickets, and we have been twice to hear the debates; they were very animated, though whenever a member wished to speak, he was obliged to curb the *spirit that moved him*, until he could cross the floor and mount a rostrum, which delay I should think is most unfavorable to extemporary eloquence. Returning, we passed over the Pont Louis Seize, and examined the twelve colossal figures of white marble, that have recently been placed on it; they are masterly pieces of sculpture, but too gigantic for the size of the bridge and their approximation to you. There are no less than seventeen bridges athwart the Seine, but not one of them can be compared to those of Waterloo, Blackfriar's, or Westminster at London, as regards strength or magnitude. The Pont Neuf is the largest; it is more than sixty feet wide, and lined on each side with stalls of every description; the passengers are continually beset by the importunities of the shoe-black, the dog-shaver, the ballad singer, the bird seller, the fruiterer, the pedler, the vender of second-hand books, and various other petty dealers. Good night, dear sister. My paper and candle warn me to conclude, which I fear you will not regret.

LEONTINE.

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LETTER NINTH.

Arrival of friends—Voyage from London to Calais—Route from Calais to Paris—Levee at the Minister's of the Marine—Expiatory Chapel.

PARIS, ———.

My dear Jane:

We were agreeably surprised the day before yesterday, while at dinner, by the arrival of the Danvilles, the American family with whom we were so charmed at Bath last summer. Leonora is as likely as ever, and delighted at the idea of spending the fall and winter here; she expects too, to be joined by her cousin Marcello, of whom we have heard her speak with such affection and admiration. She has been so good as to let me read her journal, and I have obtained her permission to transcribe a part of it for your perusal. It concerns the journey from Calais to Paris, and as I have given you a sketch of that from Havre here, this will enable you to compare the two routes. I dare say you will like, also, to read her observations about the Thames and our steam boats. She writes thus:

"Soon after leaving London, the Thames quite astonished me. I had no idea it was so considerable a river. For many miles it is broad and winding, and each shore presents fine scenery. We had a good view of several noted towns, and remarked the superb hospital at Greenwich and the royal dock yard at Woolwich, where ships of war are made. At Gravesend we passed two vessels transporting convicts to Botany Bay, and I regretted to observe that the women were more numerous than the men.

"The motion of the English steam boats is still more disagreeable than that of ours, but their machinery is less noisy. Coal being used for fuel instead of wood, the passengers soon look dingy in face and dress: therefore

* He was deformed, and being once asked by the king what his enemies thought of his back,—"Sire, (he replied) they have never seen it."

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one should not travel in them handsomely clad, as clothes are quickly ruined by the smoke and dust. There is no particular hour for breakfast; each person calls for it when it suits his pleasure, and has a table to himself. Dinner is served at five o'clock.

"We reached Calais about eight P. M. At the custom house the officers were not strict in their examination of our baggage; this surprised us, for we had understood that they were always very rigid in performing this troublesome duty. Perhaps our being Americans was the cause of their moderation in disturbing our trunks and boxes,—for the French like *us* almost as much as they detest the *English*. On landing, we were highly diverted at the scene on the Quay. The instant we left the boat we were beset with men and boys on every side, recommending different hotels,—and frequently cards of address were absolutely forced into our hands. When one overheard another advising any of us to go to a particular house, he would cry out, "never do you mind that fellow, ma'am, (or sir) he tells a lie; he always tells lies!" Or, "no such thing, sir; that house is full, sir; you can't get in, and he *knows* it!" Or, "that hotel is not a good one, sir,—indeed it is not; try mine, sir; mine's a palace to it!" and fifty other such droll speeches, at which (tormented as we were) we could not help laughing. Sometimes they would even seize us by the arm and entreat us to accompany them to their hotel, if only to see how comfortable it was. These *besiegers* (we have since been told) receive a trifle from every innkeeper to whom they carry a guest, and it is their anxiety to obtain this fee, that renders them so annoying to travellers.

"Ere leaving Calais we had sufficient leisure to walk about the town and visit the church, the town hall on the "place d'armes," and the column on the pier commemorating the landing of Louis 18th, on the 24th of April, 1814. It is a plain stone pillar, surmounted by a ball and a fleur de lis. In front of it is a representation in bronze of the print of the king's foot (or rather his shoe) upon the spot he first stepped on from the vessel. We found the country between Calais and Paris uninteresting, and generally barren. Once or twice we had a fine view of the sea. The French villages appeared horribly dirty after the exquisite neatness of those in England. The highways presented a bustling and entertaining scene; for men and women, boys and girls, gaily dressed, continually passed us, carrying baskets of fruit, riding on donkeys, or driving along pigs, sheep, cows, or geese. The venders of fruit would frequently jump up behind our carriage, and thrust in at the window, peaches, pears and grapes, beseeching us to buy them, and assuring us we had never tasted better in all our lives. Whenever we stopped at an inn, or ascended a hill, we were surrounded by dozens of paupers, begging for a sous. Sometimes they looked so miserable, it was impossible to refuse; at others, we were fain to bestow it in order to get rid of them. Little urchins would also solicit a penny, and scamper after us a considerable distance, often springing up behind and sticking their heads into the côach. Upon the whole I am contented with our journey hither, for if it was not picturesque it was highly amusing.

"The principal towns we have passed through, are Boulogne, Abbeville, and Beauvais. The first is said to have been founded by Julius Ceasar; and Le Sage, the author of Gil Blas, died there in 1747; the house in which he expired, is yet shewn as a curiosity. Within a mile of Boulogne is a corinthian column, which Bonaparte began to erect as a memento of his victories over the English; he left it unfinished, and Louis 18th had it completed for his own honor and glory."

Thus far, dear sister, I have copied from Leonora's diary; now for something of my own. Last night we were at Mr. de Neuville's grand levee; he has one every week, and being exceedingly popular, his rooms are generally crowded. We saw there, many distinguished characters; among them, Monsieur de Chateaubriand, whose travels have afforded us so much entertainment and instruction, and General Saldanha, the brave Portuguese. He has a commanding figure and face, and wears a pair of tremendous mustachios, which are so frightful and so fashionable! To-day we devoted a portion of our time to the Expiatory Chapel, a beautiful building, constructed in honor of Louis 16th and Marie Antoinette; it covers the spot where their remains were first interred; for since the restoration of the Bourbons, these have been conveyed to the royal vault at St. Denis. The entrance and interior of the chapel are very handsome; the light is admitted from the cupola, beneath which are fifteen niches, destined to hold statues of the chief victims of the revolution. There is a neat altar, and the will of Louis and that of his sister, (the Princess Elizabeth) are engraved in golden letters, on two white marble tablets. A subterranean apartment contains another altar, and in front of this a black marble slab bearing an inscription, still designates the original grave of the royal and unfortunate pair. In the court of the chapel many of their faithful Swiss guards are interred. The testament of Louis, wherein he expresses good will towards his enemies and forgiveness of his unloyal and cruel subjects, is very touching. A peasant girl was reading it when we entered, and her cheeks were bedewed with tears.

I regret to inform you that Mamma has had a return of her consumptive cough, and is compelled to drink asses' milk. She is plentifully supplied with it every morning, by an old man who drives a flock of female asses about the streets, and milks them before the door of each customer. The tingling of a little bell, which he carries, gives notice of his arrival whenever he stops. Farewell: kind greetings to those around you,—and above all, to yourself. From LEONTINE.

—

LETTER TENTH.

The Luxembourg—The Observatory—Notre Dame—The Pantheon—Madame Malibran—M'lle Sontag.

PARIS, ——.

Dearest Jane:

On inquiring the day of the month, I am quite surprised to find that my pen has been idle nearly a week. I will now try to make up for lost time, by describing to you some of the places we have visited in the interim, and the Luxembourg being first on the list, will commence with that. It is one of the most magnificent palaces in Paris. The exterior is highly embellished; and to use the words of an English tourist, "the architecture throughout is distinguished by its bold and masculine character, and by the regularity and beauty of its proportions." This palace was built by order of

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Mary de Medici, the widow of Henry 4th; it afterwards became the property of some of the French nobility, but was finally restored to the crown. During the revolution, it was used as a prison; the senate afterwards occupied it; at present it contains the Chamber of Peers,—and its galleries are filled with the chef d'œuvres of modern artists, whose productions are not admitted into the Louvre until their death. Of course the collection of paintings here is much smaller than at the Louvre, but the pictures are all on the most interesting subjects and are seen to greater advantage, the light being let in from above instead of from the sides of the rooms, as is the case at the Louvre. There are some choice pieces of sculpture; one of them (by Charles Dupaty) represents the Nymph Biblis, changing to a fountain. It is both a singular and ingenious production. The Chamber of Peers, like that of the Deputies, is semicircular in shape; it is hung with blue velvet; and the marble effigies of several orators, legislators and warriors of old, grace its walls. From the ceiling, which is painted, hangs a splendid chandelier. I will only mention one or two more of the apartments—the Salle du Trone,* as being particularly rich, and the billiard room, which is tapestried with white velvet, with various views of Rome beautifully delineated on it in water colors. On the ground floor is the chapel—this is very plain; near it is the gorgeous chamber of Marie de Medicis,—the ceiling, walls, and shutters of which are covered with gilding and arabesque paintings. The principal staircase of the palace is remarkably grand and magnificent; there are forty-eight steps, each twenty feet in length, and formed of a single stone; on the right and left of it, are statues and trophies. The garden of the Luxembourg is shady and pleasant, and has the usual embellishments of gods and goddesses amid fountains and flowers; as you are fond of the marvellous, I will tell you a tradition I have just read respecting it.

There once stood a castle on the site of this garden, which remaining a long while uninhabited, was said to be haunted by frightful demons and apparitions; the whole neighborhood was nightly disturbed by them; no person would venture out after sunset, and finally the inhabitants were compelled, for the sake of rest, to seek other dwellings. In this state of things, the monks of a Carthusian monastery at Gentilly, (who were doubtless at the bottom of the mystery) promised to drive away the malicious spirits by exorcism, if St. Louis would grant them the castle and its appurtenances. Their request was complied with, and they so faithfully performed their part that peace was soon restored and the chateau converted into a convent, which existed about six hundred years.

From the Luxembourg we proceeded through a long sunny avenue, to the observatory. On the left of the road, Arnaud our valet de place, pointed out the spot upon which Marshal Ney was shot. "Regardez, Mesdames! ce fut la (pointing with his finger) l'endroit ou le brave Maréchal Ney fut massacré—Jétais présent et il me semble que je le vois tout sanglant dans le moment," said he, shuddering. We paused to look at the once bloody spot, now verdant with grass and so sadly interesting. The observatory may be considered a wonderful building, for neither iron nor wood have been used in its construction; it is entirely of stone, each piece being ingeniously fitted to another. Four astronomers pursue their avocations here, and have the advantage of a good library and apparatus; there are, likewise, an anemometer for indicating the course of the wind, and a pluviometer for measuring the quantity of rain that falls at Paris. A geometrical staircase leads to the entrance of some spacious caverns where experiments in congelation are made, and these caverns communicate with subterranean galleries that were originally quarries, and extend a considerable distance under the city, containing beautiful stalactites, formed by water oozing through the rocks. We did not see them, for they cannot be entered without a special guide, and a written permission from certain persons appointed by government to superintend and inspect them. But my stars! I have exhausted nearly all my paper, and have yet a dozen places to describe! Well, well, you must be contented with an account of two of the most important; and by the time I have finished with them, I shall have to *squeeze* in my name, no doubt. And now let me decide which of the various objects we have examined, I ought to regard as chief. Why, the mother church of France "Notre Dame," and the Pantheon, to be sure! The first is the most ancient religious structure in the city, and is pronounced to be one of the handsomest in the kingdom. Being built in the Gothic ages, its architecture is according to the fashion of those times, very singular and bold.—The interior of the building corresponds with the outside in curious carving and designs; the choir and the stalls surrounding it are covered with grotesque sculpture. There are no less than thirty chapels, and all of them contain pictures, but they are generally very indifferent. There are several fine ones around the choir—among them the "Visitation," by Jean Jouvenet; this painting was executed entirely with his left hand, after he lost the use of his right by a paralytic stroke. Behind the altar, is a good piece of sculpture by Coustou; the subject is the "descent from the cross." In the vestry room, we were shewn some extraordinary relics,—such as part of the crown of thorns that was worn by our Saviour, and a bit of his cross!! We also saw the regalia of Charlemagne, and the splendid robes given to the priests of this cathedral by Buonaparte at the period of his coronation, upon which occasion they were used; they are embroidered in the richest manner with gold and silver, and amazingly heavy. Numerous sacred festivals are celebrated at Notre Dame in the course of the year; and in August there is to be a procession in fulfilment of a vow made by Louis XIII. This is done on the 15th of that month annually, and the royal family always join in it. We shall go to see it of course; and how I wish you, aunt Margaret and Albert were to be of our party!

The Pantheon, or Church of Saint Geneviève, is a magnificent structure, and its dome is the most striking object that presents itself as you approach Paris. The interior of it is beautifully painted, the artist having chosen for his subject the apotheosis of Louis XVI and his family. When the work was finished, the king went to see it, and after looking at it attentively for a quarter of an hour, he turned to the painter Gros who

* Hall of the Throne.

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was anxiously awaiting his opinion, and said to him, "Eh bien Monsieur le *Baron* votre ouvrage est très bien fait!" thus recompensing his talents, by bestowing on him a title of nobility. Saint Geneviève, the patron Saint of Paris, is buried in the Pantheon, and her tomb is always surrounded by lighted tapers, the votive offerings of those who come to demand her intercession for pardon or blessing. In the vaults beneath the church, many distinguished men are interred. Indeed, it was to receive the ashes of such that the Pantheon was designed; and Louis XV, who was the liberal encourager of science and art, was the founder of it.

Contrary to my expectations, I find I've yet space enough to inform you that we have been twice to the Italian Opera, to hear Madame Malibran and Mademoiselle Sontag. The former seems really adored here. At her benefit, many gentlemen voluntarily paid one hundred francs for a ticket, instead of twenty, the actual price. She sings enchantingly and acts with great spirit; so does her rival Mademoiselle Sontag. In fact, I know not to which of these nightingales I prefer listening. Adieu.

LEONTINE.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE FINE ARTS.

"My life's employment and my leisure's charm,
My souls first choice, my fancy's early flame;
My chance of fortune and my hopes of fame."

Shee.

There is no subject on which mankind more unhesitatingly decide, than upon the productions of the pencil, and none perhaps upon which the people of our own country especially, are so little qualified to form a correct judgment. Few works of any excellence ever reach us, and these are for the most part confined to the large cities, where those who visit them are more attracted by the *subject* than the *execution* of the painting. A striking illustration of this, may be found in the crowds which rushed a short time since, to see the immodest and demoralizing exhibition of our *first parents in a state of nudity*—an offence for which Ham was accursed to be a servant of servants to his brethren; and yet our modest maidens, attended by their equally modest beaux, hastened in company to view this production of Parisian profligacy. At the same time, the splendid painting of "Christ rejected" by the eminent West, scarcely attracted notice; and the beautiful "Star of Bethlehem" by Cole, twinkled in an empty hall. Still no one doubts his own intuitive knowledge of the arts!—He does not, indeed, profess to understand the *modus operandi*, by which they are perfected,—but yet he knows exactly what *delights* him, and with equally becoming modesty, knows how to *censure* what he does not like,—although to the real *connoisseur*, the work condemned may perchance be one of superlative beauty and value. There are some who fall into raptures at Cimmerian darkness and obscurity in a picture; they have heard that the works of the old masters are very dark,—*ergo*, all black pictures must be very good. Some have heard that Reubens and Rembrandt, painted with a bold free pencil,—and every daub is therefore free and bold; and there are others the very antipodes of these, who would have the canvass ivory smooth, and always test the excellence of a picture with their finger's ends. Such are the arbiters of taste, to whom the artist must look for patronage and favor; to whose critical acumen he must sacrifice the highest professional attainments, and all the poetry of imagery, for the prosing portraiture of vulgar nature as the uninstructed eye perceives it. Against such critics, Sir Joshua Reynolds warned his young academecians. "Study not," said he, "to please the many, but the few of cultivated taste." Alas! how few in any age, have given that attention to the subject which is essential to the formation of a correct judgment. They say,—do we not see and understand what nature is, and can we not tell when the artist has truly represented her?—We answer no. The eye unaccustomed to *contemplate* nature, cannot perceive the ever changing beauty of her scenery,—her lights and shades more various than the Dolphins hues; nor can it discern that play of the thoughts and passions in the "human face divine," which eludes common observation, and is beheld only by him who has studied profoundly, that wonderful title page to the volume of mind. Nature, it is true, like a lovely and virtuous maiden, is seen and admired by all; but the blush which reveals her sweetest charm, is only perceived and felt by the devoted lover. That Lover is the artist. To him the revolving year, brings but a change of *beauty*. It is the element in which he breathes,—the aliment on which he lives; his eye detects each flitting shadow—and the whole world of real or imaginary things, is to his mind full of moving pictures, which he can, in a moment, transfix and perpetuate on his canvass. On him the graces attend, and wreathe the flowers of every season into garlands of beauty; the jocund spring strews buds and blossoms in his way, which he transplants to other climes, to live in unfading bloom, and flourish on the same wall with the fruits of summer, or mingle with the sober and varied hues of autumn. Even winter, with frosty locks and snowy visage, is compelled to linger in social companionship with the burning heats of tropical regions. Old Time, in his onward march, strews cities and temples in the path of the artist, but his pencil like the wand of the enchanter, bids their sculptured fragments remain forever, and they obey him. When Aurora comes forth in the chariot of day, and Cynthia lights her pale lamp at Diana's altar,—he snatches promethean fire from heaven, and like Joshua, commands the unwearied sun to stand still, and the glowing canvass receives it. He not only transfers

"Italian skies to English walls,"

but by the magic of his pencil, the very faces and persons of the fair and the brave of ages gone by, come down to our day in the bloom of youth, and with the daring eye, as they lived and moved when Shakspeare wrote, or lovely Juliet died.

Where do not the trophies of this incomparable art arrest our attention?—from the ruins of Pompeii to Imperial Rome, or from the Vatican, where Raphael's immortal pencil traced the transfiguration, to Hampton Court, the gallery of the cartoons, and of that fair but frail society, of which England's voluptuous monarch was the sun and centre.* But these are neither black, nor daubed, nor smooth!—and yet they are excellent in art, and have been so esteemed for three hundred years.

* The cartoons of Raphael and the court of Charles II. by Sir Peter Lely, form a part of the collection at Hampton court.

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To these the painter may appeal as imbodying all that is noble in his profession, or like Sir Joshua, who felt and understood, what others only imagined, he may patiently submit to the ignorance of vanity—and the vanity of ignorance.

When they talk of their Raphael, Corregio and Stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

G. C.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A TALE FROM FLORIAN.

The following tale was translated from the French of M. Florian, by the present hand, about 7 or 8 years ago, for a Richmond newspaper. That translation its author has not seen since 1827; and lately meeting with the original again, it seemed new enough, as well as sufficiently pretty and interesting, to be worth presenting afresh to the public through the Southern Literary Messenger. It is seldom that so much varied incident has been compressed into so short a compass: yet the rapidity of the narrative has not hindered the writer from indulging a humor both playful and caustic, upon the foibles which he banters, and the vices and crimes which he holds up to detestation. And the moral, disclosed in unravelling the mystery of the allegorical personage from whom the story takes its name, is full at once of beauty and truth. M.

BATHMENDI.

A PERSIAN STORY.

The Thousand-and-one Nights have always appeared to me charming tales; but I should like them better, if they had oftener a moral scope. Scheherezade, I am aware, is too handsome to be at the trouble of being rational: I know, that with so pretty a face, she has no need of common sense; and that the sultan would have been less enamored, if she had been less silly. These great truths I devoutly believe: and I merely repeat, that for my own part, I would rather read stories which *make me reflect*, while they amuse me. Extravagance is a fine thing, no doubt; but a picture must have shade: and I would fain have reason appear now and then, to make folly go off the better. So an uncle of mine once thought. He had often sailed in the Levant; and had amused himself while there, by composing Persian Tales. They are far below the *Thousand-and-one Nights* in imagination, but exceed them infinitely in number; for my uncle in his life-time made four thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight—all of which are now lost except the following one, preserved by me.

Under the reign of a Persian king, whose name my uncle does not tell, a merchant of Balsora was ruined by commercial disasters; and, collecting the shattered remains of his fortune, retired to the province of Kusistan. He there bought a dwelling, and a farm which he cultivated badly, because he was perpetually regretting his days of opulence and ease. Chagrin shortened his life; he perceived his end to be near; and, calling his four sons around him, he said—"My children, I have nothing to bequeath you but this house, and a secret which I was bound to conceal till now. In the time of my wealth, I had for my friend the genius Alzim; who promised to befriend you when I should be no more, and to divide a treasure amongst you. He dwells some miles hence, in the great forest of Kom. Go—find him: claim the treasure: but take heed not to believe." * * * * * Death here suppressed the merchant's voice.

His four sons, after interring and mourning him, repaired to the forest of Kom. They inquired for the mansion of the genius Alzim: it was readily shewn them. He was known to the whole country: he received kindly all who visited him; he heard their complaints, consoled them, and lent them money if they needed it. But these benefits were upon the sole condition of *implicitly obeying his directions*. This was his whim. No one could enter his palace without an oath to comply with this condition.

The oath did not deter the merchant's three eldest sons: the fourth, whose name was Tai, thought it a very ridiculous ceremony. Yet, being obliged to enter in order to receive the treasure, he swore, like his brothers: but reflecting on the dangerous consequences of so rash a vow, and remembering that his father, who frequently came to this palace, had passed his life in follies, he resolved, without committing perjury, to place himself out of danger; and, whilst they were leading him to the genius, stopped his ears with perfumed wax. Thus fortified, he prostrated himself before Alzim's throne. The genius made the sons of his ancient friend arise; embraced them, shed tears to his memory, and had a large chest brought, full of dariques. "Here," said he, "is the treasure I design for you. I am going to divide it among you; and I will then tell each the way he must take to be perfectly happy."

Tai heard not what the genius said; but watching him attentively, he saw in his eyes and visage traits of cunning and malignity which gave him much food for thought. Still, he received his portion of the treasure gratefully. Alzim, having thus enriched them, assumed an affectionate tone, and said; "My dear children, your good or bad fortune depends upon your meeting sooner or later a certain being named Bathmendi, of whom all the world speaks, but whom few, very few, know. Wretched mortals grope after him in vain: But I, for the love I bear you, will whisper to each of you where he may be found." At these words, Alzim takes Bekir, the eldest brother, aside, and says—"My son, you were born with courage, and great military talents. The king of Persia has just sent an army against the Turks. Join that army: in the Persian camp you will find Bathmendi." Bekir thanks the genius, and already burns to march.

Alzim beckoned Mesrou, the second son, to approach. "You," said he, "have shrewdness, address, and a great propensity to falsehood. Take the road to Ispahan; 'tis at court that you must seek Bathmendi."

To the third brother, whose name was Sadder, he said, "You are gifted with a lively and fruitful imagination: You see objects not as they are, but as you would have them be; you often possess genius, and not always common sense: be a poet. Take the route to Agra: among the wits and fair ladies of that city, you may find Bathmendi."

Tai, in his turn, advanced; and, thanks to the pallets of wax, heard not one word that Alzim said. It has since been ascertained, that he counselled Tai to become a Dervise.

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After thanking the beneficent genius, the four brothers returned home. The three eldest dreamed of nothing but Bathmendi. Tai unstopped his ears, and heard them arrange their departure, and determine to sell their little dwelling to the first bidder, in order to divide the price. Tai offered to become the purchaser: he caused the house and farm to be valued, paid his brothers their respective portions, and embracing them tenderly, with a thousand good wishes, remained alone in the paternal mansion.

He then employed himself in executing a scheme, which he had long meditated. He was enamored of young Amine, the daughter of a neighboring farmer. She was handsome and discreet: she managed her father's household, comforted his declining years, and prayed Heaven for two things—that her father might long live, and that she might be the wife of Tai. Her prayers were heard. Tai asked, and obtained her. Her father went to live with his son-in-law, and taught him the art of enriching the ground, so as to be enriched by it in return. Tai had some gold still remaining of Alzim's gift: he employed it in extending his farm, and in buying a flock. The farm doubled its value; the fleeces of the sheep were sold; plenty reigned in Tai's house; and, as he was industrious and his wife frugal, each year augmented their income. Children, that ruin wealthy idlers, in the cities, enrich laborers. At the end of seven years, Tai, the father of six lovely children, the husband of a sweet and virtuous wife, son-in-law to an aged, yet a hale and amiable man, master of several slaves, and of two flocks,—was the happiest and the most independent farmer of Kusistan.

Meantime his three brothers were in chase of Bathmendi. Bekir arrived at the Persian camp; presented himself to the grand vizier, and begged to be employed in the most hazardous services. His mien, and his gallant bearing, pleased the vizier, who admitted him into a squadron of cavalry. In a few days, a bloody battle took place. Bekir achieved prodigies; saved his general's life, and captured the general of the enemy. The camp rung with the praises of Bekir: all the soldiers called him the champion of Persia; and the grateful vizier promoted his deliverer to the rank of general. "Alzim was right," said Bekir to himself; "'tis here that fortune awaits me; I am evidently about to find Bathmendi."

Bekir's glory, and especially his promotion, aroused the envy and the murmurs of all the satraps. Some of them came to ask him about his father; complaining that they had suffered by his bankruptcy: others pretended to have held *madam his mother* as a slave: all refused to serve under him, because they were his seniors in office. Bekir, made miserable by his very successes, lived alone, ever on the watch, ever in danger of some outrage, which he might amply revenge but could not prevent. He regretted the time when he was a mere private soldier, and awaited impatiently the close of the war; when the Turks, reinforced by fresh troops, and led by a new general, made an attack upon his division. It was the juncture, for which the satraps of the army had long wished. They exerted a hundred times more ability in procuring the defeat of their leader, than they had ever shewn to avoid defeat themselves. Bekir defended himself like a lion: but he was neither obeyed nor seconded. In vain did the Persian soldiers wish to fight: their officers restrained them, and led them only to flight. The valiant Bekir, abandoned, covered with wounds, and overwhelmed by numbers, was taken by the Janissaries. The Turkish commander unworthily loaded him with irons, and sent him to Constantinople, where he was thrown into a frightful dungeon. "Alas!" cried Bekir, "I begin to think that Alzim has deceived me: for I cannot hope to meet Bathmendi here."

The war lasted fifteen years, and the satraps always obstructed the exchange of Bekir. His dungeon was not opened until peace came: he hurried to Ispahan, to seek his patron the vizier, whose life he had saved. It was three weeks before he could obtain an audience. Fifteen years, in prison, make some change in the appearance of a handsome young man. Bekir was not easily to be recognized: and the vizier did not know him again. However, on calling to mind the various events of his own illustrious life, he did remember that Bekir had done him some trifling service. "Aye—yes, friend," said he; "I will requite you. A brave man—but the empire is deeply in debt: a long war, and grand feastings have exhausted our finances. However—come and see me again—I will try—I will see"—"Alas, my lord!" said Bekir, "I have not a morsel of bread; and in the fifteen days that I have been waiting for a moment's interview with your highness, I should have died of hunger, but for a soldier of the guard, my old comrade, who shared his pay with me." "That was very good of the soldier," said the vizier; "really, it is quite touching. I will report it to the king. Come and see me again; you know I love you." And with these words, he turned his back upon him. Bekir returned the next day, and found the gate closed. In despair, he left the palace and the city, resolving never to enter them again.

Throwing himself at the foot of a tree, on the bank of the river Zenderou, he reflected upon the ingratitude of viziers, his own past misfortunes, and those which menaced him; and, unable to endure thoughts so dismal, he arose, to plunge into the stream—when he felt himself clasped by a beggar, who bathed his face with tears, and sobbed out, "it is my brother; it is my dear Bekir!" Looking up, Bekir recognised Mesrou. No one can find a long-lost brother without pleasure; but an unfortunate, needy, friendless, and hopeless, who is about to end his life in despair, thinks, that in a brother whom he loves, he sees an angel from Heaven. Mesrou and Bekir at once felt this sentiment: they press each other to their bosoms—they mingle their tears—and, after the first moments of tenderness, they gaze at each other with affliction and surprise. "You too, then, are unhappy!" cried Bekir. "This is the first moment of happiness," said Mesrou, "that I have enjoyed since our separation." At these words, embracing again, they leaned upon each other; and Mesrou, seated beside Bekir, began his narrative as follows:

"You remember the fatal day, when we went to Alzim's abode. That perfidious genius told me, that I should find Bathmendi, the object of our desires, at court. I followed his advice, and soon arrived at Ispahan. There I became acquainted with a young female slave to the mistress of the grand vizier's first secretary. This slave took a liking for me, and made me known to her mistress; who finding me younger and handsomer

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than her lover, lodged me in her own house, as her half-brother. The half-brother was soon presented to the vizier: and some days afterwards, obtained an office in the palace. I had only to let my fortune lead me on, and to remember the path which had brought me thus far. I never quitted that path: and, the sultana mother being old, ugly, and all-powerful, I failed not to pay my court assiduously to her. She distinguished me, by a friendship as intimate as that of the slave and her mistress had been. Thenceforward, honors and riches began to rain upon me. The sultana caused me to be presented with all the money in the treasury, and all the dignities of the state. The monarch himself testified affection for me: he loved to converse with me, because I flattered him adroitly, and always advised him to what I knew he wished to do. This was the way to induce him to do what I wished; and it soon succeeded. At the end of three years, I was at once prime minister, favorite of the king, lover of his mother, with power to appoint and displace viziers; deciding every thing by my influence, and giving audience every morning to the grandees of the empire, who came to wait for my awaking to obtain a smile of protection. Amidst all my wealth and glory, I was surprised at not finding Bathmendi. "I want for nothing," said I; "why does not Bathmendi present himself?" This thought, and the frightful solicitude of my life, poisoned all my pleasures. As the sultana grew older, she became more difficult to please, and my gratitude grew more irksome. Her tenderness for me was a torment. On the other hand, my station procured me a thousand tiresome flatterers, and a hundred thousand powerful enemies. For every favor I conferred, hardly a single mouth thanked, and a thousand reviled me. The generals whom I appointed were defeated, and all was attributed to me Whatever good the king did, belonged only to himself; all the evil was laid at my door. The people detested me—the whole court hated, a hundred libels excoriated me: my master often frowned, the sultana-mother sickened me by her fondness; and Bathmendi seemed more distant than ever.

"At length, the king's passion for a young Mingrelian gave the finishing stroke to my fortunes. The whole court united with her, in hopes that the mistress would expel the minister. I parried the blow, by joining the Mingrelian, and flattering the king's passion. But his love became so violent, that, being resolved to espouse her, he demanded my advice. I evaded an answer for some days. The sultana mother, who was afraid of losing her power by her son's marriage, declared to me, that unless I broke off the match, she would have me assassinated on the very day of its consummation. An hour afterwards, the fair Mingrelian vowed, that *unless I procured her marriage with the king the next day*, I should be strangled on the day following. My position was embarrassing. I must choose the dagger, the bowstring, or flight. I chose the last. Disguised as you see, I escaped from the palace with some diamonds, which will sustain us in some nook of Hindostan, far from courts, Mingrelians, and sultana mothers."

Bekir then recited his adventures to Mesrou. They agreed, that it would have been as well for them not to run over the world; and that their wisest course was, to return to Kusistan, to the neighborhood of their brother Tai, where Mesrou's diamonds would procure them a peaceful and easy life. Thus resolved, they took the road, and travelled for some days without an adventure. As they passed through the province of Farsistan, they arrived one evening at a village, where they proposed to spend the night. It was a holiday. Upon entering the village, they saw many children of the peasants' returning from a procession, led by a sort of master, ill clad, marching with downcast look and pensive air. The two brothers approach, and observe him attentively. What was their surprise! It was Sadder—their brother Sadder, whom they embraced!

"Ah!" said Bekir, "is genius thus rewarded?"—"You perceive," answered Sadder, "that genius is treated much like valor. But philosophy finds in misfortune an ample subject for meditation; and that is somewhat consoling." He then sent his pupils to their home, conducted Bekir and Mesrou to his little cabin, served them up a little rice for supper, and, after having heard their histories, told his own:

"Alzim, who, I strongly suspect, delights in the woes of mankind, counselled me to seek this undiscoverable Bathmendi in the great city of Agra, among men of genius and fair ladies. I arrived in Agra; and determined, before I appeared in public, to herald myself by some brilliant production. At the end of a month, my work appeared: it was a complete course of all human sciences, in a small octodecimo volume of sixty pages, divided into chapters. Each chapter comprised a tale; and each tale taught a science perfectly. My book had prodigious success. Some reviews cavilled at it, as too prolix: but all people of fashion bought it; and I was consoled for the criticisms. My book and I became all the rage. I was sought for—invited into every circle that had any pretension to wit or genius: all that I did was charming: I was the theme of every tongue, and every wish; and the favorite sultana with her own hand wrote me a badly spelled note, praying me to visit the court. 'Bravo!' thought I; 'Alzim has not deceived me. My glory is at its height: I shall sustain myself by surer means than intrigue: I shall please—I shall captivate—I shall find Bathmendi!' I was favorably received at the great Mogul's palace. The sultana loudly proclaimed herself my patroness; called upon me for verses; gave me pensions; admitted me to her select suppers; and, a hundred times a day, swore to me an unalterable friendship. For my part, I gave myself up to the liveliest gratitude. I promised to devote my days to singing the renown of my benefactress; and made a poem, in which the sun was but a mock-diamond beside her eyes, and ivory, coral, and the pearls of the Persian gulf, were dim and homely compared with her face, neck, and teeth. These refined and delicate compliments completed my assurance of her perpetual favor.

"I thought myself on the point of meeting Bathmendi, when my protectress quarrelled with the grand vizier, about the government of a province, which he refused to the son of her confectioner. The sultana, exasperated at such audacity, demanded of the sultan the banishment of the insolent minister; but the sultan loved the vizier, and refused the favorite. The next thing was to organize an intrigue, to destroy the cherished vizier. Being in the plot, I received orders to compose a bloody satire against the minister, and circulate it. The satire was soon made—that is not difficult: it was even good—

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which is still easy: it was read with avidity—and that is sure to tell. The vizier soon learned that I was the author. Going to the favorite, he carries her the commission which he had before denied, and a draft upon the royal treasury for one hundred darics; only asking in return, permission to put me to death in a dungeon. 'He is a vile wretch,' answered the favorite; 'and I am happy in having the power to do what may please you. I will instantly have the insolent sought for, who has dared insult you against my positive orders; and he shall be put into your hands.' Happily, a slave who was present, ran to tell me of this conversation; and I had barely time to escape. Ever since, I have been traversing Hindostan, gaining a meager subsistence by writing tales, making verses, and toiling for booksellers who cheated me, and who, less indulgent to my talents than to their own consciences, continually asserted that my *style was not pure enough*. Whilst I was wealthy, my works had been master-pieces: now that I was poor and friendless, my effusions were trash. Tired at length of enlightening the universe, I preferred teaching the peasants to read: and I am now schoolmaster in this village, where I eat black bread, and have no hope of seeing Bathmendi."

"You must go hence," said Mesrou, "and return with us to Kusistan, where some diamonds of mine will ensure us an easy and quiet life." It was not difficult to persude Sadder; and the three brothers, setting out early next morning, took the way to Kusistan. They were on the last day of their journey; and not far from Tai's dwelling. This thought consoled them: but their hope was mingled with fear. "Shall we find our brother? We left him poor—he cannot have found Bathmendi, since he has been unable to go in quest of him." "My dear friends," said Sadder, "I have reflected much on this Bathmendi, that Alzim told us of; and really, I believe he deluded us. Bathmendi does not, and never did exist: for, since Bekir did not meet him when he commanded half the Persian army—since Mesrou did not hear of him when he was the favorite of the great king—and I could not even divine who or what he was, whilst the favors of glory and fortune were heaped upon me—it is evident, Bathmendi is a creature of fancy; a chimera; an illusion, which men chase merely from the love of chasing illusions." Sadder was proceeding to prove that Bathmendi dwelt no where on earth, when a band of robbers issued from some rocks on the road-side, and ordered the brothers to strip. Bekir offered resistance; but he was disarmed; and four of these gentry, holding a dagger at his breast, unrigged him, while their comrades did the like to Mesrou and Sadder. After this ceremony, which was the work of a moment, the captain of the robbers wished them a pleasant journey, and left them half naked in the highway.

"This confirms my position:" said Sadder, looking at his brothers. "Ah, the cowards!" cried Bekir; "they took away my sword!" "Oh, my poor diamonds!" said Mesrou, sorrowfully.

It was now night: the three unfortunates hastened on towards the mansion of their brother: and on arriving there, the sight of it made their tears flow fast. They stopped at the door, but durst not knock. All their fears, all their doubts, returned. While they hesitated, Bekir rolled up a large stone below the window, and mounting upon it, looked in. He saw, in a neat and simply furnished apartment, his brother Tai at table, amid ten children, who were eating, laughing, and prattling all together. On his right was Amine, mincing some meat for her youngest son; and on his left was a little old man of a mild and lively countenance, who was filling Tai's cup. At this spectacle, Bekir threw himself into the arms of his brothers, and knocked at the door with all his might. A servant opened it, but uttered cries of alarm on seeing three half-naked men. Tai runs out: they fall upon his neck, call him "brother!" and bathe him in tears. Though confounded at first, he soon recognises them, and locks them in his arms. The children run to the spectacle; and so does Amine, but retires with her daughters, on seeing the three strange men. The old man alone did not leave the table.

Tai clothed his brothers; presented them to his wife, and made them kiss his children. "Alas!" said Bekir, much affected, "your happy lot consoles us for all that we have suffered. Since the moment of our separation, our lives have been but a series of calamities; and we have not so much as had a glimpse of that Bathmendi, after whom we have been running." "I believe you"—said the little old man who continued still at the table; "I have never stirred from this place." "What!" exclaimed Mesrou, "are you ...." "I am BATHMENDI," said the old man. "It is quite natural that you should not know me, since you never saw me before: but ask Tai—ask Amine—and all these children, every one of whom knows my name. I have lived with them fifteen years; and am perfectly at home here. I have been away but for one day; it was when Amine's father died: but I returned, and now hope never to go hence a single step. It rests only with yourselves, gentlemen adventurers, to become acquainted with me. If it so please you, I am willing: if not, why I shall be content. I trouble no one: I stay in my corner, never dispute, and detest noise." The three brothers, whose eyes had been eagerly fixed upon the little old man, wished to embrace him. "O, softly!" said he: "I do not like all these violent emotions: I am rather delicate; and too close an embrace stifles me. Besides—we must become friends before we caress. If you wish us to become friends, do not busy yourselves too much about me. I value freedom more than politeness; and have an antipathy to all excess." At these words he arose, kissed the foreheads of all the children, slightly saluted the three brothers, smiled upon Amine and Tai; and went to await them in their chamber.

Tai sat down again with his brothers, and had beds prepared for them. The next morning, he shewed them his fields, his flocks, his working beasts; and unfolded to them all the pleasures he enjoyed. Bekir wished to begin work that very day; and he was the first to become the friend of Bathmendi. Mesrou, who had been prime minister, was the chief shepherd; and the poet assumed the task of selling the corn, wool, and milk, which were sent to market in the city. His eloquence attracted customers; and he was as useful as the others. At the end of six months, Bathmendi became attached to them; and their days, many and tranquil, flowed softly on to the bosom of felicity.

[It is needless to say, that *Bathmendi*, in the Persian tongue, signifies *Happiness*.]

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For the Southern Literary Messenger

A SCENE IN PARIS — 1827.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

In the month of May 1827 I was in Paris. The discontent of the people with the government had recently been augmented by a proposition to restrain the liberty of the press, which the king had laid before the legislative chambers; and which, having passed the deputies, was under consideration before the peers.

This discontent with a government, which was in point of fact a very good one, had existed since the restoration of the Bourbons, and had its origin in the degradation to which the French people conceived themselves to have been subjected, in receiving a monarch at the hands of hostile strangers.

This monarch too was the brother of that imbecile, though amiable king, whose passiveness had brought him to the scaffold like a lamb to the slaughter; and he was placed in powerful contrast with him whose grand ambition aspired to make France his court, and the eastern continent (perhaps the world,) his empire. Louis le gros was to occupy the throne of Napoleon the magnificent.

The national pride common to all nations, and the national vanity peculiar to the French, were thus so severely shocked and wounded, that the people could not regard with their characteristic loyalty, or even with toleration, the family whose ascendancy had been established by other hands than those of Frenchmen. Louis the 18th too, had violently aggravated this hostility by the unfortunate declaration that "under God, it was to the Prince Regent of England that he owed his crown." It was not then to be wondered at that the public mind was in a state to be easily exacerbated by any cause, and not to be conciliated by any course however moderate, short of absolute concession to the popular will. Accordingly the measures of Louis the 18th, who was a wise monarch, and really desired the welfare of his people, met with jealous opposition, or at best, with unwilling acquiescence.

The administration of Décazes, which was conducted upon wise and sound principles, was finally clamored down; and the court, finding the people incapable of appreciating the mild and liberal measures of the government, infused more strength into their system.

Charles the 10th, inferior to his brother in mental endowments, and who brought to the throne stricter notions of legitimacy, and less disposition to conciliate his subjects, rather tightened than relaxed the reins of government, and thus increased the disaffection of the people. Add to this the real or fancied attachment of the king to the Jesuits, against whose order ancient odium had been recently revived, and the feelings may easily be conceived which were excited by the menaced blow at the freedom of the press, which was pending at the time of which I write.

These feelings were put forth through the usual vents. The public journals made the most of their liberty while it remained to them, and kept up an incessant fire of various grades; from the grave remonstrances of the "Constitutionnel," to the piquant badinage of the "Drapeau Blanc." The Salons, the Cafés, the Boulevards, the Tuileries, the Champs Elysées and the Pont Neuf exhibited the politicians of their respective meridians, from the "riche banquier" to "Monsieur le tondeur de chiens." The print shops displayed caricatures of the Jesuits. Beranger "showed up" the royal family in his songs. Mars played "Tartuffe" at the Francais, and the "parterre" rapturously applauded her and snapped their fingers at the police.

Early in the month, the annual review by the king, of the regular troops stationed in Paris, was to take place.

By one of those tacit combinations which sometimes unaccountably occur, it was resolved that this review should serve as an occasion for affording an evidence of the sentiments of the people, which though negative in mode, should be sufficiently positive in character. It was determined to withhold from the king those testimonials of attachment and loyalty with which most of the people of Europe are wont to greet their sovereigns when they appear in public. Accordingly when on the expected morning, the king with his brilliant suite issued from the court of the palace, not one of the spectators uttered a sound of welcome. The place of the review was a mile and a half distant, and the route was through populous streets; yet from all the crowd which gradually swelled as the train advanced, not one voice was heard to utter "vive le roi!" No man cried "God save him." A uniform silence pervaded the scene, thus giving it the air of a funeral pageant, rather than of a splendid military display; while at every turn which the royal company made in their progress, this portentous legend inscribed on the walls, met their eyes—

"Le silence du peuple est la lecon du Roi."

Proceeding more rapidly and by a nearer route, I reached the Champ de Mars, the scene of the review, in time to witness the king's arrival. The Champ de Mars is a beautiful plain, artificially levelled; a quarter of a mile in breadth, and extending from the Seine to the école militaire, rather more than half a mile in length—bounded on each side by embankments, appearing to the eye like ramparts, which are covered with turf and set with trees.*

I found as I had expected, these embankments covered throughout their whole extent with an innumerable crowd, eager at once to behold the spectacle and to convince the king that Frenchmen could be silent when there was an occasion for it, however unnatural the restraint.

* The Champ de Mars was the scene of the famous "fête de la fédération," which took place in 1790, on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile; when the king, the representatives of the people, and the other public functionaries, the commandant of the National Guard, and delegates sent from each of the eighty-three departments of the kingdom, took an oath to preserve the new constitution. A splendid altar, called "l'autel de la patrie," was erected in the middle of the field, around which was an amphitheatre which held four hundred thousand spectators; in the centre of this was the throne of the king. All the people of Paris assisted in making these preparations, that they might be completed by the appointed time. The Bishop of Autun (Talleyrand) was the ministering flamen of the solemnities. At the celebration an incident occurred, illustrating the far seeing sagacity of this man, who thus early discerned the frail and transient nature of that constitution, which its founders had decreed should be "une, indivisible, et impérissable." Lafayette, as commandant of the National Guard, was the first to take the oath; and as he approached the altar for that purpose, Talleyrand in an under tone exhorted him to keep his countenance and not to laugh! thus indicating that he considered the whole scene a solemn farce. I had this anecdote from an American lady to whom Lafayette told it.

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I found also the troops to be reviewed, twenty-five thousand in number, drawn up in beautiful array, and arranged on the plain between the embankments, in separate divisions, according to their various designations; the whole forming two lines looking to the centre of the field, and of course facing each other.

Here were the famed Cuirassiers, arrayed in triple steel—each one looking the impersonation of war—men and horses forming a dense, motionless, terrific mass.

There, were the "Chevaux-légers," less imposing in appearance, but dazzling the eye by the brilliancy of their dress and the rapidity of their evolutions.

On one side frowned the "Sappeurs Pompiers," with their ample caps of black fur, their white leather aprons, their glittering axes, their grim moustaches, and beards like Egyptian sheiks. On the other were displayed the regular infantry, with their brilliant pieces and bristling bayonets, at whose points they had so often compelled victory.

The elder superior officers were conversing in groups—while the younger paid court to the ladies; whose nodding plumes and wreathed smiles were displayed in covered stages erected temporarily for the purpose, and arranged at the inner foot of the embankment on either side of the field.

In a short time a flourish of trumpets at the école militaire, announced the arrival of the King. The officers flew to their posts. Every tongue was hushed, and every eye directed to that extremity of the field at which the king now appeared, mounted on a white Arabian, which he managed as one familiar to the seat. He was attended on either side by the royal dukes Angoulême and Orléans, (the present king) and followed by a splendid cortège of field marshals and general officers in gorgeous uniforms, and their horses highly caparisoned.

The king too, and the royal dukes, wore military uniforms, over which hung the "cordon bleu." After the king and his suite, came an open barouche, in which appeared the royal ladies d'Angoulême, de Berri and d'Orléans.

The magnificent cavalcade moved slowly on between the different bodies of troops, going down on one side of the field and returning on the other, passing close in front of each line. Their approach was acknowledged with the promptitude of military discipline, by the waving of swords, the presentation of pieces, and the lowering of standards. But this formal military salute was the only greeting. A silence reigned throughout the immense mass of beholders, as profound as that which habitual discipline preserved among the troops.

After the review was thus completed, a few evolutions were performed by the troops in presence of the royal spectators, who then left the field and returned to the Tuileries.

In a very few days after, it was announced that the king, with a moderation and wisdom which were not expected, had yielded to the unequivocal exhibition of public opinion which had been made, and had withdrawn the offensive law from the consideration of the chambers. The demonstrations of public joy were then as numerous and violent as had been before, the expressions of dissatisfaction. For several days it seemed as if the whole population of Paris had relinquished every employment, to devote themselves to the most tumultuous display by every means in their power, of their satisfaction at the victory which they supposed they had obtained over the court. The public rejoicing was concluded by a general and splendid illumination of the city.

About ten days after this time, followed the annual review of the National Guard of Paris.

In the excited state of the people, it was not to be expected that so remarkable an occasion as this, would be permitted to pass over, without being marked by some decisive evidence of public sentiment. It was therefore soon generally understood that the king would, on this occasion, be received with every outward demonstration of popular favor and affection; in order that by the contrast with his former reception, he might be convinced beyond the possibility of doubting, that in both instances a strong expression of public opinion was intended.

Of course it was not imagined that all this was not as well known to the king and his ministers, as to the authors and contrivers. Villèle, the prime minister, was too sagacious and wary to leave unemployed any means of obtaining information concerning every subject which agitated the public mind—information indeed which was of the highest importance to an administration steering full against the current of popular opposition. It was therefore feared that the court, usually desirous of avoiding and preventing all occasions for popular ferment, would disappoint the public expectation by dispensing with the review. Innumerable conjectures and rumors floated about like vapors in the atmosphere, many of which no doubt had their origin in the cabinet, who probably sent them forth as feelers of the public pulse. All these at length centred in the general belief that the court would compromise the matter with the people, by permitting the review to take place indeed, but by assigning as its locale, the Place du Carrousel, (adjacent to the Tuileries,) where too little space could be allowed for spectators, to afford a theatre for the grand exhibition of public sentiment which had been arranged for the occasion.

Thus matters stood on the morning of the expected day, which opened in all the calm glories of May, on the magnificent city and her million of inhabitants; all ranks of whom, from the courtier to the beggar, were for once at least occupied by the same theme and excited by the same agency.

The Moniteur, the government print, was eagerly torn open by thousands of hands, and thousands of eyes glanced upon the unexpected announcement that the review of the National Guard would take place (as usual) at the Champ de Mars!

The people were somewhat taken aback by this unlooked for boldness on the part of the ministry, but their excitement was not lessened by it. On the contrary it increased until the great city resembled the swarming of a mighty hive.

At length the hour appointed for the review arrived, and at that hour the king, followed by the same brilliant train which had on a former occasion attended him, once more issued from the palace gates. But not now as before, was his progress in silence. Every step of his advance was marked by the most tumultuous

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and joyous acclamations, which grew louder as the throng increased, until he reached the Champ de Mars. The deafening shout of welcome which greeted him from the hundreds of thousands of spectators there assembled, would have impressed one, ignorant of the immediate cause, with the belief that Charles the 10th rivalled in popularity his illustrious ancestor Henry the 4th; or the still more illustrious usurper of the Bourbon throne, whose star had just set in St. Helena.

The appearance now exhibited by the Champ de Mars differed but little from that already described, save that the eye of a critical observer would have discerned a marked difference between the unmilitary bearing of the "Milice Bourgeoise," and the exact discipline and compact and symmetrical array of the regular troops. The martial dress and perfect armament of the National Guard however, together with their number, which perhaps exceeded that of the troops at the first review, gave them a sufficiently imposing appearance.

The Royal personages and their splendid escort advanced towards the assembled legions, amid cries from every side, of "vive le roi!" "vive la famille royale!" "vivent les Bourbons!" marking the different feelings of those who uttered them. The "vive le roi" was on this occasion merely a "mot de cœdille circonstance," a conventional mode of acknowledging with respect the presence of the monarch. But the heart had some little agency in prompting "vive la famille royale!" and "vivent les Bourbons!" These denoted a lurking loyalty, and were uttered, as I observed, almost exclusively by the females. And this serves to illustrate the remarkable fact that while the minds of a large majority of French-men still retained the inclination given to them by the Republic or the Empire, almost every French-woman was a decided royalist. The fair sex are usually for the powers that be.

A little incident which occurred on this occasion may be mentioned as indicative of the sprightliness of the French character. A vagabond urchin (the like of whom would in our country have been staring in puzzled wonderment at the scene before him) seeming to enter fully into the humor of his elders, just as the carriage passed him in which rode the royal dames, tossed up his ragged cap and exclaimed "vive la duchesse de Berri toute seule!"

The moment the king reached the first company of the Guards, all its members, as they gave the military salute, shouted "vive le roi!" which passed as a watchword from company to company as in turn he approached them, until at length the entire National Guard were swelling the chorus of gratulation and welcome.

The harmony was perfect, and the public satisfaction was at its height, when suddenly a change came over the scene, as rapid and violent as a storm in tropical climates which in an instant blots the face of the sunniest day with blackness and wrath.

The review was nearly finished, when a voice was heard from the company which the king was at the moment passing, mingling with the cries of "vive le roi," the exclamations "à bas les ministres!" "à bas les Jésuites!"*

* Down with the ministers, &c.

A momentary silence following this bold expression, the king instantly stopped and with becoming spirit said, that he was there to review the National Guard and not to receive dictation. At the same moment he ordered the Duc de Reggio, the commandant of the National Guard, (who was one of his suite) to cause the individual to be arrested who had uttered the offensive words. The duke promptly passed the order to the captain of the company; but its execution was at once resisted by the whole company, who closed around their comrade and energetically declared that he should not be arrested; and that they all thought as he did. It was evident that an attempt to enforce the order for arrest would produce a display of the most alarming violence; it was therefore wisely abandoned, and the king abruptly left the field.

Immediately a scene of the wildest confusion ensued. The demon of discord usurped the empire of the spirit of harmony, and in the twinkling of an eye converted the genial current of good feeling into the bitter waters of strife.

The troops were instantly dismissed by their officers, and they mingling with the immense crowd of spectators, the whole mass returned with tumultuous haste to the city, uttering cries of passion, of discontent or of derision. "A bas les ministres! à bas les Jésuites! a bas les Bourbons! vive la charte! au diable Villéle!" &c. &c., issued from lips which but a few minutes before sent forth expressions of attachment and loyalty.

The residences of Villéle and Peyronnet, the two ministers against whom popular indignation was chiefly directed, lay immediately in the route of the returning crowd. A large number, including many of the National Guard, stopped before the houses, which were separated only by a street, and seemed by their furious gestures and menacing cries, to meditate an attack. The ministers were not at home; for the king on the instant of his rapid return, had called his cabinet together. Their families were of course in a state of the most dreadful alarm; but so soon as the crowd ascertained the absence of the ministers, and that only unprotected females were within, with the characteristic gallantry of French-men, (who were not yet wrought to revolutionary phrenzy) they quitted their position and swept on to communicate their excitement to those of their fellow citizens who had not witnessed the events. The effect of their coming, upon the population of Paris, was that of a whirlwind upon the ocean. It excited them to a state of fearful commotion, and in less than an hour, the din which arose from every part of this vast city was as the mighty roar of many waters.

Evening was now approaching; but with it came no diminution of the wrath of the Parisians. Throughout the night the agitation continued, and at intervals its sound came through the gloom to startle from sleep the few who sought repose.

During all this time the king and his cabinet, unterrified by the denunciations which resounded in their ears, were planning in secret council at the Tuileries, a "coup d'état" which was to astonish France.

The next morning the Moniteur appeared as usual, and the very first line of the first column, which was always appropriated to annunciations made by authority of the government, consisted of the following momentous words—

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"La Garde Nationale est licenciée"—(the National Guard is disbanded.)

Had a volcano burst forth in the "place Vendome," the people of Paris could not have been more astounded. The step was indeed of a boldness bordering on temerity; for the National Guard was the last remnant of the revolution—the only connecting link between the present time and the days of the republic; and its association with revolutionary remembrances rendered it sacred in the estimation of all those who professed to entertain the principles of the revolution. And those were at this time more than three-fourths of the population.

Surprise for a time so completely mastered every other emotion, that the people were comparatively calm—but this calm was only the precursor of a fiercer excitement. For several days the commotion presented the aspect of a menaced revolt. It was by many likened to the commencing scenes of the revolution; and it filled with anxiety and dread, all moderate persons who recollected that period of horror. The entire population of Paris (at least the middle and lower orders) deserted their homes and thronged the streets and public squares; and in all parts of the city the tumult of the populace was like the heaving of a troubled sea.*

On one of the nights when the agitation was greatest, I went to the Rue St. Honoré, one of the great thoroughfares of the city, to witness the movements of the crowd. When I arrived I found it so thronged as to render it hazardous if not impossible to enter it. As far as by the aid of the lights, the eye could reach in either direction, the entire space of the street presented a dense array of human beings, from which issued sounds of every variety, constituting altogether the most deafening clang which ever assailed my ears.

Through the centre of this living mass moved a large body of gendarmes in single file, reining in their horses to so slow a pace that their motion through the crowd was barely perceptible. So closely were they wedged in on every side indeed, that it was impossible to do more than just to move.

A fitter agent and emblem of an absolute, or, at least, an energetic government, does not exist, than a gendarme. Stern, silent, imperturbable, patient—armed at all points, and the moment there is need for action, implacable, rapid and sure in execution. On this occasion these men moved through the crowd as though they saw and heard them not. On every side they were assailed with jeers, with execrations, and even occasionally with missiles. But these disturbed not their unconquerable equanimity. They passed on apparently, unheeding all; but with their swords drawn, ready at a moment's warning to strike, should the conjuncture arrive to render it necessary.

They were acting of course under the influence of orders, clear and strict, and carrying with them the severest penalties for violation. These orders were, no doubt, to refrain from violence until the occurrence of some overt act on the part of the people, indicative of a revolutionary spirit; and to do nothing which might by possibility lead to such an occurrence.†

The people had evidently no matured design. They were unprepared for the energetic measures of the ministry, so that although they more than once in different parts of the city, gave occasion to the gendarmes to charge upon them, and several deaths were the result; it soon became apparent that the excitement was subsiding. After the expiration of the third day, the city began to wear a calmer aspect. The affair merely furnished a theme for animated discussions in the cafés and for eloquent denunciations in the liberal prints. The surest evidence, however, that all danger of a serious issue was for the present at an end, was the fact that the little scandalous journals which exist in every large city, began to serve up the subject in humorous scraps; for it has been truly remarked, that if the Parisians, can but be induced to jest about a matter, it is impossible afterwards to render it serious.

The unexpected boldness of this decisive display of state policy thus rendered it entirely successful. The king and his ministers were determined to regain the ground which they had lost in yielding the law concerning the press.

Fully informed as to the state of the public mind, and ascertaining that the people had not reached the crisis of revolution, they resolved to strike a blow which could not be successfully resisted but by revolution. A more favorable opportunity could not have occurred than the one which I have attempted to describe; and it was seized with a promptness and employed with a skill which have never been excelled. On the very night of the day on which the pretext was given, the decision was made. At the dawn of day this decision was communicated to the commanders of all the divisions of the disbanded body; and with the first rays of the sun the startling annunciation met the eyes of the astounded Parisians—"*La Garde Nationale est licenciée!*"

The very style of the decree is worthy of remark, as being in strict keeping with the rest. There is no labored preamble—no heavy article covering six columns of the Moniteur, setting forth the reasons for the act—no endeavor to render the potion palatable to the people by conciliatory and cajoling declarations—no attempt to lead off the public mind by sophistry and a maze of argument—none of this. But the simple, naked, peremptory mandate of authority not expecting to be questioned—The stern, terse, despotic "*sic volo*" of absolute rule—"*La Garde Nationale est licenciée!*"

The shaft being shot, the cabinet remained perfectly quiet until the effervescence and confusion created by the discharge, had subsided; and then resumed the ordinary routine of their administration, having derived from the review of the National Guard and its results,

* An officer of cavalry with whom I was acquainted, told me that the agitation far exceeded that which was caused in Paris by the news of Napoleon's flight from Elba and debarkation in France.

† As I had, before going to France, conceived an erroneous idea of the gendarmes, it may not be useless to explain, that although as their designation implies, they constitute an armed force, they have no connection whatever with the army. They are nothing more or less than the executive police of the kingdom, and are under the command of the prefect of each department. They are mounted and completely equipped with sword, pistols, carbine and bayonet; and when it is recollected that *to resist a gendarme, is to resist the law*, it will be readily conceived that they are a formidable body. As their power is great, so also is their responsibility; and they encounter death as the penalty for any deviation from the strict letter of their orders. They are perfect machines and the most efficient police in the world.

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a decided accession of power; and for a time at least, impeded the progress of liberal principles in France. And although the influence of these principles must, of course, finally have prevailed, there is little doubt that the time for their ascendancy would have been longer deferred, had the successor of Villèle possessed his sagacity, his boldness, his energy, and his knowledge of the existing state of things.

Had this been the case, Charles the 10th would perhaps not now be giving profitless lessons in Royalty to his grandson at Prague, nor Peyronnet and Chantelauze be playing chess at Ham.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CAVALIERS OF VIRGINIA, or the Recluse of Jamestown. An Historical Romance of the Old Dominion. By the author of a Kentuckian in New York. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1834.

This work is by a Virginian,—and with that sort of partiality which inclines us to espouse the literary claims of our native state, (too long and too unjustly neglected,) we were predisposed to receive it with favor. Some of the northern periodicals moreover had lauded its merits, and we own that we felt some pride in the reflection that one of the most interesting periods in our early colonial history, had attracted a native adventurer in the field of historical romance. We regret to say that we are much disappointed in the manner in which the task has been executed. Our feelings and partialities, which were all on the author's side,—we are compelled to surrender to the stern demands of literary justice. The "Cavaliers," in our humble opinion, is unworthy of the subject it was intended to illustrate,—and although not entirely destitute of merit,—its faults are so numerous and censurable, they greatly preponderate in the estimate we have formed of the work. In the first place, the author has evidently failed to make himself acquainted with the history of the age and the character of the incidents which he has chosen as the groundwork of his story. The portrait of Bacon, is but a poor and feeble likeness of the original,—and that of Sir William Berkeley, is the merest caricature of that brave, accomplished, but despotic vicegerent of royal power. Bacon is represented as a kind of half frantic, inconsiderate stripling—something of a dandy—but more of a wild and reckless lover, whose thoughts were principally occupied by his "ladye love;"—and but slightly, if at all, by the wrongs of his suffering country. Far different indeed, was the noble and lofty heroism of the real Bacon—a character which shines in the foreground of our ancient history,—with a lustre, that despite of the efforts made to diminish it, will vie with the Wallaces and Tells of other ages and countries. Sir William Berkeley, though certainly a tyrant, was not the vulgar insensate wretch which our author has made him. His ambition was made of "sterner stuff," than to be employed upon petty schemes of matrimonial alliance,—and the Knight, "in a blue velvet doublet and pink satin breeches," is but an *outre* representation of the ancient and renowned Cavalier,—who had battled with the red man in his savage lair,—and had exchanged the luxuries of English society, for the perils and hardships of a wilderness.

There is another capital defect in our author, which if he ever hopes for success, must be first overcome. He leaves his pictures, both of character and incident, altogether unfinished,—and darts with a meteor-like swiftness from subject to subject,—reminding the reader of a show-box,—in which the eye scarcely lights upon one spectacle, before it vanishes,—and is substituted by another and a different one. This perpetual flash and glare, without even the merit of distinctness, is far more painful than agreeable;—and the author would do well, if he bestowed more pains in separating the several parts of his story,—and a little more skill in the arrangement and harmony of his coloring. In truth, if he intends to repeat his efforts; and is really a *bona fide* candidate for fame, we would advise him to put more oil into his lamp, and expend some additional labor in fitting his offspring for public exhibition. He does not employ sufficient *thought* in the composition of his narrative,—but suffers his imagination (rich and vivid enough,) to run riot without restraint or limit. The conduct of Bacon, after the interruption of the marriage ceremony, as described in the first chapter of the second volume—is the conduct of a bedlamite, rather than of a rational being; and the whole scene of his mounting his fiery courser,—plunging into the river and swimming to the opposite shore,—his head bared to the "pitiless storm"—"the monsters of the deep his playmates, and the ill-omened birds of night his fellows;" is such a tissue of exaggeration and sublime fustian,—that what was evidently intended for great effect, is in reality extremely ludicrous. The hero indeed, acts so little like a man of sense, in this nocturnal aquatic excursion, that the reader feels much more sympathy for "the white silk breeches and graceful blue cloak," (which were likely to be spoiled by the half saline element,) than for the poor unfortunate wight of a bridegroom himself.

The author has moreover been guilty of a very strange mistake in his geography. He makes his hero swim, "Leander-like," over the majestic James,—which according to our reckoning, and agreeably to the map of the country—would have landed him on the *south side*, in the very respectable county of *Surry*;—but, to our utter amazement, the next glimpse we have of him, he is rushing on his fleet courser into the wilderness on the margin of the Chickahomony,—which our best informed geographers have placed on the *north* side of the ancient *Powhatan*,—now called *James river*. Such mistakes are altogether inexcusable,—and the more so as the author is a native of the "Old Dominion," and ought to have been more circumspect in his topography. Equally unfortunate is his arrangement of historical events,—for if he had looked a little into our early writers, he would have found that Bacon was never carried prisoner to the Eastern Shore; and that the treachery of Larimore, did not betray the insurgent squadron into the power of Berkeley, until *after* the destruction of Jamestown. These errors in chronology however, might have been forgiven, if the author had otherwise redeemed himself from equally formidable objections. The whole story of the Recluse,—and the miraculous preservation of Bacon when an infant, as related by the old nurse,—strike us as evincing poverty of invention, and as altogether too absurd for an ordinary writer at least to use as materials for romance. Scott, perhaps, might have turned them to some advantage;—at all events, the matchless vigor and beauty of his style, would have thrown a veil over

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other imperfections. The author might have made something of Wyanokee, but unfortunately failed to do it,—and we cannot say that we even felt interested in the sorrows of Virginia Fairfax. The girl is well enough—very pretty—amiable—and all that, but she wants force and individuality of character. The whole scene in which the dying Mrs. Fairfax is exhibited in the bloody conflict with the Indians in the neighborhood of Richmond, is particularly horrible, and in wretchedly bad taste.

In taking our leave of the author, we would also advise him, when he writes another romance, to "sink the shop,"—or rather the *profession;* and not to describe the wounds and bruises of his *dramatis personæ* with that technical precision which only surgeons and anatomists can fully comprehend. We would also recommend to him, as a medical man, that when any unlucky hero of his is hereafter tied to an Indian stake, by all means to have him rescued before the pine splinters have actually pierced the flesh,—especially when that hero is made so soon thereafter to perform a series of active exploits requiring sound bodily health and great muscular exertion.

We have taken no pleasure in this free commentary upon the work before us, and have only been induced to make it by a sense of duty. Its author is evidently afflicted with a kind of rabid propensity to write works of fiction; and, if he is resolved to gratify it, we do most earnestly entreat him for his own sake and for the sake of his native state, to invoke hereafter a little more reflection, a purer taste, and a more enlightened judgment in aid of his labors.

VATHEK.

The publisher having sent a copy of the above work to a correspondent in whose literary attainments, taste and discrimination we place great confidence, received the following criticism from his pen:

I thank you for Vathek, which I have read *purely* because you sent it to me; otherwise it would have remained unread by me forever. I see nothing "*sublime*" in the work; on the contrary, I was disgusted at its impurity. A more revolting *jumble of nonsense, ridiculous conceptions, debasing exhibitions,* and *corrupt imaginings*, I never met with in my life. This may perhaps be somewhat redeemed by the oriental descriptions, which were pronounced by Lord Byron, I think, to be excellent. Of this I cannot judge; but if the book were intended, as it seems to be, to inculcate the lesson of the impiety of looking into matters which are too high for us, the moral loses all its force, from the very great corruption of the characters of Vathek and Carathis, who certainly were most justly lodged in Hell, as the fittest place for such useless and abominable wretches. We feel no sympathy for them, when we find them with their hearts on fire; and as for the contrast of the happiness of Gulchenrouz, we care as little about him, for his happiness was certainly undeserved by any thing he had done, so far as we are made acquainted with him. There is such a singular mixture of comic and serious, that one is at a loss to know what the author would be at. What think you, for instance, of the game at football? of Aboulfakir the camel, having a taste for solitude and snorting at the sight of a dwelling, and Cafour's predilection for pestilence? &c. &c. I am quoting now from memory, and have not the patience to look at the book to see if I am right.

A learned English reviewer is not less severe upon this lauded production of juvenile years. After quoting Lord Byron's eulogy upon the work, he says—

Vathek is, indeed, without reference to the time of life when the author penned it, a very remarkable performance; but, like most of the works of the great poet who has thus eloquently praised it, it is stained with some poison-spots—its inspiration is too often such as might have been inhaled in the "Hall of Eblis." We do not allude so much to its audacious licentiousness, as to the diabolical levity of its contempt for mankind. The boy-author appears already to have rubbed all the bloom off his heart; and, in the midst of his dazzling genius, one trembles to think that a strippling of years so tender, should have attained the cool cynicism of a *Candide*. How different is the effect of that Eastern tale of our own days, which Lord Byron ought not to have forgotten when he was criticising his favorite romance. How perfectly does *Thalaba* realize the idea demanded in the Welsh Triad of "fulness of erudition, simplicity of language, and purity of manners." But the critic was repelled by the purity of that delicious creation, more than attracted by the erudition which he must have respected, and the diction which he could not but admire:—

"The low sweet voice so musical,
That with such deep and undefined delight
Fills the surrender'd soul."

It would argue a great decline in the moral feeling of our country, and a most adulterated literary taste, if such works as "Vathek" could be generally admired.

SCRAPS, by John Collins McCabe. Richmond: J. C. Walker. 1835.

This little volume from the Richmond press, consists of various poems and half a dozen tales and legends in prose. The pieces, though of unequal merit, are upon the whole decidedly creditable to the author; who is not only a young man, but as we are informed, has been denied the advantages of a liberal education. His productions are vastly superior to those of many a college dunce, upon whose vacant cranium the heritage of wealth has been expended; and their author holds a much higher grade in the scale of intellect than many of that snarling tribe, who can discern neither talent nor genius, unless allied with some ideal advantage or accidental distinction. We nevertheless hope that Mr. McCabe will continue to look ahead, and contemplate the highest standards of excellence in composition. The most acute observation of men and things, or the most delicate perception of poetical imagery, will avail but little without profound mental labor, and the assiduous cultivation of taste. We select the following as a favorable specimen of his poetry.

LINES

On hearing the song "Sweet Home," and reflections during the same.

O breathe again, that touching strain
Which comes like winds o'er waters stealing;
Its fall, its swell, like vesper bell,
Its full rich notes in rapture pealing,
Bids the lone heart, rejoice again
In music's all subduing strain.

O Music! rapture's in thy chords!
Now gushing soft like moon-beams streaming
On quiet spot, on rural grot,
On mossy couch, on infant dreaming,—
Or rising into raptures wild,
It fills with wonder nature's child.

The Exile lone, no land to own,
Lists to thy soft and touching numbers,
And *dreams* he sees the cot, the trees,
The scenes of youth, (how sweet his slumbers!)
Nor dreams when thy bright spell is o'er
His happy "Home" he'll see no more.

The sailor boy, bereft of joy,
Looks on the stars above him glowing;
The big tear steals, his bosom feels
As troubled as the waters flowing,
And while the billows round him foam,
He faintly murmurs, "Home! sweet Home!"

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The warrior stern, whose feelings burn
To meet the foe, his rights defending,
When war is o'er, sweet home once more
Its rainbow colors round him blending,
Invites him from the bloody plain
Back to its quiet hearth again.

The christian warm, round whom the storm
Of opposition wildly rages,
Beholds the prize beyond the skies,
Reflected on the glowing pages
Of God's own book, and with a tear
Of joy, he "reads his title clear."

O! onward press, life's wilderness
Will soon be past; where spirits linger
Round flowing streams in rapt'rous dreams
And golden lyres, softly finger,
We all shall meet, no more to roam,
And dwell in an eternal home.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

We continue the interesting "*Sketches of Tripoli and the Barbary States.*" We believe that when completed, they will constitute the most authentic record extant, of the military and diplomatic transactions of the period referred to. Besides the author's access to correct sources of information, he has the taste and talent to impart peculiar grace and interest to his narrative.

"*Berenice,*" a tale, by Mr. Edgar A. Poe, will be read with interest, especially by the patrons of the Messenger in this city, of which Mr. P. is a native, and where he resided until he reached manhood. Whilst we confess that we think there is too much German horror in *his* subject, there can be but one opinion as to the force and elegance of his style. He discovers a superior capacity and a highly cultivated taste in composition.

The "*Extract from the Reminiscences of a Western Traveller,*" proceeding as it does from the pen of a practised and polished writer, has the additional advantage, as we are assured, of being founded in strict truth.

We are sorry that we are not permitted to announce the source from which we derive the original story or apologue of "*Jonathan Bull and Mary Bull.*" Its own merit however, and its obvious application to events of the time at which it was written, will attract a due share of attention.

We especially recommend to our female readers, particularly the young and lovely who are just entering into the flowery but deceitful paths of worldly pleasure, to read the original narrative which is headed "*Marrying Well.*"

The "*Letters from a Sister*" will amply repay the reader; so also will the article on the "*Fine Arts*"—and the "*Persian Story,*" translated from the French of Florian.

The "*Scene in Paris, by a Virginian,*" we have no hesitation in particularly recommending. It is an admirable and graphic description of what the writer saw with his own eyes,—and the excellent delineation of the French character, comprising its extremes of energy and weakness, will forcibly strike the reader. With us the whole narrative possesses powerful interest.

It is but sheer justice to insert the letter from "*Larry Lyle,*" (printed by mistake in our last "*Zarry Zyle,*") in answer to the criticisms of our Shepherdstown correspondent. Mr. Lyle defends his muse with spirit and ability.

We also insert from a sense of duty, a letter from the author of a "*Note to Blackstone's Commentaries,*" accompanied by the expression of our regret that he should have considered himself somewhat unkindly treated by the gentleman who furnished a reply to that article. We think we can vouch for it that the gentleman referred to, *fully intended* to restrict himself within the bounds of fair and honorable discussion, and if we had thought differently, his article would have been excluded.

We must be excused for saying a word or two in respect to the *poetical* department. Unless the reader is very fastidious, he must, we think, be pleased. We read "*Young Rosalie Lee*" more than once, before we could fully perceive the exquisite beauty and delicacy of the mind which produced it,—and we venture the prediction, that unless the author is divorced from the society of the sacred *nine* by paramount duties, he is destined to no ordinary celebrity. We dare say that for the expression of this opinion, we ourselves shall not be spared, for we confess there is a quaintness in the style which will be repulsive to most readers.

In the "*Stray Leaves,*" there is something which reminds us of Waller's beautiful lines beginning, "Go lovely rose," &c. and we almost regretted that the author should have so suddenly glided into the genuine Anacreontic.

Our readers will agree with us that the remaining pieces, particularly the "*Extract from an Unfinished Poem*"—the lines "*To Hope*"—"*To the Bible*"—"*Moonlight*"—and "*Hopes and Sorrows,*" have each more than ordinary claims to admiration.

The "*Lines on Barlow's Monument,*" by the celebrated Helen Maria Williams, and now published for the first time, need no praise from our pen; neither do the two original productions of Mrs. Sigourney, which we take great pleasure in inserting.

It would be doing us much injustice to suppose that the pieces which we do not particularly notice, are for that reason lightly esteemed. Whilst there are, it is true, degrees in the pleasure with which we regard the favors of contributors, their insertion ought to forbid the idea that any are unwelcome.

To Contributors, Correspondents, &c.

We thank our correspondent C. W. L. for pointing out the resemblance between the little epigram entitled "*The Mistake Corrected,*" in our last, and the "*Surprise,*" in Little's poems, which he quotes. The resemblance is certainly strong, and it is quite probable that the former if not borrowed was at least suggested by the latter. We cannot agree however, that it is a "plagiarism," in the proper sense of that term; for we know too well the personal and literary character of the gentleman who presented us with the trifle referred to, to suspect him for a moment of so paltry a proceeding. We rather conclude therefore, that its resemblance to Moore's bagatelle, is either the result of casual coincidence,—or more probably, perhaps, of an accidental mistake of the product of memory for that of fancy; a kind of mistake which those who have read much are very liable to make.

We assure our correspondent B. R. B. that we have carefully compared the lines published in our last with his manuscript, and find them to correspond *verbatim*. He wrongs us much if he thinks we would do him wilful injustice; and if one word has been substituted for another in the lines referred to, so as to change their sense, he must ascribe it to himself. We hope with this explanation he will excuse us from inserting his letter at full length.

There is a great deal of feeling in many of the communications sent to the publisher by T. H. C., M. D.; but to our poor taste, there is not much *poetry*. We question whether the Doctor will not find the lancet and pill box of more profit in that warm region to which he has emigrated, than the offerings of his prolific muse. The poetical manufacture depends more upon the *quality* than the *quantity* of its fabrics, for success.

We have received the following communication since the publication of our last number, from "*Fra Diavolo,*" (*Horresco referens!*) which, as it is brief, we spread before our readers. His sneers at our "literary morality" and "critical acumen," we receive with great composure. Perhaps indeed, our vanity might be wounded if we had a tithe only of what seems to belong to the writer himself; but as our pretensions are very humble, we care not a farthing whether they are disputed or not. His request not to publish his poetry, (except on his own terms) shall be complied with; and should we consign his impure effusions to the flames, as he also desires, the world will have little or no cause to regret it. So long as we can secure the rich contributions received from other quarters, we shall console ourselves with the loss of "*Fra's*" favors, and even endeavor to survive his unprovoked resentment. To "give the devil his

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due," however, we shall continue to lament the downward flight of our correspondent's muse; and uninitiated as we profess to be in the sublime mysteries of the school to which he belongs, we shall even be so perverse as to prefer the "modest mien and plain attire" of mediocrity, to the more flashy but less useful adornments of brilliant but misguided genius. One word in justification of ourselves. We did not admit the "*Doom*" into our columns without reluctance; a reluctance which nothing would have overcome but the conviction that a useful moral might be deduced from the fate of the "*Lover Fiend*," who figures as the hero of the story. As to the "Passage of the Beresina," whether it be "balderdash" or not, is matter of taste and opinion. One thing is certain; it is from the pen of a highly accomplished scholar.

Mr. White,—*I have just seen your sixth number of the Southern Literary Messenger, and shall decline having my contribution published on condition of any improvement of the poetry by your most chaste and wise editor. The admission of such balderdash as the "Doom" and "The Passage of the Beresina," is quite enough evidence of his literary morality and good taste. I require no further token of it; least of all in my own case, where I am to be martyred at the shrine of such critical acumen—God save the mark! Put the manuscript into the fire, and oblige yours,*

FRA DIAVOLO.

March 25, 1835.

—

From the author of the "Note to Blackstone's Commentaries."

You judge rightly that I have no call to answer my censor. I have no pride of authorship in the affair. I wished to awaken the public mind, and he has aided me, for which he has my thanks. I have no controversy with him. He argues against opinions I have not advanced, and, in his last paragraph, comes in aid of that I had endeavored to maintain. By his own showing a *quasi* war exists *among ourselves*, under circumstances which render any nearer approach to peace impossible. We have the alternative of "a war-like peace, or a peace-like war," and he wisely prefers the former. He predicates this decision on the only principle for which I contended, viz: the effect of a continuing necessity. I only suggested the *possibility* of such a case. *He* finds it existing *in fact*. It doubtless *might* exist in various ways. *Destruction* is the precise object of *savage* warfare. With us, it is the *means* to an end. With savages, it is the *end* itself. Had he seen, as I have, a few individuals of once powerful tribes, escaped from massacre, and saved from utter extinction only by finding shelter among the whites, he would not have to learn that *bellum ad internecionem* is not unknown among savages.

The style and matter of his essay both show an education which should have taught him that a supercilious tone should find no place in a controversy between an anonymous and an avowed author. *He* wears defensive armor. *I* am naked. Is it chivalrous; is it manly; is it fair, in a contest which should be conducted "as if a brother should a brother dare to gentle exercise and proof of arms," to thrust with "unbated point?" His point indeed is not envenomed, nor does he stab malignantly, but he should have touched my scutcheon with the reverse of his lance. To strike with the point, however gently, is a challenge to combat of *outrance*. I decline it.

—

Extract of a Letter from the Reviewer of Messrs. Adams' and Everett's Orations.

You say, "The most sublime events and the most heroic actions have generally found some poet or historian of sufficient qualifications to record them with dignity and effect." Granted, but what is *dignity?* Does it consist in that sort of declamation which is meant to "split the ears of the groundlings?" What is *effect?* Is it *stage effect?* Is it made up of "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss and thunder," and images placed by the speaker's side to be apostrophized? The example that you give illustrates the maxim that "the language of eulogy is misapplied to transcendant greatness. It weakens and dictates the truth of history."

You say "even the most exalted truths which have ever dawned upon mankind,—the facts and doctrines of revelation,—have lost none of their grandeur in the simple narrauves of plain and unlettered men." Most true. The *simplicity* of the narrative is its excellence. But what should we say to a Gospel after the manner of Mr. Adams, or even of Mr. Everett?

—

Mr. White:—The legitimate aim of criticism is, as you yourself have more than once remarked, to point out the proper path towards excellence. A true critic effects this by gently and courteously exposing error, and lauding beauties where beauties are to be found. So far as I can judge, neither gentleness nor courtesy can be said to characterize the critique of your "Shepherdstown friend." The want of these qualities would certainly have induced me to pass over the letter in question, had it not received honorable notice from yourself. In the pamphlet war between Matthew Carey and the redoubtable Cobbett, the first apologizes for his own rudeness, by quoting the old proverb, "fight the devil with fire," or something to that amount. But this is bad philosophy; and in my brief answer, I will endeavor as much as possible to observe that courtesy which your correspondent has forgotten.

In the "Song of the Seasons" quaintness was aimed at, and aimed at only because I thought the subject called for it. One part of my object was to depict the minute relations existing between the human heart and earth itself. Minuteness was necessary, and to be minute without quaintness, would render any piece dull and pointless analysis. With regard to obscurity, and the use of terms, I would ask your critic, if when he had "*studied the song*," obscurity did not disappear, and if the terms are not in keeping with the quaintness aimed at. Indeed, I would ask him, if the terms used are not just such as should have been used in any case. Beams *are* "amethystine." We will find an admirable application of the word in Keates' "Eve of St. Agnes;" and Mrs. Hemans sings very prettily of the drowsy "Bugle-Bee." By the way, let me in this last phrase, adopt the change recommended. The stanzas quoted is the second of the "*Song*."

"A white roe wandered where sweet herbs and tender grass were peeping;
His snowy head was poised in pride, his chainless heart was leaping:
The '*bumble-bee*' had called the herd from icy solitude,—
And he had come at '*bumble*' call—fleet centaur of the wood!"

A vast improvement i' faith. The term "*gauze wing*," is as common as the rhymes *love* and *dove*. "*Soughing blasts*" are frequent in *Wyatt*, and more frequent in *Shakspeare*. An amethystine beam thrown on a red body produces a glittering gold, and thus the red breast of "poor robin" was metamorphosed into one of gold. So much for the criticism. As for the critic, he has most unequivocally proved himself, by these syllabic censures, to be one of the *anceps syllabarum* tribe. As such I wonder that you, who have so often expressed your contempt for the whole race, should have opened your columns to his communication. Is not his letter a specimen of "the carpings of illiberal and puerile criticism?" Is not the writer one of the "little great men in the world, who have the vanity to conceive that their taste and judgment, (if they have any) is the standard for all mankind, and who snap and bark like the curs which infest our streets and annoy the by-ways?" I have used your own words, and ask if they are not applicable.

The Song of the Seasons (though never so little deserving,) has received praise from a higher quarter than Shepherdstown. My home is not very far from that village—near enough to know the character of its people; and in truth, gentlemen of talent and distinction are there with whom I have ever held it an honor to be acquainted. But it is plain that the critique could not have been written by any one of them. If I had no other reason for thinking so, I would say, "because it is not in keeping with the good sense, accurate taste, and elevated candor which I know these to possess." As for their townsmen, I have never heard of any Longinus among them, whose praise would not be disgrace. If your "friend" thinks an answer to this necessary, let me hope that his name will accompany the communication; or if he is unwilling to annoy, with private concerns, the public "upon whom Larry Lyle has [already] inflicted the *study* of his song," his communication may be directed, not to yourself, but to his very humble servant,

LARRY LYLE.

Winchester, Va.

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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☞ We regret that from the late period at which the sixth number of "Sketches of the History of Tripoli" was received, it has been impossible to present it to our readers this month. It will appear in our next.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Influence of Free Governments on the Mind.

Human society, from the nature of its formation, is governed in all its multifarious movements, however majestic or delicate, by mind. There are no changes, nor revolutions in society, that do not acknowledge its influence. It is the all-pervading, all-exciting cause of human action. Its power on the social system is similar to that of gravitation in regulating the magnificent and rolling orbs of space; the great centre of attraction, holding together and preserving in harmonious order the thousand relations of life. Physical force, which to the superficial eye appears to have swayed the destinies of mankind in all ages of the world, will be found on examination to be only a mean, enabling it to wield with greater skill and force the sceptre of its power. The conquering legions of Cæsar or Bonaparte would have been a useless pageant, deprived of this active, governing principle. This exciting principle of society reaches its maturity and power by gradual developement. In the first stages of civilization its strength is that of an infant, afterwards that of a giant; and the spheres of its action are as various as its powers. We behold it soaring on the shining wings of imagination to the fields of fiction; calm, comprehensive, searching in philosophy and science; animated and exalted on the noble theatre of eloquence; pure and humble in the holy aspirations of religion. Such being the nature of mind, we are led to the irresistible inference, that the state of communities or nations will be low or elevated in proportion to its neglect or cultivation. The conceptions of mind form the mirror of national character. If there be a want of mental cultivation, as a consequent, the numerous attractions which hold in harmony and union the relations of society will be destroyed; and general darkness and misery prevail. On the contrary, if there be an expansion of mind, these ties so necessary, so sacred, will receive new strength; and a universal joy, and beauty, and brightness, pervade the whole social compact.

Many and various causes tend to the development of mind. It varies in every nation and under every form of government. We read of the majestic melancholy, the lofty passion, the stern intellect of the *North*; of the mental effeminacy, of the exuberant fancy, beneath the sunny skies and amid the olive groves of the *South*. We read of the effects, natural advantages and impediments; how inaccessible barriers may raise their Alpine heads, and prevent the light of one nation from beaming on another; thus destroying the interchange of kindred thoughts and obstructing the growth of mind; how nature's works, her forests, rivers, lakes, groves, and water-falls in their original grandeur and sublimity; how art's works, shining in their new splendor, or fallen from their primitive state, cities and towers lying in the crumbling embrace of time, stir up the sympathies, enliven the emotions, and arouse the imagination to high exertion; how the resources of the earth, her rich mines, her quarries of marble, stimulate the spirit of improvement in the arts and sciences. We read too, how the mind wastes away under the influence of despotic institutions, and how ignorance reigns shining in purple and gold; lastly, how the mind attains its full developement, and is ever active in its native strength, and power, and greatness, under the pacific and stirring effect of free principles. Each of these causes which may advance or retard the growth of mind, afford themes worthy of investigation. That of the influence of free institutions, having a bearing on the destinies of American mind, we have selected as the subject of this essay.

A ceaseless activity is the original characteristic of all material creation. All matter, whether on the surface, or in the centre of the earth, is imperceptibly undergoing a continuous change. To-day, we gaze with delighted eye on the loveliness and grandeur of nature, lit up by the smile of heaven; to-morrow, they have passed away. We only look upon a clear blue sky, to behold it the next moment hung with dark and angry clouds. The sun and the moon ever pursue their same eternal tireless course. Nature has likewise created an undying active spirit in the mental world. Activity is the earliest intellectual developement. The many imperious duties, connected with the stupendous relations which the individual members of society sustain to each other, prove that the mind was destined for action. The different natures, and the beautiful adaptations of the intellectual powers, prove it. Their native elasticity, their quick excitability, prove it. Curiosity, that key which unlocks the sanctuaries of knowledge, is seen from the days of childhood to silvery age. A desire of society, a commune and interchange of thought and feeling, has ever been a distinguishing characteristic of mankind in all ages and in all parts of the world. The sublime summits which the mind has reached, and the perennial glories which have crowned its efforts, are evidence unanswerable of the vastness of its power. But there cannot be full powerful mental action without mental freedom. Freedom is incident to action mental or physical. Observe the king of birds as he spreads his majestic wings on high; mark his swift flight, his strength and vigor; then behold him shut up within a cage, how weak, how lifeless, how nerveless! The same is true of mind; unrestrained, its powers transcend all limits, but fettered, they dwindle away—are powerless. The mind then is both naturally free and active. Such being the case, free institutions are founded in nature; and, therefore, their influence on the mind arises from a natural and mutual relation: this relation cannot be otherwise than efficacious in its tendencies on the mind.

What is the nature of free institutions? Founded in

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man's free active nature, their tendency is to develope his powers and dignity. Their permanency, depending on the mental part of man, their chief aim and policy are his moral and intellectual elevation. Universal mental cultivation is the enduring basis and majestic pillar of their structure. As the effulgent life-giving orb of day brings forth the hidden beauties and treasures of nature, they draw out to the light the powers and faculties of every member of society. They bring mind in competition with mind; thus striking out the "celestial spark," they recognise no mental indolence; they afford means suited to the growth of all kinds of mind; they hold out the same common inducements to all; they reward with immortality noble intellectual action. Their true prominent feature is the collision of minds.

Let us examine their influences. All legislation, all governmental measures and operations, originate in the chosen intellect of the people, assembled in free deliberation. No single will creates a law. Many cultivated thinking minds coming together in close discussion, strike out the great principles of political science. And the minds thus exercised are not confined in their illuminating influence to the legislative hall, but go abroad, brilliant and powerful, awakening to thought, and enlightening millions of minds. Whatever the legislators conceive and create, affords a theme on which a thousand other eloquent minds among the people concentrate their talents, and shine forth in bright display. Thus we perceive that the splendid and dazzling theatre of eloquence is opened, inviting the exertions of bold, persuasive, original intellect Eloquence is one of the characteristics of free governments. It requires free action. Its nature is to thrill the feelings, to awaken the fancy, to exalt the thoughts of a nation. It is the mind speaking forth its native inspiriting thoughts. It is the rapid flow of deep excited feeling. It is the natural influence which one mind exerts over another. It is the unbridled intellect, clothed in shining and magic forms. Can it exist under a despotism? The bird that dips its wings in the heavens does not require more freedom. It is opposed to tyranny of any kind. What is the history of eloquence? We behold it in unrivalled brilliancy and power in the Republican of mighty Rome. Rome's eaglet of conquest canopied the world under his expanded wings; but the genius of her eloquence, peaceful, but powerful, moulded and swayed the mind of her people and raised her to matchless grandeur.

In free governments, new occasions are continually arising for intellectual action. It is the inevitable result of that freedom they give to the mind. The free mind is ever active and progressive, ever soaring to lofty heights. The free mind disdains to follow the beaten track, and marks out an original, a more elevated path. The free mind experiences the full efficacy of all the stimulating feelings of our nature. Can such a cast of mind do otherwise than open new fields for high action? or produce other than wonderful and glorious results? Animated by an unconquerable love of action, all obstacles and difficulties vanish before it. It overthrows old systems, and erects new ones more dazzling in splendor. It revolutionizes all unsound associations, political, social, religious and literary. It fully developes and explains the existing relations of life, and unfolds hitherto unfelt ones. It thinks and feels more exaltedly, more deeply, more strongly. Lethargy never steals upon such a mind. Now a mind thus exercised, thus unlimited in its action, must shine forth in its original beauty and might, must attain all that is noble or sublime in intellectual achievement. This mind does not exist under despotic institutions It could not. The restrained mind is ever retrograding. The restrained mind, aimless and unambitious, pursues the old path and never thinks of seeking a new one. The restrained mind never feels the irrepressible delight of a superior thought, never the exhilarating influence of deep and lofty meditation. Is it wonderful that despotic governments never attain a high degree of intellectual eminence? Or is it wonderful that free governments should know no barriers too great, no limits too extensive, no summits too elevated; should send forth a living increasing light of mental glory over the world?

In free governments "capacity and opportunity are twin sisters." Development of mind being their chief aim, they afford every proper means to this end. The genius of learning is brought down from her high abodes, and caused to walk radiant with beauty, through every grade of society. Education, the soul's strength, is disseminated with a liberal hand to every portion of the community. Intellectual illumination is made universal, as extensive as the circling canopy of the firmament. The inferior and superior mind drink at the same fountain—aspire to the same immortal renown. For while they thus develope the mind, they open to all the bright halls of eminence, offer to all *fame's* brilliant diadem. Glorious is the effect! The principles of science are seen shining in increased brightness in the work-shop; eloquence, deep and overwhelming, full of heavenly fire and pathos, arises from the shades of obscurity; the lyre of poetry touched by the spirit of song, sends forth its melodious and inspiring strains from the deep valley and the mountain top; in truth, the great mass of society is moved and agitated by an active untiring spirit, even as the waters of Bethesda were wont to be moved when visited by the angel of the skies. Do we behold such an aspect under despotic institutions? Do they encourage the universal growth of mind? Do they hold out a common inducement to eloquent and lofty effort? or insure to superior genius an enduring fame? Impossible! when all intellectual influence is confined to the palace. Impossible! when learning in its effect on society is no more than the light of the moon, shining by the side of the noonday sun.

But free circulation of thought and feeling composes the chief influence of free institutions on the mind. The beauty, union, and elevation of society depend upon the action and re-action of mind. Indeed, this reciprocal influence of mind is the final cause in the formation of society. Where it is unfelt all relations, political and social, are frail and disregarded. If we look through society we shall find that all national mental greatness and power, originates in the influence which a few mighty minds exert in setting the great mass of mind to thinking and feeling. How great have been the effects of the minds of the Newtons, Bacons, Ciceros and Luthers on the world! How many millions of minds have they not excited to strong and elevated

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action! Now, free governments, from their very nature, encourage this interchange, this mutual action of mind on mind. And mark the results. The original brightness of one mind throws new light on the path of another. A superior thought, like the blast of the Highland warrior's trump bounding from crag to crag, and causing, quick as sound, a hundred minds to beat for action, spreads with electric rapidity through every nerve of the social frame. Thoughts once clouded in darkness assume a blinding brightness. Thoughts once confused and incomprehensible are mastered and imbodied in enchanting forms. Patient and ambitious investigation, surmounting every obstacle, and penetrating to the lowest depths of knowledge, brings forth its rich treasures; truths, brilliant and irresistible. Free discussion is awakened, eliciting talent, intellectual energies and glories. Nor is this all. In philosophy, a few mighty minds arise and unfold new principles in human nature; and, immediately, a spirit of revolution, rapid but glorious, rages through society, destroying false and unnatural relations, and strengthening those that are genuine by holier and imperishable ties. In literature, a few mighty minds arise, profound in thought, imperial in fancy and conception, which like so many meridian suns, casting their beams upon the mental world, draw forth the native graces, and beauties, and grandeur of mind, and disseminate through every department of letters an influence enlivening and beautifying: an influence, which arouses the slumbering spirit of poetry, and throws an immortal radiance over the Elysian realms of fiction. In science, a few mighty minds arise, expose old fallacies, explore the rich mines of the earth, develope the mysterious principles of matter, explain the nature of their application, and suddenly an unusual mental splendor encircles the temple of learning. Art wields her sceptre with greater skill and precision, improving and adorning every branch of mechanism, that administers to the uses and comforts of society. And this influence of these few mighty minds on the general mind of society reacts in resilient bounds, again acts, and again rebounds, continually increasing in vigor and majesty. Thus the powers, passions and emotions of the mind, are developed to their full stature. Thus, that mind gains its natural ascendancy, crowns itself with unfading laurels, erects its throne, all magnificent, far above human thrones, and wields an overpowering influence over the destinies of mankind. Thus, all nations either in the ancient or modern world, where mind has shone in its brightest forms, have gained their immortality. From a want of this mutual influence of superior and inferior minds, despotic nations have ever remained in superstition and ignorance. For the sake of mind, who will not hail with delight the day when the genius of liberty shall canopy the world with her guardian wings!

But the friends of monarchical governments tell us that Republics do not encourage high intellectual developement, because they do not stimulate the mind to exertion by liberal rewards. In a triumphant air, they point us to the munificent era of Augustus, when genius bloomed amid kingly splendor, to the profuse liberality of Eastern kings; to the generous age of Leo X, when Italia's mind shone in rivalry with her own bright and lovely skies. We grant that the mind in free governments is deprived of this influence. Does it thereby sustain any loss? Let us examine this point. Will the mind whose only stimulant are the smiles and pecuniary emoluments of kings, exhibit its native strength and grandeur? or will the Muse that sings to please the whims and caprices of a court, soar on eagle wings and to mountain heights? He who depends on another for support, must necessarily so shape his actions as to gain the good will of his patron. It is familiar to every one, that they who live in the sunshine of a palace, and from whom the mind in monarchies receives its patronage, are no more nor less in their characters than a composition of vanity and pride; of vanity and pride demanding deification. The mind then that acts under courtly favor must bow in lowly adoration and flattery. The scholar mourns over this defect in the writings of Horace: he wrote to please the wily and arrogant Augustus. If we turn over the productions of modern ages, when monarchy has reigned, we shall find the same grovelling slave-like spirit. Can such an influence develope the real beauty and sublimity of mind? No! For the mind that would attain a full growth, a growth noble and dignified—must mark out a course of its own, must move forward with a fearless, unbending step.

But because the mind in free governments does not enjoy the influence of princely favor, (which in our humble opinion is rather an injury than a benefit,) it is not therefore deprived of every other stimulant. In a Republic, mental influence is not confined to any one particular sphere, but illumines by the same beneficent rays the summits and the depths of society. It is sound reason, that the motives to intellectual action will bear a character corresponding to the influence of that action. If its influence be noble and extensive the stimulus of mind will be strong and awakening. How great then the motives to mental effort in free governments! There the mind acts not to please a crown, not to scatter flowers for courtiers to walk over, but conscious of the weight of its responsibility, and the boundless extent of its power, thinks and feels, that its thoughts and feelings may mould and sway countless other minds. There is an indescribable glory in such a stimulus. It not only purifies and elevates the mind which it arouses, but prospers and ennobles the condition of mankind. Still further—The mind whose theatre of action is thus extensive, and that looks up to no living being for aid, will in most instances, be excited to action by the idea of a virtuous immortality. And say, friend of monarchical munificence, is not the mind that conceives this idea in its pure genuineness, actuated by a stimulus more powerful than all the smiles of all the kings, than all the gold of all the Perus in the world could create? Analyze this idea. It combines benevolence and sublimity of feeling. It raises the mind above earthly scenes to the contemplation of the ineffable brightness and goodness of the Creator. Its great end is the promotion of the happiness of coming ages. Who will compare the action of the mind thus stimulated with that of the mind, whose only stimulus is present selfish enjoyment? As well may we compare the anthill to the "cloud-crowned Andes."

What says biography of those superior minds that have shone as lights to the world. Did they grow to their full power and greatness under the influence of

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monarchical institutions? Did they arouse the mind of Homer, the immortal bard of antiquity? Or the eloquence and moral sublimity of Cicero? Or the unrivalled philosophy of Socrates? Who has not lamented over the severe fate of modern genius? Danté, Petrarch and Ariosto, minds resplendent in imagery and conception, wrote their best works when friendless exiles on a foreign shore. Cervantes wrote his Don Quixotte of undying fame, in a dungeon. Shakspeare, rightly styled the great magician of human nature, was often obliged to act parts in his own plays. Milton, who in thought and conception dwelt in the home of angels, sold his Paradise Lost for five pounds; lived the disgrace and glory of his age. These minds were the subjects of monarchies. Others might be mentioned. Surely then this patronage of kingly governments is but an empty name. It will not stimulate the noble mind, for such a mind creates its own stimulus. Let no one say then that the mind cannot ascend to lofty heights without its aid. But rather let us exclaim with the poet,

"'Tis immortality should fire the mind."

In looking over the pages of history, no fact strikes us more perceptibly than that all greatness of mind has ever been proportionate to its enjoyment of civil liberty. In vain do we look for universal education, either in ancient or modern times, among the numerous kingdoms of the East; in vain for a philosopher, poet or historian. The story of Grecian mind in its full maturity and superiority is known to every scholar. He there beholds mind in its real glory and power, shining under diversified forms; in imaginative brilliancy; in philosophic research; in the highest spheres of literature and science. But her freedom departed. The voice of eloquence was no longer heard in her forums, or in her beautiful fanes and groves; her Muses were cold to the embraces of her poets; in short, her intellectual greatness was gone. Behold her now! How striking the contrast of her former and present condition! And how appropriate the line of Byron—

"'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

The history of Roman mind does not differ from that of Grecian mind. Who would ask for stronger illustrations of the argument in favor of free principles on the mind.

But the influence of free institutions on the mind is not confined purely to the intellectual, but extends to the moral nature of man. They blend strength and splendor of intellect with the soft and beamy radiance of moral feeling. This is a natural consequence. For as a general rule, where there is an expansion of intellect, there will be a similar growth in morals. As intellect expands, as its perceptions become keener and surer, the relations and duties of life are perceived in a stronger and clearer light. Deprived of intellect, morals and principles lose their efficacy. We speak now of unperverted intellect; not of that kind of intellect which blasted the hopes of revolutionary France; not of that kind of intellect which characterized a Mirabeau or a Voltaire, but of such as free institutions in their purity would create—an intellect pure and exalted. Such an intellect cannot fail to strengthen our obligations as public and private men.

Indeed, one of the fundamental principles of free governments is founded in man's moral nature, the equality of mankind. For from this principle flows a spirit of peace, of love and kindness. Cherish the idea that men are by nature possessed of equal rights, and you destroy that coldness and selfishness which corrupt and debase the moral affections. Cherish it, and benevolence reigns queen over the heart, dispensing far and wide her refreshing benefits. Cherish it, and every member of society feels himself drawn towards his fellow by heavenly attractions. Cherish it, and the springs of sympathetic feeling rise to overflowing. In fine, cherish it, and the virtues of the heart increase in beauty and holiness, and run out in gladdening streams. Destroy it, and general morality is gone forever.

Thus we perceive that free governments tend both to growth of morals and intellect; that the developement of the one is not attended to and the other neglected, but that they unfold, bloom and mature in union. Thus too, we perceive that free governments do not unfold half of man's powers or strength, but that under their influence the whole mind expands, full, bright and lovely, as the "bloom of blowing Eden fair."

We have now finished an imperfect view of the influence of free principles on the mind. Beautiful is their application in our own country. Here they exist in their pure original character. Here, their influence is beyond calculation—over an extensive territory, abounding in every variety of interest and advantage. Here the press is free, and the thoughts and feelings of one section of the land may enlighten another section; this section may throw new light and splendor into another, this into another and another: thus creating a chain of mental influence, which will extend from one extremity of the country to the other. Here there is every civil advantage; numerous theatres for the display of eloquent mind. Here there is every natural advantage; numerous theatres for the display of literary and scientific mind. Let the discerning traveller perform the tour of our land, and there is no beauty of nature, no charm of landscape, no majesty of forest, no grandeur or sublimity of mountain or water scenery, that will not meet his delighted vision. Every state possesses materials sufficient to create a literature of its own. The Baronial castles and lofty hills of Scotland, together with their incidents, penciled by the graphic hand of Walter Scott, gained him a deathless name. Every state, and we assert it without fear of contradiction, has more of the interesting, the romantic and picturesque in incident and scenery than Scotland. It is our own fault then if our literature is not immortalized by more than one Scott. Add to these the great variety of mind which characterizes our land. Let the traveller go through the south, and he will behold mind glowing, impetuous and brilliant; let him go through the north, and he will behold mind, more systematized, profound in reason, silent, deep in feeling; let him go through the west, and he will behold a comminglement of every variety of mind. Besides, there are peculiar thoughts and feelings which belong to each state. Now consider all these advantages joined together, mingled as the colors in the rainbow, by one grand powerful feeling, which characterizes the whole, a feeling of union, a common American feeling: and let our free institutions act upon them in their full vigor and power, and we will

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have a mind presenting every variety of interest, beauty, strength and brightness—all eloquent, all sublime—a sun illumining the world. H. J. G.

Cincinnati, Ohio, April 1835.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A few weeks since D. D. Mitchell, Esq., a resident for many years past, near the falls of Missouri, in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains, was in this city, on a visit to his native State, and it was my good fortune to become personally acquainted with him. He has been an enterprising and successful adventurer in the American fur trade, and is now in command of a fort and trading establishment in the neighborhood of the *Black-feet*, a nation of Indians with whom the whites have had but little intercourse, and whose peculiar character and manners we have had few opportunities of knowing. Besides being a bold and active participator in many of the bloody conflicts of various tribes, Mr. Mitchell has been a keen observer of Indian customs, traits, and superstitions; and so great a favorite was he among the powerful tribe of the Black-feet, that they created him a chief, with the title of the *Spotted Elk*. Mr. Mitchell did me the favor whilst here, to submit some of his manuscripts to my inspection. They contain sketches of the Indian character, and of the country, on the head waters of Missouri, hitherto almost unexplored by the white man, and also various interesting anecdotes and observations, highly creditable to the intelligence, discernment and enterprise of the writer. I cannot withhold from the patrons of the Literary Messenger, some share of the pleasure I have myself experienced, in reading these valuable papers, and, for the present, I send to the publisher, a remarkable Indian love tale, which Mr. Mitchell, besides his written testimony, privately assured me was *founded on fact*.—Washington Irving, in his recent "Tour on the Prairies," makes the following remark: "As far as I can judge, the Indian of poetical fiction, is like the shepherd of pastoral romance, a mere personification of imaginary attributes." It may be so, and perhaps most heroes and heroines of novels and romances, are principally creations of fancy; but if the author of the Sketch Book, meant to assert, that the children of the forest were altogether unsusceptible of some of the noble and tender emotions of our nature—he stands opposed by undoubted evidence to the contrary. Who does not believe, for example, what our own history has taught, of the matchless purity and guileless simplicity of Pocahontas—the lofty spirit of Totopotomoi, and the rare magnanimity of Logan? The passion of love indeed, as modified and refined in civilized life, has not often been found in the breast of the Indian warrior, but even to this general truth, there have been numerous exceptions, and among them, I have never met with one so marked and striking, as that which is recorded in the following story. H.

THE WHITE ANTELOPE;

OR, INDIAN LOVER.

From the Manuscripts of D. D. Mitchell, Esq.

Some time during the autumn of 1832, a young blood Indian (of the race of the Black-feet,) arrived at the fort all alone. He had no furs, or other articles of traffic with him, and was not equipped in the usual style for war. His pale haggard appearance, and deep settled melancholy, attracted the observation of all who saw him; but as a residence of several years among the Indians, had taught us something of their rules of politeness, I forbore to question him as to the cause of his grief, more especially as he did not seem to be in a very communicative mood. I ordered him something to eat, but he pushed the proffered repast aside, and refused to partake. Our interpreter then handed him a pipe, which he received in a cold mechanical manner, appearing scarcely conscious of what he did; and instead of sending up dense columns of smoke in rapid succession, as is usually the case, he sat with the pipe extended across his knees, absorbed in a deep reverie, and now and then heaving profound sighs, which appeared to arise from the inmost recesses of his soul. The pipe having gone out, the interpreter relighted it, and again placed it in the young Indian's hand. He started up, and after a few hasty whiffs, seized his bow and arrows, and walked hastily out of the fort. Our curiosity having been excited by his mysterious conduct, several of us followed in order to watch his motions. He went to the river bank, and having thrown off his robe, which he fastened to the back of his head, in order to keep it dry, he deliberately plunged into the river and swam for the opposite shore. I called to him through the interpreter, promising if he would return, to send him over in my skiff, reminding him at the same time that the current was wide, and the water extremely cold—but he only turned his head around, and with a bitter smile, exclaimed, "the fire which is burning in my heart, will keep me warm!" He spoke no other word, but dashing through the waves, which a keen October wind had lashed into motion, we saw him presently ascend the rocky cliffs of the other side, and striking into the path which led to the mountains, he disappeared, with the speed and agility of an antelope. Several conjectures were made among us, respecting the singular conduct of this seemingly unhappy youth; but as none could furnish an explanation entirely satisfactory, the affair in a few days, ceased to be the subject of inquiry or conversation.

On a cold stormy evening, about the middle of the following February, I was standing on the bank of the river, giving some directions to the men engaged in constructing a kind of harbor or basin, to secure our boats, on the opening of spring, from the drifting ice, when I was startled by the quick report of a gun, and a loud shout of triumph, which proceeded from the opposite shore, and were echoed in long reverberations from the rocky cliffs of the Missouri. Broad flakes of snow were falling around me, and whirling in every direction, so that I was prevented from perceiving objects on the opposite side; but I supposed that some war party was probably returning from a victorious campaign. When about to return to the fort, I discovered two Indians, a young man and woman, crossing the river on the ice; they both approached the spot where I stood; the youth holding his hand towards me, in a manner which denoted confidence and friendship. Though actually shivering with cold, his countenance seemed to beam with joy and animation, and pointing my attention to the comely girl, at his side, he exclaimed, whilst his dark eyes sparkled with triumph, "Now she is mine, for I have fairly won her in battle!" and at the same moment

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he cast a glance at two bloody scalps, which hung suspended from his ram-rod. I now recognised the mysterious young man, who had visited the fort in October; but his manner and appearance were altogether changed. His step was now buoyant and elastic, and in place of the gloomy silence and mental agony which marked his previous deportment, he was now gay and talkative, indulging in the light laugh and ready jest Being anxious to know something of his story, I invited the lover and his young Indian maiden into the fort, an invitation which they readily accepted. After a hearty meal, and a few whiffs of the pipe, the warrior swain, drawing his Indian beauty closer to his side, and assuming as much gravity of feature, as his thrilling sensations of happiness would allow, related in a very circumstantial manner, the following story:—

"I have loved this girl," said he, "as far back as I can remember;" and at the same moment, as he laid his hand on her shining dark hair, the black eyed damsel of the Prairies rewarded her lover's confession with a smile of approbation. "I loved her," he continued, "long before I knew the meaning of love; for when a small boy, I once shot my arrow at her mother for striking the daughter. I afterwards wondered at myself for doing so, especially as my father talked to me *angry*, and said that the girl was no relation of mine. I remember too, when we played at ball on the ice, if we happened to be opposed in the game, I would not win from her, though every thing I had was staked. Those were happy days. In the winter, we made snares for rabbits and foxes, or climbed to the top of some high hill, and amused ourselves by rolling the snow down its sides, which, as it rolled, grew bigger and bigger, until it reached the bottom, where it lay till the warm sun in the spring melted it away to fog, and raised it again to the clouds. Even so has it happened to us. We continued to roll down the stream of life, increasing in size and in love, until now we have reached years of maturity; and we will continue to love each other, until time wastes us away like the snow ball, and the Great Spirit takes us up into his own land.

"Last summer we were encamped by the side of the chief mountain, and I saw Sinepaw (the name of the Indian girl,) almost every day. Often have I wandered from the camp, and hiding myself behind some tree, have watched the whole day in the hope of seeing her pass that way. If I could but get a glance at her, I was satisfied, and returned quietly to the lodge; but if it chanced that she did not make her appearance, I then sat me down and wept; but during my sleep I was always happy, for in my dreams I was never separated from her. You know that, according to the law of our tribe, none but a warrior can dare to think of a wife; and as I was nothing but a youth, and had never taken a scalp, I was therefore ashamed to speak even to *Sinepaw*, much less to her father and mother. One day, whilst preparing to go out to war, where I panted to perform some exploit which should rank me amongst our braves and warriors, and entitle me to the privilege of marrying the girl of my choice, the whole camp was suddenly thrown into an uproar, and I learned that eight of our women who were gathering wild turnip in the prairies, had been captured and carried away by the *Flat-heads*. Sinepaw was one of the eight. A war party, myself among the number, was immediately despatched in pursuit. We followed for several days, but we lost the trail of our enemies in the mountains, and our leader commanded us to return. I thought that my heart would burst with grief; but as yet I had no trophy in battle, and I dared not utter a complaint. When I returned to the camp, my heart was very heavy. I believed that it was dead. I could neither eat, nor sleep, nor join in the merry song or dance, as it was my custom to do. My only pleasure was, to climb to the top of the mountain, seat myself on a bank of snow, and looking to the country of the Flat-heads, pray the Great Spirit to give me the cunning and courage to recover my lost Sinepaw. Once when I had remained in that dismal spot three days and nights, taking neither rest nor food, on the fourth morning the sun drove away the mist from the mountain, and warmed my veins with its beams. I fell into a sound sleep, and the Great Spirit came down and told me to go in pursuit of the *Flat-heads*; that he would take pity on my grief, and restore Sinepaw to her lover. I awoke from my pleasant dream: the Great Spirit was gone, but I remembered his words.

The next day I started all alone. You saw me when I passed your fort, and you pitied my distress. For thirty-four days I travelled through the mountains, before I found the camp of the *Flat-heads*. The Great Spirit had caused them to place it in the only spot where it was possible I could ever succeed in recovering Sinepaw. It was just at the foot of a high rocky cliff, on the banks of the Snake river.* On the top of the cliff, I found a hole in the rock, which served as a hiding place, and from which I could easily see all that passed in the camp. For seven long days I kept a constant watch, before I could once get a glimpse at my girl. At last I saw her, and I thought that my heart would leap from my mouth. My limbs trembled so violently, that I could not stand, and the tears gushed from my eyes, causing the prairie beneath me to look like a vast lake, whose waves were troubled. Soon, however, I brushed away my tears, the lake disappeared—and I again beheld the camp, and Sinepaw standing in the same spot. She was employed in harnessing two dogs for the purpose of assisting the squaws to haul wood from a little island in the middle of the river. She did not return until nearly sun-set; but when she did, I was lucky enough to see the lodge into which she went. I examined that lodge particularly, and all the others around it, so that I should know it again. When it was dark, I spoke to the Great Spirit; told him he promised I should have my Sinepaw again, and begged him not to deceive me. I resolved to carry her off that night, or leave my scalp to be danced in the camp of the Flat-heads!!

"The night was very dark and stormy; the wind mourned around the top of the cliff, and the snow flakes whirling through the air, seemed to me like so many ghosts. Three ravens fluttered up the side of the rock, and lighting on a stunted pine, which grew near my place of retreat, uttered a dismal scream, as if scenting for something to eat, and waiting to feast on my carcass. Beneath me lay a thousand enemies, who would in a moment have cut me into pieces, and given my body to their dogs. My teeth chattered with cold and fear, and I felt like a woman. The cliff was steep and

* A small stream that falls into the Columbia.

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overhung with shelving rocks. It was so dark that I could not see my hand before me; and if I made one false step, I should be dashed to pieces among the rocks, and Sinepaw would remain a slave among my enemies. When my courage was about to expire, this horrid thought revived it, and I immediately commenced sliding down the cliff, holding on the points of the rocks, and grasping the pine bushes which grew in my course. Several times my foot-hold crumbled beneath me, and I fell from rock to rock, but there was always something to stop my descent and prevent my destruction. At length I reached the bottom, and stood on the level prairie. The camp was but a short distance from me, and I walked towards it slowly and cautiously. Every thing was solemn and silent, and the stillness was only broke by the hollow wind whistling through the prairie grass, or by the howl of some dog who could find no shelter from the storm. When I entered the camp, I drew my robe over my head, and boldly stepped forward. Several young men were standing near the different lodges, perhaps to get a sly look at their sweethearts, but they took no notice of me. Once I thought that a dog, belonging to the camp, would have ruined me: he made for the spot where I was, snapping and barking, and running around me several times; but, luckily, an old squaw came from a lodge hard by, and drove him off. No doubt the Great Spirit sent her, for had it been a man, he would have come towards me, and spoken, and all would have been lost.

"When I came to the lodge I was seeking, I knew it by a large white wolf skin, which hung on a pole at the door. I stood a few moments, and prayed the Great Spirit to pity me, then ventured to raise the skin and look into the lodge. A small fire which was burning in the centre, cast a pale and sickly light all around me, and I saw that all who were there, were asleep. Several times I tried to go in, but as often felt as if something was pulling me back; but looking around and beholding nothing, I knew it was the evil spirit, so I raised the skin once more, boldly stepped forward, and stood in the same lodge with Sinepaw. My heart beat so loud, I thought it would wake all the sleepers. At the first glance, I knew it was the lodge of a chief, for over the spot where he lay, hung his medicine bag, his bow and arrows, and immediately under them, two scalps of my own nation. At the sight of the scalps I drew my knife, intending to kill him, but I thought of Sinepaw and stopped. Where was she? Fifteen men and women lay sleeping on the ground, and all so wrapped in their robes, that I could not distinguish them; so I drew my own robe over my face, and sat down to listen to their breathing, for I knew there was music in the breath of Sinepaw, different from that of all other women. I was not deceived: I found that she lay just behind me: so I turned and took the robe from her face. She still slept; a tear was glistening on her eyelash, and her cheek was thin and pale. She murmured something which I could not hear, but, stooping down, I kissed away the tear, which was even sweeter than the blood of my brother's murderer, which I had tasted She opened her eyes, looked up, and saw me, but thought it was a dream. She looked again, and when she saw that it was really me, she would have screamed, but I laid my hand on her mouth, and whispered in her ear, "Rise, let us fly from the camp!" She gazed wildly around the lodge, and seemed as if her senses would fly from her. At length I raised her up, and led her to the door, but she stopped and turned my face to the light, as if to be assured that it was me. She hesitated no longer: we both sprung from the lodge, and Sinepaw threw her arms around me!

"Oh, my friend!" exclaimed the impassioned lover, addressing himself to me, whilst his eyes sparkled with extraordinary brilliancy, "at that moment I looked around on the camp, and laughed at all its dangers. I felt as if I should not fear to meet a hundred enemies. It was the first time that Sinepaw ever embraced me, and it kindled a feeling, such as I shall never experience again. I believe when I am dead and mouldered into dust, the parts of my body which her arms encircled, will never be corrupted.

"A number of horses stood tied around the lodge, and Sinepaw cut loose the cords of two of the best, which we quickly mounted. I drew my bow and arrows, and rode slowly forward, making as little noise as possible; but a young man soon discovered us, and gave the alarm! Laying whip to our horses, we soon cleared the camp, dashed down the bank, and crossed the river on the ice; but the uproar which we heard behind us, and the thundering of horses' feet over the frozen prairie, too plainly told that we were closely pursued. The storm continued to roar, and the darkness was greater than ever. Sometimes I heard a shot behind us, and a hundred voices calling out loudly to each other; but we still kept on our way, at the full speed of our steeds, and in about two hours from the time we started, the tempest had spent its rage, and daylight began to dawn. At sun-rise I rode to the top of a hill, in order to survey the country and the better to shape my course, when I spied two *Flat-heads* on horseback, not far to my right, who, seeing me also, raised a shout of triumph, and immediately rushed forward in pursuit. I knew it was in vain to fly; our horses were already weary and faint, and could hold out no longer. I made signs to Sinepaw to come to the top of the hill, when seizing her horse by the rein, I sheathed my knife blade in his throat, and dealt the same fatal blow at my own. Their lifeblood gushed as a spring, and as they staggered and fell, I placed their bodies around us, to form an entrenchment for defence.

"The warriors soon rode up, and discharged their guns, but their balls fell harmless, or lodged in the carcases which protected us. They fired again and again, but I still lay motionless, for as I had but nine arrows left, I had not one to throw away. At last they began to conclude that I had no arms, and they ventured to ride still nearer. I heard the trampling of their horses a few steps off; my bow and arrows were prepared, and I raised my head, but withdrew it as quick as lightning. They fired at once, but their fire came too late: I sprang upon my feet, and before the *Flat-heads* could either reload or retreat, I sent two arrows through the body of one, and one through the head of the other. They attempted to fly, but both were brought to the ground. I raised the war whoop of the Spotted Eagle, and rushing down the side of the hill, I secured their scalps and guns. Here they are!" he exclaimed, exhibiting his spoils in triumph; "who can now say that the White Antelope is not a warrior, or who can refuse him his daughter as a wife?"

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Mr. White,—The following spirited lines, evidently composed on some occasion of serious import, together with a gold ring broken into several fragments, were accidentally found in my neighborhood about two years ago, enveloped in a neatly folded sheet of letter paper, without date, seal, or superscription. I send you a copy of them, hoping that by the aid of your very good "Messenger" they may meet the eye of poor "Corydon" again, or if you please, that of his "faithless one." Should you deem them worthy of publication, they are now at your service. Yours, respectfully, AGRICOLA.

Albemarle, March 25, 1835.

THE LAST GIFT.

When I sit musing on the chequered past,
(A term much darken'd with untimely woes,)
My thoughts revert to her, for whom still flows
The tear, tho' half disown'd, and binding fast
Pride's stubborn cheat to my too yielding heart;
I say to her she robbed me of my rest,
When that was all my wealth. 'Tis true my breast
Received from her this wearying, lingering smart,
Yet, ah! I cannot bid her form depart:
Tho' wrong'd, I love her—yet in anger love;
For *she was most unworthy*. Now I prove
Vindictive joy; and on my stern front gleams
The native pride of my much injured heart.—*H. K. White.*

I said to Love's accursed art,
Behold this broken ring!
Thus thou hast broke the bruised heart,
As 'twere some worthless thing.
But tho' it bleed at every pore,
Crush'd by the reckless blow,
My spirit still shall triumph o'er
The tide of wo.

I said to Friendship's lifted hand,
Smite on—my bosom's bare—
Deep didst thou plunge the fatal brand,
And left it rankling there.
But still there throbs within these veins,
The spirit's manliness,
That scorns, amid its keenest pains,
To seek redress.

I said to Treachery's cunning dame,
Come on—I dread thee not;
Thou may'st pursue me till my name
And being are forgot.
But still my spirit ne'er shall weep,
Tho' driv'n to Ocean's farthest Isle,
I'd rather brave the angry deep,
Than thy *cold smile*.

I said to Mammon's golden store,
Shine on—thou art but dust;
I covet not thy worthless ore,
Tho' by Misfortune crush'd.
For deep within this bosom's shrine,
There lives a spirit still,
(More costly far than wealth of thine,)
Thou canst not kill.

I said to Earth's unstable ball,
Roll on—it matters not;
A few more suns will rise and fall,
And I shall be forgot.
But still the spirit in its bloom,
Tho' oft by sorrow curs'd,
Shall yet from thy sepulch'ral gloom
With rapture burst.

I said to Her, the faithless one,
Who vow'd to love me best,
Smile on—thy friendship I disown,
And spurn thee from my breast.
But still the spirit thou hast crush'd,
The secret ne'er shall tell,
And tho' thou tread it in the dust,
'Twill say—FAREWELL.

I said to Him, the mighty Lord,
Who reigns above the sky,
And governs by his sovereign word,
Man's darkest destiny,—
Father, I kiss thy chastening rod,
In love I know 'twas given,
For while it smites me 'neath the sod,
It points to Heaven.

CORYDON.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

APOSTROPHE

Of the Æolian Harp to the Wind.

"Wind of the dark blue mountains,
Thou dost but sweep my strings,
Into wild gusts of mournfulness,
With the rushing of thy wings.

When the gale is freshly blowing
My notes responsive swell,
And over music's power,
Their triumphs seem to tell.

But when the breeze is sighing,
Then comes "a dying fall,"
Less—less indeed exalting,
But sweeter far than all.

It sighs, like hapless mortals,
For youthful pleasures fled,
For hopes and friends once cherished,
Now mingled with the dead.

And oh! how sweetly touching,
Is the sad and plaintive strain,
Recalling former pleasures,
That ne'er can live again.

Once more thy breezes freshen,
And sweep the Æolian strings,
And again their notes are swelling,
With the rushing of thy wings.

They seem to cheer the drooping,
To bid the wretched live,
And with their sounds ecstatic,
His withering hopes revive."

Alas! and in life's drama,
Howe'er we play our part,
Hope is forever breathing,
On the Lyre of the Heart.

Hope is forever touching
Some chord that vibrates there,
While bitter disappointment
Mars the delusive air.

Alternate joys and sorrows,
Obedient to her call,
Now breathe a strain that's flatt'ring,
And now "a dying fall."

Yet how unlike the measures
Of the sweet Æolian string!
These soothe the heart that's wounded,
Those plant a deeper sting.

Then wind of the dark blue mountains,
Still sweep these trembling strings
Into sweet strains of mournfulness,
With the flutter of thy wings.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

ENGLISH POETRY.

CHAP. I.

"Every modification of a society, at all lettered, works out for itself a correspondent literature, bearing the stamp of its character and exhibiting all its peculiarities."*

It is thus that we see among the simple progenitors of a now polished race, a simplicity of literature in extreme accordance with their rude and unsophisticated manners. Yet when I speak of a rude literature, I am not to be understood as implying want of merit. On the contrary, the unpruned freedom of thought and unextinguished fire of feeling, so essential to true poetry, are chiefly to be found among a people martial and but little cultivated. Nor is this all; we often discover a beautiful tenderness, breathing of the primeval simplicity in which it has been nurtured. The dangers and hardships of severe employment, were sometimes forgotten in intervals of rest, and at such times, love ditties were made and sung. All natural beauties—the mountain—the waters of the valley—the dingle—the mossy wood, peopled by its vagabond essences and strange spirits—were inexhaustible food for poetry. This love of gentleness was the stronger for its contrast with the tone of feeling which preceded it. There are many instances of "the soft" to be found amongst the mutilated scraps and scattered records remaining to us from the numerous races usually called Barbarians. Montaigne somewhere quotes an original Caribbean song, which he pronounces worthy of Anacreon:

"Oh, snake stay; stay, O snake, that my sister may draw from the pattern of thy painted skin, the fashion and work of a rich riband which I mean to present to my mistress: so may thy beauty and thy disposition be preferred to those of all other serpents. Oh, snake stay!"

If this had been the song of a Peruvian or a Chilian, it would have been less singular. As it is, it was probably sung by a savage Carib in a moment of that rest, of which I have spoken as the season for "love ditties."

The curious student who searches into the authorities of our historians, will find that they are chiefly made up of legends imbodied in the songs of coeval bards and minstrels. This was the source of historical knowledge to the Danish writers, more than to those of any other country; indeed the scald was as well a chronicler as a singer. Nor is this historical foundation to be despised. Those who sung were most frequently eye witnesses of the occurrences celebrated in their songs. Men in those early ages had not so thoroughly learned the art of misrepresentation. Manly openness was a virtue: cunning was scarcely known in action or narration: or, if known, despised. Consequently we find that in many or all cases where other proofs are to be had, the legends of the bards are substantiated.—The chief source of our information with regard to the Saxon rule in the island of Great Britain, is the Saxon Chronicle—a kind of journal or annual, kept by the monks of early ages. This extends considerably beyond the era of the conquest, and is often spun into verse. Indeed the first instance of the use of rhyme in the Saxon tongue, is to be found in this chronicle—I will not however anticipate my subject by quoting the lines in this place.

The materials with which English antiquaries build up their historical creeds, are so slender, that the very existence of the minstrel, as distinct from the poet, prior to William's coming, has been matter of controversy.—After close examination, I am inclined to side with those who maintain that minstrelsey—like the feudal system—was no more than improved by the Normans; that it had accompanied the Saxons from Germany.

We are told that, Colgrin, a Saxon prince, gained access to his brother Baldulph, while the latter defended York against Arthur and his Britons, by disguising himself as a harper.* Likewise that the great Alfred stole forth in the same disguise from the Isle of Athelney—whither Guthrun the Dane had driven him—and that in such plight he entered the enemy's quarters unhindered. Another story of the same nature is told us of Anlaff, a Danish chief, who explored the camp of king Athelstane.† The learned bishop of Dromore, after quoting these several stories at full length, remarks: "Now if the Saxons had not been accustomed to have minstrels of their own, Alfred's assuming so new and unusual a character would have excited suspicions among the Danes. On the other hand, if it had not been customary with the Saxons to shew favor and respect to the Danish scalds, Anlaff would not have ventured himself among them, especially on the eve of a battle. From the uniform procedure then of both these kings, we may fairly conclude that the same mode of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that the minstrel was a privileged character with each."

This proves, to me, that a plant from the same root whence sprung the Danish scald, grew and flourished in England. This idea is farther strengthened by the fact that Saxons and Danes were of one and the same origin—both swarms from the same northern hive—and that the scald retained by the Danes‡ was an important personage among the Teutonic tribes; and nothing can be more natural than for men to recur to the customs and usages of their parent-land.

It seems therefore that minstrels constituted a privileged race among the Saxons. Yet poetry was not meanwhile confined to their vocal performances. Alfred himself was the author of several written pieces of considerable merit. Among other ballads, one descriptive of the battle of Brunnenburgh, is still extant. This battle—fought between Athelstane and a confederacy of Danes and rebel Britons—was well drawn in the original, and has been translated by a school boy at Eton with unrivalled beauty and truth.‖

Song was used likewise on the field of battle. Many instances of this are on record, but I shall select no more than one for the sake of proof.

When Harold the last Saxon king, drew up his army against the combined forces of Tostigg—his rebel brother—and Harold Hardrada, the Norwegian king, Tostigg rode out upon a hillock, and *after the fashion of the day*, began a war-chaunt. While thus engaged, a herald came from Harold, his brother, greeting him,

* Sir J. Mackintosh's History of England, vol. I.

* Geoffrey of Monmouth. † Vide Rapin. ‡ Sir W. Temple ‖ Frere.

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and offering reconciliation. "The dukedom of Northumberland shall be given thee," said the herald. "And what reward has he for my friend and ally?" replied the haughty rebel. "Seven feet of English ground, or as men call him a giant, perhaps eight." And the herald finding his attempt at reconciliation futile, put spurs to his horse. Tostigg rode backward and forward, tossing his bare sword into the air and catching it as it fell. Meanwhile his brother's archers came within bow-shot, and their arrows whistled from the string. Tostigg fought beside his ally, in a blue tunic and shining helmet. He was yet chanting to his army, when a shaft pierced his throat and ended song and life together.

Thus do we see that poetry existed in three shapes; in the songs of a privileged order, called by the various names of *joculator, minstrel*, &c. &c.; in writing; and in the martial chaunts of heroes "bowne for battelle."—And what were the subjects of these several species of poetry? The last explains itself. The first two were probably on martial topics; so we may infer at least from the specimens which have reached us, and from the situation of England, even for centuries after its union under Egbert. Swept by the repeated inroads of the Danes—harassed and ground by the never-ending feuds of the great nobles, "ye might (in the strong words of an old historian,) as well plough the sea."—Thus with warlike customs—the last half of Sir. J. Mackintosh's remark, quoted in the beginning of this paper, being at all times a consequent on the first—literature grew up in more harsh strength than graceful beauty. Society was little better than a confederacy for joint defence against watchful foes. The air was redolent of strife and contention. The "clash of armor and the rush of multitudes," mingling *minaci murmure cornuum*, were imitated on the harp's string, and enthusiastic damsels sung the deeds of their lovers, or so far forgot the more tender affection which would prefer the life of its object, to that object's death and after-honor, as to mingle the *io triumphe* with the burial song; thus giving way to the fierce joy, which weakness, when excited by thoughts of great deeds denied itself, conjures up—the *gaudia certaminis*, ever strongest in the weakest. I have already remarked, that "during intervals of rest, love ditties were sung." We have remnants enough to know that the Saxon poets were not forgetful of all gentler feeling, though these too were most often mingled with alloy. There were not wanting those willing and eager to embalm the names of the beautiful and great. There were not wanting bards to sing of the *loves* of these.

Elgiva, who drew her royal lover from the board where his nobles, and the sage Dunstan, had met to do him honor. Editha, the lady of the swan-neck, who recognised the body of Harold though mangled and disfigured wofully "for that her eyes were strong with love." These have had their good qualities and misfortunes immortalized by men, who, in the pauses of the bitterest strife, turned to admire beauty and unyielding affection, and to lament the evils brought upon innocent heads.

They sung too of Elfrida, who stabbed young Alfred while feasting in Corfe-castle—a deed "than which no worse had been committed among the people of the Angles, since they first came to the land of Britain." And in this we perceive the alloy, as in their praise of the masculine Ethelflida, "the lady of Mercia," daughter of the great Alfred.

I have barely glanced over the Saxon literature from the middle of the fifth century, to that of the eleventh, without entering into a careful and accurate detail of the changes which must have occurred, and which probably by a closer examination than I have thought needful, might be spread open. One great change occurred about the end of the eighth century. Egbert—Bretwalda, or king of Wessex, one of the seven principalities forming the Heptarchy—long lived at the court of Charlemagne, then the most polished court west of Italy. He united the seven petty kingdoms into one, and as their single head, had an opportunity of using effectually the information gathered abroad.

Several additions were made to this, but the one most worthy notice, was more than two centuries after. Edward the confessor, passed twenty-seven years, from boyhood to middle age, at the court of Rouen; indeed (according to Ingulphus,)

"Paene in Gallicam transierat."

He therefore added to the polish, introduced by his predecessor, though at so late an hour that the change for the better was scarcely perceptible, before it merged in the more important one, introduced by the Norman invasion.

I now proceed to an examination of poetry through ages of comparative light. Although from the gradual intercourse between the two nations prior to their amalgamation, no alteration of feeling or manners had taken place, extensive enough to mark the "conquest" as a grand and important era in the history of national customs, still many and subtle changes were produced, bearing in no small degree upon the subject before us.

The poetry of the Saxons was without rhyme, and the author of "an essay on Chaucer," says, "without metre." The learned antiquary must have attached a meaning to the word *metre*, wholly at variance with that now and usually received. Metre (from the Greek μετρον and Latin *metrum*) has several meanings, but scarcely distinct ones: all may be included in that of 'an harmonious disposition of words.' It is not enough to say that it differed from prose in being the language of passion. The general rules by which we judge poetry, are immutable, and equally applicable to that of Greeks, Saxons, and modern English. Dr. Blair and his authorities, define poetry to be "the language of passion metrically arranged," (I quote from memory) and supported so ably, I will not consent to a halving of the definition. The before mentioned Essayist on Chaucer, adduces the "vision of Pierce Ploughman" as a specimen of the Saxon style of poetry. And herein it becomes evident that he mistakes the meaning of the word *metre*. For those old lines, composed about the middle of the fourteenth century, are, notwithstanding the ancient mode of writing without breaks or division into lines, beyond doubt capable of being arranged in separate and distinct verses. I am not without support in the opinion here given; Dr. Hickes* maintains that the Saxons observed syllabic quantities "though perhaps not so strictly as the Greek and Latin heroic poets."

* Pref. Sax. Gram.

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It may be asked how this comes to be at all a question, since monuments of Saxon poetry still remain by which we can judge. But it is no such easy matter to judge correctly. Syllables were accented much at the whim of the versifyer; so much so that general rules for the disposition of accent are little less than useless. Add to this the common custom, before mentioned, of writing poetry and prose alike; and when we remember that the object in view is to ascertain the number and accentuation of syllables, the wonder will disappear.

One among the earliest specimens of the use of rhyme in the Island of Great Britain, is to be found in the Saxon Chronicle. The author says that he himself had seen the Conqueror, and we may thence infer that the lines were written in the reign of William Rufus, or at farthest in that of his brother and successor Henry. It may be as well before quoting this literary curiosity, to notice a distich in itself trifling, and only worth noticing as the very earliest specimen of Saxon Rhyme, on record.

Aldred, Archbishop of York, threw out two rhyming verses against one *Urse*, sheriff of Worcestershire, not long after the conquest:

> "*Hatest thou Urse—Have thou God's curse.*"
> *Vocaris Ursus—Habeas dei maledictionem.*

William of Malmsbury, who has preserved this precious morsel, says that he inserts this English, "*quod Latina verba non sicut Anglica concinnati respondent.*" The *concinnity* I presume consisted in the rhyme, and would scarcely have been deemed worth repeating if rhyme in English had not been a rare thing. It is quite apparent that rhyme and an improved metre were introduced by the Normans, among whom composition in their own dialect had been long before attempted in imitation of the jingling Latin rhythm.

The lines in the Saxon Chronicle to which I have referred, are a comment upon the changes effected by William. I will set them down in legible characters.

> Thet he nam he rihte
> And mid mycelan un-rihte
> He fætte mycel deor-frith
> And he lægde lagu therwith—
> He forbead the heortas
> Swylce Eac tha baras;
> Swa swithe he lufode the hea-deor
> Swylce he waere heora faeder,
> Eac he sætte be tham haran,
> That hi mosten freo faran.—

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This may be translated after somewhat the following fashion: "He took money by right and unright—He made many deer parks and established laws by which," whosoever slew a hart or a hind was deprived of his eye-sight—"He forbade men to kill harts or boars, and he loved the tall deer as if he were their father. He decreed that the brindled hares should go free."

In addition to these, Matthew Paris mentions a canticle which 'the blessed Virgin' was pleased to dictate to Godric, a hermit near Durham.

From this time to the reign of Henry II, which began in 1154, we find no records of rhyming poetry. In that reign, one Layamon, a priest of Ernleye, near Severn, as he terms himself, translated from the French of Wace, a fabulous history of the Britons, entitled, "Le Bruit;" which, Wace himself, about the year 1150, had translated from the Latin of Geoffrey of Monmouth. This poem is for the most part after the Old Saxon fashion, without rhyme, except so far as a jingle at intervals may be so called. We next, if guided by the actual records of written poetry, are forced to pass over an interval of 100 years—to the middle of Henry the third's reign. The reasons of this gap are perhaps these—

The* scholars of the age affected to write in Latin—which they called the universal language. The more skilful poets who lived, as is usual with the race, upon the bounty of the great nobles, out of compliment to these their Norman benefactors, framed their verse into the Norman French; while the low and popular singers—then the only true *English* poets—left nothing worth preservation. I will pass on hurriedly through this uninteresting portion of my slight history of written poetry, to the nearest resting-place, and thence take a back view of minstrelsy as nourished in the courts of the English Kings, and principally in that of Richard Cœur de Lion.

In the reign of Henry III, we find that one Orm or Ormin, wrote a paraphrase of the gospel histories, entitled, Ormulum. Hickes and Wanley have both given large extracts from this, without discovering that it was poetry. But a close examination will render evident to any one, with any ear for metre, that the Ormulum is written very exactly, in verses of fifteen syllables† without rhyme, in imitation of the most common species of the Latin, tetrameter iambic. Another piece, a moral poem on old age, bears date about the same reign; it is more remarkable for a corrupt MS., from which the only print of the poem at all common, seems to have been taken, than for any thing else.

The next interval from the end of Henry the third's reign, to the middle of the fourteenth century, when Chaucer came upon the *dais*, was filled up with a swarm of 'small poets.' These were principally translators of popular poems from the Roman or French authors, and their compositions were thence called *Romances*. They neither improved on the material before gathered, nor added anything of value to the store. And so we come to Geoffrey Chaucer—whence, let me recur to another branch of the subject in hand.

I have said that minstrels were known among the Saxons before the conquest, and that these were in high repute at the Saxon courts. That Alfred himself was a poet, and on one occasion, a minstrel. The Normans brought with them their harpers and troubadours‡ and the profession received a great acquisition of strength and honor. Every Baron had his own joculator, and we find amongst the records of the Old English families, items of *largesse* to wandering harpers. Such were at all seasons welcomed by the feudal nobles—perhaps for the same reason that our modern aristocrats of Vir-

* The poems of this interval have been translated into the English of Elizabeth's time, when the rage for gathering scraps of ballad into "garlands" was at its full. It is, however, impossible to distinguish them from the numerous pieces, really French—i. e. written not only in the French language, but in France, bearing similar date, and translated at the same time. It is impossible to draw hair lines or any kind of lines between these; or if possible, needs a more skilful antiquary, than the author of these cacoethes scribendi.

† This metre is the same metre with that of the Modern Greeks, which Lord Byron tells us, shuffles on to the old tune: A captain bold of Halifax, &c.

‡ Vid. the story of Taillefer—Du Cange.

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ginia were hospitable--from a love of news. Minstrels as news-gleaners—often coming too from the royal court—were a source of entertainment to the lords, who, immured in their solitary castles among swampy moors, or perched on hill-tops almost inaccessible to man, seldom heard other than an enemy at their gates.

At the court of Henry I,—to whom Sir Walter Scott refers in those lines of his rambling epistle to George Ellis—

> "But who shall teach my harp to gain
> A sound of the romantic strain,
> Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere
> Could win the royal Henry's ear,—
> Famed Beauclerc called, for that he loved,
> The minstrel, and his lay approved?"

Minstrels and minstrelsy were especially favored.

Beauclerc—the most accomplished monarch of his day, so far as letters were concerned, became by fellowship of feeling and taste, the patron of all the caste. The court-fed minions, like the lizard whose color depends on the species of grass or plant of which it eats, became of course completely Norman in their feelings. Indeed the greater number were Normans by birth and education, lured to the English court by the ever ready bait of patronage; and those that were not, seeing that these met with favor, imitated them in style and every thing else. The '*Anglo*' might with propriety have been dropped in Sir Walter's verse just quoted.*

That the six kings following the conqueror were, with an exception, completely Norman in their habits and predilections, we may easily discover in the history of English law, traced back to its foundation among the very roots of the feudal system. It was against Norman innovation that the independent Barons of the thirteenth century arose, and held John Lackland in duress until his name was affixed to Magna Charta—a paper purporting to restore affairs to the state in which Edward the Saxon left them. It was this same fondness for French men and French rules that forced from Henry III a signature to the same paper,—John having evaded his on plea of compulsion.

But, although extremely opposed to those principles of freedom which Hengist and his followers had brought from the woods of Germany, and which ages after marked England as a great and prosperous nation, Norman ideas and sentiments were a southern sun to the growth of poetry and other literature.

I have mentioned Henry Beauclerc's love for these. After him, in the struggles of the heroic Maud or Matilda, and in the turbulent reign of the ill-fated Stephen, neither party had leisure for literary pursuits. But in the reign of Henry II, love and poetry both received countenance from that gallant monarch. His amours with Rosamond Clifford of Woodstock, have been the theme of many a popular ballad. Richard Cœur de Lion, the knight errant king,† and king of knight errants, invited the most famous of the Provencal bards to his court. *Ubi mel ibi apes*, and London was soon a theatre crowded with troubadours warm from the feet of the Pyrenees and banks of the Rhone. The whispers of the sunny Provencal love-ditty were breathed upon the rough ballad spirit of an earlier time,—mellowing that spirit, and adding to its former dauntlessness the gloss of polish and refinement.—Richard was himself a troubadour; and though at the present day his deeds of verse would damn a schoolboy, they were then thought worthy of being coupled with his deeds in arms.

Many romantic traditions have been handed down to us of that adventurous monarch and Blondel de Nesle, his favorite minstrel. We read in the records of our ancient chroniclers, a simple tale of the latter's long pilgrimage in search of the captive king his master. How Blondel came one evening as the sun went down among the hills of the Rhine, to the solitary castle of Trifels, where the monarch lay in a damp cold dungeon. How he seated himself at the dungeon grate, and taking his harp from his shoulder, began a song which Richard and he had made together in Palestine; and how the overjoyed king took up the words as they reached his ear, and chanted to the top of his full voice in answer. And farthermore, how Blondel returned to England, and went 'shoonless and unhooded' through all parts of the land, until the captive's loyal subjects were aroused; and until the great ransom was gathered together by which those subjects bought his freedom. Many such stories are told of the time of the chivalric Richard; and the devoted fidelity of his dependents will ever be a bright spot on the page of that history into which their names have stolen, and through which they are now receiving—reward dearest to noble spirits,—virtuous and stainless renown.

In the reign of John Lackland, the minstrels were the means of saving the life and fortunes of an Earl of Chester, by stirring up the rabble, who had gathered to a fair in the border of Wales, to go to his rescue. This they did under one Dutton, at sight of whom and his followers, the Welsh besiegers retired from before the Earl's castle.

In the time of Edward I, "a *multitude* of minstrels attended at the knighting of his son."

Under the reign of Edward II, such privileges were claimed by this class, that it became necessary to restrain them by a particular statute. Yet notwithstanding this, towards the latter part of this reign, we find that the minstrels still retained the liberty of entrance at will into the royal presence, and were still remarkable for splendor of dress.

During the short rule of Richard II, John of Gaunt instituted a court of minstrels at Tutbury in Staffordshire. They had a charter, empowering them variously, and bestowing *inter alia* the right of appointing "a king of the minstrels with four subordinate officers."

Under the usurper Bolingbroke—Henry the Fourth—the profession maintained its dignity and importance, and met with favor from king and noble, notwithstanding the contempt of the stuttering Hotspur.

> I had rather be a kitten and cry—mew,
> Than one of these same metre ballad mongers;
> I had rather hear a brazen canstick turned
> Or a dry wheel grate on an axletree, Etc.

Alcibiades cried down lute playing—because, though

* It is a melancholy sight to see so exalted a class of human beings, whether from necessity or not, forever debasing themselves into servile dependency. Even Dante, whose lament that he had to climb another's stair would seem the outbreak of an independent spirit, could humble himself before a Guido.

† Richard was truly a king *errant*,—for he spent scarcely one out of the ten years of his reign, in England.

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he excelled his comrades in beauty, eloquence, and gallantry, in this one little thing his skill failed him. Percy "spoke thick" and so song did not suit him. Even as late as Henry VIII, we find minstrels attached in licensed capacities, to the households of the great nobles. But the profession was fast sinking into disrepute; and in the great entertainment at Kenilworth Castle in 1575, a caricature copy of the old minstrel appeared among the sources of amusement prepared by the gallant Leicester for his royal mistress.

Thus had the profession completed a circle, and, in name at least, returned to its primitive state. Centuries before among the Saxons the singer was called *minus, joculator, histrio*, indiscriminately. And though these words, like *parasite, demagogue, tyrant, sophist* and others, bore a respectable meaning at the period of their first use, the minstrel in the course of time adapted himself to the meaning which time and change had given them, and in the reign of Elizabeth had become a mere '*jester*.' He turned the circle and went back to the titles of his progenitors, adding to the ignominy of those titles by wearing them. An act was at length passed, in the thirty-ninth year of the queen just mentioned, classing "all wandering minstrels, with rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars," and ordering them to be punished as such. From this severe judgment, however, those, attached by peculiar circumstances to the house of that Dutton spoken of above as the preserver of Ranulph the last Earl of Chester, were particularly excepted. This statute was the death blow to the few remnants of the genuine old minstrelsy.

I can now proceed undividedly in tracing out my slight sketch of English classic poets and written poetry.

Before I end this chapter, however, let me make a few remarks upon the spirit prevalent among the English after the conquest.

In the scrap of Saxon poetry quoted above, the reader will perceive that the chronicler mentions William's severe restrictions upon the exercise of woodcraft in the wide waste lands of the escheated manors Following the same lines farther, we find in the old chronicle the winding up words, which I will translate from the original. After remarking that "he forbade men to kill harts or boars," the chronicler adds, "Rich men bemoaned it and poor men shuddered at it. But he was so stern and hot that he recked not the hatred of them all."

In consequence of these laws, Robinhoods and Littlejohns gathered in the matted thickets, and among the oak glades on the banks of every obscure lake and river, from the Thames to the Tweed. There was something alluring in the romantic life of an outlawed forester, and many a tall deer and bristling boar, died on the 'green shawe,' against whom that law, intended as a shield, pointed the arrow.

Thus sprung up a race of men of whom the ballad makers delighted to sing—coupling their names with 'Hereward the hardy outlaw' and the patriot heroes of the ground and trampled Saxons.

That the introduction of Norman manners brought with it more softness—a fact mentioned more than once—we may discover by comparing the productions of those bards who in the same age, sung in the rugged north country, and those who grew up in Kent and on the Thames. These latter were for years before the Norman's coming, receiving polish from their neighborhood, while those of Northumberland retained much of their early rudeness ages after. The bard who sings of the reyde on which

"The Perse out off Northumberland"

went to be killed among the Cheviot hills, has more roughness as well as more strength than any of his compeers on the Thames. This old poem is an important stone in the temple of English literature, and I will treat of it in due season, as coming within the pale of English classic poetry. This polish and increased softness introduced by the Normans, opened the eyes and ears of all to "the soother and honeyeder" style of poetry. And, indeed, unless Lord Bacon's remark,—that verse is a better balm than any the Egyptians knew, "for that it not only preserveth the stateliness of the form and the color of the face—which the Egyptian preservative doth not—but giveth to the one tenfold stateliness and borroweth from the rose for the other,"—be true, their women were passing stately and very beautiful. There were the three Mauds, all queens and all heroines. There was the proud yet "fair Rosamond," who forgot her pride in the arms of a royal lover; and many another fitting sharer in immortality with the Elgivas and Ediths of an earlier time.

Superstition too gave a tinge to poetry.—The Druids had left their foot marks upon the soil, and the ancient rites and feelings cherished in Wales—the last place of refuge for the injured Britons—still held an undefined influence over the hearts of their neighbors. This feeling blazed out for awhile, when the partisans of Henry slew Thomas a-Becket, the "child of love and wonder,"* before the altar of St. Bennet. And the murdered Archbishop was doubly canonized, in the holy ritual of Rome, and in the songs of those whom his death had made worshippers.

But the greatest characteristic of the ballad, as used among the Norman successors to the Saxons in England, was a love for the legendary. Britagne—that country lying between the Loire and the Seine, had been peopled by a body of British emigrants about the time of the Saxon invasion under Hengist, and these calling themselves *Armoricans* settled quietly down in a strange land. They retained many of their old British feelings, and when in the course of time they became nearly amalgamated with their Norman neighbors, and followed them into England, the old love of country revived and they sung of King† Arthur and his knights as champions of their forefathers. The strange legends of the early contests between Angles and Britons, were mere clews to the discovery of a thousand others, wholly unfounded in truth, yet none the less palatable to the ignorant. This love of the legendary remains to this day among the descendants of these people, and will, perhaps, never be obliterated.

* Sir J. Mackintosh tells an odd romance of the mother of the celebrated Archbishop, whom he calls the "child of love and wonder."

† "The words *Konung, Kyning, King, Kong, Kænig*, and others like them in the Teutonic languages, denoted every sort of command from the highest to that of a very narrow extent. It would be a gross fallacy to understand these words in their modern sense, when we meet them in Anglo-Saxon history."

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Mr. White,—I offer a very threadbare excuse for the publication of the following verses. They are published "at the request of a friend," for whom, indeed, they were written. You have accused me of obscurity, and to prevent a repetition of your censure, I will here add a scrap of explanation. "The Last Indian" is something of a Salathiel; he has survived his whole race. Stanza VI, refers to the Aztecs and other tribes long ago extinct, and supposed to have lived once upon a time, among the higher valleys east and west of the Mississippi. A second and more hardy people, referred to in stanza V, perhaps drove the Aztecs, as the Huns drove the Goths, southward, upon the rich regions of Mexico. These dead Mexican tribes are described on their return—led by a kind of *amor patriæ* instinct—to their early homes in the north.

Before ending this scrawl, I would correct an error into which you have fallen with regard to my signature. "Zarry Zyle" should be LARRY LYLE.

THE LAST INDIAN.

Once more, and yet once more,
I give unto my harp a midnight-woven lay;
—I heard the ebon waters roar,
I heard the flood of ages pass away.—*Kirke White.*

I.

I slept beneath a tree one Summer eve,
My couch a bed of blossom-beaded thyme,
My roof the bough which spirit fingers weave,
My slumber-song a brooklet's mellow chime:
I dreamed—and far away thro' space and time,
My liberated spirit joyfully
Forth went—a pioneer well skilled to climb
The cloudy crags and cliffs of mystery.
I dreamed—I speak my dream; and canst thou read it me?

II.

On the jagg'd summit of a mountain range,
More azure than the blue sky, sternly stood—
Like Sathanas of old—a wanderer strange,
Drinking deep grief, as one who meets the flood
Of bitterness in some parched solitude;
Before him spread, in undulations vast,
A Prairie sea, all isled with rock and wood;
And young winds closed their wings above its breast,
As faint bees close their wings when Summer days have passed.

III.

The Sun had come—a weary traveller—
Up o'er the hills of ether, for methought
'Twas many thousand years since Lucifer
Fell from his glory, and, with trial fraught
And leaden labor, Time had weakness brought
To Sun and Moon. Men saw the Sun upcome,
And marvelled at its lustre: Sages sought
That lustre's source, and said "at point of doom
Mysterious fires full oft the closing eye illume."

IV.

Methought a change came o'er the face of earth;
Hill, plain, and hollow shook as with the throe
Of mortal agony. The mountain girth
Shrunk, heaved, then burst asunder. In mad flow
The waters of great lakes foamed, battling through
Far scattered crags; and mighty rocks, down hurled
From mountain tops, laid bare the volcano—
The great volcano! and its flame unfurled,
Streamed redly, wrathfully, above the reeling world.

V.

A voice went forth, far louder than the roar
Of bounding rivers; and the summons broke
The deep sleep of earth's dead. Each burial shore
And tree-robed mound in groaning travail shook,
And giant skeletons from death awoke.
Barbarians seemed they, armed with spear and bow;
And thro' their ribs as thro' the winter oak
Winds whistled; while from bone lips evermo'
Uptrembled hollowly, horn murmurs, faint and low.

VI.

And, from the charnel valleys of the South,
A multitude, vast, vast beyond compare,
Moved darkly onward. Song and shout uncouth,
Betokened their wild joy; while on the air,
Forgotten instruments breathed music rare—
Sweet unknown tunes, as soft as hymn of rills.
The Mammoth and the Mastodon were there,
All yoked;—and then I heard far-groaning wheels:
The tomb had gaped—the dead tribes sought their early hills!

VII.

Amid the groan and rumbling heave of earth,
And noise of waters, came each silver tone.
But ere my wonder ceased, a storm had birth,
And rattling thunder mingled with the moan
And sob of nature. O'er car—skeleton—
A cloud-veil passed and hid them from my sight;
While o'er that cloud, far on a mountain throne,
A city rocked—illumined by the light
Of its own burning towers—fit type of frail man's might!

VIII.

And then the Sun waxed dim. The red Moon rode
Above the trembling nations, with an eye
Of wrath and anguish, and a brow of blood—
While one by one, afar, in the dun sky
The stars went out, as dew-drops, when winds sigh,
From grass and flower and thin leaf disappear.
Then no man saw the Sun! but still on high
The great Moon rode; and, ever redly clear,
Glared thro' thick fog and mist, till men grew dumb with fear.

IX.

The wanderer looked forth tremblingly, and lo!
A wide winged Eagle on the darkness came.
Her brood had died,—all died! and wild with wo
And reckless wrath, that terror might not tame—
Chasing the swart cloud from her eye of flame—
She sought the summit of that lonely peak.
She saw the Red Man, and with joyous scream,
Claimed fellowship; but to her iron beak
A single death-flash leapt, and wreathed her scornful neck.

X.

Innumerable mounds belched lurid streams,
And poured, in hot black showers, the cinder-rain;
I gazed and saw, as high the forked gleams
Sprang piercingly thro' volumed smoke again,
Earth's wan-faced myriads. From the Ocean-plain

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Her living tribes had flown, to seek the light
And safety of that adamantine chain,
In shivering crowds; and wildered with affright,
They toiled in throngs to reach the mountain's farthest height.

XI.

And one, more daring, stood upon the brink
Of a volcano,—and his scathed hand raised,
Dripping with hissing lava. Some would shrink;
And many called on God; while some, amazed,
Stood statuelike: and some in madness seized
With Vampyre tooth, and laid their full veins bare.
And one—a blue-eyed maiden—upward gazed
In speechless wo, while gleamed her long fair hair
And ghastly cheek, beneath that flame's unearthly glare.

XII.

Methought, pale girl, that thou wert of the line
Of her I loved; and tears flowed full and fast,
To see a form so beautiful as thine
In the Volcano's death-light. This soon passed!
Again with strength I heard and saw. A blast
From unseen horn, rang wildly o'er the herd
Of dead and living men: The myriad vast
Wailed moaningly when each the strange blast heard,
And dead and living stood with stony brows upreared.

XIII.

Earth heaved anew, and toppling crags fell down
In darkness. Rivers turned and fled the main—
And galloping—like startled steeds back thrown
By some strong rampart—rushed in fear again
To their far founts, o'erwhelming rock and plain.
The fiend Tornado shrieked and wrung the wood,
Old Earth's scorched locks—until her ory brain
Lay shelterless and bare: while beryl-hued
And bubbling streams, breast, cheek, and cloven brow imbrued.

XIV.

Mine eye waned slowly into wakefulness;
The wild forms of my dream waxed faint and dim;
But ere they fled, methought the pallid race
Had crumbled into ashes; while o'er him,
Last of the injured, twin in death with time—
A strong joy swept. Woe's furrow had been ploughed
Deep in his heart; he was avenged!
As swim
O'er Autumn skies the fleets of shattered cloud,
So swam those scenes and passed. I turned and sobbed aloud.

XV.

A purfled Oreole sate upon a bough
Above me, and with gentle carollings
Shook the still air; e'er raining on my brow
The dewy globules, with her restless wings:
I love the bird,—I love the song she sings!
For that I heard it by a lonely stream
In days, when love and hope were rainbow things:
The sweet bird soothed me, but my brain will teem
Full many a mirthless eve, with fragments of that dream!

Winchester, Va.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Williamsburg Birth Night Ball.

Mr. White,—From all I can learn, your "Messenger" seems to give general and increasing satisfaction in this quarter: to use a French phrase, *tout le monde en dit du bien.* Though it is not probable any thing so light and playful, (and particularly at this late period of the month,) should obtain admission into its columns, yet, as one or two stanzas of the annexed *metrical*, have some how or other found their way into the newspapers, I have at last succeeded in procuring a copy of *the whole*, that you may exercise your own discretion in respect to its insertion. It originated as follows: Some young ladies of your place, during a visit to Williamsburg to attend the *Birth-night Ball*, &c. received from an accomplished female friend at Richmond, a charming poetical letter, describing *a musical party* at which she had assisted; and narrating in a familiar, agreeable manner, the principal incidents that had occurred in their absence. The following lines were composed, as a *response* to this lively and entertaining communication:—

Winter Scenes at Williamsburg.

Your letter, dear Mary, tho' resting so long,
Without a response, gave us infinite pleasure;
For seldom indeed, in the language of song,
And verse of so beautiful, smooth-flowing measure,
Have we met with the news and events of the day,
Reported and told, in so pleasing a way—
Is it *thus*, that the *Muses* to each other write,
And render e'en *absence*, a source of delight?

Euterpe, perhaps, (ever partial, they say
To a *musical* fête,) your concert attended,
And pleased with your talent to sing and to play,
Thought *music* with *poetry* happily blended—
And so, when you took up the pen to prepare
An account of your party, to make it more rare,
Bade you write it *in verse*—and *assisted* you too,
To get up a style, so romantic and new.

Be this as it may—'tis certain that such
As have been indulged with a sight of your letter,
Sans compliment, all, have admired it much,
And say, of its kind, that they never read better.
But how can *we* answer, in similar style,
A missive like yours?—we are sure you will smile
At our awkward and feeble attempt to compose,
An answer in verse, in our accent of prose.

But smile, if you please—even laugh, if you choose—
We *must* make an effort to put rhymes together,
To give you some *items* of Williamsburg news,
And tell you how well we got thro' the cold weather:
In converse and reading, we passed with delight,
The keen winter morning, the long winter night,
With a family never surpassed upon earth,
In kind hospitality, virtue and worth.

'Tis said, this *old city* has seen its best days—
We cannot think so—its present possessors
Are subjects of just admiration and praise—
Whether *Judges* or *Lawyers*, or learned *Professors*—
All mingle with freedom and ease in the throng,
And move in the current of fashion along;
At the *ball*, or the *board*, or the cheery *fire side*,
Society's ornament, pleasure and pride.

"And are there no *Doctors* (perhaps you exclaim)
Distinguished by talents and virtues and merit?"—

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O yes, there are several; whom if we but *name*,
Or mention their liberal and generous spirit,
"The Messenger's" Critic may cry out—"O fie!
Who ever blamed Hercules?" Subjects so high,
Like Washington, need not a line to exalt
Their virtues and worth—*Who ever blamed G***?*

The fear we suggest, of the "Messenger's" lash,
As you well may imagine, is merely pretension;
Its *Critics* at monarch-like *Hickories* dash,
And smile at a *flowret* or *shrub's* apprehension—
Palmettoes escape too! but, *Party*, away!
'Tis time, to the *birthnight* our homage to pay;
E'en *the Critic* himself, we hope may agree
To spare our "*Sic semper*—PATRI PATRIÆ!"

The ball of the *birthnight*, on Monday took place,
And, once more, the hall of the *ancient Apollo*,
Assembled a train of youth, beauty, and grace,
In which, well escorted, we ventured to follow:
Professors and *students*, the *bench* and the *bar*,
The *single* and *married* of both sexes, *there*,
In mirth and good humor, the hours employed,
Partook of the *dance*, or the *music* enjoyed.

The *supper* was *superabundant*—in fine,
No *gourmand* complained of a scanty provision
Of flesh, fish, or fowl—or of excellent wine,
Which *Bacchus's* tribe thought a charming addition;
But the *nymphs* and the *graces* impatiently flew
To the ball room again, the *dance* to renew;
And thoughtless of sleep or repose, in their glee,
Kept it up, it is said, till full *two* or *three*.

Of the cake, fruit, and wine, there yet was such store,
Laid in and prepared for the festive occasion,
That the Managers thought of *a hop or two* more,
As a matter of justice and easy persuasion;
So, on several nights, the beauty and grace
Of the young and the old that distinguish the place,
With music and dancing enlivened the hall,
Till the close of the week, gave repose to us all.

All needed it much; for a deep fall of snow,
Fatigued as we were, to *sleighing* invited—
And who could refuse, pray, a gallant young *beau*,
Alcibiades like, with *driving* delighted?—
Thro' the streets, and *around and around* on the *square*,
For the *belles* and the *bells*, were all gathered *there*,
What racing—what contests *Olympic* were seen,
On the snow-white expanse of the *cidevant* green!

We have not half finished the *sleighing* affair,
With some other topics of social diversion,
But here we must stop—as we now must prepare
For a trip to old *York*, on a pleasure excursion—
We *wish* you were with us. Your eloquent pen
Might *there* find a scene to amuse us again,
With lively description of things "old and new"—
But the carriage is waiting; so, dear girl, *adieu!*

UNREASONABLE WISHES.

The subjoined *morceau* is worthy notice. Many grave essays have been written upon the vanity and unreasonableness of human wishes; but it would seem, without much effect. The rhapsodies of lovers in the olden time were thought sufficiently extravagant, and their wishes have been quoted as the very essence of inordinate imaginations: in fact, Shakspeare has classed the lover and the madman together:

> "The lunatic, the lover and the poet,
> Are of imagination all compact:
> One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
> That's the madman—the other all as frantic
> Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," &c.

Yet the old fashioned lovers kept some rule in their imaginary desires, when compared with the vast conception of our correspondent.

> "Ye Gods! annihilate both time and space,
> And make two lovers happy"—

and the passionate exclamation of Romeo,

> "Oh that I were a glove upon that hand!
> That I might kiss that cheek!"

were thought wild enough for those more stoical times. But it seems that the march of improvement is onward in love-making, as well as in road-making, as we will trust our correspondent's effusion to show.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO MISS S— S—

Would that thou were some isle, my love,
And I the wave that bound thee,
With naught but Heaven's pure sky above,
And I sole guard around thee.

Then in one fond and long embrace,
Through calm and storm I'd cheer thee,
And bless the wind, that face to face,
Had brought me still more near thee.

Norfolk, April 9, 1835.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE BROKEN HEART.

> I come, a stricken Deer,
> Bearing the heart midst crowds that bled,
> To bleed in stillness here.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

I COME to my home in the forest shade,
By the summer boughs in their minglings made,
To my own bright hills and their clear blue sky,
With a broken heart in their stillness to die.

I come from the midst of a changing world,
And the banners of Hope in my bosom lie furled;
I bring from the spoiler a mournful token,—
The unfledged wing of my soul is broken.

There is weight on my spirit too painful to bear—
A feeling of gloom that corrodes like despair;
And the Rose's rich hue and the Violet's bloom,
Whisper we're nursed but to fade at thy tomb.

And there comes a sound on the murmuring breeze,
As it creeps thro' the boughs of a thousand trees,
And it echoes back from the stars of night
And the placid lake, like a mirror bright,

"Thou art not for earth! thou art not for earth!
And thou bearest no part in its gladness and mirth;
Its moments of pleasure have ages of care!
And the love which thou seekest is never found there!"

And Spring shall return with its leaves and flowers,
And the song of birds to the woodland bowers;
To me they shall be as to one that's departed—
There is rest in the grave for the broken hearted.

Raleigh, N. C. S. W. W.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A DISCOURSE

On the Progress of Philosophy, and its Influence on the Intellectual and Moral Character of Man; delivered before the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society, February 5, 1835. By *George Tucker*, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Virginia.

Mr. President, and
Gentlemen of the Society:—

I FEEL the weight of the task I have undertaken to perform, the more sensibly, when I recollect the brilliant qualifications of the member* who was the first choice of the society, and that I must disappoint the expectations which that choice so naturally raised. The grave and sober speculations which I am about to submit to your consideration will, I fear, but poorly compensate those who hear me, for the graces of elocution, the rich, but chaste imagery, and the rare felicity of diction by which that gentleman is distinguished; and I regret on your account, as well as my own, that he has thus unexpectedly failed to fulfil the wishes of his associates.

I have thought it would not be unappropriate to the occasion, to present to the society some views of the influence which philosophy has exercised, and must continue to exercise, over civilized man. Amidst the din of political controversy, and the bustling concerns of life, it is well sometimes to withdraw our thoughts from the tumultuous scenes around us to the calm views of rational speculation. Our minds may be not merely refreshed by the change, but they are likely to acquire elevation and purity in being thus severed from sordid and selfish pursuits, and made to contemplate human concerns in the transparent medium of truth and philosophy.

Philosophy! a term to which some attach a mysterious import, as implying a kind of knowledge unattainable except by a few gifted minds—whilst others regard it as more an object of aversion than of affection,—inculcating a system of thought and action equally at war with nature and common sense,—as a perversion of human reason and feeling, at once cold and repulsive to others, and profitless to the possessor. This is not the philosophy of which I propose to speak, but her counterfeit; which, being as bold and forward as the other is modest and retiring, has made herself more known to the world than the character she personates, and has thus brought discredit on the name.

By philosophy, I mean that power of perceiving truths which are not obvious—of seeing the complicated relations of things, and of seeing them as they really are, unperverted by passion or prejudice. So far from being repugnant to nature and common sense, it constantly appeals to these for the justness of its precepts. It is indeed *Reason*, exercising its highest attributes in the multifarious concerns of human life. Such was the philosophy of Newton and Locke, and of our own illustrious Franklin.

It will be the object of the following remarks to show, that this philosophy is gradually increasing and diffusing itself over the world; that it now mingles in all human concerns, and gives to the present age its distinguishing characteristics; that its progress must still continue, and more and more influence the character of man and civilized society; and that in no country is its influence likely to be more extensively or beneficently felt than in this.

The most superficial observer must be struck with the prodigious advancement of the human intellect, when he compares the opposite extremes of society. The savage, when his mind is roused from a state of apathy, passes into one of strong emotion; for he is capable of intense feelings, but not of profound and comprehensive thought. He knows but few facts; and they have not that variety and complexity which distinguish the knowledge of the civilized man. All that he sees and hears, is heard and seen by the men of civilization; but to this the latter is always adding the perception of new and intricate relations, of which the former is incapable. Thus, compare the knowledge of the relations of numbers possessed by one who barely knows how many fives there are in twenty, with that of him who can mark out the paths of the planets, calculate their mutual attractions, and predict a distant eclipse to a minute; or the few and simple rules of justice among a tribe of savages, to the intricate and multifarious codes of civilized society; nay, extend the comparison to any other department of human knowledge, and there will be found the same difference between the two, as exists between the wigwam of mud or bark, without a door, window or chimney, and the solid and spacious hall in which we are assembled. Nor is this all; for as the reason, in common with every other faculty, is strengthened by exercise, the severer and more incessant exercise to which it is subjected by the multiplication of new relations, is constantly increasing the authority of reason, and weakening the dominion of the passions and prejudices.

The mind therefore becomes, with the progress of civilization, more capable of perceiving relations—more imbued with a knowledge of these relations—more comprehensive—more capable of making remote deductions. It perceives more truths that are complex and difficult—and has more capacity to detect illusion and error. We thus see human reason gradually extending its empire, successfully assailing former prejudice, and fashioning human institutions to purposes of utility. We see men more and more inclined to value every object only in proportion as it conduces to the happiness of the greater number; and to con-

* James McDowell, Esq. of Rockbridge.

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sider nothing as permanently connected with that happiness, but what gives gratification to the senses without debasing them; to the intellect without misleading it; and to the passions when fulfilling their legitimate objects. It is thus we see each succeeding generation regarding with indifference, and even with contemptuous ridicule, what commanded the veneration of a former age.

It would exceed the limits of such a discourse as the present to give even an outline of the advancement of reason, as exhibited in the various branches of science. Nor is it necessary. It will be sufficient for us to give our attention to some few striking facts in the progress of science and art, especially in those cases which being more recent, are at once better known to us, and have a nearer relation to our interests. Let us turn to any department of human knowledge or inquiry, and we see the clearest manifestations of the growing philosophical spirit of which I speak.

If we look at the character of civil government, we find that every revolution—every important change—is the result of the progress of philosophy—of the extension of the empire of reason. Once kings were regarded as deriving their power not from the consent of the people, but immediately from the Deity. They were said to be the Lord's anointed; and implicit obedience—unresisting submission to the mandate of the sovereign, was enjoined not merely as a civil, but as a religious duty.

In two out of the four quarters of the world, we all know how much these opinions are changed; and that there, with the thinking portion at least, government is now regarded as an institution created solely for the happiness of the people; that they are the judges of what constitutes that happiness; and that government may be changed, either as to its form or agents, whenever it is proved incapable of fulfilling its main purpose. This principle of reason and common sense caused and justified the establishment of the Commonwealth in England; the restoration of the monarchy; the subsequent revolution in 1688; the American revolution in 1776; the French revolution of 1789, under all its various phases; and that which produced a change of dynasty in 1830. We have seen the operation of the same principle in separating the Spanish provinces on this continent from the mother country. We have seen it in the separation of Belgium from Holland, and in the liberation of Greece from the Turkish yoke.

Every subordinate institution too, is now judged according as it tends to promote the welfare of the community; and the notion of rights of particular classes and orders of men, farther than they can be shown to rest on this foundation, is deemed presumptuous and absurd. Even the rights of property itself, the most sacred of any, because they are the most obvious and are possessed by a greater number, are derived from the same source, and are regulated and controlled by it. Every tax in a popular government—every restriction on the free use of one's own,—whether it be in the form of a prohibition against gaming, or of laying out a new road, or of an inspection law, recognizes this principle. It governs legislatures in conferring rights as well as abridging them. They all find their authority and justification in the public good; nor does any one now attempt to resist a tax or defend a privilege, but by appealing to this great test of right, the interests of the community.

You see too in jurisprudence, that all those principles which grow out of barbarous usages, or were the result of accident, or of mistaken theory, are gradually made to give way to the light of reason and the spirit of philosophy. They conform more and more to the common sense and common feelings of mankind. Crimes which once incurred the severest penalties of the law, are crimes no longer; modes of trial originating in superstition have been abolished; many of the frivolous niceties of pleading, or rules founded on a state of things which no longer exist—such as that which excluded written testimony from the common law courts, and which, like noisome weeds, choked up the administration of justice, have been eradicated, in spite of the cry which always will be raised against innovation, and which some of our best principles, as well as our weakest prejudices, concur in raising.

Nor have we yet reached the end of this course of salutary reform. The administration of justice may be still more simple; and though the rules of property and of civil rights must always be numerous and complicated in a civilized community, yet this necessity furnishes a further reason why the modes of investigating truth and the rules of evidence should possess all practicable simplicity. The spirit of philosophy has been actively at work here. In some instances, perhaps, it has been too far in advance of the age, and under the influence of the pride of discovery and reform, or provoked by opposition, it may have been urged farther than reason and propriety would warrant. It has, however, arraigned the whole system of judicial evidence, and endeavored to show that the rules for the examination of contested facts are so erroneous or defective, that the truth is commonly discovered better out of court than in it; and that questions about which all the world is satisfied, when technically examined by tribunals created purposely for their investigation, either receive no answer, or a wrong one. The official expounders of the law, partaking of the liberal spirit of the age, have of late years greatly narrowed the objections to the competency of witnesses; but it is only the legislature and public opinion which are adequate to a complete reform, and they will one day assuredly bring it.

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There is much seeming force in many of the other objections of the reformers to the present very artificial and complicated system of jurisprudence; but whether their views are satisfactory or otherwise, they equally serve to show the prevalent disposition of men to bring all human concerns to the bar of reason, and make them submit to her decrees.

There is nothing in which the progress of reason and philosophy are more shown, than in the subject of religion. A large part, perhaps I may say, the best part of religion, as it is most productive of good results, is the religion of the heart; and consists in a profound and thorough sense of the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator—of thanksgiving for the blessings he has vouchsafed to frail and humble beings like ourselves—to vigorous self-examinations by our own conscience—to fervent aspirations after moral excellence in this life, and a purer and higher state of existence hereafter. But all of these are impulses of the feelings, rather than the cold dictates of the reasoning faculty; and being dependant on the laws of our emotions, which are as unchangeable as our forms, and probably as much the result of organization, are the same in character, if not in degree, in every stage of society.

But while philosophy has not altered, and could not alter these impulses of the heart, we may see here also its benignant operations. It has driven away from religion the superstitions which fraud and credulity combined had gathered around it. Man no longer imputes to the Deity the same violent and ignoble passions by which the baser part of his own nature is agitated; and instead of regarding cruelty and vengeance as attributes of the Supreme Being, he is invested with those qualities which appear to our feeble conceptions more consonant with divine perfection. Thus mercy to human frailty and pity for human suffering, are regarded as divine attributes no less than wisdom and power. On the part of its votaries, humility is invoked to take the place of pride; forgiveness of injuries to supersede resentment; meekness and patience and long suffering are held to indicate a truer devotion than pompous rites and vain ceremonies; and instead of incense and sacrifices, good deeds to his fellow mortals, and a lowly and penitent spirit, are deemed the most acceptable offerings which man can make to his Creator. In this transformation, Mr. President, you recognize the leading precepts of christianity, which may well be called the most philosophical of all religions.

It is true that after this religion became the creed of those northern barbarians, who poured like an avalanche over the south of Europe, christianity became greatly perverted from its original simplicity and purity; but it was not destined to remain forever shrouded in these mists of barbarism. After the growing spirit of philosophy prepared men's minds for its reception and welcome, it broke forth in its pristine beauty and splendor. The further continuance of the abuses of the christian church was inconsistent with the increase of general intelligence; and the reformation must have taken place had Martin Luther never existed, or had the Dominican friars never carried on the traffic in *indulgences;* though it might not have happened at the precise time, or in the precise manner in which it did occur.

In truth, man's religion, as well as every thing else relative to his opinions and feelings, partakes of the character of the age; and we are warranted in saying, that the christian religion in the middle ages must as necessarily have been subject to its corruptions, its superstitions, and its persecutions, among a people so rude as that which then swayed the destinies of Europe, as that after the discovery of the art of printing, the revival of letters, and the general progress of science and philosophy, these foul exhalations should disappear.

It has been supposed, that the spirit of philosophy which has been so hostile to superstition, is also unfavorable to true religion; and many, listening to their fears rather than their reason, have readily yielded to that opinion. But they have been too hasty in drawing general conclusions from particular facts. It is true that many of the philosophers of France, and some of those of Great Britain, during the last century, were not only opposed to the prevailing creeds of their country, but seemed to have no very fervid religious feelings of any kind; but they were led first to make war on what they regarded as the abuses of religion, and then their attacks appear to be levelled against every thing which bore its name. It is highly probable that, by a natural process of the mind, from coming to hate the corruptions of christianity, they felt a prejudice against every thing which was associated with it. But on the other hand, we have seen some, occupying the very highest places in the scale of philosophers, who were sincere and zealous christians. Besides, the present age, which is the most philosophical the world has ever seen, is also the most generally and ardently devoted to christianity, as is evinced by the extraordinary number of Churches, Bible Societies, Missionary Societies, Sunday Schools, &c. Let then the sincerely devout and pious dismiss their fears. The foundations of religion are seated in the very nature and constitution of man; in the deepest recesses of his heart. It is a want of his moral nature, as indispensable as food to his physical; and philosophy tends only to separate it from a part of the dross with which every thing earthly more or less mingles, and to leave its own pure essence undiminished and untouched.

Let us now pass to the subject of literature, where we shall see the same evidences of the

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growing influence of philosophy and reason over the minds of men. Thus poetry, in its efforts to please and elevate the mind, by exciting the imagination and feelings, now never addresses us unattended by philosophy. Her favorite occupation of late has been to delineate the dispositions and characters of men; to reveal the secret workings of the passions and the sources of human sympathy; to exhibit the human mind, in short, under its most impressive phases. The prevalent taste of the age is for metaphysical poetry; by which I mean, poetry imbued with philosophy,—poetry which lays bare the anatomy of the human heart, and discloses all the springs and machinery by which it is put in play. Those who are gifted with this beautiful talent, have conformed to the ruling taste, and their success has been proportionate. It is to this circumstance that Byron owes part of his popularity; for in exhibiting the most subtle processes of human passion, its energies and its susceptibilities, he is superior to any of his predecessors; though in the mere embellishment of smooth and felicitous diction, and of agreeable and varied rhythm, or even in the higher attributes of lively imagery and lofty conception, he can boast of no superiority. Perhaps it would be more correct to say, that the metaphysical character of his poetry proceeded not so much from his wish to adapt it to the public taste, as because he himself partook of the character of his age; that he wrote metaphysically and philosophically because he spoke and thought in this way, and he so spoke and thought from the very same causes as his contemporaries.

This inference is the more warranted, when we find the same tincture of philosophy in the poetry of his contemporaries,—Southey, Wordsworth, Campbell and Coleridge.* Even Moore infuses into his amatory poems as much philosophy as the subject will admit, though it is of the sensual school of Epicurus. Sometimes we see the spirit of philosophy controlling the poetic spirit, as was the case with Shelley, Coleridge and some others, in whose poetry the precepts of philosophy were more obscured by the restraints of verse than aided by its ornaments. It is an unnatural alliance, and both the poetry and the philosophy are the worse for the union.

In other works of imagination, those intended for the stage, and in the region of romance, we see the same proofs of the progress of philosophy. Walter Scott's novels are, throughout, the same exhibitions of man, whether acting, speaking or thinking, which a philosopher would take. We are made to see, not by the formality of an instructor, or the impertinence of a *cicerone*, but by the consummate fidelity and skill of the representation, every motive and passion of the actors laid open to our view, and in strict conformity to what we had often previously observed, though we may not have made it the special subject of reflection. There never was before so much philosophy taught by one writer, or taught in so pleasing a mode, or taught to so many disciples.

Such a gallery of moral pictures could not have been created before the nineteenth century; and though they had been, they would not have met with the same unbounded popularity, but, like Milton's Paradise Lost, would have been in advance of the spirit of the age.

In the drama, the plays of Joanna Baillie, and of Byron, are the most metaphysical of all dramatic productions—so much so, as to make them unsuited either to the tastes or capacities of a promiscuous audience. The tragedies of Voltaire are of a more philosophical character than those of Racine or Corneille, and these again more philosophical than the earlier productions of the French drama.

But it is in history that we most clearly perceive the spirit of the age. Formerly it consisted in little more than a recital of the actions of princes, public or private; and no occurrence in the annals of a nation was deemed worthy of commemoration, except battles and conquests, revolutions and insurrections—with now and then the notice of a plague, famine, earthquake or other general calamity. Now, however, the historian aims to make us acquainted with the progress of society and the arts of civilization; with the advancement or decline of religion, literature, laws, manners, commerce—every thing indeed, which is connected with the happiness or dignity of man; he does this, not only because he deems these subjects more worthy the attention of an enlarged and liberal mind, but also because we can, from a faithful narrative of these events, traced out from their causes, and to their effects, learn the lessons of wisdom—and seeing the approach of evil, be better able to avert or mitigate it. It is in this spirit that all history must now be written, to be approved or even read.

In the study of language, we perceive the same evidences of our intellectual advancement. By arranging the elements of speech according to the physical organs employed in their utterance, great light has been thrown on etymology, and in this way, affinities have been traced, first among languages, and through them among nations apparently unconnected. And as all language consists of *signs* of our mental operations, the general principles of grammar have been sought in the laws of the mind; while language in turn, has been sometimes successfully invoked to explain those laws; and thus philology and mental philosophy have assisted in elucidating each other.

This branch of philosophy (which treats of our

* The recent poetry of continental Europe exhibits the same psychological character; as for instance, that of Alfieri and Monte in Italy, of Göethe and Tieck in Germany, and of Beranger in France.

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mental faculties) has not indeed made as much progress as many others; for it admits not the discovery of new facts. But neither has *this* been stationary. Great improvements have been made in analyzing its compound states; in separating its original from its derivative properties; in tracing many seemingly diverse operations to one simple principle. To be convinced of this improvement, we have only to regard the theory of associations as it now is, compared with the slight and vague notice of it by Locke; or advert to the opinions of the same eminent man on the foundation of morals. He maintained that there was no original propensity in mankind to approve one action as virtuous, and another as vicious; and that there was no practical principle which was approved or condemned by all nations. He even denied that parental affection, the strongest feeling in the maternal bosom, was an original feeling. He refers to the inventions of travellers in support of his theory, and was as credulous of the anomalous facts they related, as he was skeptical of innate propensities. Thus he says: "It is familiar among the Mingrelians, a people professing christianity, to bury their children alive without scruple; he asserts that the Caribbees were wont to fat and eat their own children;" and that a people of Peru who followed this practice, used, when by the course of nature they no longer had a prospect of more children to eat, "to kill and eat the mothers."

A more intimate acquaintance with the people of this globe, and juster modes of reasoning, have dissipated these illusions; and if I mistake not, the laws of the mind will, in no distant day, be traced with an accuracy and precision little inferior to those which prevail in most branches of physics.

In the science of political economy too, we see the advance of the light of philosophy. The errors which were the result of general and deep-rooted prejudices, have yielded to the force of reason; and all enlightened men now agree that nothing is so injurious to national prosperity as too much regulation; and that the desire which mankind have to increase their means of enjoyment, operates more unceasingly, and sagaciously, and beneficially, than any schemes of the government, however vigilant, intelligent and free from bias; since governments at best can operate only by general rules, which injure some in benefiting others,—while the sagacity of individuals, with few exceptions, devises the best rules for each particular case.

It was for philosophy also to discover the connection between good government and the national prosperity, and that a community will have the most industry, skill and thrift, where property is best protected—where every one can freely exercise his talents or his capital, and securely enjoy the fruits they have yielded. Philosophy, or unprejudiced reason, if you prefer it, also refuted an error once prevalent, that one country, or one part of a country, was injured by another's welfare; and proved both by reasoning and example, that every accession of wealth or prosperity, experienced by one portion, radiates light and heat to all around it.

If the progress of philosophy, or human reason, has done so much in the moral sciences, it has done yet more in the physical branches of knowledge for the material world—more invites our attention and speculation—is more within the reach of experiment, and the benefits it confers are more direct and obvious. It would be foreign to my purpose, if I were competent to the task, to mark the steps by which man has passed from conjecture to certainty—from rash hypothesis to theories founded on cautious observation and experiment—from inquiries which, if successful, had only gratified curiosity, to discoveries and improvements immediately conducive to the benefits of society. To enable us to appreciate the advance of science, it is sufficient for us to look at what the condition of man now *is*, compared with what it *was*.

In whatever direction we turn our eyes, we behold some triumph of mind over matter. We cannot see a ship, a book, a gun, a watch—scarcely the commonest implement or utensil—without being made sensible of the wonders achieved by human science and art,—the result of the combined efforts of a thousand minds and ten thousand hands, embodied in a form that has added incalculably to man's power and enjoyment. If we take the departments of knowledge separately, we are filled with admiration at the labor by which it has climbed, and the elevation it has attained. Astronomy, not content with teaching us the motions of the planets and moons of our system, and by them, enabling us to traverse the pathless ocean with the certainty with which we travel by land—of itself a glorious achievement of science—now undertakes to estimate the weight and density of these bodies—their influence on one another—of the smallest on the largest—the flight of comets, and even some of the changes of position in the stars themselves. Optics has taught us new laws of light, and has subjected the most subtle and the most rapid body in nature to measurements, of as much certainty as the gross portions of matter. We now know the weight, density, motions, elasticity of the air we breathe, and which encompasses the earth; the laws of sound—its velocity, force, repercussion, musical tone. By electricity, magnetism, galvanism, are revealed to us new fluids of the existence of which we did not formerly dream. Their laws have been investigated with all the accuracy, acuteness and unwearied diligence which belongs to modern science; and though this branch of physics is every day re-

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ceiving new accessions, it already forms a copious science of itself. While yet in the full career of discovery, it affords persuasive evidence of the close affinity if not identity of light, heat, magnetism, electricity and galvanism.

The progress of chemistry, shows us the growth of the human intellect in its numerous useful results. In the power it has acquired over brute matter, it has added infinitely to our means of comfort or enjoyment, by improving the useful arts of husbandry, metallurgy, dying, bleaching, tanning, brewing and medicine. Some of these improvements have, indeed, been the effect of accident; but many, nay the most of them, have been the result of human inquiry and sagacity. And the *atomic theory*, which gives us an insight into some of the primary laws of matter, is a pure deduction of reason.

By chemical discoveries, useful processes which once required months, or even years, are now effected in a few days. The chemist has found means to separate one of several properties from a drug, so that its medicinal effect may be undiminished and unaffected by other combined properties originally with it. Light, which formerly was furnished only by the valuable substances of wax, tallow, spermaceti or oil, has been supplied of a better quality, from the cheapest and most abundant objects in nature; and these improvements are but the precursors of the more splendid retinue which are hereafter destined to make their appearance. This science gives us assurance that all those substances which are most indispensable to man, because they repair the waste which is unceasingly going on in his bodily frame, are dispersed in boundless profusion throughout the universe, but under forms and combinations which conceal them from our unassisted senses; and that it may be within the scope of human art to separate those which are nutritious, and assimilate with our system, from those that are of a noxious or neutral character, and thus to modify the law which has hitherto limited the numbers of mankind. It is now thought whatever vegetable substances can be made soluble can be made digestible, in proof of which, a German chemist* has already succeeded in converting ligneous substances into wholesome aliment; and it has long been known that sugar may be made by a similar chemical conversion. What would have been the transmutation for which the alchemist of former days consumed so many anxious days and sleepless nights, compared with these? Gold owes its extraordinary value to its scarcity, and had the adept succeeded in making it at pleasure, he would have lessened its value in the same proportion as he increased the quantity. If he could have converted copper into gold, the gold would have been worth no more than the copper, except for the expense of the transmutation. And if society had gained some advantage in being able to substitute it for metals that are liable to rust, yet it would have lost as much by the destruction of its property of containing great value in a small bulk, and its consequent unfitness to perform the functions of money.

It is not improbable that some of these splendid visions of science may never be realized: but then other discoveries and improvements may take place of equal and greater importance; and should those hopes be verified, would they exhibit a greater triumph of art than has been witnessed in our day? they are certainly not more beyond the bounds of seeming probability than balloons, and diving bells, and rail roads, would have appeared to a former age.

The most extravagant fancy in which the man of science has indulged would scarcely exceed the wonders now wrought by steam, whether we consider the simplicity of the means, or the magnitude of the results. When in every vessel of heated water mankind had always seen a vapor arise, who could have supposed that in this simple fact, nature had furnished an agent, which by skilfully managing, he could multiply his natural strength a thousand fold, and move from place to place with the swiftness of a bird? By the alternate production and condensation of this vapor, which he is able to do by the very common agents of fire and water, he is able to extract the ponderous minerals from the bowels of the earth, having made it previously drain off the water which put them out of his reach. By the same power he fashions the metal he has made, into bars, or sheets, or rods, according to his various purposes. By it he performs all those operations which require incessant action as well as preterhuman strength; and thus it is made to spin and weave, to saw and bore and plane. By this he grinds his flour, cuts and polishes marble, prints newspapers, and transfers both himself and his commodities from place to place, by land or by water, with a rapidity which had existed only in the creations of an eastern imagination; and what is no less admirable, with a diminution of fatigue equal to the increase of speed.

The kindred sciences of geology and mineralogy have undergone the same improvements as that of chemistry. And by a course of inductive reasoning, founded on careful observation, the changes which the outer crust of our earth, to the small comparative extent that we are able to penetrate it, have been most satisfactorily shown, and referred to their several chemical or mechanical agents. It has also afforded data from which important facts in the history of organized beings have been deduced, and thus it has shed a light on a branch of knowledge from which it seemed most remote. The notion which once prevailed, that no species

* Professor Autenrieth of Tubingen.

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of animals is extinct, has been incontestibly disproved; and it has shown not only that there were many species which not only do not now exist, but which could not subsist in the present state of the world. Where important facts have not been discovered by human reason, we see its power exerted in profiting by those which accident has suggested; as in Galvani's discovery and that of Hauy in crystallography, of vaccination and many others.

Of all the branches of human knowledge there is no one which sooner exercised the understandings of men than that of medicine, first as a practical art, and then as a science, as there is none to which he is impelled by stronger motives; and accordingly we find it practised by a separate class, in some of the rudest nations. Yet long and diligently as it has been cultivated, it has made prodigious advances of late years, and human reason has here too achieved its accustomed triumphs. In the surgical branch diseases are cured every day, often too by young and inexperienced operators, that were once deemed immedicable, and often proved fatal. The materia medica has been improved both by happy accidents, and the scientific labors of the chemist—and the science, trusting only to cautious observation and experiment, has profited as much by what it has rejected from the catalogue of sanative remedies, as what it has added. Reason has here taken the place of superstition and blind credulity, and few prescriptions are now made on purely empirical grounds. We have the most conclusive evidence of the advance of the medical science, in the greater average length of life now, compared with former periods. It has in England increased in 31 years from 1 in 33 to 1 in 58. A similar increase has been found to have taken place in every nation of Europe. In Great Britain, France and Germany, the average increase has been from 1 in 30 to 1 in 38 in less than two generations. And if a part of this melioration may be attributed to the moral improvement of men, to the greater wealth and comfort of a greater number, the diminution of intemperance and other vices, a part also seems fairly attributable to the medical science; but in either way it attests the progress of reason and philosophy.

The progress of those sciences which exercise no other faculty but the reason, also attest the increase and vigor of the human faculties. Algebra is not only more generally cultivated than in a former age, but it is now applied to every species of regular form and motion that matter can assume, and has thus reached conclusions which seemed unattainable by human skill; and the calculus which one generation readily performs, was scarcely intelligible to that which preceded it.

Even our most familiar and household concerns show the increased influence of reason over our actions. The dress of both sexes is more conformable to nature than formerly, and less biassed by caprice and arbitrary or accidental forms. I need only, by way of proof, refer to hair powder and buckles, and the tight ligatures which once bound our limbs or bodies, but bind them no longer. Forms have been discarded or abridged and made subservient to convenience—our modes of eating, drinking and sleeping—all the ordinary habits of social life prove the growing ascendancy of reason over habit and prejudice. Though in all of these we may occasionally see some retrograde steps.

The more philosophical spirit of modern, compared with ancient times, is illustrated by what was then considered as the seven wonders of the world. They boasted of magnitude or costliness—of some enormous expenditure of human labor in a pyramid, a statue or temple, which was fitted to make a strong impression on the senses. But what are the objects which now fill men's minds with admiration and astonishment? They are such as are addressed to their powers of reflection—great moral changes like the American or French revolutions; the liberation of Greece or of Spanish America: or if they be of a physical character, then they are of some successful effort of science and art which directly conduces to the benefit of mankind; such, for instance, as the application of steam to manufactures and navigation—the New York Canal, the Manchester Rail Road, and the Thames Tunnel. These, and such as these, are the world's wonders in our day.

Such then, Mr. President, is the character of the changes which the mind of man has wrought on physical nature, as well as in the improvement of his own condition; and these in turn have effected an immense change in the character of his mind. *He has become less subjected to the dominion of his senses and more to that of his reason.* He is necessarily made to perceive an infinite number of new and intricate relations, which the progress of knowledge and civilization are ever adding to those which previously existed, and his reasoning faculties have acquired strength in proportion to their exercise. From particular facts he is continually deducing general laws; and from those general laws, laws still more comprehensive. The consequence of which is, that the elaborate deductions of one age become the obvious truths of that which succeeds it, and each succeeding generation is more capable of intricate processes of reasoning than its predecessor.

In the same proportion too, as reason acquires strength, the dominion of the passions becomes weaker. They are less likely to be excited by unworthy causes, and less violent when excited. Reason obviously tends to prevent those mental perturbations which arise from false views of things, as from mistaken notions of right—from the exaggerations of future good or evil, and

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wrong estimates of their probability. Many objects which a more ignorant age has deemed important, the light of philosophy exhibits in their real insignificance. And in addition to all these direct causes, it seems not improbable that our minds being now so much more occupied in noticing causes and effects, and other important relations, will be less prone to strong emotions, except so far as they may have the sanction of reason. Let me not be understood to favor the dream of some speculatists, that philosophy will ever eradicate the passions. This result is neither possible nor desirable. It is in their proper indulgence that consists all that is called either happiness or virtue, and all that deserves to be so considered by a moral and intellectual being. They are

"The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
"Gives all the strength and color of our life."

The passions have been aptly compared to the winds which impel the ship on the ocean of life,* but reason performs higher functions than "the card." It sits at the helm, and guides the course of the bark when the gale is not too strong, and takes in sail when it is.

One of the consequences of this growing ascendancy of reason is, that there will be less inequality in the civil condition of mankind; and happy are they whose political institutions enable them to accommodate themselves to the change, without going through the process of blood and violence. Whatever may be the advantages, real or supposed, of a difference of ranks, the institution originated in accident, and is supported by illusions, which natural enough in a certain stage of society, the light of philosophy tends to dissipate; and as ghosts, witches and other shadows of the night have vanished at the approaching dawn of reason, the further progress of day will extinguish hereditary rank, which, when it does not, like faux-fire, shine by its own corruption, emits an ineffectual ray at best.

If the preceding views are correct, it would follow that in our reasonings from the past to the future we must take these changes of the human character into account, and if we do, that they would sometimes lead us to expect different results hereafter from those which formerly took place under similar circumstances. The failure to make allowance for these changes, has produced much groundless *apprehension*, much *mistaken confidence*, and much *false vaticination*.

In thus speaking of the gradual progress of reason and philosophy, I do not mean to say that the advancement is uninterrupted. Far from it. Though the tide may be rising, each individual wave does not always reach as far as that which preceded it: so man, in his onward progress to a higher state of existence, does occasionally make oblique and even retrograde steps. By the influence of those prejudices which have not yet been dislodged from their strong holds—under the sway of our passions, which indeed may be regulated, but can never be extinguished, reason for awhile succumbs and philosophy disappears. Thus, in the Reformation, the struggle between those who sought to get rid of the ancient abuses, and those who endeavored to maintain them, was accompanied with ferocity, cruelty and injustice; and men were often hated and persecuted in proportion to their sincerity in avowing their real sentiments, and their firmness in maintaining them. Then too, we beheld those who had been the victims of oppression, when power changed hands, becoming persecutors in turn; and this, not on the principle of retaliation, but because the new persecutors were impelled by the same blind fury as their predecessors, in regarding a mere difference of opinion as synonymous with crime.

Philosophy had not then advanced far enough to teach them that men were responsible only to their own conscience and their God for their modes of faith; and that punishment tended to make hypocrites of the bad and martyrs of the good, but converts of none. They had yet to learn that the unadulterated common sense of that portion of mankind, who were less frenzied by zeal, revolted at such injustice; and that their sympathies acted more powerfully in favor of the sufferer, than their fears in favor of their persecutors; a truth which has suggested the maxim that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

The French revolution also furnished a signal instance of the retrograde steps of philosophy. The oppressions, the injustice, the absurdities of the French monarchy, and above all, the incongruities of many of its institutions with the state of knowledge and of private society in France, could not be corrected without calling forth all the strongest impulses of our nature—the worst passions of the worst men, as well as the nobler feelings of the best. The advanced state of reason and philosophy among the educated classes, acting on the sense of justice, indelibly stamped on the heart of man, made the mass of the nation see and feel the odium of their civil institutions, and determined them to attempt a remedy. They were prompted in their schemes, and quickened in their sensibility by the superior social condition of their neighbors, the English, and yet more by the American revolution and its happy issue. Before this great event, their notice of the defects or abuses of their government was confined to philosophical speculatists—to rhetorical declaimers—or to those who wielded the lighter, but no less efficient weapons of ridicule—to all of whom many of those classes who most profited by the existing

* [On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.]—*Pope.*

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abuses, bowing to the resistless force of truth, and not foreseeing the danger to themselves, gave their cordial support. Public opinion was thus gradually gaining strength and unanimity; and when accident afforded a favorable occasion for the *reformers* to act, every one was astonished at the rapidity and force with which they acted. But there were strong interests and passions arrayed on the other side, and the shock of the conflict was violent in proportion.

As soon as the cry of reform and change was sounded, every furious and ignoble passion—every sordid and profligate and depraved motive, hoping to profit by the confusion, entered into the strife, and corrupted the whole mass. Then it was that in the heart of Christendom, we saw a city, associated in our minds with every refinement of civilization—the emporium of science, literature and the arts—suddenly transformed into a moral desert. The annals of mankind had recorded no such metamorphosis. To the *senses* indeed, all the monuments of science and art and social improvement remained, but they seemed to belong to other times. Every thing relative to the human character was forcibly overturned, or wrested from its natural position. Women without humanity or timidity, at one moment braving death, and at another thirsting for blood. Science and practical art employed in devising new modes of taking away life. Statesmen and legislators engrossed by the one great subject of how they might exterminate citizens no less than foreign enemies. Speculative minds racking their inventions to frame excuses for these enormities, or in making frivolous changes in the names of streets and provinces—of the months and days—while *Religion*, finding nothing congenial to her own mildness and purity, fled from the country, and the infuriated multitude hallooed and exulted in her retreat: and in the metropolis of fashion, which had given the laws of dress to all Europe, and one of whose most distinguished literati* had asserted that the apparel was a part of the man, an attention to outward appearance was deemed presumptive evidence of aristocracy. Nor was there a more certain mode of awakening suspicion of *incivism*, than to seem to be devout, or moral, or gentlemanly, unless these obnoxious qualities were redeemed by some accompaniment of crime.

There have been those who would make philosophy responsible for these extravagances and excesses, because it had been assiduously cultivated in Paris, just before the Revolution, and some of its maxims were appealed to in justification of the excesses. But nothing can be more unjust. There was mingled with the enlightened part of the Paris population, a far larger portion which was immersed in the grossest ignorance. They had been brought up as it were in a prison house, into which the surrounding light of heaven could never penetrate; and, when set free from the restraints of law, they were powerful instruments of mischief in the hands of those who were at once skilful and unscrupulous in using them. There were also those who partook of the intellectual light of the age, but who from a faulty education, or accident, or the unjust institutions of society had not proportional moral improvement—men who saw the inequality with which the goods of life were distributed; that those who had the smallest share were the most numerous; and that they might be prompted to the inclination, as they already had the ability, to be their own carvers. An alliance was thus formed between cunning and ignorance—the cunning few and ignorant many—and no wonder that in a short time, all that was venerable and virtuous and generous, as well as all that had been tyrannical and oppressive, were furiously assailed and beaten to the ground. The progress of knowledge had no other agency in producing this result, than that a portion of society borrowed its *intellectual light* without approaching near enough to profit by its *moral warmth*: and it is as unreasonable to blame philosophy for these outrages, as to blame religion for the bloody massacres and merciless persecutions which were perpetrated in her name. With far greater reason may the moderation observed by the mob of Paris, in the three day revolution of 1830, be ascribed to the influence of the liberal and philosophical spirit, which had been gaining ground throughout the civilized world, and particularly in France for twenty years before: and it deserves notice, that this moderation, as well as the occasion on which it would be exercised, was confidently predicted in this country, by a French gentleman,* now enjoying an elevated rank in France; and he founded his prediction on the improved character of the population of Paris.

Having thus taken a view of the past effects of the progress of philosophy, let us now look before us, and endeavoring to scan the future, learn what are hereafter to be its effects on the world, especially on that portion of it, in which we are most interested.

We are sometimes reproached with being more disposed to look at what our country will be, than at what it is; but when the changes are so rapid and great, we should not only betray a strange insensibility to our future destiny, but be grossly wanting in prudence, not to keep the fact constantly present to our minds. It should affect our policy, legislation, and even our individual contracts and schemes of profit; and while we do not object to other nations seeing, in the

* The Count de Buffon.

* General Bernard, whose anticipations of the leading events of that revolution, in a conversation with the author, had all the accuracy of history.

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mirror of the past, interesting memorials of their former glory, they may suffer us to look at ours, through the prism of hope, in which objects are a little distorted without being exaggerated, and appear in hues delightfully gay and diversified. Let us see then how the certain progress of population, and the probable progress of reason and philosophy are likely to affect us.

Of the rapid advancement of the United States in numbers, powers and wealth, we have now a moral certainty. After the lapse of forty years, we have seen that their population continues to double at the rate which Franklin long ago assumed, and we have full confirmation of the views taken by Malthus more than thirty years ago, and by Franklin long before him, that mankind continue thus to increase where the means of subsistence are easy. There will hardly be any change in this particular here, before our numbers have reached 60 persons to a square mile. Perhaps when we consider the remarkable fertility of the larger part, not before we have reached 100: but with the former limit, our country would contain 100 millions of inhabitants, in three periods of doubling, or in 75 years. Some doubts have been entertained whether our future increase will not diminish in an increasing ratio; and a very general error as to the rate of increase, exhibited at the last census, has favored that opinion. But in point of fact, the increase for the ten years ending in 1830, was a fraction more than 34 per cent., instead of a fraction more than 33 per cent., as our almanacs and other periodicals have stated, because they did not attend to the fact, that the last census shewed the increase only for nine years and ten months. This result is so unexampled and so great, that it requires an effort for us to conceive its reality; yet it rests upon as satisfactory grounds as any future event whatever: and it is not a remote improbability, that some who now hear me will live to see our population amount to 100 millions.

For our political organization we have nothing to desire, if our present government continues. The self-healing power, which more or less pervades all bodies, politic as well as natural, has unrestricted vigor here, and may be expected to bring an adequate remedy for every political disease likely to arise.

But one of the evils apprehended by some, is a dissolution of the Union; and it is asked, if this has already been seriously threatened, how will it be when the sources of collision and rivalship shall be multiplied—when all fear of foreign aggression, which now operates as a band to keep us together, shall be removed—when personal ambition shall seek, by a separation, that field for its enterprises which the Union does not afford—and the natural increase of an indigent and ignorant class shall furnish him with ready tools for his selfish projects?

But I do not see the probability that the proud hopes, which dictated a perpetual league among the states, are to be disappointed. It seems to me that the occasions in which their interests clash are few, compared with those in which they coincide, and that one of the strongest ligaments of union is the diversity of pursuits among the states, by which they are all benefited by a free commercial intercourse. Thus, some produce grain and cattle, others, fish, or sugar, or rice and cotton: some are exclusively agricultural in their pursuits, and are of course venders of raw produce, whilst others are manufacturing states, and purchasers of raw produce: some are largely concerned in navigation, whilst others are inland. Thus all are gainers by an interchange of their respective commodities and species of industry; and this mutual commerce, founded in mutual interests, will less and less require aid from the government.

We may, moreover, reasonably expect, that these sources of mutual benefit and intercourse will increase, and that new products of agriculture and manufactures will arise under some propitious accident or kindness of nature, will extend the mutual dependence of the states, and proportionally multiply the bonds of union. Each state will be important to the rest for its useful products, and they in turn will be valuable to it, both for affording a market, and for the products they give in exchange. The commerce, too, will be the more profitable, and likely to be the more extensive, by its being free from imposts or vexatious restrictions. Under the fostering care of this freedom, we may expect that wine, and silk, and the olive may be added to the products of the south—and that whenever labor shall fall to the point of merely earning a subsistence, tea may be also cultivated; as no doubt some part of our country is similar in climate to China, since it is not only in a correspondent latitude, but on the same side of its continent.

The time will come when most of our manufactures can be procured from the northern or middle states cheaper than from Europe, and when those states will also furnish a larger market for the products of the south The time has already come when cotton, and rice, and tobacco, if that pernicious weed shall always constitute one of man's artificial wants, can be procured more cheaply from the southern states than elsewhere; and though there is not, within the present limits of the United States, as much land adapted to the cane as will supply its future inhabitants with sugar, without that increase of price which must greatly diminish its rate of consumption, yet the trade in this useful commodity will not therefore be less important, either to the states which sell, or those which purchase it.

This commercial intercourse will be greatly extended by the numerous canals and rail roads,

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which are destined to intersect our country in every direction. By the greater cheapness of transportation, the commerce will be extended, not only because more distant points will be brought into connection, but also because there will be a greater number of articles which may be advantageously transported. All the canals and rail roads from one state to another, which shall be sufficiently used to compensate for their construction, will be so many sinews to knit together our wide spread and diversified republic. New York and Pennsylvania have already thus bound themselves to the west. Maryland and Virginia, and, without doubt, Georgia and the Carolinas, will follow the example.

When we shall be thus connected by the golden chain of mutual interests instead of the iron fetters of power, and by that homogeneousness of manners which an increased intercourse will produce, what will be likely to effect a separation? Let us suppose any state, considering itself aggrieved by some measure of the federal government, was to withdraw herself from the confederacy, and that the other states were to acquiesce in her course, either because they felt no interest in the matter, or because they were willing to surrender up those interests to a claim of right. It can scarcely be doubted that such seceding state would find the disadvantages of its new situation so great, surrounded by rival and hostile and taunting neighbors—attended with so much contingent danger and certain expense, that after the first irritation had passed away, it would sue to be re-admitted

But when it is recollected that, in no distant day, every state will either be an outlet for other states to the ocean, or the medium of communication for those lying on each side of it, it would be according to all experience to presume that they will not regard a question thus directly affecting their *interests*, as one also affecting their *rights*, and will vindicate both, by an appeal to force, if necessary: and thus the question of *separation* will always be a question of *war*. The *constitutional* question, which may have been previously agitated, will be drowned in the din and tumult of arms, and finally decided by the issue of the war. *Victory* is the great arbiter of right in national disputes, and that scale of justice on which she happens to light, is almost sure to preponderate.

I have been supposing the case of a single state, or even a small section of states to desire a separation. But it may be asked whether all the states may not voluntarily consent to a dissolution; or at least so large a portion as to make resistance on the part of the rest hopeless. I answer that I am not able to conceive any such general and powerful cause, nor do I know of any example of a similar voluntary disseverance in history. In every case in which an integral community, whether consolidated or confederate, has been separated, it has been by violence, and commonly external violence—either by one nation, subjugating another, or by some successful leader succeeding by his arts and talents in arraying one part against the rest: or the parts of a great empire have been partitioned among the descendants or legatees of the last occupant—none of which causes of separation can be expected to operate here. It is indeed a conceivable thing for some prominent and popular individual to excite a particular state to discontent, and finally to civil war; and although we have happily had no example of such flagitiousness, we have seen enough to make us think it possible: yet whatever may be the supposed success of such men at home, there will always be many counteractions to their influence in the adjoining states, and in the same degree that the agitator is a popular idol in his own state, he will be an object of suspicion in the adjoining states, who will judge of him by his actions, unaffected by his arts or the imposing lustre of his personal qualities.

Our own past history affords some confirmation of these views. It is, for example, now seen, since the veil which once concealed the acts of the Hartford Convention, has been partially raised, that the power of the agents in that combination to separate the union was far less than had been supposed, and that they could not have led on the states there represented to make that shew of resistance to the general government which excited apprehensions for the union, if they had professed any other than the moderate and legitimate objects of making their peculiar interests more respected, and of providing additional guards against the invasion of those interests in the time to come. It now appears, that however we may disapprove the *means* used to effectuate their objects, the *ends* were blameless; and there is much reason to believe that the moment the separation of the states had shewn itself to be the ultimate object of their leaders, that moment they would have been deserted by the larger part of their followers.

The case of him whose history has been so pregnant of instruction to lawless ambition, and who eighteen years ago was arraigned in this very capitol for the highest of all crimes, affords another instructive example. So long as his object was believed to be the settlement of the Washita lands, he may have ranked among his followers the most honest and patriotic of the land. So long as he merely proposed to emancipate the Mexicans from the Spanish yoke, the generous and enterprising youth of the west, as unsuspicious of guile in others as they were incapable of it themselves, might have flocked to his standard, and even gloried in the act of self-devotion: but no sooner was it known that the infatuated man was pursuing the phantom of individual aggrandizement, at the expense of his country's peace and in violation of her laws, than he was "left alone in his glory."

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Most of his followers abandoned him from principle, and the few who were without principle, deserted him from cowardice. It is peculiarly gratifying that both of these examples so strikingly exhibit the attachment of the American people to the union, as it will probably be only in one or the other of these modes that its integrity will ever be assailed.

The event by which the union was still more seriously threatened, has been too recent for me to say much of it on the present occasion. Yet I may be permitted to remark, without opening wounds hardly yet cicatrized, that both those who apprehend disunion and those who dread consolidation may draw salutary lessons from that event; and that each party may, by a course of imprudence, promote the very evil of which it is most apprehensive. I will add, that it affords additional evidence of the strength of the ligaments which bind us together, for if those who felt themselves aggrieved by the general government, had been less sensible of the *value*—of the *necessity* of the union—then the master pilot,* who at the critical moment seized the helm, and steered the ship of state through the breakers that threatened her on either side, had interposed his consummate skill in vain.

But when it is considered that the continuance of the union is indispensable to our peace, prosperity, and civil liberty—that on it rest our hopes of national greatness, it would hardly seem consistent with prudence to rely altogether on the natural securities I have mentioned. We should also sedulously guard against whatever may tend to weaken our attachment to it; and should therefore confine the functions of the general government to those objects which are most indispensable to the prosperity of the whole, and to which the powers of the separate governments are incompetent. And while it should exercise no power which was not clearly beneficial, as well as constitutional, it should forbear to exercise such powers as come under this description, when they may prove sources of discontent, or of collision with local feelings and interests. The advantages of such a course will be to give the federal government greater efficacy in the execution of its remaining powers, and especially in our foreign concerns; and it will afford us the best security, not only against disunion, but the opposite danger of consolidation. The continuance of our present complex system of government—the only one in which the highest degree of civil liberty can be reconciled with the greatest extent of territory—depends on its maintaining a just equipoise between the general government and the governments of the separate states; and that equipoise may be disturbed no less by enlarging the capacity of conferring favors than that of doing mischief—of appealing to the hopes no less than to the fears of the community.

There is another safeguard against both disunion and consolidation, to be found in the diffusion of instruction among all classes of people; to which object all the states have given encouragement. Besides the general moral effects which such mental culture is found to produce, wherever it has been tried, it will make the mischiefs of a single national government or of several disunited governments, which are already so obvious to those who have reflection and forecast, intelligible to all. The diffusion of intelligence will operate advantageously to the same end in another way. It will raise the self-respect and honest pride of the indigent classes, and these sentiments afford the best security against an over-crowded population and its deleterious consequences, for they naturally tend to raise the ordinary standard of comfort, and the higher *that* is, the sooner do the checks to improvident marriages begin to operate.

Supposing our federal union to be thus enduring, the progress of philosophy may be expected to continue with our advancement in numbers and wealth, and to exhibit itself in the increased vigor of the reasoning faculties; the greater purity of religion; the better government of the passions; an enlarged dominion over physical nature; a deeper insight into the multifarious laws of mind and matter; and a general amelioration of our condition, social, intellectual, and moral. But dangers and evils are apprehended by some, when we shall have a large class of manufacturers. This must eventually be the condition of the greater part of the population of every civilized country, since in no other way can the greater part of a dense population find employment. A small proportion of the community is sufficient to cultivate the soil, especially with so fertile a territory as the greater part of the United States; and the rest must be employed in manufactures, or starve. Besides, the products of this species of industry are as essential to our comfort and enjoyment, if not to our subsistence, as raw produce. We must have clothes, furniture, utensils, and books, as well as food: and when our numbers shall be sufficiently great to consume the whole of our raw produce, as in time it certainly will be, we shall cease to export; and the great mass of its consumers here, must fulfil the inevitable ultimate destiny of man—he must labor for his subsistence, either in tilling the earth, or in giving to its products some new form, which by ministering to the wants of others, may enable him to satisfy his own. The people of the United States must therefore become a manufacturing people, as well as their progenitors, and that too at no very remote period. At present, most of our citizens are agriculturists, be-

* Henry Clay, who was thus thrice mainly instrumental in giving peace to his country.

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cause they find a ready sale for their redundant products; but while it may be easy to obtain a market for the surplus produce of fourteen millions of people, it may not be equally easy to find a vent abroad for the products of the one hundred millions before spoken of; or even of the fifty millions which our numbers will certainly reach in less than another half century. It must be recollected that while we increase at the rate of three per cent. per annum, our customers do not increase beyond the rate of one per cent., and some scarcely increase at all. Those therefore, who will be thus spared from agriculture, must be employed in manufactures.

The political effects of so large a class of manufacturers in our country, has suggested two very opposite theories. According to one, the influence of property will be increased by the change; according to the other, its rights will be endangered. The advocates of the first opinion say, that capital has the same relation to manufactures that land has to agricultural labor; for it is only large capitals that can be advantageously employed in the principal manufactures; and that the laborers in both species of industry, will feel their dependence on their employers. It will therefore happen that the votes given immediately by the laboring class, will be substantially the votes of the rich landlord or capitalist.

But on the other hand, it has been apprehended, and not without some show of reason, that the working class, having the power in their own hands, by the preponderance of numbers, need only to act in concert, to control the course of legislation. It is further urged, that if the means of popular instruction can become general, or though that should be found impracticable, if the intelligence of the community should increase with the progress of society, that this class will more readily feel its power, have stronger inducements to exercise it, and be better able to devise the means. Admitting concerted action practicable, as it would be obviously desirable, what, it is asked, is to hinder these men from ridding themselves of their proportion of the taxes?—of appropriating to themselves the property of the rich by various legislative devices, as in limiting the prices of provisions, in planning expensive schemes in which the utility would be exclusively to themselves, or not in proportion to the cost,—or even in some moment of madness and reckless injustice, of passing an Agrarian law? It is vain to urge that as such a violation of the rights of property would have the ultimate effect of injuring all classes, or at least a far greater number than it would benefit, it is contrary to the general instinct of self interest to suppose the greater portion of the community would pursue it; for these remote interests might not be perceived, and though they were, they would not prevail against the force of present temptation.

But the argument assumes that there will be a majority of the community who will feel a present interest in such violations of the rights of property, and this proposition may well be questioned. In our country, where industry and capital are free to exercise themselves in any way, there will always be a gradation of classes from the richest to the poorest, so as to make the line which separates them an imperceptible one. We have no political institutions, and few prejudices to make such a separation. Every one is estimated according to his individual merits, little affected by those of his ancestors: and although somewhat of the honor or discredit of parents attaches to the child, yet it is probably little more than is warranted by the presumption that there is a resemblance between them. We are not distinguished into castes as in India, where one portion of society engrosses all the more honorable and agreeable employments of life, and the other is allotted to its most irksome and debasing offices; nor into Patrician and Plebeian, as in Rome; nor into lords and commons, as in England; nor *noblesse* and *canaille*, as formerly in France and the rest of Europe; distinctions which at once provoke combination and make it more practicable.

Nor is the indigent class likely to be as large in this country as in most others. Our institutions, in many ways, favor both the acquisition and the diffusion of property. In the first place, by their being more exempt from restrictions. No trade or occupation is fettered by monopolies or corporation laws, or laws of apprenticeship, so that industry and talent being free to act, wherever and however they please, are likely to find the situations in which they can be most profitably exerted.

In the next place, all offices and professions which are means of acquiring property, or are of themselves a valuable property, while they last, are thrown open to the competition of all; and we see them as often, or more often, won by those who were born in poverty, and who have been accustomed to rely on their own resources, than by the pampered sons of wealth and luxury.

And lastly, the diffusion of property is the greater by the practice of dividing an estate among all the children of a family; which, either by the act of law, or the will of the deceased proprietor, has become almost universal. The law of primogeniture, by artificially damming up property to prevent its natural diffusion, must increase the number of the poor in the same degree that it increases the number of the rich. The estate which remains in the same family in England for three generations, and continues throughout the property of a single individual, is here distributed among twenty or thirty, and often a far greater number. *This single change* in our municipal law, would necessarily have the effect of converting the

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property holders into a majority of the community.

Whenever, then, the line between the rich and the poor is drawn in this country, it will always comprehend a far smaller proportion of the last class than in any other, so long as our civil institutions retain their present character; and the number of people who have property to some amount, and who have the hope of acquiring it, will always be much greater than those who have none. When it is further recollected that those who have made their own fortunes—a very numerous class in all free countries—are likely to possess energy and intelligence; they may also be expected to possess an influence more than proportionate to their numbers. To these considerations we may add the connections which arise from favors received or expected, by the poor from the rich; the influence of habit; the protection of the laws; the restraints of morality, of indolence, and fear, and they seem sufficient to assure us that apprehensions of a mischievous combination of the poor against the rich, are groundless; and that all which the indigent class can effect for their own advantage by combination, may not prove a sufficient antagonist to the influence the rich will be able to exert over them.

I know of no instance of a successful combination of the indigent classes, except in the case of the Agrarian laws at Rome. But this subject has been greatly misunderstood, and there never was a more well founded complaint than that which the poor made against the rich, on that occasion Modern historians seem to have followed up the injustice, by misrepresenting the facts, and assailing the character of those who had been previously defrauded of their property. The diligent researches of German scholars* have shewn incontestibly that the Agrarian laws, for which the Gracchi lost their lives, concerned only the *public* lands, which had been obtained by conquest, and not those which formed part of the territory of the ancient republic. As these public lands were charged with a very moderate,—merely nominal rent,—it was necessary to impose some limit upon the portion which a single individual could obtain, which was accordingly fixed at 500 *jugera*—equal to about 312 of our acres. But the Patrician class soon found means to evade this law, and having engrossed these lands, the purposes for which they were set apart—of affording the means of support to the poor, and of rewarding those by whose bravery and toils they had been won—was thus completely defeated: and the redundant population, unprovided with the means of subsistence, were obliged to become the bondsmen of the rich. Tiberius Gracchus endeavored to have this flagrant wrong, which was a political mischief, as well as a moral injustice, corrected: and whatever may have been his motives, he so evidently had right on his side, that he finally prevailed. But because he succeeded in defending the unquestioned rights of the injured party, does it follow that he would have had equal success in defending injustice? Because he was able to sustain the violated rights of property, would he have been also able to destroy them? Certainly not: For he with difficulty succeeded, even at the cost of his life: and success would have been impossible but for the dauntless intrepidity and the zealous support which the goodness of his cause inspired.

To the progress of our literature and science we may look with unalloyed hopes. In many branches, both ornamental and useful, we are still behind the country from which we are descended; and we fall as far short of her in the quantity of original productions as in the quality. But this, we confidently trust, is but a temporary inferiority. Our whole faculties are now engaged in cultivating the choicest fruits of civilization, and by and by we shall turn our attention to its flowers. Our late rapid advancement in letters affords a sure presage of future excellence, and symptoms of this gratifying change gladden our eyes in every direction. As soon as the more imperious wants of the country shall be satisfied, and men of superior powers and attainments shall have filled the learned professions, and offices requiring science and talent, then we shall begin to form a class of men of letters, who will devote their leisure and genius to minister to our intellectual wants: And they will find here a wide field both for speculation and description, political, physical and moral. We are justified in pronouncing that our literature will have freshness, boldness, richness and variety, and I would fain hope, the crowning grace of simplicity. Poetry, though not destined again to receive divine honors, or even the same profound homage as in a later day, will always occupy a high place in the world of letters: for the pleasure which can be conveyed to the mind by rhythm, imagery and fervid sentiment combined, are immutable; but the higher province of intellect will be to instruct and convince; to aid us in the arduous duties of life—whether as members of a profession, as citizens of the state, or as moral and responsible beings. Until that day arrives, let us cherish those institutions which best serve to preserve and diffuse a knowledge of science and letters, as well as to increase a taste for them; and never relax in our exertions until we are at least upon a level with the highest. Next to an elevated moral character, this is the most proper object of national ambition: and while I should be content that this country may never give birth to a Phidias, or Canova, a Raphael or Titian—that it should not produce as good musicians as Italy or Germany—as beautiful millinery as Paris—as cheap or good cutlery as Shef-

* Heeren and Niebuhr.

field—I should be mortified to think that we should never be able to boast of such poets as Byron or Pope, such historians as Hume or Gibbon, such moralists as Johnson, such novelists as Walter Scott, or such mathematicians as La Place.

In looking into our future destiny, I have not allowed myself to travel into the regions of fancy, but have confined my attention to those results which seemed fairly deducible from causes now visibly operating; and which are in conformity with the past experience of mankind. I have not indulged in those overstrained speculations with which some have contemplated the future progress of philosophy, but have endeavored to avoid on the one hand, those views of future evil, which it is the nature of gloomy tempers to entertain, and on the other, those visions of future excellence or perfection incompatible with our past experience; such, for example, as the dreams, first of Condorcet, and afterwards of Godwin. Of a similar character, I fear, are the predictions of those who think that war may be banished from the civilized world. Without doubt it is the tendency of the progress of reason and philosophy, to lessen the chances of war: in the same way as refinement of manners checks personal conflicts among individuals. But it will, probably, no more put an end to them in one case, than in the other; and the time may never come, when the interests of nations will not clash, when they will not differ in opinion about their respective rights; when they will not be willing to resent supposed injustice, and hazard their lives to gratify their resentment. Nor can occasions be wanting at any time to call forth these motives to war. Nations may have rivalship in trade; rivalship in fisheries; they may differ about boundaries, or the construction of treaties; or they may be involved in the disputes of others. These causes must be regarded as inseparable from the condition of man, even if he should no longer be exposed to the danger of war, from mere differences of opinion on some speculative points in religion, politics or morals. It may then prove in all future time, as it has proved in all time past, that it is man's nature to quarrel and fight, no less than to love or to hate, and the only difference may be as to the occasions of war, and the mode of carrying it on: in short, that this ultimate argument of republics as well as kings, will continue to be appealed to, as it always has been, when all others have failed.

If this is to be regarded as a part of man's inevitable destiny, let us not indulge in vain repinings at it—but endeavor to prevent it as far as we can, by a course of justice, and moderation, and forbearance: and if, nevertheless, our efforts should be unavailing, let the philosophic and patriotic mind find consolation in the fact, that though war is the cause of much human misery, it calls forth many virtues, and affords occasion for the display of some of the noblest traits of our character—courage, patriotism, generosity, disinterestedness and every form of virtuous self-denial. It gives a stimulus to all the more elevated and severer virtues. It breaks up the icy frost of selfishness, which in the still times of peace may congeal about the heart. The love of country never burns with a purer or stronger flame than in the bosom of the patriotic soldier: nor can any thing but war enable a citizen to make the same sacrifices, or so prove his self devotion to his country. It may then be among the dispensations of the ruler of the universe, that war, as well as peace, is necessary for the development and the preservation of some of our highest qualities, and to fulfil our destiny. Nor let us vainly hope to extinguish national more than individual resentment, but merely to regulate it—to reserve it for those occasions which a sense of justice prompts and reason sanctions: and although it is but a blind arbiter of disputes, it is the only one, in some circumstances, that can be appealed to.

Having thus, Mr. President, brought to your notice, with less of condensation than I could have wished, the great and rapid strides which human reason is now making in the civilized world, as exhibited in every field of intellectual exercise: having noticed the unequivocal signs that this progress will yet continue, that we cannot assign to it any precise limits, and that in all estimates of the future, we must take it into consideration: having endeavored to infer its probable effects on our condition, taken in connection with the other changes to which we are destined, I have discharged my main purpose. Yet I do not feel that I have entirely fulfilled my duty as a member of the Society, unless I say something of its particular objects.

One of these objects was to collect and preserve the perishable memorials of the past history of Virginia, from the time it was a colony to the present day. While this is a subject which must always be one of lively interest to her citizens, it is also one in which diligence will be amply rewarded. Our early colonial history more abounds in events of a striking and diversified character, than that of any of the other colonies; and this state, moreover, has a sort of parental relation to nearly all the states to the south and west. Full justice has never yet been done to this subject. There are indeed points in the history of the settlement of the colony, which require elucidation, and for which the materials are to be found, if at all, only in the archives of England. But on our later history much light has been thrown by a diligent examination of the laws of the colony; and somewhat may be further gleaned from a search into those records of the county courts, which have yet escaped the ravages of war and time. The records of these courts, whose duties were always of a very miscellaneous character, may communicate much information concern-

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ing the state of society, the habits, manners and ways of thinking of the people. The authentic details of the public offences and their punishment, is no insignificant portion of a nation's history. Much has been done in this way by Hening's Collection of the Statutes at Large; and though a large portion of the treasure has already been drawn from this mine, it has not been exhausted. After paying a just tribute to the industry and general accuracy of that work, it also suggests a caution to future inquirers against a spirit of skepticism towards preceding narratives, merely because some inaccuracies have been discovered. Of this I may be allowed to mention one or two examples, as in the endeavor to shew (in which Burke concurs,) that the account of all preceding historians of the loyalty of Virginia towards the House of Stuart, immediately before and after the Commonwealth, was erroneous—and that because Robertson in his posthumous historical sketch was plainly mistaken in saying that no man suffered capitally "for his participation in Bacon's rebellion," he is not entitled to credit: or, when Bacon, according to all previous accounts, had, during a wet spell, at the most sickly season of the year, in the county of Gloucester, been seized with a dysentery which proved mortal, to suggest that a death so little violating probability, should be deemed mysterious, and warranted the *suspicion of poison by his enemies.*

The history of the settlements of the west exists only in tradition or family letters, and its materials ought to be collected and preserved, while it is not too late. The contest between the pioneer of civilization and the native savage, is full of daring adventure and romantic interest. If the command of gunpowder, and the use of iron ultimately gave victory to the former, it was one always dearly bought. The Indians defended their native rights with desperate valor and consummate address, and it was only inch by inch that they yielded their native soil to the invaders.

The origin of some anomalous enactments in the statute book, also invite inquiry. Thus in the year 1647, lawyers were forbidden to take any fees whatever, and in 1658 they were excluded from the legislature. For this uncourteous act, it must be confessed that their descendants have made the *amende honorable.* The medical profession seemed also an object of jealousy with the planter; as by another law,* physicians were required to swear to the value of their drugs.

There is too, a good deal of uncertainty and inconsistency in the statistical accounts of the state. On the duty of the present generation to collect and preserve every thing relative to the revolution, I need not lay any stress. There are still numerous papers in many families, of no sort of value to them, that may yet shed light on that interesting era.

In all that concerns the other object of this Society, the physical history of the state, every thing is yet to be done. The records here are before us, and are indestructible in any reasonable term of time; but we must first labor to remove the rubbish which conceals them, and then study to decipher them. This is a tempting field of research, as it may not only add to our stock of information, but also to our store of worldly wealth. The great Appalachian chain of mountains, which traverses the United States from Maine to Alabama, is broader no where than in Virginia, or consists of a greater number of distinct ridges, and no where has it given as clear indications of abounding in mineral wealth. We have found in it already gold, copper, lead, iron, manganese, gypsum, salt, coal, nitre, alum, marble in great variety, besides other minerals that are useful in the arts; and a more diligent and scientific search than has yet been made, may by increasing their number increase the profit of those canals and roads that are now projected, and give rise to others not yet contemplated. Our demand for fossil coal is of growing importance; for our increasing population at once increases the demand for fuel, and diminishes the supply of wood. I was happy to see last evening, the specimen of anthracite coal from the county of Augusta; and the value of that mineral deserved the high eulogy it received. We may form some idea of the importance of fossil coal, from the fact that steam engines in England are now computed to perform annually, the work of four hundred millions of men! a number nearly double to that now living on the whole globe.

Nor is the geology of the state to be disregarded. Ever since a careful examination of the materials of the earth's surface has been found to afford indications of its past changes, this science has been diligently and successfully cultivated in Europe, and has not been neglected in some parts of the United States. It is high time that Virginia should contribute her quota to its researches. We should be the more stimulated to cultivate this branch of science in the United States, in consequence of the remarkable regularity of the different formations on this continent. Thus along the coast below the falls, we have south of Long Island the tertiary formation; between the falls and the Blue Ridge, the primitive; and the great Mississippi Valley, from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains, is principally secondary. There are however, occasional exceptions to these general rules, and they should be noticed with care. As our useful minerals lie near the surface, our observations will, for a long time to come, be principally confined to that; but as there are instances of shafts being sunk in search of salt water or gold, the strata should be carefully noted; and where any pit of unusual depth is sunk,

* Passed in 1646.

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it would be well to make experiments on the heat of the earth, before the admission of the ordinary air has altered its temperature. It has long been asserted that there was an internal heat in the interior of the earth, and further observation seems to confirm it. This fact has lately had a seemingly conclusive verification in England. A shaft had been sunk there in pursuit of coal, to the extraordinary depth of nearly fifteen hundred feet; and by a number of careful experiments, the heat at the bottom was found to be 28° hotter than the average heat of the earth in this latitude, which would seem to show an increase at the rate of a degree of Fahrenheit for every sixty feet.* Should this correctly indicate the measure of the earth's internal heat, then at the depth of something less than two miles, we should come to the temperature of boiling water. When we recollect that this heat is not farther removed from us than a two thousandth part of the distance to the centre, (bearing about the same proportion to the earth as the parchment stretched over it, does to an ordinary globe,) it seems to afford a ready solution for volcanoes, earthquakes, and many geological phenomena; and may even excite our wonder, that some of these results of so mighty an agent are not more frequent and terrible than they are. And when we recollect that the confines between organized matter, and that form of it which is inconsistent with animal or vegetable life, approach so near each other, it is calculated to humble the pride of man, that he has been upon this globe all but six thousand years without a suspicion of the fact.

There are also problems concerning our climate which well deserve solution. The acknowledged difference between the eastern and western coasts of climates, has been attributed, with a great show of reason, to the prevalence of the westerly winds; and of the fact of their greater prevalence there, is the most satisfactory general evidence—but it is discreditable that the amount of the difference should not be as well ascertained as the fact itself. The average difference can be ascertained only by repeated and accurate observations.

It has also been asserted that the temperature of the Mississippi Valley is higher than that of the Atlantic coast. Mr. Jefferson long ago advanced this opinion, and it was adopted by Volney; but there is strong reason to believe that the direct contrary is the fact. It is, however, high time that this question should be settled by a series of thermometrical observations, and a comparison of facts derived from the vegetable world.

We have, Mr. President, been three years in existence, and as yet have done little. Let us bestir ourselves in the cause of science and of our country; and endeavor, under some disadvantages, to give Virginia the same rank in science and literature that she has always maintained in her devotion to civil liberty and political integrity. Though borne along with the rest of the world, by the great current of philosophy of which I have been speaking, we should not fold our arms in listless apathy, but diligently ply our oars, lest we should be left further behind by those in advance of us, and be overtaken by those now in our rear.

* See London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine for December 1834. This experiment coincides with the theory regarding the internal heat of the earth, promulgated by a member of the French Institute (Mons. Cordier,) in a memoir presented to that association about six years since, in which he gives a detail of numerous observations and experiments on which he founded his theory, now fully confirmed by the more decisive experiment in England.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LETTERS FROM NEW ENGLAND—NO. 5.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

Scholars in Virginia are not generally aware, that the classical Greek pronunciation is thought to exist still in Greece; and that (connecting this fact with the close resemblance of the ancient, to some of the modern dialects *as written*) that rich and elegant language is no longer to be regarded as *dead*. Thus confidently think two intelligent and accomplished natives of Greece, now in Connecticut, who are reputed (no doubt deservedly) to be thorough masters of both the ancient and the modern tongue. In a gratifying interview with one of them (Mr. *Perdicaris*, at New Haven), being curious to hear Homer in his native melody, I prevailed on Mr. P. to read me a few lines of the Illiad. They were by no means musical to my ear—vitiated, doubtless, by the faulty pronunciation to which I had been accustomed, and destitute of those associated ideas, which conduce so largely to the beauty of poetry. He sounds *oi* dipthong, like *e*; *d* like TH soft; *g* like a mere aspiration, as our *h*. The word *poluphloisboio* (πολυφλοισβοιο) so expressively sonorous to our ears when pronounced with the full, swelling *roll* of the dipthong, he would attenuate into *poluphleesbeeo*—to me much more like the whistling of the wind through a key-hole, than the hoarse, multitudinous roar of an agitated ocean. I spare you, here, a speculation that is passing in my mind, as to how far this diversity between different ears, proves the notion of the *sound's echoing to the sense* to be merely fanciful; and as to the influence of previous association upon our relish of poetical, and of other beauty—how much, for example, of the native Greek's rapture at Homer, is owing to love of country, and how much of an American's ecstacies to classical enthusiasm, the pride of learning, or the influence of names. Yes, I spare you—partly, because I have not *much* that is new to say upon the subject; and partly because, if I had, it would be wholly out of season.

By special invitation, I attended a lecture (one of a series) delivered by Mr. Perdicaris, upon the literary and political history of modern Greece. It was marked by a rich yet chaste imagination, a generous glow of patriotic enthusiasm, and the eloquence which they naturally inspire. You may feel a curiosity, as I did,

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to know somewhat of the *outer man* of a modern Greek. Mr. P. is about the middle height, or five feet nine; shoulders broad, and a stout frame; black hair, disposed to curl; large black whiskers, flanking a broad oval face, the complexion whereof is a darkish olive—as dark, at least, as Mr. Webster's. Having been eleven years in this country, he speaks our language fluently and intelligibly: indeed, as is usual with those who learn a foreign tongue from books, and from enlightened native speakers, his *English* is remarkably pure. A few rhetorical and grammatical faults there were—for instance, "*he left Athens*" was curtailed (*a la Yankee*) to "*he left.*" This is a New England-ism not confined to the vulgar: neither is the phrase "he *conducted well*," for "he conducts *himself* well;" nor "considerable *of* a place," for "a considerable place." We hear Yankees of respectable literary pretensions, too, saying *shall*, where the English idiom certainly requires *will*; as, "shall you visit Boston during your tour?"*—and clipping the infinitive mood, in a way equally contrary to the good customs of the realm—thus—"I have not written yet, but to-day *I intend to.*" But I am chasing game that is hardly worth the powder.

I owe to Mr. P. another intellectual treat: the inspection of an Illiad, edited by Mr. Felton, Professor of Greek at Harvard. Of all the editions that I have examined, this is by far the best adapted to schools; and the most likely to gratify the taste, or to aid the study, of a retired scholar. The *character* is a *fac simile* of Porson's M.S. Greek—surpassingly neat, simple, and distinct. The text seems to be given with exemplary fidelity. And it is interspersed with *Flaxman's Illustrations*; engraved cuts, of all the principal scenes: which, though mere hints of incidents, and too meager outlines of persons, greatly heighten the interest of the work. But its crowning merits, are the Editor's English Preface and Notes. I read the former, and most of the latter—much more, I dare say, than is usually deemed needful for a reviewer. They do Mr. F.'s learning, judgment, taste, feeling, and eloquence, very high honor. He does not make much ado about the trivialities of *dialect*, *quantity*, and *various readings*, like the cumbersome annotators upon the classicks, criticised in the Spectator; nor does he, like "piddling Tibbald," 'celebrate himself for achieving the restoration of a comma,'† or the correction of an accent. But beauties are pointed out and commented on, with a critical taste and elegance, calculated to make the learner's task a luxury; while difficulties are cleared up with a fulness that leaves little need for oral instruction. The edition is in one volume; and I hope soon to see it supersede the clumsy affair of the too learned Samuel Clarke, which now has such fast foot-hold in our schools.

You perhaps think it odd, that I have said nothing of the *judicial systems* of New England; and ascribe it either to my acting on Young Rapid's maxim—"sink the shop, Dad!"—or to my being cloyed with courts at home, and so, loathing them amid the countless attractions of my journey. Neither, neither—be assured. 'Though last, not least'—they have formed a leading subject of my inquiries: and to judge speculatively, as well as from what is told me of their practical operation (which I have had no opportunity to witness) they have some points worth *considering*, if not *imitating*.

The judiciary power of Rhode Island is vested in a supreme court, consisting of a chief and two associate justices; and a court of common pleas (composed of five judges) for each of the five counties. *All the judges are appointed annually by the legislature.* This feature alone suffices to stamp the whole system with insignificance: for what skill in jurisprudence—what independence of popular excitements and party influences—could be expected from judges whom the breath of a party leader can make and unmake, at each year's end? When to this we add, that the chief justice of the supreme court receives a salary of $650, and each associate $550, we need not wonder that no decision of the Rhode Island bench is ever quoted in other states. The governor's salary is $400; the lieutenant governor's, $200. But if, in scantiness of territory and a corresponding scantiness of means, this state is ordained by nature to be the San Marino of America, yet it is purely her own fault if, by the precarious tenure of her judicial offices, she reduces one of the most important departments of *mind* to the same diminutive scale, and goes far to make herself morally and intellectually also, the insignificant miniature of a commonwealth.

In Connecticut, justice is administered in causes of small amount by county courts, whose judges are chosen annually: and in larger causes, by superior courts. The latter are held semi-annually in each county by one of five judges, who also form the supreme court. They hold office during good behavior, or until seventy years of age: and have both law and chancery jurisdiction. The supreme court sits once a year *in each county.* I do not know what actual loss of valuable services Connecticut has suffered, by her rule which drives judges from the bench just at the juncture when their faculties are in many instances the most happily ripe for its functions: but, that she has lost and will lose, no one can doubt who remembers, that thirteen of the best years of Mansfield's judicial life, and fourteen or fifteen of Wythe's and Pendleton's, were after the age of seventy; and that such a rule would have deprived the United States' judiciary, ten years ago, of its present gigantic Coryphæus—confessedly one of the purest and most powerful minds that ever filled any judgment seat. But what heightened or adequate terms of censure can be found for the New York rule, which displaces every judge at sixty? A rule which prematurely discarded Spencer and Lansing; and which, for more than ten years, has made Kent employ the full vigor and maturity of his intellect in writing abstract treatises, and selling *chamber* opinions, instead of going on as he had begun, to build up for his state a system of jurisprudence hardly inferior to that which Mansfield reared for England?

In Massachusetts, are some very striking peculiarities. The *supreme court*, consisting of four judges, sits

* If I mistake not, I have heard Mr. Webster himself use *shall* in this manner. It is an innovation, sustained by no eminent authority or precedent in England; and is confined, in America, to the north side of the Potomac, if not to the east of the Hudson. With that still grosser affectation, "the house is *being built*," "a war is *being waged*," it should be promptly arrested, before it shall have become inseparably mingled in the "well of English undefiled." By the way, this latter *refinement* prevails more in the south than in the north.

† Johnson's Preface to Shakspeare.

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once a year *in each county*, to decide questions of law, in the last resort. Some one of these judges, besides, holds annually a *Nisi Prius* term in each county, to try appeals from an inferior grade called "courts of common pleas," original suits in chancery, and upon the bonds of executors and administrators. The appeals to them from the common pleas, are *as to both law and fact*: a jury being empanneled, witnesses examined, &c., as if it were an original proceeding. The latter courts are held twice a year in each county, by some one of four judges; who hold office (like those of the supreme court) during good behavior. They have cognizance of all causes, except what I shall designate as vested elsewhere.

Presentments and indictments for all offences, are found only in the *common pleas;* where, also, they are tried—*except in capital cases.* These, after the indictment is found, are certified and removed from the common pleas to the *supreme court;* at whose bar the culprit is tried by a jury: a special term being held on purpose, in any county where the judges are notified that a prisoner awaits trial for life or death. *En passant*—though *eight crimes* are, by the laws of Massachusetts, punishable with death, *only twenty-six persons* in the whole state have been capitally convicted, *in thirty years!* The number of trials (I do not exactly remember it) bears an immense disproportion to the number of convictions: so immense, as to prove that either an undue severity in the laws, or the unreasonable and too common lenity of juries, aided by the overwhelming superiority of defending advocates—or (what is most probable) all three causes together—have well nigh made those laws a dead letter. Prosecutions are conducted by *district attorneys*, of whom there are four in the state; each prosecuting within his allotted district. In the supreme court, however, the attorney general is counsel for the commonwealth.

Chancery, or *equitable relief*, is rarely sought in the Massachusetts courts. Indeed it was unknown, until, within a comparatively recent period, two or three statutes empowered the supreme court to administer it, in a very few specified cases—*mortgages, trusts, accounts between partners and co-executors, waste, nuisance*, and two or three others: omitting the fruitful subjects of *fraud, accident, dower, et cetera*—and especially the sweeping power to relieve *wherever there is no remedy at law*—subjects which, by the multiplication of cases, have made *our* chancery, like that of England, the dormitory if not the grave of justice. And even as to the few specified subjects of jurisdiction, those statutes rigidly restrict the relief to cases in which there is *not a plain and complete remedy at law*. Before these enactments (and *since*, too, in cases without their scope,) the rigor of the law was mitigated only by the sense of justice in juries; and by sundry expedients—curious enough, to Virginian eyes—which seem to have left few *wrongs* unremedied. For instance—if I am unjustly cast in a trial at law, by accident or surprise, or for want of testimony which I did not know of till the term was over; not a bill of injunction, but a petition to the judge in vacation, within a limited time, will procure me a new trial. If my debtor fraudulently dispose of his property; instead of a bill in chancery to ferret out the fraud, I may have, along with my execution (if I have obtained judgment) a *summons* to the colluding purchaser as *garnishee*, to disclose orally on oath, in open court, what effects he has, of the debtor.

Roads are laid off by a board of commissioners, established for that purpose in each county; and invested with judicial powers, in controversies on the subject.

The probat of wills, the granting of administrations, the appointment of guardians, and the supervision of the accounts and conduct of guardians, executors, and administrators, are confided to an officer, called the *Judge of Probat*, appointed in each county for those purposes only; and holding his court monthly, in several convenient places of the county, to hear motions and decide disputes on those subjects. His records and proceedings are kept by a distinct clerk, called the *Register of Probat;* and an appeal lies from his decisions immediately to the supreme court. We, in Virginia, sorely need some tribunal like this; specially charged with the interests of widows and orphans.

Equally worthy to be copied, is the Massachusetts mode of constituting *juries*. Lists of all persons qualified to serve, are kept by the town-clerks; from which, just before a court, the town quota of jurors is drawn by lot: and no one is compellable to serve oftener than once in three years. *They are paid for their service.* Against juries thus formed, I heard no complaints, of partiality, corruption, or undue ignorance. They receive a compensation, which at least defrays their reasonable expenses; and if there be still some burthen, it is borne equally by all, and recurs at such long intervals, as to be absolutely unfelt. How different is our plan, of sending out the sheriff just before a trial, to gather in the sweepings of the court-yard! Suitors and witnesses, attending perhaps for the tenth time, in hopes of having their causes determined—strangers from other counties, nay, travellers from other states—tipplers from the tavern porch—the nearest merchants, mechanics, and farmers, torn suddenly and capriciously from their employments—such is the medley, produced by a system as oppressive to most of the jurors themselves, as it is subversive of the important ends for which they are empanneled. One is really tempted to believe, that in adhering so pertinaciously to a system so obviously defective and so easily remedied, our statesmen have been governed by a fixed design to bring jury-trial itself into disrepute.

Wiser in another respect also than we, these "Bay folk" have no courts (except for cases of twenty dollars or less) held by *men who have not themselves studied the science they are to expound:* no parallel to our county courts—those *crack* tribunals of some great men, whose admiration arises either from the want of intimate knowledge—they having ranged generally in a higher sphere—or from their enjoying over that bench an *influence*, flattering to their vanity, and blinding to their judgments. How long will the public attention sleep—how long will the hand of reform be palsied—when will an attempt be made to cure the unfitness of these courts for the weighty, multifarious, and difficult functions entrusted to them?—the ludicrous, if it were a less mischievous, uncertainty of their decisions, owing to their ignorance of any fixed rules by which to decide?—the delays, so fatal to justice, that attend their unsteady ministration?—the ruinous accumulation of costs, besides harassment and loss of time in dancing attendance upon them through years of litigation?

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The Massachusetts and Connecticut plan, of an *itinerant supreme court*, cannot be commended to imitation. The common arguments, of *bringing justice home to the people*, and *enabling suitors to see in person to their causes*, are not pertinent, where the whole case is contained in the record; where no witnesses are to be summoned or examined—no counsel to be instructed in the cause. Then, the loss of time in travelling, and the want of so extensive a library and so able a bar, as would be formed if the court sat always in one place, must essentially impair the correctness of its decisions, and lower the superiority of its intellect.

The common-law of England is made the basis of Massachusetts law, not, as in Virginia, by a legislative declaration that it shall be so, but by adjudications of the courts, recognizing and adopting it as such. By a still bolder stretch, the courts have acknowledged as generally binding, English statutes made in amendment of the common-law—not only before, but *since* the foundation of the colony: nay, the terms of the decision do not exclude English statutes subsequent to the American revolution. This comprehensive grafting of a foreign code upon the domestic, not by professed and authorised law-givers, but by mere judges, is perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of judicial legislation, any where to be found: and must have arisen from a licentious spirit of *construction*, which, when it acts upon written laws, may naturally be expected to make them mean almost any thing that the interpreters choose.* The admirers of an *unwritten law, reposited in the breasts of judges and to be sought only in precedents and decisions*, may vaunt, if they will, its happy *elasticity*, dilating and contracting to fit every conceivable emergency: but I doubt if (among other evils) it does not nurture habits of latitudinous interpretation, destined to be well nigh fatal to one of the great boasts of modern times—written forms of government. Minds accustomed always to make the law adapt itself to the particular occasion; to regard that *as law*, which the immediate case requires; naturally fritter away constitutions with as little ceremony, as children demolish or alter their sand houses and dirt pies.

The chief court of Massachusetts has tasked the readers of law-books, as heavily as our's has done. Its decisions fill twenty-seven or twenty-eight octavo volumes—about our number. The supreme court of New York has issued more than thirty; the supreme court at Washington eighteen or twenty; Pennsylvania, Connecticut, South Carolina—but I forbear the appalling list. Every good law library, however, should have at least the five sets first named; and they are as yet but just begun. If the monstrous increase be not checked, what purse can buy, what head can read (much less remember,) nay what room can hold them, a century hence? Already, indeed, we are grievously over-tasked: for besides the thousands of tomes, English and American, now accumulated,* it is impossible to keep pace with the daily accessions, poured forth from a hundred manufactories of legal oracles. Some powerful condenser, or another Caliph Omar, is our only hope. The oppressive bulkiness of law-reports is owing partly to the reporters; but more, to the judges—who, apparently more intent on the display of learning and ingenuity, than upon adjusting the rights of the parties, often swell the simple and clear page or two, which the case requires, into a rambling and voluminous disquisition of twenty pages. Nay, not content with one such disquisition in each case, each judge presents his own; and the reporter spreads them all at length in his next volume. I wish that both judges and reporters could be obliged to study, as models of lucid brevity, Yelverton's Reports, and the still more admirable decisions of Chief Justice Tindal, of the English Common-Pleas†—who frequently compresses into half a page or less, what our American judges would wire-draw into half a dozen pages.

Lawyers are very numerous in Massachusetts—somewhere about seven hundred; of whom one hundred and sixty or one hundred and eighty are in Boston. Their intercourse appears to be marked by the same fraternal spirit, which strews the toilsome path of the profession in the south with so many sweets and flowers. Admission to the bar is procured, not by examination, but by leave of court, on recommendation of those who are already practising there; provided the candidate have studied five years in some lawyer's office; or have so studied three years, and be a graduate of some college. He has, besides, to pay for admission into the supreme court, a fee of thirty dollars, and for the common-pleas, twenty dollars; to be expended towards a joint library, for the use of the bar in each county. These libraries are sometimes large, and well selected. The emoluments of practice, except to the very leaders of the profession, seem far inferior to those of practisers occupying correspondent grades of talent and fame in Virginia: indeed, I doubt whether any but Mr. Webster receives an amount comparable to the incomes of several there, whom I could name. Yet the life of a lawyer is probably more pleasant in Massachusetts. From the pre-requisites to admission, you may infer that well-stored minds abound more with the fraternity: at least it was so, till our university, and our several excellent law-schools, began to give a clearer and more expanded ken to the mental optics of our young lawyers. Then, in society at large—certainly in the towns and villages—there is more literature afloat in Massachusetts: amusements are of a more rational cast. Where *we* have a horse-race, a barbecue, a whist-party, or a *pool* at back-gammon, our Yankee brethren have a meeting of some lyceum, or other society for mutual

* Hardly less startling an exercise of legislative power by the judiciary, was in the abolition of slavery. The Bill of Rights prefixed to the constitution of Massachusetts, adopted in 1780, asserts, as most of our state constitutions do—substantially copying the Declaration of Independence—"*that all men are born free and equal*, and have certain natural and unalienable rights;" namely, the right of enjoying their lives and liberties, &c. On this, some masters spontaneously yielded freedom to their slaves; others, on its being demanded of them. In 1781, a master who refused, was sued by his slave for a trespass, assault and battery, and false imprisonment; and pleaded, that the plaintiff, being his slave, had no right to sue him. The court held, that slavery was contrary to the first article of the Bill of Rights; and that therefore the plea was bad, and the plaintiff was free. This decision virtually abolished slavery in Massachusetts, without any legislative act for doing so. Some other suits were brought; but in most cases, masters yielded at once There were then not quite five thousand slaves in the state. Abolition was similarly effected in New Hampshire. It was by legislation in New York, where there were twenty-one thousand slaves, in a whole population of three hundred and forty thousand.

* "Immenso aliarum super alias acervatarum legum cumulo."

† In the late "English Common-Law Reports."

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improvement, at which a lecture is given or a debate held, upon some interesting subject, of economy or morals: or an unceremonious evening visit is dedicated to conversation, in which politics engross no unreasonable share. The newspapers—even the most violent political ones—at once attest and foster the prevalent taste for general knowledge, by devoting a considerable part of their sheets to literary and useful matter: unlike the two giants of the press in Virginia, that can hardly ever spare a column, and never a page, from the embittering—aye, the brutalizing—themes of party strife, to topics which might exalt, enlighten, purify, innocently amuse, and humanize the public mind. There is less locomotion in the practice of a Massachusetts lawyer: he rarely attends more than two counties; for the most part, only one. This, if he loves domestic life, is a great point for him. And in the ordering of a New England home-stead, there is a quiet, smooth despatch—a neatness—a happy fitting of means to ends—a nicety of contrivances for comfort—an economy of trouble in every thing—all calculated doubly to endear it to a home-loving man. When to all this we add, that though the prime necessaries of life are cheaper with us, those elegancies and luxuries which as the world goes have become necessaries, are so much more accessible in New England, as to make a smaller income yield a larger store of comfort; it will not seem wonderful, that the balance of enjoyment is on the Massachusetts lawyer's side. I take for granted, you see, that he is not insensible to intellectual pleasures; and that *they* conduce the most of all to happiness.

This is probably the last time you will hear from me before we meet; as my tour is drawing near its close. The six weeks it has occupied, have been crowded with more mind-stirring incident, than any six months of my previous life. Vivid indeed is the contrast, between the plodding, eventless tenor of the preceding eight years, and the exciting, the feverish interest of these six weeks. Yet they have afforded scarcely a describable adventure; nothing, at all calculated to make an auditor's eyes stretch wide, or his hair stand on end. In truth, the interest is explicable in great part by the simple case of a plough-horse, turned loose to kick up his heels for an hour. He enjoys the recreation (if his spirit is not broken by excessive work,) five fold more than a daily roamer of the pasture could do. Judge how the sport has kept my faculties aroused, by the fact, that though habitually a great sleeper, requiring seven or eight hours in the twenty-four, my sleep, since leaving Virginia, would hardly average five hours. Even while on foot—walking from twenty to thirty miles a day—my nightly allowance was sometimes less than five, never more than six hours.

Let me commend to tourists, *foot-travelling*—if they wish to see a country thoroughly: I do not mean its rivers and mountains, cities, forests, and churches, but its MEN and WOMEN. *These* "constitute a State." Whoever would see *them* in their truest, every-day garb—of dress and manners—upon occasions and amid scenes, where refined disguises are laid aside, and life appears with the least sophistication possible in our state of society; should walk among them without equipage and in very plain clothes; call in at their houses—partake of their meals—nay, find some excuse for tarrying a day or two at one place—enter their schools, and their public meetings—see them at their work—and hold "various talk" with them. In two or three weeks thus employed, he will obtain a deeper insight into their customs, character and institutions, than from months spent in whirling along the highways, and attending formal dinner parties. Unless he is a hardened pedestrian, he should take care to begin by short journies, of only eight, ten, or fifteen miles a day; and not till after five or six days, stretch away at thirty miles daily. Otherwise he may cripple himself, so as greatly to mar the pleasure of his jaunt. I speak from sore experience on this point.

Though I have been obliged to concede to the Yankees, a superiority in some respects over ourselves, you will not suspect me of having over-colored my limnings, or of having wantonly—much less ill-naturedly—disparaged our good old commonwealth. Without wishing to lower the generally just and salutary, (though sometimes amusing) pride her children feel at the bare mention of her honored name, I have aimed to draw their attention to some traits of Yankee life and character, which we may advantageously copy—nay, the *want of which* is the main cause of our lagging march in the numberless improvements, that distinguish this age, and appear so fruitful of blessings to mankind. My aim too has been, to disabuse them of a few of the prejudices, which ignorance and misrepresentation have fostered against our Northern brethren. Let any one who thinks I have exaggerated their excellencies, only come among them, and see for himself; bringing to the scrutiny *a candid mind*, prepared to *allow* for unavoidable differences.—Indeed our people ought to travel northward oftener. It would be a good thing, if exploring parties were frequently sent hither, (as to a moral *terrra incognita*,) to observe and report the particulars deserving of our imitation. Our independent planters, and shrewd, notable housewives, could not make such an excursion, without carrying home a hundred *notions*, for which they and their neighbors would be the richer and better all their days. Nor might they profit less, by sending their statesmen and law-givers, to take lessons in civil polity. There are admirable things of every magnitude; from TOWNSHIP GOVERNMENTS, COMMON SCHOOLS, and COURTS OF PROBAT, down to *closed doors*, *splayed* and *rumfordized* fire-places,* *seasoned wood*,†

* When the sides of a fire-place are slanting, instead of being square with the back, they are said to be *splayed*. When the back leans forward at top, approaching the inner side of the arch or front top, so as to make the flue only six or eight inches wide, it is said to be *Rumford-ized*. If my readers pardon me for being thus elementary, I will presume further upon it, and add, that the latter term comes from Count *Rumford*, who invented that improvement. The sides of a New England fire-place often slope at an angle of 120 or 130 degrees with the back; so as to make the width *behind*, not more than half the width in front. The wood is usually sawed, to fit the hinder part of the fire-place.

†The wood is cut 12, sometimes 15 or 18 months, before it is burned. If cut in the summer, it is suffered to lie out for a few months, and then put away till the second winter, in the *wood-house*; a constant and close appendage to every dwelling. Southrons have no idea, though Yankees have experimental knowledge, of the saving and comfort there is in using this, instead of green wood—how vastly further any given quantity of the former will go, in producing heat. It has been satisfactorily shewn, that in a cord of green wood, there are about 140 or 150 gallons of *water*; all of which must be changed to steam—that is, *evaporated*—before the particles of the wood in which it is lodged can burn: and

and *cold light-bread.** Some things, too, they would see, to be shunned: I need only name excessive *banking*—enormously multiplied *corporations*, for manufacturing, and other purposes—and, what strikes yet more fatally at the foundation of popular government, the *caucus* system. But the strongest reason for a more frequent intercourse, is the liberalizing of mind that would result; the unlearning of our long cherished prejudices, from seeing the Yankees *at home*—that place, where human character may always be the most accurately judged. They too, have some (though fewer and less bitter,) reciprocal prejudices, to be cured by a more intimate acquaintance. No mind but must see the unspeakable importance of weeding away these mutual and groundless dislikes. The perpetuity of our union—and the liberty, the peace, the happiness of its members—in a great degree depend upon the accomplishment of that expurgation. There cannot be a simpler *recipe. The North and the South need only know each other better, to love each other more.*

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

The Waltz and the Gallopade.

Mr. White,—Although a short time only has passed since I wrote you a long letter, partly to fulfil a promise made before your Messenger began to perform his most welcome peregrinations, yet the spirit moveth me irresistibly to address you again. The immediate cause of this second tax upon your patience being so soon levied, is the perusal of an article published some time ago in that spirited paper, the "Constitutional Whig" of your city,—wherein, to my great gratification, its talented editor has lashed in well merited style, that outrage upon the yet unsophisticated manners and customs of our country, seen, I believe, for the first time in the city of Washington last winter, as if in mockery of the character and memory of its illustrious founder. I mean the "Fancy Ball," as it is styled by those who have undertaken to describe it; although with all due deference to their superior taste and knowledge, I would venture to suggest "the frantic hurlyburly" as a more appropriate term. I do this from having some reason to believe, that a more deplorable caricature of what was designed to be represented, was never perpetrated by the would-be fashionables in any country—either *in* or *out* of Christendom. This foreign and apish intruder has not yet, thank heaven, gained such footing among us, as altogether to preclude the hope of extirpating it from the land, if a few such pens as that wielded by the editor of the Whig, could be exerted for so laudable a purpose; and therefore it is that I venture to cry—"to the rescue," in the hope that several others will obey the call. Let it once be deemed "*the fashion*" to have "Fancy Balls," and even the greatest clodhoppers among us are sufficiently acquainted with the despotism of this tyrant, to know that *his* behests will bid defiance alike to reason, ridicule, and reproof—to good sense, good manners, and good principles.

I am much gratified, Mr. Editor, at another circumstance brought to my notice incidentally by this article in the "Whig." It is, that our language, copious as it certainly is, does not yet afford terms of its own to express several of the foreign fooleries and attempts to corrupt our yet simple, unaffected character, described as a part of this extraordinary exhibition, "the Fancy Ball;" such, for example, as the waltz and the gallopade. For the benefit of those who may wish to know the literal meaning of these outlandish terms, without the means of gratifying such wish, I beg leave to offer the fruit of my researches—aided, as I confess myself to have been, by far better scholars than I am.

The first term—"*waltz*," is evidently of German extraction, being plainly derived from the verb "*walzen*," which, with the adjunct "*sich*," means to roll, welter, or wallow oneself; and with the prefix "*das*" becomes the participle rolling, weltering, wallowing; from which selfish process the transition is quite easy, to roll, or welter, or wallow another. In either case the predominant idea is, that the term describes some action natural to an animal of the order Belluæ; for our English correlative terms are never applied to human beings, but by way of derision or contempt expressed in figurative language. Quere: how does it accord with human pride and vanity—how far is it reconcileable to the lowest aspirations that we are ever willing to acknowledge ourselves capable of feeling, to be ambitious of imitating either hogs, horses, or monkies in our actions?

If there could be any doubt in regard to the derivation of the first term "*waltz*," or the object of the practice of *waltzing*, the etymology of the second term "*gallopade*," must settle the question beyond farther controversy; and must prove that an imitation of certain belluine gambols and gesticulations must be the grand desideratum in adopting these exotic fashions. "*Gallopade*" is manifestly from the French word "*galloper*," and that again from the Greek "*kalpazein*," to gallop like a horse. From all this it seems perfectly clear, that this latter dance at least, (if it may be so called,) in order to honor its Greek Etymon, should be performed on *all fours;* since for a biped successfully to imitate any action of a quadruped, in which all its limbs are used, the biped must make its arms, if it has any, execute the function of legs. The quadruped resemblance then, which seems to be the thing coveted, would be brought as near to perfection as the nature of the case could possibly admit. Add to this, it is the best imaginable expedient for working off that dissatisfaction at the ways of Providence which these galloping or galloping gentry appear to feel, at perceiving that all the genera of the Belluæ order, (unless, perhaps, the Kangaroo may be excepted,) have been so much more liberally dealt with, as to be provided with one more pair of legs than they have. It may however be well questioned, how far it is *good policy* (to say no worse of it,) to encourage this downward tendency, since the natural proclivity of our species to indulge brute appetites and passions is generally allowed to

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in doing this, just so much *heat* is expended, which would otherwise be employed in warming the room. The time spent in this process, makes our people fancy that green wood actually *burns* longer than dry: and because a dozen billets of green, when the water is entirely evaporated, give out more heat than four dry ones, they think that hotter fires can be made of green wood!

* The bread should not be eaten till it is *cured*, or stale; i. e., at least twenty-four hours old; and it is *good*, for several days more. The superior wholesomeness of *cured* bread is explained by the fact, that on coming out of the oven, it has an over-proportion of carbonic acid gas—well known to be poisonous when unmixed; but by lying in the open air, the bread parts with most of this noxious gas, and imbibes instead of it, oxygen gas—the wholesome, vital *principle* in the atmosphere.

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be already much greater than becomes us who claim to be the only rational part of God's visible creation. Heaven knows that we even *now* approximate far too closely to the lower order of animals in many of our propensities and practices, not to take any particular pains, nor to use any extraordinary exertions to render this approximation still more striking. If we can not prevail upon ourselves to cherish higher aspirations, to act in a manner more worthy of our exalted station among living and sentient beings, let us at least strive hard *not to retrograde.*

So much, Mr. Editor, for *the degradation* of these foreign fooleries. But their *demoralizing tendencies* are matters of much higher concern—of infinitely deeper interest. Let me endeavor to point them out. The perfection of the "*waltz*" consists in exhibiting to the gaze of a numerous company of both sexes, the female form in every variety of position and attitude into which activity of body and suppleness of limb can throw it—short of what all would exclaim against as absolutely indecent, continually however verging to that point. No modest woman ever beheld it for the first time, without the burning blush of shame and confusion. As to the horse galloping dance, I know not what allurement *that* may in time be capable of producing, since it is not yet sufficiently domesticated to be well understood, nor very skilfully executed—to say nothing of the very reasonable doubts yet entertained by many nice calculators on such intricate subjects, whether such a thing be possible as either an alluring or graceful gallop performed by horse, man, or woman. But that which I have said of the "*waltz*," none can deny, however some may be disposed to palliate it, by alleging that all its numerous postures and gyrations are still practised under that powerful sense of decorum which the ladies of our country, (God bless them,) who venture to indulge in it, have not yet been able entirely to subdue. But the anxious question is,—*can this always last?* Can a sense of *decorum* or of *any thing else* continue under the constant operation of causes tending powerfully, nay, inevitably, to annihilate it? There is nothing so great that time cannot destroy—nothing so small that it may not increase to an almost inconceivable magnitude. Thus it is, comparatively speaking, with our best principles—our most approved manners. Injuries too slight at first to be regarded or feared, accumulate by unperceived or neglected degrees, until at last they grow past remedy, and all is lost that was worthy of preservation. Can our beloved wives and daughters—beloved, because still uncontaminated by foreign corruptions—can *they* suffer themselves to be continually whirled about in all the giddy, exciting mazes of the licentious waltz, like so many French or Italian Opera girls, without impairing or losing all self-respect—all that most lovely and endearing modesty for which they have ever been so justly celebrated, so highly prized? Can not polished manners, easy carriage, graceful deportment, be taught at less sacrifice, less risk, than by calling in for the purpose these deleterious foreign auxiliaries? Surely—*most surely* they may; for all, I think, will admit, that no more admirable and perfect examples of these qualities *can*, or probably ever *will* be found, than among the ladies of what may be called *the old school*, many of whom to our own great happiness, are yet spared to teach their daughters, among numerous useful lessons, that neither waltzing nor horse-like-galloping is at all necessary to gain for them all the esteem, regard, and devoted love which they can possibly deem essential to their happiness in the present life. Thoughtless as too many of our young men are, and desirous as they may often be to choose waltzing and gallopading young ladies for *partners in a dance*, most rarely do they yet commit the egregious folly of seeking them as *partners for life.* However giddy, rash, and improvident some of them may be in other respects, they are too well aware that a fondness for these indecorous displays of the person—these ridiculous, antic gambols, will do any thing rather than fit their practitioners for the various, complicated, and arduous duties of the married state—through *not one of which* can either a waltz or a gallopade carry them with the least credit to themselves or benefit to their families. Better—far better would it be for these daughters to live and die utterly ignorant of what dancing is, than to be qualified to participate in its pleasures, at the hazard of soiling, in the slightest degree, that spotless purity of feelings and character, which *we men* rank (and long, very long may we have a right to do so,) as the richest, the most precious by far of all our moral possessions. Deprive us of these, and we shall be poor—miserably poor indeed! Rather let our beloved girls be subject forever to the ridicule and contempt of all the infatuated votaries of these modern and foreign* corruptions, both of our manners and principles, than to be longer exposed to their deeply pernicious influence.

I am no enemy, sir, to dancing; for I believe it to be not only an exhilirating, healthful, and joyous amusement, but also entirely innocent, when not carried to excess: quite as innocent as any other imaginable thing that can properly be called amusement, in which the two sexes participate together. But at every hazard of incurring the ridicule and scorn of our American exquisites, I denounce waltzing and gallopading, because, from my inmost soul, I dread any thing and every thing that threatens, in the slightest degree, to change, for the worse, the character of *the Virginia lady;* for upon *that character* I most conscientiously believe, the happiness both of ourselves and our children—aye, and of our children's children, vitally depends. I cling to *it* there-

* That your readers may know what our English friends think of waltzing and gallopading, I take the liberty to add the following extract from an article in the New Monthly Magazine, "on the Revolutions of the 19th century." Here it is—

"Look at our balls: in 1800, modest woman danced modestly; and let the conversation which passed between two partners, standing as far distant from each other as people ordinarily do in a drawing room, be what it might, it could do no harm in the way of example. Within this century it has become the fashion for a delicate girl, who would, as Fielding's "Huncamunca" says—"shudder at the gross idea" of man's advance, to permit herself, and be permitted by her mother—aye, or her husband, to flourish about a room to a wriggling German air, with a strange man's arm round her waist, and her delicate hand upon his brawny shoulder. This thing is called—*a waltz:* there is another of the same character, called—*a gallopade*, where the same operations are performed, and in which, instead of turning the woman about until she gets giddy, the fellow makes no more ado, but claps her up in his paws, and hurries right on end from one corner of the room to another."

Thus speaks one of the most popular periodicals in England of these foreign abominations; and it is for Virginia parents and heads of families to say, whether they shall be naturalized among us, or banished from our society as a moral pestilence.

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fore as our best, our last hope, to guard us against all corrupting innovations. Those upon which I have ventured to address you, will probably be deemed very trivial matters, I dare say, by thousands; but many of our ladies, I trust, whose opinions have still much influence in all our social circles; many who will acknowledge me for their true, devoted friend, although quite too old to be their beau, will decide, that I have not ascribed too much power to these exotic fashions. Like all other corrupting influences, they have gradually insinuated themselves into favor; their approach has not been so sudden and violent as to excite alarm. Of this fact, there is no stronger evidence, than that which is furnished by the history of the waltz itself, which, trifling as it may seem, *will and must* have a powerfully demoralizing effect, especially when followed up by its congenial ally, Masquerades,—of which the fancy-ball-folly is the certain precursor. Mark the prediction, sir, for I know it will be laughed to scorn by all the fashionables of the present day, although I ask only two years for its fulfilment, but expect it much sooner.

When the waltz first made its appearance in this country, it was exhibited only on the public stage, and *even there* met with almost universal reprobation, except from a few reckless profligates, whose sole object in life is mere sensual indulgence. None so much as surmised that such a dance could ever be introduced into private society. At last, a few adventurous foreigners succeeded in introducing it into private parties: but, for a considerable time, *they themselves* were the only performers. It was long before our country-women could so far forget the early lessons of decorum, self respect, and modesty, taught them by their mothers, as to make that public display and spectacle of their persons, which must unavoidably be made, in waltzing at all, if executed as the fashion required. But these most natural and laudable feelings, which caused them to revolt at such an innovation, such an outrage against all their preconceived notions of propriety, have gradually yielded to the almost resistless force of example "*in high places*," until the waltz has not only domiciliated itself permanently in nearly all our towns and cities, but has enlisted in its defence many bold country advocates. The few ladies, (comparatively speaking,) among us, who yet have firmness and moral courage enough, to resist what they deem a very pernicious example, cannot, I fear, long maintain their most laudable opposition, against such a host of assailants. Even *you*, Mr. Editor, (if you will pardon my freedom in making the remark,) seem a little inclined—judging by some late comments of your's upon waltzing—to submit to the practice without further resistance.

Having made up my mind, Mr. Editor, to meet as I can, for this attack upon foreign fashions, the sneers and scoffs of all our American exquisites, should any condescend to notice me—a class of bipeds (by the way,) who bear the same sort of resemblance to their European prototypes, that the buffoon does to the head performer in a company of tumblers and rope dancers—I shall say nothing to deprecate their displeasure But I must still beg leave to assign a few of my chief reasons for addressing you on this occasion, lest that numerous and highly respectable portion of your readers, whose good opinion I am anxious to retain, may mistake my motives. Without some satisfactory explanation, some of them might even be tempted to exclaim at me, as old Edie Ochiltree did at the Antiquary—"Lordsake! he's gaun gyte!"—"he has run crazy, to venture upon taking by the horns this mad creature, Fashion, as if his feeble arm could at all check the wild headlong course of such an animal." To prevent such comments, if possible, I will urge in my own justification, should any be necessary, that I have done this deed, because I deem it an essential part of every aged person's obligations to his fellow men, as long as life lasts, to oppose either orally or in print, for the benefit of the youth of our country, every innovation, be it what it may, which threatens to affect them injuriously. Whether they will listen to him or not, depends upon themselves; *his duty* in this behalf will have been fulfilled. I have done it too, because I believe, that the most feeble laborer with honest intentions, in a good cause, may accompliah some good which will amply compensate him for his efforts. I have done it, because apparent trifles are rarely noticed in books, although many of these trifles have a most powerful and deleterious influence, not only on our principles of action, but over our manners and conduct. And lastly, I have done it, because I believe, without the most remote possibility of this conviction ever being changed, that the happiness of *the present*, as well as of *every future generation*, depends upon preserving unsullied the purity of the female character. *The matrons* of our country are the first, the most watchful, the best guardians of our children, where they themselves have been virtuously educated. *They* form the manners and character of these children: *they* sow the seeds of all their good qualities: *they* first discover and cherish with boundless affection and solicitude, the earliest dawnings of each amiable disposition; and never relax while life lasts, their anxious efforts to fit them both for their present and future state of existence. How momentous then! how vitally important it is! that, when the mothers depart hence to another and a happier world, their surviving daughters should be qualified to take their places, with equal capacity to fulfil all their duties. But this, alas, cannot possibly be, without the most zealous, unremitting and assiduous care, to guard them, as we would the most inestimable of our possessions, against all demoralizing influences whatever. Corrupt the source, and what will be the effect of its streams? Poison the fountain, and who can drink of its waters without death—death, both in a figurative and literal sense? An atom of dust in itself is unworthy of notice; but in reference to the great planet we inhabit, it is a constituent and essential part. A drop of water alone, is apparently valueless; yet the mighty ocean itself is composed of individual drops, without which its bed would be an arid desert.

The application of these general remarks to our subject, is too manifest, I hope, to be mistaken. Let nothing, therefore, however trivial it may appear on a cursory view, be deemed unworthy of serious attention, which either directly or indirectly, can injuriously affect the yet distinctive, still unsullied character of our justly and dearly beloved country-women.

Having thus thought and felt, as long as I have been at all capable of serious reflection, it is quite too late to change: I am consequently prepared to submit unmoved to whatever sentence may be pronounced against this second communication, from your friend, and constant reader,

OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

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[The following amusing incident, is related in the lively manner for which its author is much celebrated. The moral predicated upon the bashfulness of his visiter, seems however disproportionably serious. There are few cases of such extreme *mauvaise honte* in the present day, when an excess of *modest assurance*, (by some denominated impudence,) is rather to be complained of.]

From the New York Mirror.

A BASHFUL GENTLEMAN.

BY M. M. NOAH.

MODESTY, diffidence, and a proper humility, are jewels in the cap of merit; but downright bashfulness, your real *mauvaise honte* is terrible, and is a distinct mark of ill-breeding, or rather of no breeding at all. Your dashing impudent fops, who say a thousand silly things to the ladies, and flutter around them like butterflies, are yet more endurable than your bashful fellow who sneaks into a corner, terrified to catch a look, or exchange a word with a pretty woman.

Such an identical person paid me a visit on one of the cold days last week, and broke in upon me with a thousand bows and apologies, while busily engaged with pen in hand, thinking of a whig candidate for president, who would not run the risk of being knocked on the head by our friends the moment his name was announced.

"Sit down, sir, if you please; make no more apologies; sit down and tell me your business." "Well, sir, I'm come for a curious business, quite an intrusion, I'm sure, but so it is; necessity knows no ceremony. Some time ago I read in your paper a description of the miseries of an old bachelor, and it was so to the life—so true, and so exactly my condition, that I have made bold to call on you for advice; for misery, they say, loves company, and one wretched bachelor may be able to counsel another—thus it is.—" "Stop, stop, my friend; before you proceed, let me correct an error in which you have, no doubt, inadvertently fallen. Though I may be able from memory to describe the misery of single wretchedness, I had not the courage constantly to face it. You must not be deceived, I am no longer a bachelor; do you want the proofs, look there; that black-eyed, ruddy cheeked fellow on the carpet, employed in cutting out ships and houses from old newspapers, is my oldest; he designs himself to be an editor, for he contends that nothing is easier; it is only, he says, cutting out slips from one paper and putting them into another. That little one who struts about in a paper cocked-hat and wooden sword, with which, ever and anon, he pokes at my ribs, while deeply engaged in considering how the nation is to be saved, is my second hopeful; he is a Jackson man; all children, sir, are Jackson men; he goes for a soldier if there be wars. That little golden-haired urchin, with a melting blue eye, who is sure to ask me for candy, while I am describing, in bitter terms, the tyranny of the Albany regency, is my youngest; and there, with a basket of stockings near her, sits my better half; there is the sparkling fire, and here are my slippers: does all this look like the miseries of a bachelor?" "Well, I beg your pardon, sir, for believing that you were as wretched as I am; but still when you hear my story you may possibly advise me what is best to be done." "Go on, sir." "Well, sir, thus it is: My father realized a handsome property by his industry, which he left to me; but such were his rigid notions of the necessity of constant occupation to prevent idleness and other evils, that my time was employed, after I had left school, which was at an early age, from sunrise to bed-time. It was an incessant round of occupation—labor, keeping books, and making out bills. Behold me now, at the age of twenty-three, with a good constitution, correct principles, and a handsome income. I have lost my parents—am alone in the world. I wish to marry, but really, sir, to my shame I confess it, I have no acquaintance among young ladies. I do not know any. My secluded manner of living has prevented my cultivating their acquaintance; and if by accident I am thrown into their society, my tongue is literally tied. I do not know how to address them—I am not conversant with the topics which are usually discussed. In short, sir, I wish to advertise for a wife, and not knowing how to draw up such an advertisement, I came to beg that favor at your hands."

"So, so," said I to myself, "here's a little modesty tumbled into decay—'Cœlebs in search of a wife.'" He was a good-looking young fellow, and had a quick eye, which led me very much to doubt his reserved, retired and abashed condition before the ladies.

"Have you, sir, considered the risk in taking a wife in this strange way? How very liable you may be to gross imposition? What lady of delicacy or reputation would venture to contract an alliance so very solemn and obligatory, through the channel of a newspaper advertisement?" "Very probably, sir; but a poor honest girl might be struck with it; a clever, well-educated daughter, ill-treated by a fiery step-mother, might, in despair, change her condition for a better one; nay, a spirited girl might admire the novelty, and boldly make the experiment." "Well, sir, and how are you to conduct the negotiation with your native bashfulness? You have no superannuated grandmother or old maiden aunt to arrange preliminaries." "That's very true; but, sir, necessity will give me confidence, and despair afford me courage."

I wrote the advertisement for him, which he thankfully and carefully placed in his pocket-book, and bade us good morning. "Poor devil," said I, "here's a condition—here's a novelty—here's a *rara avis!* a fellow of twenty-three, with a good character and income, and not sufficient impudence to ask for a wife. I know lots of young ladies who would have sufficient charity to break him of his bashfulness in a few lessons."

However, his case is not a novel one. It shows the necessity of parents accustoming their sons in early life to cultivate the society of respectable females. They should be encouraged in any disposition they may manifest for good female society, although they may incur the charge of being either a beau or a dandy. Boys should go to dancing-school, not only because it teaches them grace, but it accustoms them in early life to the society of women. They dance with those girls, whom, in later periods, they may admire and respect as ladies. The lives of children should be checkered with innocent amusements—study and labor require such relief; and they should not be brought up in close confinement, in a doggerel way which unfits them for society when they are men; nor be driven to the dire necessity of advertising for a wife, and taking the risk of such a desperate adventure.

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From the Knickerbocker.

A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

'The facts not otherwise than here set down.'

Wife of Mantua.

Amidst the exaggerations of modern literature, and the fictions of that exuberant fancy, which in these latter days is tasked to gratify a public taste somewhat vitiated, it is useful to present occasional views of actual existence. Such are contained in the following sketch, which is studiously simple in its language, and every event of which is strictly true. We have this assurance from a source entitled to implicit credit.

Editors Knickerbocker.

There is a vast amount of suffering in the world that escapes general observation. In the lanes and alleys of our populous cities, in the garrets and cellars of dilapidated buildings, there are pregnant cases of misery, degradation, and crime, of which those who live in comfortable houses, and pursue the ordinary duties of life, have neither knowledge nor conception. By mere chance, occasionally, a solitary instance of depravity and awful death is exposed, but the startling details which are placed before the community, are regarded as gross exaggerations. It is difficult for those who are unacquainted with human nature in its darkest aspects, to conceive the immeasurable depth to which crime may sink a human being,—and the task of attempting to delineate a faithful picture of such depravity, though it might interest the philosopher, would be revolting to the general reader. There are, however, cases of folly and error, which should be promulgated as warnings, and the incidents of the annexed sketch are of this character. Mysterious are the ways of Providence in punishing the transgressions of men,—and indisputable is the truth, that Death is the wages of Sin.

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Twenty years ago, no family in the fashionable circles of Philadelphia was more distinguished than that of Mr. L******; no lady was more admired and esteemed than his lovely and accomplished wife. They had married in early life, with the sanction of relations and friends, and under a conviction that each was obtaining a treasure above all price. They loved devotedly and with enthusiasm, and their bridal day was a day of pure and unadulterated happiness to themselves, and of pleasure to those who were present to offer their congratulations on the joyous event. The happy pair were the delight of a large circle of acquaintances. In her own parlor, or in the drawing-rooms of her friends, the lady was ever the admiration of those who crowded around her, to listen to the rich melody of her voice, or to enjoy the flashes of wit and intelligence which characterized her conversation.

Without the egotism and vanity which sometimes distinguish those to whom society pays adulation, and too prudent and careful in her conduct to excite any feeling of jealousy in the breast of her confiding husband, Mrs. L———'s deportment was in all respects becoming a woman of mind, taste, and polished education. Her chosen companion noticed her career with no feelings of distrust, but with pride and satisfaction. He was happy in the enjoyment of her undivided love and affection, and happy in witnessing the evidences of esteem which her worth and accomplishments elicited. Peace and prosperity smiled on his domestic circle, and his offspring grew up in loveliness, to add new pleasures to his career.

The youngest of his children was a daughter, named Letitia, after her mother, whom, in many respects, she promised to resemble. She had the same laughing blue eyes, the same innocent and pure expression of countenance, and the same general outline of feature. At an early age her sprightliness, acute observation, and aptitude in acquiring information, furnished sure evidences of intelligence, and extraordinary pains were taken to rear her in such a manner as to develope, advantageously, her natural powers. The care of her education devolved principally upon her mother, and the task was assumed with a full consciousness of its responsibility.

With the virtuous mother, whose mind is unshackled by the absurdities of extreme fashionable life, there are no duties so weighty, and at the same time so pleasing, as those connected with the education of an only daughter. The weight of responsibility involves not only the formation of an amiable disposition and correct principles, but in a great measure, the degree of happiness which the child may subsequently enjoy. Errors of education are the fruitful source of misery, and to guard against these is a task which requires judgment, and unremitting diligence. But for this labor, does not the mother receive a rich reward? Who may tell the gladness of her heart, when the infant cherub first articulates her name? Who can describe the delightful emotions elicited by the early development of her genius,—the expansion of the intellect when it first receives and treasures with eagerness, the seeds of knowledge? These are joys known only to mothers, and they are joys which fill the soul with rapture.

Letitia was eight years old, when a person of genteel address and fashionable appearance, named Duval, was introduced to her mother by her father, with whom he had been intimate when a youth, and between whom a strong friendship had existed from that period. Duval had recently returned from Europe, where he had resided a number of years. He was charmed with the family, and soon became a constant visitor. Having the entire confidence of his old friend and companion, all formality in reference to intercourse was laid aside, and he was heartily welcomed at all hours, and under all circumstances. He formed one in all parties of pleasure, and in the absence of his friend, accompanied his lady on her visits of amusement and pleasure,—a privilege which he sedulously improved whenever opportunity offered.

Duval, notwithstanding his personal attractions and high character as a 'gentleman,' belonged to a class of men which has existed more or less in all ages, to disgrace humanity. He professed to be a philosopher, but was in reality a libertine. He lived for his own gratification. It monopolized all his thoughts, and directed all his actions. He belonged to the school of Voltaire, and recognized no feeling of the heart as pure, no tie of duty or affection as sacred. No consideration of suffering, of heart-rending grief, on the part of his victim, were sufficient to intimidate his purpose, or check his career of infamy. Schooled in hypocrisy, dissimulation was his business: and he regarded the whole world as the sphere of his operations,—the whole human family as legitimate subjects for his villainous depravity.

That such characters,—so base, so despicable, so lost to all feelings of true honor,—can force their way into respectable society, and poison the minds of the unsullied

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and virtuous, may well be a matter of astonishment to those unacquainted with the desperate artfulness of human hearts. But these monsters appear not in their true character: they assume the garb and deportment of gentlemen, of philosophers, of men of education and refinement, and by their accomplishments, the suavity of their manners, their sprightliness of conversation, bewilder before they poison, and fascinate before they destroy.

If there be, in the long catalogue of guile, one character more hatefully despicable than another, it is the libertine. Time corrects the tongue of slander, and the generosity of friends makes atonement for the depredations of the midnight robber. Sufferings and calamities may be assuaged or mitigated by the sympathies of kindred hearts, and the tear of affection is sufficient to wash out the remembrance of many of the sorrows to which flesh is heir. But for the venom of the libertine, there is no remedy,—of its fatal consequences, there is no mitigation. His victims, blasted in reputation, are forever excluded from the pale of virtuous society. No sacrifice can atone for their degradation, for the unrelenting and inexorable finger of scorn obstructs their progress at every step. The visitation of death, appalling as is his approach to the unprepared, were a mercy, compared with the extent and permanency of this evil.

Duval's insidious arts were not unobserved by his intended victim. She noticed the gradual development of his pernicious principles, and shrunk with horror from their contaminating influence. She did not hesitate to communicate her observations to her husband,—but he, blinded by prejudice in favor of his friend, laughed at her scruples. Without a word of caution, therefore, his intercourse was continued,—and such was the weight of his ascendant power,—such the perfection of his deep laid scheme, and such his facility in glossing over what he termed *pardonable*, but which, in reality, were grossly licentious, indiscretions of language and conduct,—that even the lady herself was induced, in time, to believe that she had treated him unjustly. The gradual progress of licentiousness is almost imperceptible, and before she was aware of her error, she had drunk deeply of the intoxicating draught, and had well nigh become a convert to Duval's system of philosophy. Few who approach this fearful precipice are able to retrace their steps. The senses are bewildered,—reason loses its sway,—and a whirlpool of maddening emotions takes possession of the heart, and hurries the infatuated victim to irretrievable death. Before her suspicions were awakened, the purity of her family circle was destroyed. Duval enrolled on his list of conquests a new name,—*the wife of his bosom friend!*

An immediate divorce was the consequence. The misguided woman, who but late had been the ornament of society and the pride of her family, was cast out upon the world, unprotected, and without the smallest resource. The heart of the husband was broken by the calamity which rendered this step necessary, and he retired, with his children, to the obscurity of humble life.

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At a late hour on one of those bitter cold evenings experienced in the early part of January, of the present year, two females, a mother and daughter, both wretchedly clad, stood shivering at the entrance of a cellar, in the lower part of the city, occupied by two persons of color. The daughter appeared to be laboring under severe indisposition, and leaned for support on the arm of her mother, who, knocking at the door, craved shelter and warmth for the night. The door was half opened in answer to the summons, but the black who appeared on the stairs, declared that it was out of his power to comply with the request, as he had neither fire,—except that which was furnished by a handful of tan,—nor covering for himself and wife. The mother, however, too much inured to suffering to be easily rebuked, declared that herself and daughter were likely to perish from cold, and that even permission to rest on the floor of the cellar, where they would be protected, in some degree, from the 'nipping and eager air,' would be a charity for which they would ever be grateful. She alleged, as an excuse for the claim to shelter, that she had been ejected, a few minutes before, from a small room which, with her daughter, she had occupied in a neighboring alley, and for which she had stipulated to pay fifty cents per week, because she had found herself unable to meet the demand,—every resource for obtaining money having been cut off by the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation for benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

It was a scene of wretchedness, want, and misery, calculated to soften the hardest heart, and to enlist the feelings and sympathies of the most selfish. The regular tenants of the cellar were the colored man and his wife, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence, as they were able, by casual employment in the streets, or in neighboring houses. Having in summer made no provision for the inclemencies of winter, they were then utterly destitute. They had sold their articles of clothing and furniture, one by one, to provide themselves with bread, until all were disposed of, but two broken chairs, a box that served for a table, and a small piece of carpeting, which answered the double purpose of a bed and covering. Into this department of poverty were the mother and daughter,—lately ejected from a place equally destitute of the comforts of life,—introduced. The former was a woman of about fifty years, but the deep furrows on her face, and her debilitated frame, betokened a more advanced age. Her face was wan and pale, and her haggard countenance and tattered dress, indicated a full measure of wretchedness. Her daughter sat beside her, and rested her head on her mother's lap. She was about twenty-five years of age, and might once have been handsome,—but a life of debauchery had thus early robbed her cheeks of their roses and prostrated her constitution. The pallidness of disease was on her face,—anguish was in her heart.

Hours passed on. In the gloom of midnight, the girl awoke from a disturbed and unrefreshing slumber. She was suffering from acute pain, and in the almost total darkness which pervaded the apartment, raised her hand to her mother's face. 'Mother,' said she, in faltering accents, 'are you here?'

'Yes, child: are you better?'

'No, mother,—I am sick,—sick unto death! There is a canker at my heart,—my blood grows cold,—the torpor of mortality is stealing upon me!'

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'In the morning, my dear, we shall be better provided for. Bless Heaven, there is still one place which, thanks to the benevolent, will afford us sustenance and shelter.'

'Do not thank Heaven, mother: you and I are outcasts from that place of peace and rest. We have spurned Providence from our hearts, and need not now call it to our aid. Wretches, wretches that we are!'

'Be composed, daughter,—you need rest.'

'Mother, there is a weight of woe upon my breast, that sinks me to the earth. My brief career of folly is almost at an end. I have erred,—oh God! fatally erred,—and the consciousness of my wickedness now overwhelms me. I will not reproach you, mother, for laying the snare by which I fell,—for enticing me from the house of virtue,—the home of my heart-broken father,—to the house of infamy and death: but oh, I implore you, repent: be warned, and let penitence be the business of your days.'

The hardened heart of the mother melted at this touching appeal, and she answered with a half-stifled sigh:

'Promise me then, ere I die, that you will abandon your ways of iniquity, and endeavor to make peace with Heaven.'

'I do,—I do! But, alas my child, what hope is there for me?'

'God is merciful to all who ———'

The last word was inaudible. A few respirations, at long intervals, were heard, and the penitent girl sunk into the quiet slumber of death. Still did the mother remain in her seat, with a heart harrowed by the smitings of an awakened conscience. Until the glare of daylight was visible through the crevices of the door, and the noise of the foot passengers and the rumbling of vehicles in the street had aroused the occupants of the cellar, she continued motionless, pressing to her bosom the lifeless form of her injured child. When addressed by the colored woman, she answered with an idiot stare. Sensibility had fled,—the energies of her mind had relaxed, and reason deserted its throne. The awful incidents of that night had prostrated her intellect, and she was conveyed from the gloomy place, A MANIAC!

The Coroner was summoned, and an inquest held over the body of the daughter. In the books of that humane and estimable officer, the name of the deceased is recorded,—'LETITIA L******.'

Philadelphia. B. M.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

It is a grand desideratum in all the affairs of life, to hold fast what we get. The business of evangelizing the world, is like the stone of Sisyphus, continually recoiling upon each successive generation. We want something like what the sailors call a Paul to the Capstan,—a sort of Ratchet. This is the business of Christian Education, and the problem is to devise such a system of religious training and instruction, as shall be best adapted to that end.

It must be admitted that hitherto but little has been done, notwithstanding that the blessings of the gospel are promised to believers and to their children also. It is not found that the care of pious parents, to infuse religious sentiments into the hearts of their children, is attended with any remarkable success. Indeed, there is often found a prejudice against religion, which seems to have grown up with them, and is eradicated with the more difficulty, because it has sprung up and rooted itself in a soil cleared from the rank weeds of vicious indulgence, and prepared to receive the seed of the spirit of God. This seed the enemy snatches away, and scatters the tares of enmity and rebellion in the place of it. They spring up in the night. They grow in darkness, shaded by the pall of a staid demeanor and assumed sobriety of deportment.

The promise is nevertheless often fulfilled in a remarkable manner, long after the anxious parent has gone to his rest, and the child, grown up to manhood, has taken his station among his fellows, in the affairs of life. Then it is, that the recollections of his youth, of the discipline and habits of his childhood come upon him, like a confused and troubled dream. Softened by time, as by distance, objects lose their asperities; any harshness which had once estranged him is forgotten, and he now comes to dwell, with sad and self-reproachful feelings, on his departure from the example of strictness, sobriety and gravity, which he had once renounced:—

> "How gladly would the *man* recall to life
> The *boy's* neglected sire, whose sternest frown
> Was but the graver countenance of love."

Under the influence of such feelings, he often turns back into the path from which he strayed. But how much better never to have left it! How many sorrows has he in the mean time brought upon himself, by vicious self-indulgence! How much matter of repentance has he provided for his future life! How many has he led astray by evil counsels and evil example, who are still wandering in the mazy wilderness of sin, and may never recover the way that leads to heaven!

It is surely well to consider, whether there is no remedy for these evils. Every man is a priest in his own house, and is not only charged with the care of the souls of his children; but is bound also, as far as possible, to make them instruments of good to others. What should we say to him who should make his house a menagerie of ravenous and destructive beasts, to be turned out as they grow up to prey upon the flocks and herds of his neighbors? And what better is he who carefully adorns and accomplishes the persons and minds of his children, with all the graces of manners, intelligence and address, which give them so much power over the principles and conduct, and happiness, of their associates, without guarding against the abuse of this power, by impressing their hearts with the love of religion and virtue, and a sense of the value of the souls of others? They go forth as fiends of darkness, in the garb of angels of light, and contamination, and misery, and death, are the fruits of their intercourse with the children of men.

Of this fault, it is not pretended that christian parents are willingly guilty. They are not even careful in many instances, to impart the ornamental parts of education, which so much enhance the power of seduction, but they innocently supply an instrument hardly less powerful, in the familiarity with the language of the Bible, which is often acquired by those who have no taste for its doctrines. When the devil cannot robe himself in the rainbow garment of Ithuriel, he can, at

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least, "quote scripture for his purpose," and many a heart has been corrupted, and many a mind confounded by scraps and ends of texts, torn from their connexion, and uttered in derision by those who have been taught to get verses by rote—but not, as the good old phrase is, *by heart*. O! ever while we live, let us make our children learn the Bible BY HEART, or not at all, that when they speak its language, they may speak as one whose "mouth speaketh out of the fulness of his own HEART."

This is the great point to be accomplished. How is it to be effected? The answer is plain. By addressing the gospel to the HEART. By the same means which a judicious and affectionate parent uses to infuse into the bosom of his child, the spirit of cheerful and willing obedience to himself. Let him carefully show both himself and his Maker to the infant's mind, as the personification of love. While he anxiously contrives to make him feel that to the love of his earthly parent, he owes all the benefits that he receives, let him point his attention also to that Father who is in heaven, and from whom he himself derives all the means of ministering to the wants and pleasures of the child. When he gives a bit of bread to the hungry urchin, and asking if it is good, receives an answer which shows that the little fellow's heart is full of grateful love, let him tell him what it is made of, and while he shews him the green blade from which, by a wonderful and mysterious contrivance, the grain is to be elaborated, and marks the half-incredulous wonder with which the information is received, let him tell him that this is the work of God, who causes the rain to fall, and the sun to shine, and matures the fruits of the earth for the benefit of his children. Such occasions of calling the attention of a child to the goodness, and bounty, and love of God, are continually recurring. He is never too young to receive impressions of love. Before he knows the meaning of the word, he takes them from his experience of the care and fondness of his mother; and long after he has begun to prattle, this feeling thus early implanted, continues to flourish alone, and affords the only sanction of parental authority. How happy is he, and how sweet to behold his happiness, while in the pursuit of his little foolish joys, the "todlin wee thing" needs no restraint from mischief, but the playful look, half-smile, half-frown, and the admonishing voice which warns without alarming. Well might our Saviour say, "that of such is the kingdom of heaven," where love is the only law, and love the only duty, and love the only sanction. Under this sweet engaging discipline, love becomes the habit of his mind, and long before he is capable of comprehending any but the simplest ideas, the foundation is laid in his heart, of those affections, by means of which he is to be formed to virtue, honor and happiness. What idea (next after those derived from things present, to the senses,)—what idea is more simple, more easily apprehended, than this; that while he receives all good things from the hands of his parents, they are sent to him by a friend he has never seen, whose name is God. What occasion for telling him who God is, or where he dwells, or any thing more than that he is good, and loves good boys, and will continue to love him and send him good things as long as he is good? Is it not easy to impress his mind with the same feeling which is cherished towards his dear Aunt or kind Grandmama, of whom he is reminded every morning, when he drinks his milk out of a pretty cup, on which he is taught to read, "a present for my dear boy?" There is no time lost. The idea of the spiritual nature of God cannot be communicated until the mind is ready to receive it, and then it is uttered in one word, and comprehended in one moment. The vanity of a parent may be mortified, that his child does not know any thing of these high mysteries, at an age when other children of whom we read in good books, have been found disputing with the doctors about the trinity and the compound nature of the Redeemer. But this vanity, like many other human errors, needs the restraint of reason. For if it be asked, how long should this state of things be kept up? I would answer, as long as possible. If man is never to enter into the kingdom of heaven but as a little child, I would gladly keep him as a little child to the day of his death. But as this is not possible, I would apply my answer to the actual state of facts, and say that the discipline of love should be continued as long as love continues to supply the necessary motives to necessary restraint.

I would therefore venture to recommend the imposition of no restraints, and no tasks, but such as are necessary; and if possible, I would impose only such upon an infant as are obviously necessary, and, on an older child, such as he can be clearly made to see the necessity of. Such a system not only prolongs the reign, and confirms the habit of love, but prepares the mind to acquiesce with entire confidence in the wisdom and discretion of the parent. Let care therefore supply, as much as possible, the place of authority. Let the mother's eye be on her child, and then, instead of turning him loose with a code of unexplained laws upon his back, she will have it in her power to draw his attention from unlawful to lawful objects, and to lead him away unconsciously from forbidden places. The beautiful story of the mother who bared her bosom to draw away her child from the edge of the cliff, illustrates this idea.

I would say then to christian parents, prolong as much as possible the season of childhood—the empire of endearment and love; prolong that season when the hearts of your children are all your own, and divide them with God. Let their heads alone. No one ever teaches a child to talk. He learns it of himself more readily and more perfectly, than he can ever afterwards acquire a new language under the most skilful instructor. He has enough to do in acquiring those ideas which are necessary to him, and are suggested by the objects around him. He learns a great deal, and it is easy to help him to learn, without giving him lessons. He may have nothing of what we would dignify by the names of *knowledge* and *wisdom*, but he will acquire a great deal of *sense*, and may have very just notions of what it is to be a good boy, without having his mind perplexed with definitions of sin. The spirit of imitation will keep him busy. Teach him to love you, and he will need no command to make him try to do what he sees you do. Let him crawl. He will not long be content to go on all fours, when he sees his beloved and honored father walking erect. Curiosity will make him eager enough to know the meaning of letters, and he will esteem it a privilege to be allowed to look at round O, and crooked S, and to be taught to read for

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himself in the pretty picture books, out of which his dear mother is in the habit of reading entertaining stories to him. Keep bad examples from before his eyes, and the opportunities of mischief out of his way, and keep his heart alive to a sense of the love of his parents and the love of God, until his mind has time to settle into a HABIT of love, obedience and virtue.

For reasons of the same sort, I would refrain from presenting in the second stage of education, any views of religion that to the literal and unpractised mind of a child, *might seem* at variance with his earlier conceptions of the divine character. I am very sure that any doctrines *actually* at variance with them must be false; and though I believe that none such may be entertained by any sincere and intelligent christian, yet it has somehow so happened, that many modes of expression have obtained currency in the world, which a novice would be startled at. I should therefore be careful, not to go beyond the plain letter of scripture in explaining to him religious truth.

The well digested form of sound doctrine as it is there set forth, would be almost my sole reliance. I would be careful to accompany this with appeals to his own experience and observation for the truth, that, as a general rule, it is our own fault if we are not happy. That occasionally, indeed, we receive injury at the hands of others, and that therefore it is that we are so often led to fall into pits of our own digging, that we may be not so fond of digging them in future. I would endeavor thus to familiarize him with a sense of the necessity of punishment, as the preventive of evil, and to enable him to comprehend to what lengths of mischief the simple principle of self-love would impel the best imaginable finite being, if he could feel perfectly sure that no manner of harm to himself could possibly arise from the indulgence of any desire. This idea, as it seems to me, is capable of being placed in plain colloquial language, in so clear a light, that any ingenuous mind would be readily brought to acquiesce in the necessity of God's moral government of the moral universe, in the necessity of punishing sin in order to prevent it, and the true benevolence of resolutely inflicting the necessary punishment, as the preventive of the far greater sum of suffering which the impurity of sin would produce. I should not fear that a mind habituated throughout to cherish the sentiments of gratitude and love, would be slow to understand, or reluctant to believe a plan of comprehensive and *general utility* devised by the spirit of universal benevolence for the *greatest possible good* of the whole, or impatient to endure such portion of evil, as, in the execution of such a plan, it might be called to bear.

I should anxiously endeavor to make my pupil sensible, that a plan of coercion, intended to procure a cheerful, affectionate and happy obedience, (and no other obedience can be happy,) must be understood by those who are made subject to it, to be so intended, and to explain to him the decisive proof of such intention which is afforded, when the ruler himself condescends to endure a portion of the punishment due to the sins of his people, and graciously pardons all whom this exhibition of his goodness brings to sincere repentance.

With these suggestions, gently insinuated from time to time, and containing as I verily believe the pure milk of the word, the best aliment for youthful minds, I should content myself, and leave him to seek the confirmation of these ideas in the Bible; nor would I suffer him, until on the verge of manhood, to puzzle his understanding and *afflict his spirit* with the perusal of works of theology.

In confirmation of the ideas I have suggested, let me beg the reader to observe how much more readily, and more frequently, the principles of religion take root in female minds, than in those of men. How many examples do we see among them of the most tender and fervent piety, and how seldom do we find it incumbered with the heavy lumber of theological learning, or frittered down into nice and shadowy distinctions. Yet are they wise unto salvation, possessing that faith by which the *heart* believeth unto righteousness, though perhaps unable to give any other reason for their faith, than that God is love, and in proof of his love gave himself to die for the sins of the world. Whence comes this tendency among them to imbibe this simple and saving faith, unless it be from the peculiarities of their education? The discipline of infancy is prolonged with them. They are kept under the eye of the mother, whose unsuspected vigilance supplies the place of commands, imposes an unperceived restraint, and renders the habits of decorum, propriety, meekness and obedience, a sort of second nature. Restrained only by the silken cord of love, whose weight they feel not, they never strain against it, nor try to throw it off. Their minds and tempers are formed rather by habit than precept, and their obedience is secured, not by punishment or the fear of it, but by prevention. They are accustomed to do right, because they have no opportunities of doing wrong, without violating that instinct of propriety, which makes it painful to do what we feel to be wrong in the presence of those we love. When left to themselves, they do what is right, because they have been long accustomed to do it; and they know it to be right, because thus acting, they have always lived in the enjoyment of those peaceable fruits which an upright conduct can alone produce.

It will be seen that many of my remarks on the subject of instruction, apply also to that of discipline. I have already shown that the discipline, whose purpose is to prepare the child for his duties to his parents, should be modified by a proper regard to his duties to God. In like manner, that which may be called religious discipline, should be so regulated as not to counteract what has been already done. *Parental* training, if I may so distinguish it, should be so managed as to cultivate the love of the child for his parents; *religious* training, so as to cultivate his love for God. It would be strangely inconsistent, that we should be careful not to offend and estrange a child by imposing on him, of our own authority, any harsh, unexplained and inexplicable commands, and at the same time load him, by the alleged command of God, with burthens grievous to be borne. Duties which he is not old enough to understand the nature of, are not his duties. There is no more violation of God's law in a child of a certain age playing on the Sabbath, than in the sports of a puppy. Yet long before he is old enough to be capable of a violation of this law, it is a matter of great importance that he should be gradually and carefully trained, and prepared to obey it. In this training, I would carefully avoid any thing like austerity. I would familiarize his

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infant ear to the name of *Sunday*, and accustom him to regard it as a day of privileges. Put on his best clothes, caress him, praise him, warn him to keep himself sweet and clean, make him take notice that every body else is so, and that nobody is made to do any work, and all because it is Sunday; make him observe the staid and quiet behavior of every body about the house, and see how soon he will get his little stool, and set up with his hands before him, and try to *behave pretty* too. When this is done, enough is done for the beginning. When he is tired of imitating the grave demeanor of others, let him go. The spirit of imitation will return again and again; the habits it induces will make a deeper and deeper impression, and if he is carefully imbued with a love for his parents, and a love for God, without being taught to dread and hate the Sabbath, he will be thus well prepared to submit cheerfully to its restraints, by the time he is old enough to know the reason of them. Let him see that you too, submit to them cheerfully. Let him miss nothing of your accustomed kindness or amenity of manner on that day. Do not let him learn to think of it as "a day for a man to afflict his soul, and hang down his head like a bullrush," a day of fault-finding, and formal observance, and Judaical austerity. In short, let him see that you esteem the Sabbath as a day of privilege, and leave the rest as much as possible to the spirit of affectionate imitation.

I would say the same of other religious duties. Do not force the little drowsy urchin to sit up to family prayers. When he happens to do so, let him hear you thank God in simple terms for the privilege of being permitted to pray to him, and implore of him blessings whose value he feels and knows. If you find occasion to preach in your prayers, (a bad practice by the way,) do not preach about matters which none but a Doctor of Divinity can be expected to understand.

On the interesting subject of fashionable amusements, as they are called, I own I feel more difficulty. It chiefly arises from the consideration that the youth who is old enough to take an interest in such amusements, is at a more unmanageable age than formerly. It is not so easy to restrain him, without letting him be conscious of the restraint. It is not so easy to draw him off from a pernicious pursuit, to one less dangerous. He is no longer to be satisfied with those cheap equivalents for forbidden gratifications, which made it easy to command his obedience, without estranging his affections. The whole business of education at this stage, is a difficult and delicate operation. I cannot imagine any general rule for a class of cases as various as all the infinite varieties of the human character. Let us suppose some of them.

If, in spite of all the care that had been taken to soften and subdue his heart, and beguile him from self-love to the love of his friends, and of God his best friend, if in spite of all this he continued obdurate, wilful and rebellious, I am conscious that I should be at my wit's end. I do not know but that in such a case, it would be the part of wisdom to yield to those feelings which a parent would naturally experience, and, acting as in obedience to the unerring instincts of nature, to resort to severity instead of tenderness, and endeavor to bring down his heart with sorrow. As a part of such a system, it would be a matter of course, to deny him this indulgence.

A different case would be that of a youth of mercurial temper, and warm feelings, who had grown up in habitual love and reverence for his parents and his Maker, and whose buoyant spirit and restless temper, and keen appetite for enjoyment, might render him impatient of such restraint. Even in this case I should not too readily relax it. I should endeavor if possible to ascertain whether it might be enforced without impairing those tender and reverential sentiments. If so, I should enforce it. If not, I would yield with undissembled reluctance, but without reproach. I should endeavor to draw him into a contest of generosity, with a hope that he would not long consent to be outdone. But in no case would I surrender the end for the means, and do violence to the best, and kindliest, and holiest affections of the human heart, and run the risk of destroying them, by restraining a youth from things not evil in themselves, but only evil in their tendencies. The only antidote to the love of pleasure, is the love of God. In truth the great evil of the love of pleasure, is that it is an antidote to the love of God, and when the authority of God is used to force one away from a much coveted enjoyment, there is danger that it may but make him love God less, and pleasure more. But it is the saying of a wise man, that where an appetite for any thing actually exists, the best security against excess, is in a regulated indulgence; and to this indulgence I would resort with an humble hope that my pupil might find wisdom to add this too to the list of blessings experienced at the hands of his Maker, until the victory should at last result to him to whom it belongs.

For the remaining case of a young man having no taste for such pleasures, and content to spend his time in reading and meditation, I would prescribe nothing more than this; that he should not be encouraged to bless God that he was not as other men, but be kept on the alert by a warning that sin enters into the heart by more avenues than one.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EXTRACTS FROM MY MEXICAN JOURNAL.

Festival of San Agustin de Las Cuevas—El Paseo de Las Vigas.

May 23d, 1825.—Yesterday and to-day we attended the festival at *San Agustin de las Cuevas*. The avenues leading to this little town, were thronged with people on foot, on asses, on mules, on horses, and in coaches drawn by six or eight mules. The whole population of Mexico seemed flocking to it and to *Istapalapa*, at which latter place is the feast of the Indians. Most persons take lodgings for the three or four days of the *Pescua*,* for which they pay enormous rent. From day-light until ten o'clock, these pious christians hear mass in the parish church. We had to travel four or five leagues, and, therefore, did not arrive in time to witness these religious solemnities; but at twelve, we were introduced into the cock-pit—a rough, circular building, with seats around it rising one above the other—and in the centre, an area serving as an arena for the combatants. Its roof, high and open to admit light and air, was decorated with long wide shreds of various colors—diverging from the centre—all in scenic taste. The seats were soon filled with spectators of all ages, sexes and classes. The

* Whitsuntide is the period for this festival.

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most fashionable ladies of Mexico were present, and the most distinguished men of the republic were engaged in betting heavily on the champions of the pit. The noisy clamor of fifty voices, seeking bets with stentorian cries, warned us of the approaching fight. The cocks, armed with sharp slashers, like double edged sabres, are arrayed before us—suddenly the pit is cleared—an awful silence prevails—they rush to the conflict—a few moments decide the fate of one—and all is again confusion. For three hours the sport continues, to the great diversion of the spectators, who appear to take an eager interest in the cruel scene. The women around me were betting and smoking, and two friars sat at my right hand. What a picture of Mexican customs is before us! Women—fashionable women, and priests in a cock-pit on a Sunday! 'Tis quite bad enough for us to be seen here, but we are curious travellers, and must observe every thing we can. After witnessing a few fights, we visited the gambling rooms, to see the game of *monte*, which resembles faro. The tables were loaded with doubloons and dollars, and surrounded by players, who, in a few minutes, won and lost many hundreds.* Here I saw no women betting, but there was one a looker on like myself, but I don't know if the scene was as novel to her as to me. On walking next through the plaza, I observed all species of games, at which the blanket gentry—male and female—young and old—were trying their fortune, invited in many instances by an image of the Virgin or of some patron saint. Gambling is, I may safely conclude, the general vice of this nation. Drunkenness is not common in these assemblages, and is confined chiefly to the Indians.

After dinner, we walked to a green plot without the village, where the ladies were dancing to the music of two or three guitars. At this amusement we left them each evening, and returned to the Hacienda. At night the cock-pit is carpeted, and converted into a ball room. Thus the fashionable people of the city of Mexico, celebrate for three successive days this religious feast.

In choosing San Agustin for these amusements, the selection is certainly a good one. Conveniently situated at the edge of the plain of Mexico, about twelve miles from the city, to the south, the site is very pretty, and the scenery is extremely gay in contrast with the sterility which immediately surrounds the capital. Water is so abundant in this village, that every garden is irrigated, and the trees and plants always possess a freshness of verdure which is rarely seen upon the table land. The mountain of *Ajusco*† rises behind the town—the tallest peak of this southern ridge—its top is rugged and barren. It is sometimes sprinkled with snow during the winter. A remarkable bed of lava from an adjacent peak, overlays a large corner of the plain near *San Agustin*, round the point of which the road leads from Mexico—so distinctly is it defined, that it is easy to imagine the melted mass flowing from the furnace of the volcano till it gradually congealed.

* Mr. Ward, who is good authority, states that "the bank at these tables varies from 1,000 doubloons (16,000 dollars) to 3,000 doubloons, (48,000 dollars.) Fifty or sixty of these (800 or 1,000 dollars,) are an ordinary stake upon the turn of a card; but I have seen as many as six hundred and twenty, (9,920 dollars,) risked and won."—*Ward's Mexico.*

† The *Cerro* of Ajusco is, according to Humboldt, 12,119 feet above the sea—consequently 4,649 feet above the plain on which the city of Mexico is situated.

* * * * * * * *

February 26th, 1826. I have just returned from witnessing the gayest sight which Mexico ever presents. This is the promenade of *Las Vigas.*

El Pasés de Las Vigas is a beautiful road just without the inhabited part of the city, at its south-eastern extremity. It is bordered by double rows of aspins and willows; and upon one side of it, passes the canal which connects the lakes of *Chalco* and *Tescuco.* Though it is the month of February, nature has assumed the gay mantle of spring—all is verdant—all is smiling with luxuriant sweetness. The temperature of the shade is most delightful.

At the moment when the sun, sinking behind the mountains, has lost its oppressive warmth, the population of Mexico pours itself upon this charming spot. Hundreds of coaches roll along amid multitudes on horseback and on foot. These ponderous vehicles, uniform in shape, are various in their decorations, showing the several fashions which prevailed at the time of their construction;—some adorned with paintings commemorative either of heathen mythology or of remarkable historical events; the pannels of some tell us of sieges or of battles in days long gone by; some represent the perils of the deep; others exhibit Neptune riding gently upon his subdued waves, or perhaps the "pale Diana" or the "laughing Venus," or Calypso in her grotto using her bewitching sorceries to win the youthful hero. These, and similar devices, mark the period of vice-regal magnificence, and are now peculiar to the hackney coach. Those of modern date, are in better taste, being painted modestly, of a uniform color, but the wheels and carriage part are generally richly gilded.

The coaches are filled with well dressed women—I won't say that many of them are beautiful—who recognize their acquaintances by a coquetish quirk of the fan—(a never-failing attendant even in coldest weather)—or an active play of the fingers, at which the Mexican ladies are very dexterous, and which might be misconstrued by the uninitiated as a beckon to approach. Horsemen, in the characteristic costume of the country elsewhere described, pass and repass, exhibiting their proud and gallant steeds; and the multitude on foot display their Sunday dresses, in which there has been of late a manifest improvement.

The canal is strewed with boats, crowded with passengers of the lowest class, who are amusing themselves with guitars, to which they sing and dance. They return decorated with flowers woven into a chaplet, which, contrasted with the black hair hanging down in a single plait behind, of a pretty Mestiso girl, renders her quite interesting, notwithstanding her copperish color.

All these in themselves present a highly exhilarating picture; but added to the fine prospect of the mountain barriers of the Mexican plain, and especially of the snowy peaks of the volcanoes of Puebla which rise in full view to the south-east, this scene can scarcely be equalled.

As pleasing however, as the scene is, and though we meet none but smiling faces, yet I cannot refrain from observing that remarkable inequality so revolting to the feelings of a republican. Marchionesses and countesses, with the richest jewels, are seen at one glance with the poor *lapero*, whose all is the single blanket which hides

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his nakedness. Nor is it agreeable to see a strong guard of cavalry, whose attendance it must be presumed, is necessary to prevent disorder. Sentinels, indeed, are posted around and in all the public buildings of Mexico—they are posted at the entrance to the halls of Congress and to the galleries, in various parts of the palace, (a name by which the government house is still known,) where the President resides, and in which are the public offices—and they are posted even in the theatre. I am sorry thus to detract any thing from the scene which I witnessed this evening with so much pleasure, but candor requires it.

Lent has now commenced. Public amusements (except occasionally a concert at the theatre,) and large parties are suspended for a while. The ladies complain occasionally of ennui. Their present diversion is stupid enough. They assemble in small *tertalias* every night at each others' houses, and play an uninteresting game with cards, called lottery. The sole object achieved is to kill time, of the value of which Mexicans have no idea, for in themselves they have no resources whatever. Reading is so irksome they cannot endure it—and work of any kind costs labor. They can do naught but eat, sleep, smoke, talk, and visit the theatre.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

NATURE AND ART.

There is extant a beautiful tradition relative to the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, when she "proved him with hard questions," in order to ascertain the greatness of his wisdom and the acuteness of his ingenuity. She ordered before him two vases of elegant flowers—one natural, the other artificial, but of workmanship and colors so exquisitely beautiful, that to detect in them any unlikeness or inferiority to the genuine ones, seemed beyond the power of the human eye. They were placed in a latuce which opened on a parterre of the royal palace, the appropriated residence of swarms of bees, which were engaged in gathering their delicious food. The King ordered the lattice to be opened, and the gathering and nestling of the bees among the honied petals of the natural blossoms, developed at once the eye-defying secret and the ingenuity of the monarch.

The wily Queen at the lattice placed
  Twin vases, rich and rare,
Each with a cluster of blossoms graced,
  Beautiful, bright and fair.

Roses, the glory of Sharon's vale—
  Lilies of thousand hues,
Such as are rock'd by Judean gales
  And nursed by her crystal dews,

Mingled in beauty their tints of light;—
  "Which," said the royal dame,
"Are the fresh-born buds of the day and night?
  And which from the artist came?"

The Tyrian dyes and the Tyrian skill,
  Glow'd in the art-made flowers,—
Those that were nursed by the gurgling rill
  Or petted in Flora's bowers,

No grace of fashion or shade could show
  With the beauteous things to vie;
Alas! for him who the truth must know
  Alone by his own keen eye.

But the lattice ope'd on a soft parterre
  That blushed to the sun's warm kiss,
And Bees at their nectar banquet there
  Revelled in summer bliss.

"Open the lattice," the Monarch cried—
  Sweet in the melting ray
The humid blossoms the Bees descried,
  And pilfered the sweets away.

Trembled in pride on their wiry stems
  The flowers that the artist made,
But show'd not a cup where the honied gems
  Or soft farina laid.

Fragrance was not! oh! the blighted heart,
  Lured in a fatal hour,
By the dazzling glow of deceptive art,
  Like a Bee to the scentless flower,—

How it turns in the blight of its grief away
  From the figure that *looks* so fair,
But in Love's own blessed, unclouded ray,
  Is soulless and senseless there!

Maine. ELIZA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A TALE OF THE WEST.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

The course of true love never did run smooth.—*Shakspeare.*

The incidents which I am about to relate, suggest some very natural reflections. He who now migrates to the mighty west, in pursuit of wealth or fame, encounters none of those innumerable hidden and open dangers which thronged the way of those who turned their faces thitherward half a century ago; he feels not, nor need he possess, the adventurous spirit, the intrepidity, and the astonishing resoluteness and daring of those brave and hardy pioneers. They ascended the lofty Alleghany, and looked off upon the ancient and almost unbroken forest, extending far beyond the Mississippi, and covering the vast valley which lay between them and the Rocky Mountains; while only here and there a small settlement, composed of a few families collected together for mutual convenience, and defence against their common enemy, disturbed its solitary reign. So soon as they entered upon it, they met with a foe the most wary and subtle, the most sleepless and untiring in his hostility, the most vigilant to seize every opportunity to satiate his bloodthirsty disposition, inflicting the most cruel and merciless tortures, and murdering indiscriminately every age and sex; the bold and dauntless husband, who met him hand to hand in murderous conflict, the helpless imploring wife, and the innocent babe sleeping upon her bosom, ruthlessly torn from her dying grasp, fell alike beneath the deadly blow of the savage, as he smiled with a fiendish satisfaction over his bloody deed. And is there no cause to mitigate our anger when contemplating such scenes? Is there no excuse for the wild, uncivilized Indian, though pursuing with a hatred the most vindictive his enemy, yet displaying towards his *friend* a noble and disinterested conduct which puts to blush the enlightened white man? Yes! They had discovered the designs of the whites; oppressed with a thousand wrongs, driven from their homes and the tombs of their ancestors, to which they are more fondly attached than any other people,—"hunted down like the partridge upon the mountain," they had formed a deadly hostility, an undying revenge against those, whom, when few and defenceless, they had received with open arms, and by

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whom they were now, viper like, stung to the heart; and they had stationed themselves upon the verge, and lurked throughout what they believed to be their own possession, their own inheritance,—determined to dispute every foot of it with those who were encroaching upon them, and pursuing with a steady purpose their extermination.

Slowly would the emigrant plod his weary and fearful way, for months, before he could reach the place of his location, his thoughts frequently recurring to the peaceful and quiet abode he had left, for a home in the wilderness filled with multiplied hazards. Here a small hut was erected to shelter his family, while he labored from morn till night, with his rifle by his side to protect him from his insatiate enemies, bent upon the destruction of all who invaded their territory. Almost every day, reports of aggravated murders perpetrated by the Indians reached his ears, filling his family with alarm and terror lest they should become the next victims; and himself liable at every moment to be hurried off from them upon an expedition to drive back the enemy, and check for a while their invasion of the settlements. No one ever felt secure; and never did they retire to rest without taking all necessary precaution to repel an attack, and barring securely every entrance into the house. And even in the more dense settlements, should they collect together for the purpose of divine worship, it was necessary that every one should meet well armed, lest even *there* they might be attacked by their relentless and implacable enemy.

Now how changed the scene! What wonders have fifty years effected! The mighty tide of emigration has rolled on rapidly, diffusing prosperity and every convenience in its train. The vigorous and powerful arm of the government, after all other proffered terms had been rejected, has forced the savage hordes beyond the limits of the Union, or reduced them to a tame submission, and subdued their natural warlike and ferocious disposition by the introduction among them of the arts and principles of civilization. The inhabitant upon the most extreme western frontier, feels as secure in his log cabin as the wealthy farmer upon the seaboard. Under the fostering protective wing of a free constitution, the population has swelled to an astonishing amount. *States* have sprung up, exercising a large degree of weight and influence in the government, where but yesterday the red man, now constrained to retire, pursued through the tangled woods the wild deer, secure and undisturbed in his enjoyment by the presence of one single envious *pale face*. Where once the savage held his frantic revels or pitched his wigwam, now stands the populous and flourishing city, whose spires pierce the clouds, and where arts, science, and literature, flourish in all the vigor of maturity. Cultivated farms and splendid mansions, occurring at short intervals, beautify the interior, where but lately the wild beasts roamed their native forests. Upon the placid bosoms of the most noble and beautiful streams, where once naught was seen or heard but the rough hewn canoe of the Indian and the dip of his paddle, now may be constantly heard "the puff of the engine and flutter of the wheel" of that most beneficial production of Fulton's immortal genius, as it rides majestically by, wafting to a profitable market the productions of a fertile and alluvial soil. For the advantage of commerce and the facility of communication, distant waters have been united and noble thoroughfares constructed from one section of the country to the other; mountains have been levelled and plains elevated. An energetic government sends with unrivalled rapidity, and unerring certainty, intelligence of every kind from one end of the Union to the other, so that the most distant friends scarcely realize their separation. The whole region now teems with industry and enterprise. Independence, ease, contentment and hospitality characterize the inhabitants. The emigrant from the eastern states now leaves his home and his friends with a light heart, for a country where merit receives its reward, where he will meet with success in every undertaking, and where wealth or fame will crown his labors. And all this in fifty years! The valley of the Mississippi, *then* a wilderness, *now* a populous and mighty empire! What unbounded resources, what powerful energies do the people of this country possess! What glorious and encouraging fruits are these, of self government—of a republican constitution.

Among the emigrants to Ohio, just after the revolution, were a Mess. Claiborne and Newton, who removed, with their families, from one of the tide-water counties of Virginia, and settled upon the beautiful banks of the Scioto, some distance above its mouth. Mr. Newton selected as a site for his dwelling, a small hill upon the west side of the river, gently descending to the water's edge, sparsely covered with the tall majestic trees of the forest, and commanding a delightful prospect of the river, as it lay like a polished mirror reflecting the sunbeams from its smooth surface, or gently rippling as the soft breezes of evening played upon its bosom; also, of the extensive rich bottoms on either hand, and of the extensive woodland in front. Behind, the country gracefully undulated, presenting the pleasing variety of hill and dale, of wood and prairie. It was, in fact, a charming situation. And long since that time, the enterprise of another owner has made it the most handsome country seat in the state. A noble mansion now crowns the hill with every ornamental appurtenance, while the flats on each side, regularly divided, wave in golden plenty, or are clothed in living green, on which hundreds of cattle graze, or repose beneath a few of the old trees which are yet standing. It fails not to arrest the attention and call forth the admiration of the passenger along the Scioto. 'Twas here Mr. Newton built him a tolerably convenient cabin, and commenced his labors. He had taken up a large tract of country, sufficient to present each of his children with a handsome patrimony. To the bank was moored a graceful sail boat, such as had never floated on those waters before, and which glided upon their even current as "a thing of life." This was kept principally for the purpose of visiting Mr. Claiborne, who had selected a level grove about half a mile above, on the other side, in full view of Mr. Newton's. Directly to the rear, a frowning cliff reared itself to the clouds; the river laved the rocky bank in front, down which there was a descent by a flight of steps hewn out of the limestone, where also was tied a small sail boat. There was, however, a broader and better way a little above. Mr. Claiborne too, had made extensive surveys in the country, intending to divide his large possessions among his children. Modern improvements have also made this a spot upon

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which the eye of the delighted and tasteful traveller is pleased to linger.

An undisturbed intimacy had ever existed between these two families; and now that they were separated entirely, as it were, from the rest of the world, exposed to a common danger, and were pursuing no clashing interests, it had refined into a warm and steady friendship. A constant intercourse was kept up between them, and means provided to communicate immediately the alarm, should danger threaten. These two gentlemen being in the prime and vigor of manhood, labored with untiring industry. As there was no underwood, and the trees were tall and did not grow very thick together, *girdling* sufficed, and they soon had a considerable farm prepared for planting Indian corn.

The woods abounded in excellent game, and they frequently accompanied each other in hunting excursions, but never venturing too far, for fear of accidents or attacks from the Indians; and always taking along their eldest sons, in order to gratify their anxiety; but principally to instil into them a bold, fearless, and adventurous spirit,—to teach them some of the rudiments of the arts and stratagems of border warfare,—and to train them to a skilful management of their rifles,—all qualifications indispensably necessary for the inhabitants of an unsettled and hostile country.

Among all the youths of these two families, Charles Claiborne had early attracted notice. He displayed indubitable evidences of a superior intellect, the most gratifying to his father, and which at the same time won for him the respect and love of his associates. No envious feelings rankled in their pure bosoms; they sincerely admired him, and felt that in hours of peril to his skill, intrepidity and bravery, they must principally look for safety. He had now nearly attained his eighteenth year, tall and erect as an Indian Chief, possessing an ease and grace the most simple and natural. No mark of effeminacy was visible about his manly frame; compact, nervous, and as active as the wild panther which he hunted. His high, broad and open forehead, over which his smooth dark locks fell in neglected richness, betokened the freeness and equability of his disposition, and at the same time his resoluteness and determination; and a slight wrinkle betrayed the existence of busy thought. Beneath an arched projecting brow, his dark gray eye shot forth the fire of youth and genius. It shone with a peculiar lustre; it would kindle with indignation or contempt, as he contemplated crime or baseness, or soften down to tenderness as a tale of woe or distress enlisted his sympathies. The whole contour of his face was of a perfect mould. Devotedly fond of intellectual culture, of acquiring information, he soon made himself master of the little library which his father had brought with him, composed of a few standard histories, Shakspeare and the Spectator; and was now, at every spare interval, drawing rich stores of legal knowledge from a musty old Coke, which he found among the rubbish brought in his father's wagon, determined to "offer his professional services" to the litigious part of the community when the country should become more densely populated.

Several other families had already settled in the neighborhood, and Charles was deservedly the favorite of them all. But there was *one* to whom I shrewdly suspect he was even now *peculiarly* agreeable, and for whom the kind and obliging neighbors,—who will have their young acquaintances in love or engaged, any how, and who arrange all such matters in their gossiping conclaves without the conusance of the parties,—had already allotted him. In this case they were not (as usual) without some ground for their suspicions.

Eliza Newton was now arrived at that most interesting period in a woman's life, just sixteen, when combined with the simplicity and coyness of the girl, she possesses many of the graces and charming attractive attributes of maturer womanhood. Like the opening rose, which displays its crimson folds at morn before one sunbeam has kissed the dew-drop from its leaves of softest texture, or dimmed its fresh rich tints, her loveliness was unfolding every day. Like the wild flowers which she loved to gather from the meadow, she had grown up without any artificial culture of fashionable *hot beds*, in all her native sweetness, unpretending beauty, and unaffected modesty. Roaming at will among the delightful groves around her father's dwelling, brushing the early dew with her pretty feet from the fragrant herbage, or wandering at even along the silent banks of the gentle Scioto, when each zephyr

> Offered his young pinion as her fan,

she acquired all the freshness and buoyancy of perfect health. Agile as the young roe upon the mountain, she moved with the ease, elegance and elasticity of a Sylph. Not too low to want a sufficient dignity of mien, she was not so tall as to exceed the proper stature of her sex. "Her hair's long auburn waves," curbed by a silken fillet, rolled back from her small white forehead, flowed upon a chiselled neck white as an Alpine mountain top; her dark blue eyes lay sleeping behind long raven lashes, until roused, when they betrayed every sentiment of her soul, beaming with affection or melted with pity; the transcendent hue of her cheeks contrasted finely with the pure, healthful whiteness of her complexion, and her sweet moist lips, just curved out enough to bespeak her mild and even temper. In fine, she was so perfect a model that

> The eye might doubt if it were well awake,
> She seemed so like a vision.

Amiability and kindness were the prominent traits of her character, accompanied with the other female graces. Of a most delicate and acute sensibility, she was keenly alive to the slightest insult, and would repel it in a firm and dignified manner; but was ever ready to pour the balm of reconciliation into a wound mistakenly inflicted. She carefully forebore to speak disrespectfully of any one, and always endeavored to place their conduct in the fairest light, which sprang from the pure benevolence of her heart. And yet withal, she had no little of the pride of her sex, ready to tear herself from a heart where she had reason to believe she reigned not sole empress; slightly imbued with jealousy, which is frequently a concomitant of the most ardent and devoted attachment, as the deadly viper oft lays encoiled under the bed of violets upon which we are tempted to repose. From the small stock of substantial literature which her father's poorly filled book case afforded, she had cultivated her mind to a degree which thousands fail to do who have *skimmed* over an Alexandrian library.

Let no one deem these portraitures exaggerated in

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any respect, for these families were among the most respectable and intelligent on the eastern shores of the Old Dominion; but the barrenness of their sandy plains yielded them but a small quantum of what was necessary to sustain them in their high and expensive mode of living. They found that vast retrenchments were to be made, or they must experience the pinchings of poverty; and, too proud to endure the mortification of either in the midst of their old associates and visiters, they determined to emigrate to the west, where the rich soil affords, with but little labor, abundance of the necessaries of life, while the woods and rivers furnish many of its luxuries.

The parents of Charles and Eliza themselves, had marked with satisfaction and pleasure their growing attachment, and failed not by evidences of approbation to encourage it. And for *once* the designs of prudent parents and the inclinations of inconsiderate, confiding youths coincided, and promised to result in the happiest of consequences. Would that it *could* be always so! How many gray hairs would it save from going down to the grave loaded with a weight of sorrow! how many tender hearts would it preserve from an early and hopeless blight! How many lovely and interesting females would it save from tortures worse than the fabled one, of being linked to dead bodies, those of being wedded to rich fools, or sots, or knaves, upon whom they can never place their affections, and whom they frequently hate from their inmost hearts.

Though they had ever been in habits of constant intimacy, taught to view each other in the light of brother and sister, and mingling freely for years in every sport of their childhood, yet a year or two having almost magically brought Eliza to womanhood, she began to feel a strange restraint in the company of Charles, which the presence of no one else produced. As rapidly as the sweet accents might be falling from her active tongue, his entrance hushed them completely; and even he would *labor* for some time, through a few short sentences. Yet notwithstanding these unusual effects, each felt that the cause which produced them was not unwelcomed; and when *plagued about it*, (as the phrase is) the crimson blush that mantled their burning cheeks, indicated too clearly where arose this sudden alteration in their deportment towards each other,—what had put an end to all the little familiarities before so frequent. Gradually, however, would the leaden weight fall from Charles' tongue; and as he would relate to the company in most graphic and thrilling terms his dangerous pursuit of the fierce panther or infuriated wolf, following them into the most retired recesses, encountering them in their darkest caverns, and drawing them forth dead, to the astonishment of his less venturesome associates,—or his "hair breadth escapes" in wresting from the infuriated she-bear her whelps, the very great interest vividly manifest in Eliza's countenance, the breathless attention with which she hung upon every word and caught each syllable as it fell from his lips, and the quickly averted glance, her color slightly heightening as he *frequently* directed his eye towards her, soon convinced Charles that he was the object of something more than an ordinary regard in her bosom; nay, that he had actually won her affections. As for himself he had long since been enthralled; nor could it be otherwise. There is in every bosom, susceptibilities for all the emotions; and so soon as causes calculated to excite them are presented, quick as an electric flash the emotions succeed. Thus in love, there is a susceptibility in every mind to be pleased with certain virtues or actions; and when we perceive them, it is as impossible not to admire them as to believe that they have never existed. And when a combination of such qualities without a blemish is discovered in any person, he had as well try to drive back the current of the Mississippi as to resist the inevitable consequence. The emotion of *love* involuntarily arises; he *must* love, for such is his mental constitution; the feeling becomes a part of himself; he had no agency in effecting it; he feels not, nor can he feel a disposition to divest himself of it. Circumstances may induce him to check it, to trample it down, to clip each bud as it appears, but he can never extinguish it; he cannot destroy it. But let him give himself up to be bound in its pleasant fetters; let him suffer it to sway an undivided sceptre over him; let him give loose reins to it; let him plunge himself into its delicious tide, and drink with a quenchless thirst its intoxicating draughts; and then let him be thwarted, and no one may safely predict the consequences to even the most powerful intellect, that contemns every other loss or reverse of fortune. Until something is done to excite a contrary emotion, ages of separation cannot dim or extinguish it. For as in some fluids the application of heat may entirely alter their qualities, so in love, a deception or disappointment in some admired or prominent qualification, frequently changes every feeling of regard for the object, into the most bitter and relentless hatred.

A very short time intervened, before Charles summoned the resolution to communicate the existence of his passion. Upon a mild evening in May, as the shadows stretched their gigantic lengths across the plain, Charles moored his little boat at the foot of the hill, and ascended to Mr. Newton's. Eliza (as usual) met him at the door, and ushered him into an apartment denominated the parlor, though appropriated to various uses. They were seated by an open window towards the west, along the frames of which a honey-suckle twined its clinging tendrils; the mild, red rays of the setting sun peered through its thick foliage, and added a brighter tint to Eliza's fine complexion; the evening dews were falling upon the blooming honey-suckle, which breathed its fragrant odors upon the happy pair. She seemed to look peculiarly sweet and lovely. A few desultory remarks upon the serenity and pleasantness of the evening, and then—in language which I shall not detail—he poured out his heart's fulness into her ear. At this avowal, her face budded into a rich rubescent glow, and the veins in her clear, round neck, swelled almost to bursting. She replied not; but a yielding of her soft little hand, which he involuntarily pressed to his lips, confirmed the happiness of the enraptured swain—and blew into an inextinguishable flame, that spark of love, which he had long cherished within his heart, and fanned with a sleepless assiduity. He soon departed for his father's; he rowed slowly up the river, whose waves reflecting the moonbeams, seemed like molten gold, while the stars twinkled brightly above him: the scene was enchanting, and his already excited feelings caught the inspiration. A plunge against the bank awakened him from his reverie, and he disco-

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vered that he was far above his father's. The delighted girl retired to her room, and wept herself to sleep—when she dreamed incessantly of Elysian fields, and happy islands upon the bosom of the deep blue sea, through which she and her Charles roamed happy as their fabled inhabitants. Very *frequently* after this, was Charles' little boat seen gliding, in the cool of the evening, towards Mr. Newton's; and he seemed much more addicted to hunting of late, particularly on the *west* side of the river, especially as he never failed, on his return from his fatiguing rambles, to meet at Mr. Newton's the best refreshments, prepared in Eliza's most tasty style.

Thus a year marched onward in the track of time, unmarked by any unusual incident. The parties heeded not its rapid flight, but enjoying together every amusement and innocent pleasure which their imaginations could devise, they lived in a state the nearest to bliss they ever saw on earth.

Early however, in the following summer, as Mr. Claiborne's family were sitting beneath a large oak in the yard, being refreshed by the pure, cool breezes from the river, Charles espied Eliza wandering, with a little sister, along the meadows on the opposite side, gayly and joyously taking her accustomed recreation, and plucking the innumerable wild flowers that decorated her path. So long had this settlement been undisturbed, that a dread of the savages no longer existed; both children and females walked miles unaccompanied, and without the least apprehension of danger, relaxing their precaution in many particulars. While Charles was eyeing with delight Eliza's graceful movements, he saw two Indians dart suddenly from the edge of a thick copse of pawpaw, and seizing the frantic girl and child, bear them off, shrieking, into the woods. Charles distinctly heard the screaming, which pierced his inmost soul. "My God!" he exclaimed, "she is taken;" and springing from his seat, he rushed into the house. The affrighted family followed him, to learn the cause of his conduct; but all he said was, "the Indians have taken her! have taken her!" Excited almost to madness, seizing his rifle, he flew to the stable, mounted his fleet hunter without his saddle, and calling his faithful bloodhound, went as fast as his charger, urged on by every incentive, could carry him; and at the same time crying, "Indians! Indians!" He swam the river, and the astonished family soon saw him entering the woods, his fierce dog upon the track. The alarm was soon given, and the whole neighborhood was in commotion. Charles pursued, as well as he could through the trees, the course of his unerring bloodhound. Swift as the wind, had the Indians run over hill and dale towards the lakes, until long after midnight; thinking they had not been seen, and had eluded pursuit; weary with bearing upon their backs their helpless captives, and reaching a deep ravine, they determined to kindle a fire and prepare some refreshments. They bound each of the girls to a sapling with a strip of bark, and commenced their culinary operations. Scarcely had they been seated an hour, before Charles approached, and seeing the light, called in, softly, his hound, and dismounted to reconnoitre. A moment's observation satisfied him. He could see but one of the Indians, and he sat just beyond Eliza, his *head* only perceptible above her's. The least tremor or precipitancy might defeat his purpose—kill the prized object which he wished to rescue, or place them both at the *mercy* of the savages. With deliberation, a firm and steady arm, he levelled his rifle, and fired,—the impatient dog at the same time springing forward with the fierceness of a tiger. Charles rushed to the spot, with a drawn knife. One Indian lay senseless weltering in his blood; and seizing a tomahawk, he plunged it into the head of the other, who was engaged in mortal strife with the eager hound, which clung to his throat with an iron grasp. He severed at a stroke the cursed cords that bound the pretty form of his Eliza. As the truth opened to the vision of the enraptured girl, overpowered with joy, she fell insensate into his arms: he drew her closely to his bosom, felt the wild fluttering of her little heart, and kissed to life again her bloodless lips. Gradually she revived, and in the bewildered consciousness of waking, threw her arms around his neck, calling his name in the most tender, affectionate accents. "Could all the hours of hope, joy and pleasure in Charles' previous life, have been melted down and concentrated into a single emotion, that emotion would have been *tame* to the *rapture* of Eliza's momentary embrace."* Upon complete restoration, she wept with real pleasure; poured out upon her benefactor, her deliverer, her own Charles, ceaseless expressions of gratitude and love—renewed her faithful vows, and "plighted them upon her heart." Ah, why not, in such a moment, let the bright spirit wing its upward flight, nor keep it here to feel the stings of remorse or pain. Day had dawned. This was the first human blood Charles had ever shed; and as he left this eventful spot, yet pointed out to the traveller, he cast an eye of pity upon the senseless corpses, and even then a sigh of regret escaped his tender bosom. Taking Eliza behind him, and her sister before, he pointed out the way to his hound, and commenced his return. He soon met with some of the party who had commenced the pursuit, and with them, returned to bear the precious, rescued captives, to their anxious, miserable parents. Such a day of rejoicing, the settlement had never seen before, when the glad tidings were made known; and the heroic adventure of Charles received the merited applause of all.

Of late years, there had been a rapid influx of emigrants from the east to this part of the Ohio; and a small village had sprung up, as a mushroom in the night, a few miles below this settlement. To this place all the produce of the country was carried, by the inhabitants, to be exchanged for such articles of necessity or luxury as they wanted. It soon became a flourishing little town. Its necessities called for a post office, to which there was a weekly mail on horseback from the East, and from Fort Washington, (now Cincinnati.) A very respectable merchant of that place was appointed, with general satisfaction, the post master. His name was Bryant, a native of Pennsylvania. He was considered a very honorable and active young gentleman—very prepossessing in his appearance, easy and agreeable in his manners, intelligent, and quite popular. His evident fondness for drinking was not *then deemed* a disgrace, and his tendency to extravagance was attributed to his generous and liberal disposition; and every body sagely predicted, that age would lop off these excrescences

* Bulwer.

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from a character otherwise very good. He had seen Miss Newton several times, and had become enamored of her, and his visits to her father's became very frequent; for though he received no encouragement whatever from the daughter, he was always treated politely and respectfully, and with true old Virginia hospitality, by the parents.

The earnest efforts of the President of the United States, to give security to the northwestern frontier by pacific arrangements, having proved unavailing, it became evident that vigorous offensive operations only would bring the Indian war to a happy conclusion. Accordingly, in 1791, General Harmer was ordered to leave Fort Washington with a considerable body of troops, and to bring the Indians to an engagement, or at least to destroy totally their villages upon the Scioto and Miami rivers. A general call was made upon the militia of Ohio and the surrounding states, to join in this expedition, which if successful, would permanently secure them against the dreadful incursions of their savage foes. Fired with indignation at the late outrage committed in the neighborhood, and impelled by a noble ambition for distinction, young Claiborne commenced enlisting a company of volunteers. He soon succeeded in obtaining a hundred signatures to his list, from the extensive county of Ross, and was unanimously elected their captain. The first of October was appointed as the day for commencing their march.

As much as Eliza admired this manifestation of bravery and patriotism in Charles, and how highly soever she might be pleased to hear of his distinction, this resolve of his was a source of real pain to the affectionate and devoted girl. The innumerable dangers and hardships of Indian warfare, magnified by her attachment to him who was to be subject to them, overwhelmed her with grief and sad apprehensions. Charles' visits to Mr. Newton's were no less frequent than heretofore, and his efforts to console his weeping Eliza, and relieve her fears, were unceasing. He painted to her, her own late fortunate escape, and told her of the salutary consequences to their own security and prosperity, which must ensue from a subjugation of the enemy. She was partly reconciled and resigned. But banish she could not, her forebodings of ill, so natural. Ah! love, why

"With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers?"

Why is the brimming cup of bliss dashed down just as it touches the opening lips? Why are all our fond hopes delusions—all our realities as fruit of the dead sea, beautiful to the eye, but turning to bitter ashes on the tongue—but to loosen the already too tenacious hold with which we cling to this world, and fasten it on the skies? Who reads not this in every day's experience? Yet who, alas! obeys the warning? With painful, tortured feelings, did this devoted pair note the merciless rapidity with which time bore off the two short weeks yet remaining, before his departure. The last day of September had arrived, and to-morrow Charles must meet his company at the village. Towards evening he rowed over to Mr. Newton's, with a heavy heart; yet fearful of no consequences from his absence, but the pain of a separation from one whose being constituted a part of his own existence. Charles had given up his whole heart, and loved with an ardency stronger than death itself. A melancholy sadness sat upon Eliza's countenance, and a crystal tear-drop glistened in her pensive eye,—which made her appear peculiarly interesting to the devoted Charles. The reader must imagine the thousand mutual vows of unaltered and unalterable affection—the unreserved surrender of the whole heart—the frequent oaths by the immoveable hills—the pressing importunities never to forget or forsake—to casket in each other's heart but one jewel, each other's image—and the innumerable other such things which lovers are wont to pour forth on far less serious occasions. He promised to write frequently; and to insure her of his purpose, he said that should he not, she might properly think that he had forgotten her, and that all his vows were false; for there would be a constant intercourse between the army and Fort Washington,—to which place he could forward his letters, and thence they would certainly come safely by mail. When about to leave, he took her pretty little hand, and drawing a plain gold ring from his pocket, placed it on her slender, tapered finger; and knowing that the blood which flowed beneath his grasp, came warm from a heart that throbbed for him alone, he impressed it with a thousand kisses, and washed them off with his manly tears. Let not the callous, cold-hearted worldling, curl his worthless lip in derision—or the *proud* man made of sterner stuff, "blush for his sex." Unfeeling indeed, would he have been, had he done otherwise; for there stood the prettiest creature in the world, who had enriched him with an enviable affection, one arm around his neck, her aching head leaning against his breast, and her pure, innocent bosom, which never yet felt the piercings of sorrow's icy dart, heaving with the most convulsive sobs. Who has not felt that the thought of a month's separation from one we love, though conscious of its short duration, sickens the heart? But hope, the mild soother of every ill which betides us, and which brightly gilds our darkest forebodings, could here scarcely administer its delusive consolation; and they were to separate, pained and tortured by the "undying thought, that they *no more* might meet." He who can look with scorn or coldness on such a scene as this, or calling it weakness, laugh at it,—may keep his poor enjoyment for me, and without my envy, go along his cheerless path, unillumed by a single ray of true and warm affection, himself a stranger to one tender emotion.

The volunteers commenced their march on the morrow, intending to unite with the main body of forces on the Miami; but in a few days met General Harmer on his way to reduce the savages upon the Scioto, and did much brave service in the severe but fruitless conflict on that river,—Claiborne gallantly and heroically distinguishing himself at their head, and obtained a particular notice in the public despatches of the commanding officer. He returned with the troops to Fort Washington, and addressed a letter to his father, and one to Eliza, giving a glowing description of the deadly engagement.

In the disastrous battle upon the Miami, under General St. Clair, he was among the bravest of those who, under General Darke, so daringly charged at the point of the bayonet the concealed Indians, and drove them from their covert twice, but without material advantage; and among those who greatly distinguished themselves for fearlessly fronting the most threatening danger, was Captain Claiborne—and justice was done to

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his intrepidity and cool bravery in the official despatches. In the glorious battle upon the Maumee, where General Wayne commanded—refusing to surrender the station of commandant of his own brave and hardy volunteers, now greatly reduced, for the office of Colonel in the regular army, he was in the front rank of that legion, which advanced with trailed arms, and hunted the Indians from their concealment, which produced the utter route of the enemy, terminated in their overthrow, and forced them to a tame submission—which eventuated in a definitive treaty of peace in 1795, and brought joy and gladness to the heart of every western citizen.

Four tedious and eventful years had Charles been absent from one, around whom his heart's tenderest affections clung with a deathless tenacity, and for whose sake not one hour in the day o'erslipped him, that he sighed not. Why he never returned while the army was stationed at its various winter quarters, I am unable to say. But unnumbered times had he written the most passionate and affectionate letters; and to them all he had never received an answer. For this he consoled himself with the thought, that they had supposed it fruitless to send letters to one whose situation was so uncertain, or to Eliza's delicacy to entrust her communications to so precarious a mode of conveyance, which was rendered probable by his *father's* not having written. Any excuse satisfied him, and quelled every doubt of the fidelity of one whose constancy it was painful to *suspect*. 'Twas the thought of her—the thought that the unyielding opposition of these savages so long detained him from her presence, that drove him upon their unshrinking ranks with a tiger-like ferocity, and nerved his arm for the resistless stroke. And now that his object was accomplished, at the head of the few remaining volunteers who started with him, he took up his line of march for the peaceful valley of the Scioto, where he flattered himself he should close his life in tranquillity and with honor, possessed of a treasure, richer far

"Than all the trophies of the victor are."

How false, alas! all human calculations! What a cheat our every hope!

After a long and painful journey, he reached a hill which overlooked his home—that silent valley, where he had enjoyed his only bliss unmixed with grief.

"He stopped. What singular emotions fill
Their bosoms who have been induced to roam,
With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill?"

He reached his father's house, and was received with the greatest joy by its inmates. They had almost despaired of his return, so long had they been ignorant of his very existence; and his arrival dissipated the cloud of grief which had frequently overshadowed them. The bustle of first greetings over, he had some excellent refreshments set out for his companions; and when they drank his health with repeated cheers, he addressed them for a few minutes in the most feeling strains, expressed his gratitude for the noble and faithful manner in which they had discharged their duties, and wished them years of prosperity and happiness to compensate them for their toils and dangers. When he finished, each one pressing his hand, shouldered his knapsack and left for his own *home*.

And now he hurried to his mother's apartment to gather some intelligence concerning his friends; and to his first inquiry about Eliza, the old lady rather pleasantly remarked, "you staid too long—she's married!" Little did she anticipate the effect this communication produced. With an incredulous air, he replied, "you jest. Eliza Newton, married! dead, rather! no, never. But to whom!" "To Mr. Bryant?" At once the fatal truth flashed upon his mind, and pierced his brain like a hot fire-brand. "*Eliza Newton*, so forgetful, so ungrateful, so inconstant, so *deceitful!*" His heart sunk within him. The object which he adored, *unworthy!* Suddenly his head drooped to his knee, and one convulsive groan told the anguish of his soul. His mother called to him in soothing accents. He lifted himself, deadly pale, his lips all dabbled with blood, a vein had burst, his fiery eyes gleamed with a wild and unnatural glare, and gazing with a piercing stare upon his petrified mother, he shrieked in a thrilling, fearful tone, "impossible, *she*, false! then where is truth?" and springing to his feet, he fell senseless on the floor. His distracted mother just recovered from her alarm, flew for assistance; he was soon consigned to a bed, and a messenger despatched to the village for a physician. He gazed on all with a vacant stare—his old broken-hearted father sat beside him, and he turned himself away. His weeping sisters sat around his pillow, but he knew them not. His temples throbbed furiously, and his blood coursed through his veins in rapid, boiling waves. All feared that his manly intellect had been shivered by this sudden and tremendous stroke. The physician arrived,—and assured them, that he had hopes that his mind was not irreparably impaired, and by keeping him still and quiet, with the help of some cooling draughts, he might yet recover, though his brain was considerably affected. He remained a while to watch the symptoms, and then leaving such directions as his skill suggested, he left this afflicted family. He returned and reported the case and its cause. The report soon reached the ears of Mrs. Bryant—when with a chilling effect, the remembrance of early affection came across her—the ghosts of by-gone joys stalked around her—but no distraction ensued—*tears* came to her relief, and quenched the fires that seemed to consume her heart. Frequently the stroke which crushes the stout and stubborn mind of man, only bruises the more pliable and yielding intellect of woman, as the storm before which the slender reed bows to the ground, but rises when it is past, tears up by the roots, and dashes to a thousand pieces the gnarled oak. There was one consoling thought, however, which mitigated the pains that Mrs. Bryant felt. There was another reason which calmed her troubled bosom. Whenever there appears an object of pity, or charity, every feeling of woman is enlisted to administer relief; and as the lighter bodies float upon the surface, self, with all its concerns and every other consideration, for the present, sinks to the bottom,—while tenderness, sympathy and kindness, direct every sentiment and exertion in favor of the sufferer. Such was the case in the present instance. Her husband was from home, and Mrs. Bryant loaded with every thing suited to Claiborne's situation, hastened to her father's, and then to Mr. Claiborne's. She was kindly and affectionately received by the family. Pale and agitated, she entered the apartment of her unfortunate Charles. He turned an unmeaning glance upon her, but recognised her not.

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This she scarcely regretted, as she might administer each healing potion, or bathe his burning temples, without his knowing the hand which did it. For a week or two she remained at her father's, going over every day, and frequently sitting beside his bed through the long silent watches of the night, ruminating with a bleeding heart, upon her own unfortunate situation, all her affection revived for one she had driven to madness, and whom she could never possess—keen despair and biting remorse, her only reward for the part she had acted in this sad tragedy. As memory retraced upon her mind with a burning finger each happy moment of her youth now gone, and her fond hopes disappointed—she cursed bitterly the hour in which she first saw the light. Unspeakable anguish!—Mr. Bryant returned, *and thought her presence necessary at home.* Reluctantly she obeyed, she feared to see his face. She was deceived—she had never rendered him her whole heart, and even that little seemed now to quit its hold. Censure her not, but listen further. With a sharp reproof for her *imprudence*, Bryant suffered her no more to visit her father's. Submissively she obeyed. She endeavored to respect and appear agreeable to her husband. And by her unceasing exertion she partly succeeded, and he seemed reconciled, but from her heart of hearts, his image was excluded. 'Twas true the nuptials had been celebrated, the troth plighted, but it was all a sacrilege, they had never been united "heart in heart." Her affections had never been *wholly* estranged from Claiborne. Assidiously after his departure, did Bryant urge his suit, but without the least prospect of success: yet the ardency of his love, suffered no denial to frustrate his designs. He however grew apace, in favor with her father; his bland, and agreeable manners, and business habits, made him quite acceptable to the old gentleman. Two years had now gone by, and yet not one word in any shape from Charles. The defeats of Harmer and St. Clair had reached their ears, and probably he had fallen among the heroic officers, who met their fate in those calamitous engagements. So thought Mr. Newton,—if not, he had treated them very disrespectfully. Eliza was loath to think so. But we have observed that she was acutely sensible, and possessed of some of the pride of her sex. She remembered Charles' last words, and began to suspect they were designedly spoken, and that probably he had gone on this expedition for the express purpose, else why would he have staid so long unnecessarily, as she supposed; and not a syllable had he written her, though two years had elapsed. Even to a less jealous mind these incidents would have been strong confirmations. And dwelling upon them, she wrought herself into the belief, that Charles had deceived her—and she determined to be independent, and to tear her affections from him, cost what it might. She sighed that it was so, but gave him up without an effort. Had he never returned, she might probably have lived at least a contented life.

Bryant was scrupulously silent on the subject of Charles' absence or his neglect, suffering it to produce its own effects. Yet Eliza loved *him* not. But since she had loosed her hold on Charles, she seemed to be out on the boundless sea—without a spot on which to cast hope's anchor; and woman must love something—she loves to love. And yielding to the importunities, the frequent suggestions of her father, who thought it would be a very *prudent* match, and a very agreeable one with a little exertion on her part—she determined to *hazard* the throw, and granted Mr. Bryant her hand. Would that parents grown prudent with age, and thinking only of *wealth*, would recall for a moment their own youthful sentiments, and not urge their children into engagements against which every feeling revolts—for however small the defect objected to, or how groundless soever each little prejudice, yet they may produce jars and schisms the most disagreeable and painful, and for which no splendor of equipage or name can ever compensate. The nuptials of Eliza and Bryant were celebrated the fall before Charles' return, with considerable eclat for that quiet settlement. And though the bride seemed calm and contented, yet she had lost her former gaiety and buoyancy of spirits. With the exception of a slight ebullition of anger, occasionally, things had glided on smoothly till Charles' return, and thus they stood at that time.

Slowly and gradually Claiborne recovered his senses and health. After three months close confinement he was so far improved as to be able to ride a little on horseback, or take short excursions upon the river in the sail boat. The presence of old scenes revived his memory, and seemed to strengthen his other faculties. Though pensive ever, yet his alienation returned not. After he had fairly recovered, for the first time, he inquired, if they had never heard from him. When told *never*, he said it was mysterious, as he had written hundreds of times, and first from Fort Washington itself. He said a black deed might yet develope itself. And when informed that Eliza had kindly waited on him, until prohibited by her husband, he exclaimed, "deception! I am satisfied. But let me not stay where every scene sends a dagger to my heart." All preparations were soon made and the unhappy Claiborne left his home, his weeping friends, the haunts of his early youth, and the theatre of his only blissful hours, for the territory of Mississippi, where he practised law. He soon became popular throughout the whole country, and was finally elevated to the Chief Magistracy of the state. After having filled his term of office with distinguished honor, he retired to private life; and soon after sunk to an early grave, "unregretting—regretted by all." Like the meteor flash, his career was brilliant, but transient. With his health he never regained his natural gay and lightsome temperament. Gloomy and melancholy he shunned the abodes of pleasure or merriment—lived in retirement, and cherished within his bosom an unextinguishable flame, that "finally corroded each vital part," and sunk him to the tomb.

Not long after Claiborne's departure, Bryant went upon a trading expedition, and for the first time left his keys with his wife, with the charge, that if a certain person called for some money, to let him have it out of his desk. While there for that purpose, her curiosity—I might say her suspicions—led her to examine the contents of the drawers, when in one, oh! blackest deed on memory's record! oh! most base and villainous deception! She met with a large packet of letters addressed to herself and Claiborne's father. Pale and motionless she stood, struck with amazement and horror. She saw herself the *wife* of a vile hypocrite—the author of all her own misery and sorrow—the demon of the desolation and blight of happiness she had witnessed in an

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excellent family—the injurer and almost *murderer* of the noble and generous Charles Claiborne. The idea froze the blood in her very heart. She read Claiborne's repeated declarations of increasing affection in every letter—the irksomeness of all his pursuits uncheered by her smiles,—his kind but touching reproofs for not writing—his marked effort in every line to please and delight—they were all unsealed and had been read by this cool-blooded villian. The blackness of the deed was aggravated by the deliberation with which it was done, and that too, while he perceived the anxiety and painful suspense of the dearest friends of one, whom he was thus so deeply injuring. The poor Eliza had borne up under all but this; and now that she saw her *husband* a fiend at heart—her anguish was insupportable—her bosom was racked with every conflicting emotion—her eyes swam—her bewildered brain whirled, and she sank to the floor. How long she lay in this state she knew not; but when she recovered, she replaced every thing carefully, and retired. Ten thousand agonizing reflections inflicted their torments upon her mind. She soon resolved upon her course. Erring on the better side, she determined to endure every suffering, to preserve her *husband* from ignominy, but to cherish her sorrows, which she hoped would very soon wear out the little of life that remained—

> But life's strange principle will often lie,
> Deepest in those who long the most to die.

And she *did* live, to be chained yet longer to one she could but hate—she lived to receive the abuse of one who by a hell-engendered artifice seduced her from the sheltering, peaceful roof of her father—she lived to see him a beastly slave to intoxication—she lived to see her whole family reduced to want and misery by becoming sureties for this now unprincipled spendthrift—she lived to see the just retribution of heaven poured out upon the defenceless head, of this serpent, which wound his way into Paradise and brought its inmates to shame and poverty—she lived to see him die in want and disgrace, raving with the agonies of despair. And she herself survived but a short time, a pensioner upon the bounty of a few friends, who received her into their houses, to cheer, if possible, the approaching close of her painful and wretched existence;—which blind, presumptuous man, ignorant of the wise designs of Providence would fain pronounce too severe a fate, for a flower so tender and beautiful in its first buddings.

Lovingston, Virginia, March 25, 1835.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A TALE OF A NOSE.

BY PERTINAX PLACID.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.—*Byron.*

The story which I am about to relate may by some be considered extravagant. I shall not argue the point; but content myself with the reflection that mankind have never yet been unanimous in their opinions in relation to any subject which admitted of a question. There are two special merits which I claim for my story, viz: that it is *brief*, and that it has a *moral*. Such as it is I offer it to the consideration of the reader.

It was a beautiful night in July.—The noble steamer "Dewitt Clinton" was speeding her way through the moonlit waters of the Hudson, thronged with passengers. We had left Albany late in the afternoon; already we had passed the majestic Cattskill, and were entering among those gorgeous scenes of nature which have been celebrated by an hundred pens.—Julia and myself had escaped from the crowd below, to the upper "round house" or roofing of the boat, which commanded an unobstructed view of the objects on either side of the river, and where we were secure from interruption, the myriads below being too busily engaged in contending for berths, and preparing for their night's lodging, to seek out our retreat or participate in the enjoyment of the beauties we were contemplating.

After paying due homage to the magnificent scenery around us, our conversation took a more common-place turn, and, as we had met that day after a long separation, during which Julia had paid a visit to some of our old friends in the north, she detailed to me the many happy meetings and amusing incidents of her excursion. She had gone through a long narration of the sayings and doings of aunts and cousins, and had given me a full list of new members of several families which we remembered in their simple elements, when the fathers and mothers were girls and boys, innocent of all thoughts of matrimony, and ignorant of its joys and sorrows. She enumerated the births, deaths and marriages of a whole village, in each individual resident of which we had felt more or less interest in our early years, and detailed their various changes of fortune and situation. In fact she brought up many years' arrearages of information, to me of more importance than the result of the Kentucky election, or the fate of the prime match on the Union Course between the best horses of the north and south. The private history of the old associates of my youth, as thus narrated to me, might have afforded a moral to adorn a tale of much higher interest than this I am now writing.

"And you saw my Aunt Deborah," said I. "Pray how does she look, and what did she say? I remember the eccentric old soul, as if the ten long years since I have seen her had been but as many months. Many a lecture did she utter on the extravagance, the impetuosity, and the recklessness of my boyhood; and much did she preach to me of prudence and moderation, I fear, in vain. Does she still remember my wild pranks?"

"Oh yes—but her censure of your wildness was so mingled with praises of your good qualities, that I doubt whether she would have permitted another person to speak ill, even of those points in your character which she blamed the most."

"Kind old woman! It was so when I was a boy. She was perpetually lecturing, and yet she was most kind to me. And somehow, in spite of her irksome admonitions, for which I had then no great relish, I soon discovered that I was a favorite with her."

"On one point she was particularly urgent. She questioned me whether you had as yet learned the value of money, observing, that in your younger days you had been a good-for-nothing little spendthrift."

"I hope you did not deceive the good old lady. It would be but fair that she should know that the prudence with which I was not born, has failed as yet of obtaining a lodgment in my head. It would have been a pity to deprive her of the glorious consolation of

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knowing that her predictions of my improvidence have been fully realized."

"Well, I did not think it necessary to inform her of the full extent of your delinquency; but I admitted to her that you had not the gift of *saving*, which she admires so much."

"She often told me that I would never acquire it."

"Oh, now I remember, she charged me to deliver to you a renewed admonition to prudence and economy. 'Tell E*****,' said she, with great solemnity, made still more solemn by the huge pinch of snuff which she disposed of at the moment, 'that he must look forward to the future, and now, while he is prosperous, prepare for a less plentiful time, which may come. Tell him that, unless he studies prudence and economy, sooner or later, *his nose must come to the grindstone.*' I hope you will profit by the exhortation."

"I wish I could, I hope I may," said I, with something like a sigh interrupting for a moment the laugh, which I could not resist, at the expense of my good-hearted aunt Deborah.

Some further conversation occupied us for a short time, when we were admonished by the comparative quiet which had taken place of the bustle below, that it was time to seek such rest as we might find among the crowd.

Those persons who have not travelled in a "night-boat," as a steamer is called which performs its trips during the night, are probably not aware of the kind of lodgings which it affords when the number of passengers is large. The disposal of five hundred lodgers on board a steam boat is no trifling task. The berths are of course limited in number, and when crowded, the floors of the cabins are covered with sleeping contrivances of various descriptions. Settees, cots, and a kind of oblong box, having thin mattresses spread over them, with a sheet and blanket perhaps, are wedged together, each calculated to hold the body of a human being, by the most scanty and economical measurement. The berths are first exhausted by those who are most prompt in looking after their own comfort; and then comes the scramble for the cots, settees, &c. In this contest high words often occur, and in some instances I have heard of serious conflicts for the possession of one of these miserable dormitories.

On this occasion I had enlisted the good offices of the younger Captain Sherman, who promised to secure me a lodging, and when I entered the cabin it was pointed out to me. Numbers had been less fortunate, and unable to procure a place of rest below, had accommodated themselves upon benches, chairs, &c. above,—or wrapped in cloaks, had stretched themselves on the deck. Clambering over those who had already retired, I stretched myself on my pallet. In doing so I awoke my next neighbor, a gigantic Kentuckian, who lay cramped up in his scanty cot, like a stranded leviathan among a shoal of porpoises.

He cast his eyes upon me, and with an ineffectual attempt to extend his limbs, muttered, "Close stowing this, stranger."

I assented to the truth of his remark; but he seemed in no mood for conversation, and was soon fast asleep. The heat was suffocating from the effusions of so many human bodies lying in rows, almost touching each other,

"Thick as the autumnal leaves which strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa."

I found it impossible to sleep. The feverish state of the atmosphere, and the tumult around me, scared the drowsy god from my pillow—[I had no pillow by the way, but made my great coat serve as a substitute for one.] The thundering and crashing of the engine,—the dashing of the paddles in the water—the stamping of feet above our heads—the uproar of many voices, heard at intervals when some order was given to the crew—the *banging* of the wood upon the planks, as it was transferred from the pile to the engine-room—the rumbling of ballast-boxes, as they were occasionally transferred from side to side, for the purpose of *trimming* the steamer—the harsh rattling of the tackle, as a boat was lowered, to land or take off passengers by a *tow line*,* and the simultaneous rush to the gangway of those who were to go on shore, while the subtile fluid which gave motion to our floating caravan, being partially restrained, emitted a wheezing and uncomfortable sound.

But who shall describe the varied and terrific music of the steam engine? I do not attempt it, not doubting that in the march of improvement, the poet will hereafter make it a special theme; and that some American Mayerbeer or Mozart, will consider the composition of a passage by steam from Albany to New York, as affording facilities for expression and contrast, equally sublime with the March in Saul or the Battle of Prague.—Occasionally we came to a dead stop at some some principal landing place. For a moment the engine was hushed, as silent as death; then a feeble whistle was heard from the steam pipe, (sweet, shrill and almost plaintive,) followed by a roar of the imprisoned element, fiercely exulting at its recovered liberty, as it was *let off* from the engine, and rushing forth with such gigantic impulse as to shake every timber in the vessel.—Gradually the roar subsides; slowly, slowly, until a humming sound succeeds, as though all the bees of Hybla were swarming around our heads. Suddenly it ceases, and for a moment the steam is silent. Then again, the hoarse thunder of the machinery commences, the paddles dash the water from beneath them, with giant strides, and the motion of the vessel is distinctly felt, as she rushes onward in her course.

Such were the sounds above which afforded to the hundreds of sleepers a discordant lullaby, sufficiently hostile to repose, one would think, to drive slumber from the eyelids of Somnus himself. But all this "mortal pudder o'er our heads," was less distracting than the concert of discords which was in a course of performance immediately around me, comparatively, it is true, in a *minor key*.—One hundred and fifty *wind instruments* of various constructions and dimensions, were playing *ad-libitum*, in every diversity of tone and time, concertos, fantasias and airs, which breathed of any thing but heaven. Here could be heard the mournful strain of a proboscis which seemed attuned to melan-

* This method of landing and taking off passengers was practised for many years on the Hudson, but finally abolished by law, on account of its risks, several fatal accidents having been caused by it. The steamer was not brought to during the operation; but a tow line attached to the small boat, was run out from the steamer, and drawn in by the machinery with great velocity.

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choly—there, the fierce blast of a nostril which emulated the magic horn of the wild huntsman; while in ludicrous contrast, hard-by were heard the stifled eruptions of a snout, which might have been taken for the rehearsals of an inexperienced porker. One drew in his breath with a painful squeel and a low whistle, and puffed it forth as he would have done in extinguishing a candle—another, began in a gentle strain, "like the sweet south, breathing upon a bed of violets"—gradually rising to a full and manly tone—still gaining strength as it advanced—now louder and more rapid—dashing onward with alarming impetuosity—louder, louder still; and now, the very brink of this musical cataract having been reached—a *crash* ensues, like the termination of that terrific passage in the overture to Der Freyschutz, which almost freezes the blood. The explosion past, this fantastic nose commenced again its tender strains, and again rose to its climax. Another rolled forth a heavy bass, deep, solemn and monotonous, like the muttering of distant thunder, or the roar of the vexed ocean heaving its waves on the shore after a storm. Another, with teeth compressed, seemed to draw in breath repeatedly without respiration, and suddenly to disembogue this over supply of air with a single emphatic snort, which threw his mouth open to its full extent. Some squeeled continuously; some groaned; and others whistled through their mouths in drawing in breath, and through their noses, in respiring it.

It will not be wondered that I could not sleep, yet my fellow travellers seemed unannoyed. I fell into a train of profound thought upon the causes of the various cadences of different noses, and puzzled myself upon the shapes and dimensions suitable to produce certain simple or compound tones in the concert. In following out these reflections, I wondered what description of music I must make myself, and could not but wish to hear myself snore—(a thing I believe impossible.) I could not avoid handling my own nose, to fix according to my imperfect theory, the extent and character of its musical capacity. By an association of ideas, the consideration of this question brought back to my mind the prophecy of aunt Deborah. I pondered upon it until the reflections which it suggested became painful. I endeavored to banish it from my thoughts, but could not entirely succeed. After a considerable time, I fell into a kind of *snooze*—a state which was neither absolute sleeping or waking—a kind of conscious unconsciousness, partaking of both in nearly equal degrees. Visions of imaginary objects glanced before me, which seemed to partake of or to be blended with the scene and sounds around me. Dim figures came and went between me and the lamp, hanging at the extremity of the cabin, on which my eye was fixed. Among these beings my aunt Deborah two or three times made her appearance; her starch'd cap, peaked nose, and keen grey eye, were not to be mistaken. I could identify even her tortoise snuff-box, which seemed as new as when I saw it ten years ago. Her look was rigid and menacing, and seemed to bode me no good—for I dreaded a lecture. These objects were the materials of dreams:—active thought and volition had nothing to do with their production. Yet my eyes were open,—my senses were awake. I could see and mark the motion of the red curtains, swinging to and fro—I still heard the unwearied nasal minstrelsey to which I have alluded, as distinctly as before.

The philosophers, I believe, have explained this contradictory state of the body and mind. I fear I have not described it so as to make myself clearly understood; but I am no philosopher, unless it be a laughing one. Those who have experienced a visitation of the "night mare," will I presume, comprehend my meaning.—I am not aware that this state of things had ceased, but believe the combat between real and unreal impressions was still going on in my mind, when I plainly perceived two large, gaunt blackamoors (whom I well remembered to have seen when at home in Richmond, pursuing their daily toil in Myers's tobacco factory,) descend the cabin stairs, and approach the spot where I lay. The obstacles of a crowded room did not seem to impede them; and I soon felt their iron grasp on my limbs. I was lifted by them from my pallet, and borne, I know not how, up the stairs, past the engine, to the forward deck. I endeavored from the moment they laid hands on me, to struggle with them; but my limbs were powerless: I endeavored to call out, and awaken my fellow lodgers; but my voice had lost its sound, my tongue seemed paralyzed: I could not articulate a syllable. The cold sweat of terror stood upon my brow. I had a presentiment that some awful fate awaited me, but I could form no conception what it was to be.

At the place where they halted in their progress, I saw a huge grindstone, from behind which a little black urchin leaped up, and seizing the handle, commenced turning it with surprising velocity, looking into my face and laughing with that hearty glee so peculiar to the cachinations of his race. I knew the imp too well, for I had seen him in his tatters an hundred times, hopping the gutters in front of the Eagle Hotel. A horrible consciousness of my fate now flashed upon me. The prophesy of my aunt Deborah came into my mind, and I felt that it was to be fulfilled. I cast my eyes around me in despair, when they fell upon the figure of the old lady herself, standing upon the prow of the vessel. Her look was severe and reproachful. The finger of her right hand was uplifted, as if she would have said, "I have warned you in vain!"—while her left hand conveyed a pinch of snuff to her nostrils, which they received with an inspiration so keen that it hissed in my ears like hot iron. My glance at this figure was but momentary. Scarce had the imp commenced turning the instrument upon which I had now become aware that I was to be tortured, when the Titans in whose gripe I was held, forced my head downward, until my proboscis rested upon the revolving stone, and I felt its horrid inroads upon that sensitive member. The first excoriation was severe. I writhed and struggled to free myself, but the power which held me was indomitable. Gradually the urchin relaxed in the rapidity of his motions—the stone revolved slowly, and I saw that my torment was to be a lingering one.

In the midst of their task the inhuman wretches began to chaunt songs and incantations adapted to the horrid ceremony. I remember some snatches of the ballads they sung. Never shall I forget them, for the cruel mockery of their fiendish merriment was more galling than the pain I endured, or the awful reflection

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that I must pass the rest of my days the noseless object of pity and contempt. One of the stanzas ran thus:

De man who hold he nose too high
Mus' be brought low:
Put him on de grinstone
And grind him off slow.
Wheel about, and turn about,
And wheel about slow;
And every time he wheel about
De nose must go.

I was at no loss to recognize in this a parody on a popular ballad by James Crow, Esquire, very skilfully arranged for the piano-forte by Mr. Zephaniah Coon; and I despised my tormentors the more for their plagiarism and want of originality. At the end of each *refrain*, the barbarians sent forth as a kind of supplementary chorus, shouts of laughter, which seemed to come from their very souls. It was none of your civilized *ha ha's*—nor your modish *he he's*—but the hearty, pectoral *yeoh yeoh yeoh* of the unsophisticated "*nigger*."

All this time my nose was gradually diminishing. The imp at the handle turned it slowly but steadily; the grasp upon my shoulders was firm, and the pressure upon my head was so heavy, that the inexorable stone was fast penetrating flesh, cartilage and bone, and reducing to a level the inequalities of my visage. This could not last forever; and at length I felt that the sacrifice had been consummated—the friction of the stone upon my cheeks, gave fearful evidence that what had been a nose, existed no longer, and brought the horrid reflection that I was noseless! That the pride of my countenance was gone, and forever!

The awful consciousness of my bereavement made me desperate, and strung up my sinews to a gigantic effort for freedom and revenge.—Suddenly the grasp upon my body was loosened, and as suddenly the agents and the instrument of my torment vanished.

I awoke, covered with perspiration and in a mortal tremor. The cabin was dark, and but for the snoring of my neighbors, I should not have known where I was. My nose was still suffering a most uncomfortable sensation, and I breathed with difficulty from some unknown obstruction. Although instantly aware that, to use the language of Molly Brown, I had merely "dreampt a dream," I instinctively lifted my hand to my face to reassure myself that my nose remained in undiminished amplitude and longitude. In searching for that interesting feature, I found that it was eclipsed and borne down by some weighty substance, which the sense of feeling soon informed me was the ponderous fist of my Kentucky neighbor, who had in shifting his position during his slumbers, unceremoniously thrust it into my face. I was cramped for room, and tugged to rid myself of the incumbrance, when its owner awoke.

"Halloo stranger!" said he, "you kick about like an eel out of water."

I explained to him the cause of my uneasiness, for which he briefly asked my pardon; and re-adjusting himself, again fell asleep. I could not follow his example, my mind being occupied in recalling the incidents and sensations of my dream, which fully engaged my thoughts until I was made aware, by the shouting and scampering upon deck, that we had reached New York.

And now for the *moral* which I promised my readers. It is this—Do not think too much of your nose—or hold it too high,—lest it should be brought to the grindstone in good earnest; and moreover, never sleep in a steam boat cabin, where men are planted, like Indian corn, *in rows*—if you can avoid it.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MORELLA—A TALE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Auto kath' auto meth' autou, mono eides ael on.
Itself—alone by itself—eternally *one* and single.
Plato. Sympos.

With a feeling of deep but most singular affection I regarded my friend Morella. Thrown by accident into her society many years ago, my soul, from our first meeting, burned with fires it had never known—but the fires were not of Eros—and bitter and tormenting to my eager spirit was the gradual conviction that I could in no manner define their unusual meaning, or regulate their vague intensity. Yet we met: and Fate bound us together at the altar: and I never spoke of love, or thought of passion. She, however, shunned society, and, attaching herself to me alone, rendered me happy. It is a happiness to wonder. It is a happiness to dream.

Morella's erudition was profound. As I hope to live, her talents were of no common order—her powers of mind were gigantic. I felt this, and in many matters became her pupil. I soon, however, found that Morella, perhaps on account of her Presburg education, laid before me a number of those mystical writings which are usually considered the mere dross of the early German literature. These, for what reasons I could not imagine, were her favorite and constant study: and that in process of time they became my own, should be attributed to the simple but effectual influence of habit and example.

In all this, if I err not, my reason had little to do. My convictions, or I forget myself, were in no manner acted upon by my imagination, nor was any tincture of the mysticism which I read, to be discovered, unless I am greatly mistaken, either in my deeds or in my thoughts. Feeling deeply persuaded of this I abandoned myself more implicitly to the guidance of my wife, and entered with a bolder spirit into the intricacy of her studies. And then—then, when poring over forbidden pages I felt the spirit kindle within me, would Morella place her cold hand upon my own, and rake up from the ashes of a dead philosophy some low singular words, whose strange meaning burnt themselves in upon my memory: and then hour after hour would I linger by her side, and dwell upon the music of her thrilling voice, until at length its melody was tinged with terror and fell like a shadow upon my soul, and I grew pale, and shuddered inwardly at those too unearthly tones—and thus Joy suddenly faded into Horror, and the most beautiful became the most hideous, as Hinnon became Ge-Henna.

It is unnecessary to state the exact character of these disquisitions, which, growing out of the volumes I have mentioned, formed, for so long a time, almost the sole conversation of Morella and myself. By the learned in what might be termed theological morality they will be readily conceived, and by the unlearned they would, at all events, be little understood. The wild Pantheism of

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Fitche—the modified Παλιγγενεσια of the Pythagoreans—and, above all, the doctrines of *Identity* as urged by Schelling were generally the points of discussion presenting the most of beauty to the imaginative Morella. That *Identity* which is not improperly called *Personal*, I think Mr. Locke truly defines to consist in the sameness of a rational being. And since by person we understand an intelligent essence having reason, and since there is a consciousness which always accompanies thinking, it is this which makes us all to be that which we call *ourselves*—thereby distinguishing us from other beings that think, and giving us our personal identity. But the Principium Individuationis—the notion of that Identity *which at death is, or is not lost forever*, was to me, at all times, a consideration of intense interest, not more from the mystical and exciting nature of its consequences, than from the marked and agitated manner in which Morella mentioned them.

But, indeed, the time had now arrived when the mystery of my wife's manner oppressed me like a spell. I could no longer bear the touch of her wan fingers, nor the low tone of her musical language, nor the lustre of her melancholy eyes. And she knew all this but did not upbraid. She seemed conscious of my weakness, or my folly—and, smiling, called it Fate. She seemed also conscious of a cause, to me unknown, for the gradual alienation of my regard; but she gave me no hint or token of its nature. Yet was she woman, and pined away daily. In time the crimson spot settled steadily upon the cheek, and the blue veins upon the pale forehead became prominent: and one instant my nature melted into pity, but in the next I met the glance of her meaning eyes, and my soul sickened and became giddy with the giddiness of one who gazes downward into some dreary and fathomless abyss.

Shall I then say that I long'd with an earnest and consuming desire for the moment of Morella's decease? I did. But the fragile spirit clung to its tenement of clay for many days—for many weeks and irksome months—until my tortured nerves obtained the mastery over my mind, and I grew furious with delay, and with the heart of a fiend I cursed the days, and the hours, and the bitter moments which seemed to lengthen, and lengthen as her gentle life declined—like shadows in the dying of the day.

But one autumnal evening, when the winds lay still in Heaven, Morella called me to her side. There was a dim mist over all the earth, and a warm glow upon the waters, and amid the rich October leaves of the forest a rainbow from the firmament had surely fallen. As I came, she was murmuring in a low under-tone, which trembled with fervor, the words of a Catholic hymn:

Sancta Maria! turn thine eyes
Upon the sinner's sacrifice
Of fervent prayer, and humble love,
From thy holy throne above.

At morn, at noon, at twilight dim,
Maria! thou hast heard my hymn.
In joy and wo, in good and ill,
Mother of God! be with me still.

When my hours flew gently by,
And no storms were in the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy love did guide to thine and thee.

Now, when clouds of Fate o'ercast
All my Present, and my Past,
Let my Future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine.

'It is a day of days'—said Morella—'a day of all days either to live or die. It is a fair day for the sons of Earth and Life—ah! more fair for the daughters of Heaven and Death.'

I turned towards her, and she continued.

'I am dying—yet shall I live. Therefore for me, Morella, thy wife, hath the charnel house no terrors—mark me!—not even the terrors of the *worm*. The days have never been when thou couldst love me; but her whom in life thou didst abhor, in death thou shalt adore.'

'Morella!'

'I repeat that I am dying. But within me is a pledge of that affection—ah, how little! which you felt for me, Morella. And when my spirit departs shall the child live—thy child and mine, Morella's. But thy days shall be days of sorrow—that sorrow which is the most lasting of impressions, as the cypress is the most enduring of trees. For the hours of thy happiness are over, and Joy is not gathered twice in a life, as the roses of Pæstum twice in a year. Thou shalt not, then, play the Teian with Time, but, being ignorant of the myrtle and the vine, thou shalt bear about with thee thy shroud on earth, like the Moslemin at Mecca.'

'Morella!'—I cried—'Morella! how knowest thou this?'——but she turned away her face upon the pillow, and, a slight tremor coming over her limbs, she thus died, and I heard her voice no more.

Yet, as she had foreseen, her child—to which in dying she had given birth, and which breathed not till the mother breathed no more—her child, a daughter, lived. And she grew strangely in size and intellect, and was the perfect resemblance of her who had departed, and I loved her with a love more fervent and more intense than I believed it possible to feel on earth.

But ere long the Heaven of this pure affection became overcast; and Gloom, and Horror, and Grief came over it in clouds. I said the child grew strangely in stature and intelligence. Strange indeed was her rapid increase in bodily size—but terrible, oh! terrible were the tumultuous thoughts which crowded upon me while watching the development of her mental being. Could it be otherwise, when I daily discovered in the conceptions of the child the adult powers and faculties of the woman?—when the lessons of experience fell from the lips of infancy? and when the wisdom or the passions of maturity I found hourly gleaming from its full and speculative eye? When, I say, all this became evident to my appalled senses—when I could no longer hide it from my soul, nor throw it off from those perceptions which trembled to receive it, is it to be wondered at that suspicions of a nature fearful, and exciting, crept in upon my spirit, or that my thoughts fell back aghast upon the wild tales and thrilling theories of the entombed Morella? I snatched from the scrutiny of the world a being whom Destiny compelled me to adore, and in the rigid seclusion of my ancestral home, I watched with an agonizing anxiety over all which concerned my daughter.

And as years rolled away, and daily I gazed upon

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her eloquent and mild and holy face, and pored over her maturing form, did I discover new points of resemblance in the child to her mother—the melancholy, and the dead. And hourly grew darker these shadows, as it were, of similitude, and became more full, and more definite, and more perplexing, and to me more terrible in their aspect. For that her smile was like her mother's I could bear—but then I shuddered at its too perfect *identity:* that her eyes were Morella's own I could endure—but then they looked down too often into the depths of my soul with Morella's intense and bewildering meaning. And in the contour of the high forehead, and in the ringlets of the silken hair, and in the wan fingers which buried themselves therein, and in the musical tones of her speech, and above all—oh! above all, in the phrases and expressions of the dead on the lips of the loved and the living, I found food for consuming thought and horror—for a worm that would not die.

Thus passed away two lustrums of her life, yet my daughter remained nameless upon the earth. 'My child' and 'my love' were the designations usually prompted by a father's affection, and the rigid seclusion of her days precluded all other intercourse. Morella's name died with her at her death. Of the mother I had never spoken to the daughter—it was impossible to speak. Indeed during the brief period of her existence the latter had received no impressions from the outward world but such as might have been afforded by the narrow limits of her privacy. But at length the ceremony of baptism presented to my mind in its unnerved and agitated condition, a present deliverance from the horrors of my destiny. And at the baptismal font I hesitated for a name. And many titles of the wise and beautiful, of antique and modern times, of my own and foreign lands, came thronging to my lips—and many, many fair titles of the gentle, and the happy and the good. What prompted me then to disturb the memory of the buried dead? What demon urged me to breathe that sound, which, in its very recollection, was wont to make ebb and flow the purple blood in tides from the temples to the heart? What fiend spoke from the recesses of my soul, when amid those dim aisles, and in the silence of the night, I shrieked within the ears of the holy man the syllables, Morella? What more than fiend convulsed the features of my child and overspread them with the hues of death, as, starting at that sound, she turned her glassy eyes from the Earth to Heaven, and falling prostrate upon the black slabs of her ancestral vault, responded 'I am here!'

Distinct, coldly, calmly distinct—like a knell of death—horrible, horrible death, sank the eternal sounds within my soul. Years—years may roll away, but the memory of that epoch—never! Now was I indeed ignorant of the flowers and the vine—but the hemlock and the cypress overshadowed me night and day. And I kept no reckoning of time or place, and the stars of my Fate faded from Heaven, and, therefore, my spirit grew dark, and the figures of the earth passed by me like flitting shadows, and among them all I beheld only—Morella. The winds of the firmament breathed but one sound within my ears, and the ripples upon the sea murmured evermore—Morella. But she died, and with my own hands I bore her to the tomb, and I laughed, with a long and bitter laugh as I found no traces of the first in the charnel where I laid the second—Morella.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

CONTENT'S MISHAP:

A VERITABLE HISTORY.

BY PERTINAX PLACID, ESQUIRE.

CONTENT once dwelt in humble cot
  Beside a stream with music flowing,
Embower'd in shade—a verdant spot—
  Woodbines and wild flowers round it growing.

There NATURE lavish of her store
  Breath'd fragrance over plain and mountain;
A soft entrancing aspect wore,
  And sang sweet strains by brook and fountain.

Within the cot where dwelt the maid
  PEACE ever reign'd, with mild dominion,
And LOVE, reform'd, no longer stray'd,
  But loos'd his bow, and furl'd his pinion.

There PLENTY crown'd each savory meal
  With simple food from NATURE's bounty;
And HEALTH contemn'd the boasted skill
  Of all the Doctors in the county.

One morning PRIDE, a city belle,
  In FASHION's gaudiest trappings glaring,
The fragrant meads for once to smell,
  That way had driven to take an airing.

By chance, a vagrant cloud sent down
  A shower to cool the sultry weather,
When PRIDE protested with a frown,
  'Twould spoil her riding-hat and feather.

CONTENT's snug dwelling stood hard by,
  And thither PRIDE her car directed:
Welcomed with homely courtesy,
  She smiled to find her dress protected.

The first brief salutations o'er,
  PRIDE view'd with scorn the humble cottage.
Its narrow rooms, its sanded floor—
  And turn'd her nose up at the pottage.

Then thus, to meek CONTENT she spoke:
  "I wonder so genteel a maiden
Should dwell in this secluded nook,
  As dull as ever hermit pray'd in.

'Tis shameful such a form and face
  Should hide themselves in this mean hovel:
That so much loveliness and grace
  Should with such stupid people grovel.

How would you grace those splendid halls
  Where I and PLEASURE lead the million!
There you would shine at routes and balls,
  Queen of the *waltz* and gay *cotillion*.

These humdrum folks you live with now
  Are *cut* by all who aim at fashion:
To see you so beset, I vow,
  It puts me quite into a passion.

Here's PEACE, a tiresome, dowdy thing,
  Fit only for the chimney corner,
To listen while the crickets sing,
  And teach the brats their *Jacky Horner*.

PLENTY is well enough 'tis true,
  Where hungry peasants gorge their rations;
But her rude fare would never do,
  For FASHION's delicate collations.

And LOVE,—who once was all the rage,
  And turn'd the heads of half the city,

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Dealing his shafts on youth and age,
As you have learnt from many a ditty—
Has long been voted quite a bore,
He made so many a sad miscarriage;
And now, the part he play'd before,
CONVENIENCE takes at every marriage.

This rustic-looking, sheepish boy
I ne'er should dream was master CUPID,—
Whom once I knew so full of joy—
He looks so quiet and so stupid.

I cannot bear that you should dwell
In such a lonely sequestration,
When you might reign a city belle,
And taste the sweets of admiration.

Come then, nor longer tarry here
In this retreat so lone and dreary:
In PLEASURE's brilliant throng appear,
Where TIME's bright pinions never weary."

The artless nymph, ta'en unawares,
Was dazzled by PRIDE's invitation;
But still she fear'd the City's snares,
And answer'd with great hesitation.

She said a happy life she led,
That care had ne'er her bosom enter'd
Tho' tenant of an humble shed,
Here all the joys she ask'd for centred.

But PRIDE protested 'twas a sin,
That so perversely she should prattle,
When HOPE, (the jade) who just dropp'd in
That moment—closed the wordy battle.

HOPE whisper'd in the maiden's ear—
What 'twas I never could discover,—
But from her beaming eye, 'twas clear
CONTENT's resistance all was over.

Suffice to say, the car was brought,
The ladies in it soon were seated:
PRIDE took the reins, and quick as thought,
The valley from their vision fleeted.

'Tis true CONTENT some sorrow felt
At leaving PEACE and LOVE behind her;
But HOPE sat by, and fondly dwelt
On all the happiness design'd her.

* * * * *

Soon by Dame FASHION's mystic aid
CONTENT became another creature;
Such *art* was in her form display'd,
She needed not the charms of nature.

* * * * *

Behold our country maiden now!
In PLEASURE's train a gay attendant;
Before her throng'd admirers bow;
Her beauty was pronounced transcendent.

In every scene where PLEASURE reign'd
Content was found, a radiant charmer;
And while the novelty remain'd,
Her wild career did not alarm her.

Months pass'd in one continued round
Of parties, balls, and routes and levees,
And tired CONTENT at length had found
No happiness in PLEASURE's bevies.

Jaded in this unceasing maze,
Her eye grew dim, her cheek grew pallid:
PRIDE only could her spirits raise,
And oft her melancholy rallied.

But long even PRIDE could not hold out;
Sorely the maid her change repented—
Her dreams had all been put to route—
CONTENT was sadly discontented.

One morning HOPE, who scarce had seen
The maiden since she sought the City,
To make a flying call, popp'd in,—
And saw her alter'd looks with pity.

"Ah faithless HOPE!" exclaim'd CONTENT:
"Why did you flatter and deceive me—
Why urge the step I now repent,
And be the first to scorn and leave me.

Oh, but for you, deceitful friend,
I still had lived untouch'd by SORROW,
Where beauteous flowers their fragrance blend,
Nor blushes from cosmetics borrow.

I might have dwelt, a happy maid,
With PEACE and LOVE, in blest seclusion,
Afar from FASHION's dull parade,
Her endless throngs of gay confusion.

Fain would I to my cottage fly,
But PRIDE resists, and SHAME upbraids me;
And PLEASURE, ever hovering nigh
With some delusive tale dissuades me."

HOPE, with a woman's ready wit,
From all reproach herself defended;
And forced her listner to admit
Her counsel "*for the best*" intended.

* * * * *

CONTENT at length "made up her mind"
('Gainst PRIDE's usurp'd control rebelling,)
To leave the bustling town behind,
And seek again her humble dwelling.

'Twas a bright morn in early Spring,
When, HOPE her languid steps attending,
Through vales where birds were on the wing,
To that lone cot the maid was wending.

The sun shone bright on hill and lea,
The flowers from leafy shades were peeping;
The brook ran murmuring merrily,
And flocks were in the valleys leaping.

The Cottage reach'd, she met once more
The smile of PEACE, and LOVE's embraces;
JOY lit the maiden's eye again,
And from her brow chased sorrow's traces.

Soon HEALTH return'd, with genial glow,
Her languid frame with strength induing,
The blood resumed its wonted flow,
The roses on her cheeks renewing.

HOPE views the change with fond delight;
Vows from CONTENT she ne'er will sever;
Controls each wild impassion'd flight,
And points where mercy beams forever.

What more could Providence bestow
To yield CONTENT an added blessing?
Each hour her heart's pure offerings flow,
To Heaven its gratitude addressing.

And ever since, CONTENT has dwelt
From the gay crowd, in vale secluded:—
Their joyless strife she once has felt,
And cannot be again deluded.

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Oft have I seen the humble roof,
Where, with PEACE, LOVE and HOPE uniting,
She dwells, from worldly cares aloof,
Even while her story I am writing.

The following beautiful reply to the stanzas of Mr. Wilde, published in the first number of the Messenger, is attributed to Mrs. Buckley, the wife of a distinguished physician of Baltimore, a lady whose fine taste and poetic capacity are most happily displayed in these touching lines. The answer is a very perfect counterpart of Mr. Wilde's stanzas, and if we were called on to decide upon their relative merits, we do not know which of the two would most demand our admiration.

ANSWER

To "My Life is Like the Summer Rose."

The dews of night may fall from Heaven,
Upon the wither'd *rose's* bed,
And tears of fond regret be given,
To mourn the virtues of the dead:
Yet morning's sun the dews will dry,
And tears will fade from sorrow's eye,
Affection's pangs be lull'd to sleep,
And even love forget to *weep*.

The *tree* may mourn its fallen *leaf*,
And autumn winds bewail its bloom,
And friends may heave the sigh of grief,
O'er those who sleep within the tomb:
Yet soon will spring renew the flowers,
And time will bring more smiling hours;
In friendship's heart all grief will die,
And even love forget to *sigh*.

The *sea* may on the desert *shore*
Lament each *trace* it bears away;
The lonely heart its grief may pour
O'er cherish'd friendship's fast decay:
Yet when all trace is lost and gone,
The waves dance bright and gaily on;
Thus soon affection's bonds are torn,
And even love forgets to *mourn*.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO —— ——

We parted—not as lovers part—
No tear was in thine eye;
No mantling blush was on thy cheek,
Thy bosom heaved no sigh;
Yet there was something in thine air
That seemed to all unmoved,—
Something that told my bursting heart,
Dearest, that I was loved.

For, when I took thy gentle hand
To bid a short adieu,
Methought within my trembling clasp,
That white hand trembled too;
And when too, from my faltering tongue
The parting accents fell,
Thou didst not, dearest—can it be
Thou couldst not say farewell!

Forgive, if I have boldly erred—
If fancy 'twere alone,
That check'd thy voice, and lent thy hand
The tremors of my own.
Forgive, forgive the daring thought—
Forgive the hopes—the love—
That bids me seek thee soon again,
My bliss or wo to prove. T. H. T.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

WHAT I LOVE.

I love to stray at early morn,
'Mid flowers along the verdant dale,
Inhale the fragrance of the thorn,
And hear the Dove's low plaintive wail.

I love within some forest deep,
At sultry noon reclined to lie,
And watch the fleecy clouds that creep,
With quiet pace along the sky.

I love at quiet eve to go,
Far from the noisy crowd, and dream
Of all the glorious hopes which throw
Their sunshine o'er life's gloomy stream.

But more than all, at silent night,
I love with one fair form to rove,
Beneath the pale moon's pensive light,
And whisper burning words of love.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO —— ——

Let not your heart be troubled.—*John* 14: 1.

LET Ocean swell with angry spite,
And yawn and lash the heedless shore;
And billows rage with mount'nous height,
As if they'd be at peace no more.
Let storm 'gainst storm their fury hurl,
And loudly roar with fearful might,
Till sea and land—yea, all the world—
May seem to grope in trouble's night.

But let *thy heart* thy Saviour know,
Whose word once calmed the troubled deep,
Who spake to winds that dared to blow,
And *hushed* them in the lap of sleep.
Tis He can quell each rising sigh,
And calm thy heart from cruel fears,
As when the storms in silence lie,
And not a wave the Ocean mars. SIWEL.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

AN ITALIAN EXTRAVAGANZA.

Addressed to a beautiful lady.

SE tutti gli alberi del mondo
Fossero penne—
Il cielo fosse carta,
Il mare, inchiostro—
Non basterebbero a descrivere
La minima parte della vostra perfezione!

AN ATTEMPT AT TRANSLATION.

Could we the sky's unbounded range,
To paper all convert—
And had we power, miraculous, to change,
To *pens*, the *trees*,
To *ink*, the *seas*—
These would not all suffice to paint, in part,
The rich perfections of thy mind and heart—
Thy *graces*—thy *desert*! ELIA.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

WHERE IS MY HEART?

BY ALEX. LACEY BEARD.

Where is my heart?
Its place of rest is not within this aching breast;—
Where does it dwell?
It is not in the glittering hall,
Where sunbright glances gaily fall
'Neath pleasure's spell.

Where is my heart?
Not in the crowd 'mid mirth and wine and revel loud;—
It is not there.
Nor is it where the summer's sky
Gives birth to flowers of brightest dye
And balmy air.

Where is my heart?
Upon the sea, where dwell the joyous and the free,
It has not gone.
My withered heart, it has not flown
Where love or hope or joy is known,
Or pleasures dawn.

Where is my heart?
To the cold grave, where yew and cypress darkly wave,
My heart has fled.
Yes, where the form it worshipped sleeps,
My blighted heart its vigil keeps,
Beside the dead.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

INVOCATION.

Come my love—O! come with me,
We will wander wild and free,—
Where the pale moon sheds her light,
And the dew-drops glisten bright;—
Where is heard the gurgling flow
Of the streamlet, we will go,
And our joyous feet shall tread,
Near the humble violets bed.
We will breathe the rich perfume,
Born of fragrant flowers in bloom;
All that's sweet and all that's fair,
From green earth or scented air,
Nature brings in vesture gay,
Laughing strews around our way.

We will seek the shady grove,
Through its mazes we will rove,
Sit upon the moss-grown seat,
And our youthful vows repeat.
Years have passed since we were there,
Still thy cheeks are fresh and fair,
Not a single care-worn line,
Mars that lovely brow of thine.
Many gay and gladsome hours,
We have spent in sunny bowers;
Not one cloud of care or strife,
E'er has dimmed our path thro' life,—
And our pilgrimage doth seem
As one long and happy dream.

Come my love the Moon's on high,
Sailing o'er the summer sky,
And the stars are twinkling through
Boundless fields of azure-blue—
Faintly from the leafy trees,
Sighs the balmy southern breeze.
Down the valley we will stray,
Where the night-flowers scent the way;
Arm in arm we'll wander o'er
Many a scene beloved of yore;
Tell the oft repeated tale,
By the fountain in the vale,—
Talk of deep, confiding love,
And of hearts that never rove.

Aldie, Va. ALEX. LACEY BEARD.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

AUTUMN.

Come to the forests, while the leaves are falling
In rustling showers from every yielding bough—
Seek the wild haunts, where, save some lone bird calling
Its mate departed, all is silence now.

Leave the bright hearth, where love and peace are smiling,
To dream awhile 'midst Autumn's falling leaves,
To watch her power the Summer's charms despoiling -
As time of early joys the heart bereaves.

There, as the year's bright glories fade around thee
Bring home the lesson to thy saddened heart;
Muse on the loves and friendships that have bound thee,
Which thou hast seen like autumn leaves depart.

Or if the Past yield no sad recollection,
Upon the Future let thy thoughts be cast;
Nor check the current of the sad reflection
That whispers, human life is fleeting fast.

Then bow to Him, in meek and low contrition,
Whose Wisdom, full of Mercy, doth ordain
To man a second spring in realms elysian,
Where the bright hues of Summer ever reign.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

NAPOLEON.

Aye! there he lies,—the mighty one!
Death's hand is on him now;
And fearfully he puts his seal
Upon that haughty brow.

What boots it that his own proud name
In foreign lands has rung?
That orators his fame have spoke,
That bards his deeds have sung?

What boots it that the hills of Spain
Shook 'neath his lordly tread—
That with the blood of her best sons,
Her vallies' streams ran red?

That over Moscow's battlements,
His flag-folds he shook out—
That e'en the lofty pyramids
Rang with his charging shout?

He who subdu'd so many lands,
Must now from England crave
(Although she is his deadliest foe)
What man last wants—a grave!

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Mr. White,—You have published at page 199 of your January number, four outlandish-looking lines, with a hope that some one of your numerous readers may not only be able to inform your correspondent who furnished them, in what language they are written, but let him still further into the secret by giving their meaning. Happening to know a little of the Gaelic, I have no hesitation in saying that that is the tongue in which they are written; and further, I think I have succeeded, after a good deal of trouble, in discovering to a certainty that they are a translation of the first stanza of Sappho's celebrated Ode addressed "*To the Beloved Fair*," and commented upon at some length by Longinus, in the tenth section of his De Sublimitate. The stanza in question runs thus:

[For want of proper type we cannot give it in the Greek.—*Ed.*]

Videtur mihi ille æqualis Diis
Esse Vir, qui oppositus tibi
Sedet, et prope te dulce loquentem audit
Et rides amabiliter.

Blest as the immortal Gods is he
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

An interesting critique upon the Ode, with the whole of Ambrose Philips' spirited translation of it, is to be met with in the two hundred and twenty-ninth number of the Spectator. Yours, &c. UDOCH.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE FINE ARTS.

No. II.

——If the painter saw
Naught but the prose of things, and dared but draw
The literal, aged, uninspiring truth,
And saw not nature in her winged youth
Her rainbow aspect, when she stands array'd
In floods of sunshine and in nights of shade,
What would he gain?—*Barry Cornwall.*

In my last number, I undertook to show, that "uncultivated taste, is incapable of estimating excellence in art" and that, "the beautiful in nature, like philosophy and science, can only be comprehended by those who study it profoundly and observe it habitually." But those who think nature an unveiled beauty to be gazed upon by every wanton eye, or that the arts aspire no higher than the "prose of things;" those who are resolved to admire what they like, rather than learn to like that which is admirable, may spare themselves the trouble of reading this article,—as my object is, to instruct the teachable, to ramble with the lover of nature amidst the shades of rural life, and converse with the amateur of art, about all that is excellent in ancient or modern works.

Before we can perceive what is beautiful in art, we must comprehend what is beautiful in nature; and without entering into the abstruse question of *beauty*, which has so much divided the erudite in all ages, we may say, that every thing from the hand of the Creator is beautiful in its *proper place:* and it is precisely this, that is beautiful in art. But to know the place where beauteous nature lurks, and to trace the harmony and fitness of every object to the part it supplies in the picturesque of scenery, requires a mind

"——by nature's charms impress'd,
An ardor ever burning in the breast,
A zeal for truth, a power of thought intense;
A fancy, flowering on the stems of sense;
A mem'ry as the grave retentive, vast
That holds to rise again, the imprison'd past."

Beauty is not confined to the waving line of Hogarth, or to objects smooth and soft, as Mr. Burke thought, but is multiform in nature, and therefore admits of a diversity of tastes; yet it is not an arbitrary principle subject to the fancy of every individual, but like harmony in music, it vibrates on the imagination and affections of a cultivated mind, as doth the octave in a well tuned instrument;—the tutored ear perceives the slightest discordance in sounds, and the cultivated eye detects with equal facility the want of harmony in art or nature. It has been said "that the peasant youth, would require more red in the cheek of his beauty, than would be agreeable to a man of cultivated taste," and the inference was, "that the delicate is more beautiful than the florid," but in fact, they are each beautiful in their *place.* In rustic life, amidst the scenes of the vintage, in the hay field, or milking the cow—how beauteous is the flush and healthful bloom of the cottage maiden! The ruby lip and liquid laughing eye bespeak the joyous heart, pleased with its vocation. Here, the delicate and courtly dame of polished life would appear unequal to the task; would be incongruous to the scene, and as much out of place as epic verse in pastoral poetry;—yet in her proper sphere

"——those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart,"

she moves the attractive star of cultivated taste.

The choice of these subjects, constitutes the difference between the Dutch and the Italian schools of art. The former painted pastoral scenery with a fidelity incomparably superior to the Italians, yet greatly inferior in the higher excellencies of art. They are justly admired for their attention to detail, to exact finish, and all the results of "mere mechanic pains," but are void of classical taste, of moral instruction, and the poetry of the imagination, that highest effort of genius. Their works may therefore be beautiful, but never sublime, and their attempts at historic painting degrade it to something worse than caricature. I remember to have seen in the Louvre, a little painting of this school, designed for "Peter denying his Lord in Pilate's house." The interior was a *Holland kitchen;* boors *were smoking* before a *chimney* place, or *playing at cards* on a tub reversed; a coarse looking woman held Peter by his collar, and chanticleer sat perched on a beam of the house. The costume and furniture were equally out of keeping, but executed with the most harmonious tone and finest touch of the pencil. Now the same subject in the schools of Italy would represent a hall becoming the governor of Judea, soldiers in Roman costume would be grouped around an antique vase of embers, placed upon a tripod, and Peter would quail under the pert recognition of a beautiful damsel; the grey dawn would appear through the intercolumniations of the portico, and the warning

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clarion of the cock would be expressed on the brow of the conscience-stricken Apostle.

This may not be considered a fair comparison, but rather the antithesis of the two schools. What then shall we take as the highest effort of Dutch genius? The Bull of Paul Potter!* As well might we compare a wax figure of Tecumseh with the Apollo Belvidere, or the Sleeping Beauty with the Venus de Medicis. But, if indeed, it be the highest effort of genius to produce an *exact representation* of things, the modeller in wax, is superior to the sculptor in marble, and the Bull at the Hague, to the Transfiguration in the Vatican. As no one of any pretension to taste will ever assent to this conclusion, I must again insist, that art aspires to a higher attainment than the mere portraiture of nature, and claims poetic honors; it is the poetry of form and color: it selects the agreeable from the discordant parts of the great prototype—combines and disposes them—and without changing the features, elevates and ennobles them; it seizes upon incidental effects to cast a shadow over the asperities of objects, and throws a broad and brilliant light on the more beautiful parts. When Dominichino was asked what obscured a part of his picture, "*una neblia si passa*," was his reply; and by thus imagining a passing cloud, he was enabled to preserve that breadth of light and shade so remarkable in the English school at present. The Italians however, did not often seek after *effect;* they did not address themselves so much to the eye, as to the judgment; and their distinguishing excellence is *correctness* of *design* and *dignity of character*. It was this that acquired for them the praise of a "grand gusto," or sublimity of style, superior to all other artists. G. C.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

ETYMOLOGY.

——The inventor of a new word must never flatter himself that he has secured the public adoption, for he must lie in the grave before he can enter the Dictionary.—*D'Israeli.*

Mr. White:—I am an odd old fellow, and fond of etymology, and frequently amuse myself with tracing to their roots, words in familiar use. Having been confoundedly puzzled of late by the term CAUCUS, which is in every body's mouth, and not being able to satisfy myself as to its origin, I have determined to have recourse to you, and will be infinitely obliged to you or any of your readers for a solution of the difficulty. If it be true as D'Israeli says, that the inventor of a new word cannot be secure of its adoption by the public, for he must lie in the grave before he can enter the Dictionary—the man who made the aforesaid word must be still living, though at a very advanced age. I rather suppose however that D'Israeli is mistaken, and that the inventor has been dead a long time, and lived to see the general adoption of his word, notwithstanding it has as yet no place in any Dictionary that I have seen. Supposing it to be an English word, I consulted Walker, and was mortified to find that he took no notice of it. I then made sundry combinations of other terms, but could light upon none that seemed at all plausible, except the words *calk us*, which, united into caucus, may produce a kind of *onomatopœia*, descriptive of the assemblage in question; for to calk, is, according to the abovementioned lexicographer, "to stop the leak of a vessel;" and inasmuch as a caucus is urged by the admirers of Mr. Van Buren, to be the means of stopping all leaks in our political vessel, there seems to be some show of reason in this derivation. Upon further reflection, however, I concluded that the word must be Greek, and having recourse to Schrevelius, found the paronymous term *kakos*, malus. This I presently rejected, though apparently descriptive of the pernicious tendency of a caucus, because the institutors of that pestilent oligarchy would hardly have selected so barefaced an epitheton, such a cacophony, if I may so speak On further search, upon meeting with *kaukis*, I was so much delighted with the near resemblance of sound, as to jump up and cry out *eureka;* but moderated my rapture on discovering that "*genus calceamenti*," the explanatory terms in Latin, could not be tortured to any manner of application, unless indeed it was intended to indicate that the members of a caucus would be willing to stand in the *people's shoes*, upon the occasion of electing a President of the United States; or unless we observe further the *aliter baukos, jucundus;* for it is literally a very pleasant and right merry way of getting rid of the difficulty of a choice by the people. So far the Greek. As for the Latin, I have consulted every Dictionary in my possession, from Ainsworth and Young, up to *old Thoma Thomasius*, printed *Coventriæ Septimo Idus, Februarii* 1630, and can find nothing resembling our Caucus, but the three headed robber *Cacus*, who by paronomasia, might be considered as the grand prototype of that modern monster, which has stolen, if not the *cattle*, at least the property of the great American Hercules, and will keep it, unless he rise in his might, and crushing the political thief, resumes his original rights. Now, Mr. White, I am disposed to rest here; though not quite so well satisfied as Jonathan Oldbuck was about the locality of Agricola's camp, from those mysterious initials which the mischievous Edie Ochiltree so wickedly interpreted to mean "*Ailie Dary's lang ladle*," and not "*Agricola dicavit libens lubens*," as *Monkbarns* would have it;—but do observe, sir, the singular coincidences between Cacus and Caucus; the one a three headed rogue—the other a sort of political Cerberus; the first slily taking away the cattle of another—the second insidiously cajoling the people of their rights; the former hiding them in a cave, where they were discovered by their bellowing—the latter betrayed by a bellowing from Maine to Georgia; and finally Cacus demolished by Hercules, and Caucus easily demolished by the Herculean force of public sentiment.

I acknowledge, however, that I am not entirely satisfied, notwithstanding this "*confirmation strong*," and hope you will speedily relieve the perplexity of

Your most obedient,

NUGATOR.

P. S. A friend facetiously suggests that Caucus is nothing more than a corruption,—Caucus, quasi cork us; that is, shut close the doors that nobody may hear us.

REMARK.

We will do all in our power to assist our esteemed friend Nugator in his etymological researches.—We remember to have read in a work of a New

* This is esteemed the greatest of the Dutch school.

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England author, some years since, an elaborate inquiry into the origin of the word which so much puzzles our correspondent. If our memory serve us faithfully, that writer fixes the nativity of the term in the city of Boston, and the date of its birth previous to the revolution. The circumstances out of which it sprang he asserts to be these. In that stormy period, when every class of citizens was agitated by the sentiments which exploded shortly afterwards in the thunders of revolution, public meetings were frequently held by the different trades and professions. For reasons which we now forget, particular attention was attracted to one called by the *Calkers*, a large body of citizens in so commercial a town. Their proceedings being peculiar, (perhaps in exclusiveness or secrecy,) caused this assemblage to be much talked of; and every subsequent meeting characterized by similar peculiarities in its formation or proceedings, was called a "*Calker's Meeting.*" Gradually, in the lapse of time, although the term continued to be used, its origin was forgotten; and a knowledge of its etymological parentage no longer preserving it from corruption, an erroneous pronunciation, and consequently an erroneous manner of spelling it, gave to it the form and shape which it now wears—a change not at all surprising in regard to a word which was probably *unwritten* during the first thirty years of its existence. We give this derivation from memory alone; we cannot even recall the work in which we saw it. If it be the true one, our friend will perceive that in one of his surmises he is not far wrong. It is high time that the birth, parentage and early condition of a particle of our language, which has of late become a word of power, equal in its magic influence to the fabled spells of ancient necromancers, should be settled beyond dispute. Seeing what Caucus now means, it is natural that we should desire to know from what beginnings it has arisen to its present stupendous importance in the ranks of our modern political vocabulary.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE CRAYON MISCELLANY. By the author of the Sketch Book. No. 1. Containing a Tour on the Prairies. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1835.

A book from the pen of Washington Irving, is a *morceau*, which will always be eagerly sought after by literary epicures. He is decidedly one of the most popular writers in this country: his sketches of character and scenery, are always true to the life, full of freshness and vigor; and there is usually a clear stream of thought pervading his pages, in fine contrast with the crude and indistinct conceptions of ordinary writers. The volume before us cannot be said indeed to rival some of its predecessors from the same pen, but the cause is not so much in the author as in his subject. In spite of an agreeable and highly descriptive style, the mind becomes wearied with the monotony of a journey through the solitudes of the Western Prairies, and after we have once formed a tolerably distinct idea of a buffalo hunt, and the lasoing of the wild horse, we become tired of the repetition of adventures, which possess so little variety. Considering his materials, however, Mr. Irving has contrived to sustain his narrative with his usual ability. It is true, that most readers will somewhat regret that he did not present more finished portraits of some of the personages who accompanied the expedition. We have quite satisfactory sketches of that "swarthy, meager, braggart" Tonish, and of the "sullen saturnine" half breed Beatte, but we desire to know something more of the wild young Swiss Count, of his travelling companion and mentor, the virtuoso, and of the hardy old hunter, Ryan, a true member of the leather-stocking family.

Notwithstanding the famed perspicuity and purity of Mr. Irving's style, he occasionally adopts a form of expression which creates some surprise. We will give one instance, in particular, because the inaccuracy, if we may so term it, is repeated several times in the volume before us:—"The horse, which was fearless as his owner, and like him, had a considerable spice of devil in his composition, and who beside, had been familiar with the game, no sooner came in sight and scent of the buffalo, than he set off *like mad*, bearing the involuntary hunter," &c. &c. &c. (Page 232.)

We should have supposed the expression, "*like mad*," a typographical error, if it had not been frequently used.

We copy for the reader's amusement, a short chapter, containing an account of "*A Republic of Prairie Dogs*," a kind of quadruped, with which we, at least, in this portion of North America, are not very familiar. The harmony, vigilance and energy, with which these little brutes rally around their rights and their laws, might whisper a sage lesson even to the wisdom of rational and intellectual beings:—

A REPUBLIC OF PRAIRIE DOGS.

On returning from our expedition in quest of the young Count, I learned that a burrow, or village, as it is termed, of prairie dogs, had been discovered on the level summit of a hill, about a mile from the camp. Having heard much of the habits and peculiarities of these little animals, I determined to pay a visit to the community. The prairie dog is, in fact, one of the curiosities of the far West, about which travellers delight to tell marvellous tales, endowing him at times with something of the politic and social habits of a rational being, and giving him systems of civil government and domestic economy, almost equal to what they used to bestow upon the beaver.

The prairie dog is an animal of the coney kind, and about the size of a rabbit. He is of a sprightly mercurial nature; quick, sensitive, and somewhat petulant. He is very gregarious, living in large communities, sometimes of several acres in extent, where innumerable little heaps of earth show the entrances to the subterranean cells of the inhabitants, and the well beaten tracks, like lanes and streets, show their mobility and restlessness. According to the accounts given of them, they would seem to be continually full of sport, business and public affairs; whisking about hither and thither, as if on gossiping visits to each other's houses, or congregating in the cool of the evening, or after a shower, and gambolling together in the open air. Sometimes, especially when the moon shines, they pass half the night in revelry, barking or yelping with short, quick, yet weak tones, like those of very young puppies. While in the height of their playfulness and clamor, however, should there be the least alarm, they all vanish into their cells in an instant, and the village remains blank and silent. In case they are hard pressed by their pursuers, without any hope of escape, they will assume a pugnacious air, and a most whimsical look of impotent wrath and defiance.

The prairie dogs are not permitted to remain sole and undisturbed inhabitants of their own homes. Owls and rattlesnakes are said to take up their abodes with them; but whether as invited guests or unwelcome intruders, is a matter of controversy. The owls are of a peculiar kind, and would seem to partake of the character of the hawk; for they are taller and more erect on their legs, more alert in their looks and rapid in their flight than ordinary owls, and do not confine their excursions to the night, but sally forth in broad day.

Some say that they only inhabit cells which the prairie dogs

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have deserted, and suffered to go to ruin, in consequence of the death in them of some relative; for they would make out this little animal to be endowed with keen sensibilities, that will not permit it to remain in the dwelling where it has witnessed the death of a friend. Other fanciful speculators represent the owl as a kind of housekeeper to the prairie dog; and from having a note very similar, insinuate that it acts, in a manner, as family preceptor, and teaches the young litter to bark.

As to the rattlesnake, nothing satisfactory has been ascertained of the part he plays in this most interesting household; though he is considered as little better than a sycophant and sharper, that winds himself into the concerns of the honest, credulous little dog, and takes him in most sadly. Certain it is, if he acts as toad eater, he occasionally solaces himself with more than the usual perquisites of his order; as he is now and then detected with one of the younger members of the family in his maw.

Such are a few of the particulars that I could gather about the domestic economy of this little inhabitant of the prairies, who, with his pigmy republic, appears to be a subject of much whimsical speculation and burlesque remarks, among the hunters of the far West.

It was towards evening that I set out with a companion, to visit the village in question. Unluckily, it had been invaded in the course of the day by some of the rangers, who had shot two or three of its inhabitants, and thrown the whole sensitive community in confusion. As we approached, we could perceive numbers of the inhabitants seated at the entrances of their cells, while sentinels seemed to have been posted on the outskirts, to keep a look out. At sight of us, the picket guards scampered in and gave the alarm; whereupon every inhabitant gave a short yelp, or bark, and dived into his hole, his heels twinkling in the air as if he had thrown a somerset.

We traversed the whole village, or republic, which covered an area of about thirty acres; but not a whisker of an inhabitant was to be seen. We probed their cells as far as the ramrods of our rifles would reach, but could unearth neither dog, nor owl, nor rattlesnake. Moving quietly to a little distance, we lay down upon the ground, and watched for a long time, silent and motionless. By and bye, a cautious old burgher would slowly put forth the end of his nose, but instantly draw it in again. Another, at a greater distance, would emerge entirely; but, catching a glance of us, would throw a somerset, and plunge back again into his hole. At length, some who resided on the opposite side of the village, taking courage from the continued stillness, would steal forth, and hurry off to a distant hole, the residence possibly of some family connexion, or gossiping friend, about whose safety they were solicitous, or with whom they wished to compare notes about the late occurrences.

Others still more bold, assembled in little knots, in the streets and public places, as if to discuss the recent outrages offered to the commonwealth, and the atrocious murders of their fellow burghers.

We rose from the ground and moved forward, to take a nearer view of these public proceedings, when, yelp! yelp! yelp!—there was a shrill alarm passed from mouth to mouth; the meetings suddenly dispersed; feet twinkled in the air in every direction; and in an instant all had vanished into the earth.

The dusk of the evening put an end to our observations, but the train of whimsical comparisons produced in my brain, by the moral attributes which I had heard given to these little politic animals, still continued after my return to camp; and late in the night, as I lay awake after all the camp was asleep, and heard in the stillness of the hour, a faint clamor of shrill voices from the distant village, I could not help picturing to myself the inhabitants gathered together in noisy assemblage, and windy debate, to devise plans for the public safety, and to vindicate the invaded rights and insulted dignity of the republic.

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North American Review.—The April number is for the most part excellent. But we are forcibly reminded by it of a defect in the Reviews of this country, which it seems to us, might with some little exertion, be remedied. The fault to which we allude, is their tardiness in noticing the publications of the day. In this number of the North American, we find several pages devoted to a review of *Burkhardt's Travels in Africa*, which have been before the public *sixteen years*, while the crowd of new works of undoubted merit which fill our book stores, have not as yet, with but few exceptions, attracted the attention of the reviewers. In this book-making age, we are aware that it is impossible for a Quarterly to review the twentieth part of the productions constantly issuing from the press: but if, as we suppose, it is the design of these periodicals to direct the taste of the public in every department of science and literature, surely they should contain reviews of such works selected from the mass, as are best worthy attention; and should endeavor to keep pace with the stream of publication. We can see little value in a review of a book after every reading man in the community has perused it, and formed his opinion upon its merits. Thus to lag behind the march of current literature, deprives the criticisms of the reviewer of much of their value and weight. In the instance to which we have alluded, it might well be asked whether the travels of Burkhardt, English reviews of which we read ten or twelve, or more years ago, could have the same claim upon the public interest as the newer works of Burnes, Jacquemont, Bennet and many others, whose books possess the charm of novelty? We subjoin the contents of the April number: 1. Politics of Europe: 2. Coleridge: 3. Mineral Springs of Nassau: 4. Life of G. D. Boardman: 5. National Gallery: 6. Italy: 7. Last Days of Pompeii: 8. Immigration: 9. Burkhardt's Travels in Africa: 10. Popular Education.

The first article contains a spirited review of the political events in France since the revolution of 1830, and of the foreign and internal policy of Louis Philippe. The progress of the *juste milieu* system is well delineated, and a forcible picture is drawn of the present posture of the French government. We do not entirely coincide with the writer's ideas of the onward course of the cause of liberty, (or perhaps more correctly, of revolution) in France; but consider the article generally correct and instructive. That on Coleridge is admirable: and we heartily rejoice that in a work so much looked up to in England as is the North American, for the expression of our literary opinions, justice so ample should have been done to that extraordinary mind. A Baltimore newspaper, in allusion to the article in question, speaks of "the pitiful shifts to which the reviewer is driven to account for a fact which he admits, viz.—that there is but here and there an individual who understands him," [Coleridge.] "What stronger proof do we want," says the journalist, "of that confusion of thought and mysticism with which he has been charged?" We think *far* stronger proofs are necessary to support the accusation. That but few comprehend the metaphysical treatises of Coleridge, is owing to the simple fact, that few are so thoroughly versed in psychological knowledge as to maintain a position in the van of the science, the post universally acceded to Coleridge by the learned in ethics. It is for this class of men that he has written, and in whose applauses he has received a plentiful reward. These, at least, will not hesitate to say that so far from being justly charged with confusion of thought, and its consequence confusion of expression, no man who ever lived thought *more distinctly even when thinking wrong*, or more intimately felt and comprehended the power of *the niceties of words*. That his philosophical disquisi-

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tions are abstruse, is the fault of the subjects, and not of the language in which he has treated them, than which none can be more lucid or appropriate.

The article on Italy is interesting—also that on the National Gallery. In the notice of the *Last Days of Pompeii*, justice is by no means done to that most noble of modern novels.

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The *London Quarterly Review for February*, American Edition, No. 1. Vol. 2. is printed on good paper, with excellent type. It contains, 1. Wanderings in New South Wales, by George Bennet, Esq. F. L. S. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons: 2. Correspondence of Victor de Jacquemont: 3. Population of Great Britain and Ireland: 4. Coleridge's Table Talk: 5. Egypt and Thebes: 6. Rush on the Prophecies: 7. The Church and the Voluntary System: 8. Recent German Belles Lettres: 9. England, France, Russia and Turkey: 10. Sir Robert Peel's Address. The eighth article contains much information on a subject with which Americans are, for the most part, indifferently conversant. Coleridge's Table Talk is highly interesting, as every authentic fragment of his sentiments and opinions must be. The work reviewed in this article, is published by Mr. Henry Coleridge, a near relative of the departed philosopher and poet, and is made up from notes of numerous conversations, taken down by the publisher immediately after their occurrence. They bear the impress of Coleridge's mind, will be read with interest by all classes, and probably do more to make the general reader acquainted with him and his opinions, than all else that has been written.—We take this opportunity of noticing the excellent American Edition of the London, Edinburg, Foreign and Westminster Reviews, combined. It does much honor to Mr. Foster of New York, the publisher; and the compression of matter is such, without being printed too fine, as to give to subscribers for the sum of eight dollars, these four periodicals for which upwards of twenty dollars was formerly paid. The paper, type, and execution, are good.

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The Life of Samuel Drew, the shoemaker and philosopher of Cornwall, by his son, is published by Harper & Brothers, and consists of 360 pages. Drew was an extraordinary man, whose works, especially his theological ones, have gained him no little celebrity. It now appears that he had much to do with the writings attributed to Dr. Coke.

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The Life of the Emperor Napoleon, Vol. 1, by H. Lee. New York, Charles De Behr. This work has great merits and remarkable faults. Published ostensibly as a corrector of the numerous errors of other biographers of Napoleon, and especially those of Sir Walter Scott and Lockhart, it cannot but be read with interest. The errors detected and set right, are numerous and important. In most instances Mr. Lee clearly makes out his charges—in some we are sorry to see that he seems to be governed by a spirit of captiousness: And we cannot but object to the tone of his strictures upon Sir Walter Scott. Milder language would better have graced his cause. We have prepared a review of this work, which we are compelled to postpone to the next number of the Messenger.

Celebrated Trials of all Countries, and remarkable cases of Criminal Jurisprudence, selected by a Member of the Philadelphia Bar. Philadelphia, E. L. Carey and A. Hart. Such a book as this was much wanted. The records of criminal trials were scattered through the newspapers or buried in some huge tomes of antique law reports, almost inaccessible to the ordinary reader. And this book seems fitted to supply the deficiency to a considerable extent. It is a large octavo, and contains a selection of criminal trials from the early period of 1588, down to the present day, among them some of the most celebrated cases on record, such as that of Sir Walter Raleigh in 1602, of the Earl of Strafford in 1643, of Alexis Petrowitz Czarowitz in 1815, of the rebels, Kilmarnock, Cromartie, Balmerino, &c. in 1745, and others of equal interest—the judicial proceedings in relation to which, belong to history. The contents of the work are highly interesting, but we cannot withhold our censure of their arrangement. The trials are huddled together without the slightest attention to chronological order; and it would seem that the gentleman of the Philadelphia Bar, who is made responsible for the compilation of the work, could merely have selected the several cases leaving the printer to arrange them as he pleased. The consequence is, that the reader finds himself shifting backward and forward, from century to century, in a complete medley of dates. This is to be lamented, because the history of criminal jurisprudence is a history of the progress of civil liberty, and of the expansion of the human mind. And the interest which we find in tracing the progress of just and equitable rules in the trials of malefactors, is marred by this defect of arrangement. As future volumes of this work are partly promised, it is to be hoped that in them this fault will be amended.

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No Fiction. A Narrative founded on recent and interesting facts, by the Rev. Andrew Reed, D. D. has been republished by the Harpers. With a plot of great simplicity, and with diction equally simple, this work has attained much celebrity. It is indeed thrillingly interesting. *Martha*, a more recent effort by the same writer, is however, in every respect a book of greater merit.

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Memoirs of Celebrated Women of all Countries. By Madame Junot. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea and Blanchard. These memoirs are amusing, and so far we can recommend them highly, but no farther. Their morality is questionable indeed; and they bear upon their face, in a certain pervading air of romance, sufficient evidence of their own inauthenticity. There is a sad mistake too in the title of the work. These are not memoirs of celebrated women in *all* countries: they are merely Madame Junot's celebrated women in a few particular regions. The greater part of them have no pretensions to celebrity. It has been remarked that the sketch of Marina Minszech will afford a fair sample of the Duchess's biographical style. In this opinion we concur, and as it is a pretty fable, we advise all to read it who have no inclination for the book entire.

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Influence, a Moral Tale, by the author of Miriam. Philadelphia, Key and Biddle. There is an air of modest tranquillity about this book which we admire. It is a pleasing tale addressed to the young, to serious parents, and to friends—and it pretends to be nothing more.

Its style too is unobjectionable. If the work developes in the author no extraordinary capabilities, it is, we think, because there was no intention of developing them.

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Lives of the English Pirates, Highwaymen and Robbers, by Whitehead. Philadelphia, Carey and Hart. These lines will be read in spite of all that a too fastidious taste may say to the contrary. We see no very good reason why they should not be.

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Confessions of a Poet, 2 vols. Carey, Lea and Blanchard. The most remarkable feature in this production is the bad paper on which it is printed, and the typographical ingenuity with which matter barely enough for one volume has been spread over the pages of two. The author has very few claims to the sacred name he has thought proper to assume. And indeed his own idea on this subject seem not to satisfy himself. He is in doubt, poor man, of his own qualifications, and having proclaimed himself a poet in the title page, commences his book by disavowing all pretensions to the character. We can enlighten him on this head. There is nothing of the *vates* about him. He is no poet—and most positively he is no prophet. He is a writer of notes. He is fond of annotations; and composes one upon another, putting Pelion upon Ossa. Here is an example: "*Ce n'est pas par affectation que j'ais mis en Francais ces remarques, mais pour les detourner de la connoissance du vulgaire.*" Now we are very sure that none but *le vulgaire*, to speak poetically, will ever think of getting through with the confessions: thus there the matter stands. Lest his book should *not* be understood he illustrates it by notes, and then lest the notes *should* be understood, why he writes them in French. All this is very clear, and very clever to say no more. There is however some merit in this book, and not a little satisfaction. The author avers upon his word of honor that in commencing this work he loads a pistol, and places it upon the table. He farther states that, upon coming to a conclusion, it is his intention to blow out what he supposes to be his brains. Now this is excellent. But, even with so rapid a writer as the poet must undoubtedly be, there would be some little difficulty in completing the book under thirty days or thereabouts. The best of powder is apt to sustain injury by lying so long "in the load." We sincerely hope the gentleman took the precaution to examine his priming before attempting the rash act. A flash in the pan—and in such a case—were a thing to be lamented. Indeed there would be no answering for the consequences. We might even have a second series of the Confessions.

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The Language of Flowers, embellished with fine colored engravings. Philadelphia, Carey, Hart and Co. This is a book which will find favor in the eyes of the ladies, and thus, *par consequence* in the eyes of the gentlemen. Its motto is pretty and apposite:

> By all those token-flowers that tell
> What words can never speak so well.

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Mr. and Miss Edgeworth's Practical Education has been republished by the Harpers. Its character is well established.

The Highland Smugglers. By the author of Adventures of a Kussilbush, &c. 3 vols. Carey, Hart and Co. This book is very much praised and we think justly. It is full of exquisite descriptions of that region of romance the Scottish Highlands, and has *a manner of its own.*

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Mr. Lockhart's excellent novel *Valerius* is republished by the Harpers. The scene is in the time of Trajan, and the subject is managed in that masterly style which we look for in Lockhart. We have heard objections urged to the antique nature of his tale—ill-mannered sneers, and by men who should know better, at travelling back to Roman history for interest which could as well be found at home. *Procul—O procul este profani!* Valerius is a book *to live.*

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An Account of Col. Crockett's Tour to the North and Down East, written by himself. Carey, Hart and Co. We see no reason why Col. Crockett should not be permitted to expose himself if he pleases, and to be as much laughed at as he thinks proper—but works of this kind have had their day, and have fortunately lost their attractions. We think this work especially censurable for the frequent vulgarity of its language.

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Illoraz de Courcy, an auto-biographical novel, by Josiah Templeton, Esq., 2 vols. Baltimore, William and Joseph Neal. We have looked at this book attentively—for we confess it was impossible to read it. A glance over one or two pages will be sufficient to convince any reasonable person that it is a mere jumble of absurdities. The gentleman should not have thrust his name (if it be not a *nom de guerre,*) into the title page.

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A Winter in the West, by a New Yorker. New York, Harper and Brothers. This is a work of great sprightliness, and is replete with instruction and amusement. The writer evinces much talent in producing an interesting narrative of a journey performed in the most unpropitious period of the year. His observations on life in the backwoods are sensible, and we should imagine correct, and his details in relation to Michigan particularly interest us. The adventures of the road are told with great vivacity, and although there are no thrilling scenes or surprising incidents in the book, it cannot be read with indifference. The traits of Indian character scattered through its pages are vivid and striking, and the reflections on the condition of that fast failing race mark the philanthropic spirit of the author. Mr. Hoffman, formerly connected with the New York American, and now Editor of a Monthly Magazine, is the reputed author of this spirited work.

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☞ The journal of Mrs. Frances Ann Butler, better known as Miss Fanny Kemble, has, after a long delay, made its appearance; but at so late a period that we are unable to present our readers with our opinions at large of its merits, which we regret the more, as the work has created much excitement in the literary and fashionable world. Numerous extracts from its pages have been published in the newspapers, and the daring authoress has received but little mercy from any quarter. It will be reviewed in our next.

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EDITORIAL REMARKS.

We recommend the contents of our present number with entire confidence, to our readers.

The article on the "*Influence of Free Governments on the Mind*," is from the same gifted and exuberant pen which produced the "*Impediments to Literature*," republished in our fifth number, from the Western Monthly Magazine.

The selection from Mr. Mitchell's Manuscripts, or the story of the "*White Antelope*," will, we doubt not, be read with zest enough to create a strong desire for future contributions from the same source. The peculiarities of those wild sons of the forest who have never been *corrupted by civilization*, (we hope the solecism will be pardoned,) cannot fail to attract the curious. The story we publish is truly *unique* and excellent of its kind.

Chapter I. on "*English Poetry*," tracing as it does the rude and early dawnings of that divine art in our own venerable vernacular, will deeply interest by its antique spirit, and by the accurate and profound investigation which its author has evinced. We shall look for the remaining chapters with much eagerness.

We hope that no one will be deterred, by the length of Professor George Tucker's discourse on the "*Progress of Philosophy*," from reading it attentively. We acknowledge the value our pages derive from its insertion, and we earnestly desire that all should share in the pleasure and improvement which it will undoubtedly impart. Besides that some of its views possess all the freshness of originality, the whole address is couched in that felicitous diction for which its author has been already justly distinguished, ennobling the subject, while it familiarizes it to readers of all classes.

The 5th "*Letter from New England*" is full of thought, and deserves the serious consideration of every man who claims to be a patriot. When will the disastrous conflicts of party strife so far subside, as to authorise a thorough, if not exclusive devotion to our own state institutions and concerns? There are many things in our own internal policy which might be judiciously reformed: The allusions of the letter writer to the system of fixing the age by law at which judges shall leave the bench, are expressed in his best style, and forcibly remind us of the veneration and respect due to the "gigantic Coryphæus of the United States' Judiciary."

Our excellent and able friend who writes the article on "*The Waltz and Gallopade*," is mistaken if he supposes that we have favored those outlandish innovations upon Virginian simplicity. We are advocates for new inventions, only when they contribute to human happiness and virtue; and we heartily join with him in censuring those of the votaries of fashion who would corrupt the purity of our manners and the innocence of our amusements, by introducing among us practices of even doubtful effect upon the morals of the rising generation.

In "*Christian Education*," much wholesome admonition will be found, directly addressed to the consideration of parents. The writer shows in this article, that the spirit of a christian renders the much neglected exhibition of childish intellect worthy the attention of an accomplished and masculine mind.

The "*Extract from a Mexican Journal*," contains much valuable information in relation to a country but little known.

The Tales, of which we publish several in the present number, comprise a variety of talent. "*A Tale of the West*," written as we are assured, by a novice in composition, certainly displays much ability, although a little more experience would have taught the writer the value of compression. But amplification is generally the fault of youth and inexperience, and in this case it does not conceal the talent unequivocally displayed by the writer.

"*Morella*" will unquestionably prove that Mr. Poe has great powers of imagination, and a command of language seldom surpassed. Yet we cannot but lament that he has drank so deep at some enchanted fountain, which seems to blend in his fancy the shadows of the tomb with the clouds and sunshine of life. We doubt however, if any thing in the same style can be cited, which contains more terrific beauty than this tale.

The favors and contributions of our friend Pertinax Placid, Esquire, are particularly welcome; and we hereby give him due notice that we adopt him as a member of our literary family. In the "*Tale of a Nose*," he has illustrated with admirable humor the curious philosophy of dreaming; and in "*Content's Mishap*," he has clothed a fine moral in the charms of flowing verse.

No. II. on the *Fine Arts* will be read with more than ordinary pleasure, by all who can estimate glowing descriptions of beauty and grace, and the enthusiasm of an artist. The style of the article is most captivating.

We are pleased to welcome again to our columns, our old and much respected friend "*Nugator*," and equally so to learn that he is convalescent from a severe illness which has kept his pen idle for some time. His letter contains some allusions to politics, which in general we deem an unsuitable subject for a journal on the plan of the Messenger. But his remarks are expressed in so good humored a manner, that we are convinced they can afford no offence. The detail of his researches is highly amusing, and given in his usual agreeable style.

The selected article, a "*Scene in Real Life*," is characterized by deep and impressive pathos. We are happy to say that its author will probably become a contributor to our columns.

It would be uncourteous and in violation of our feelings, to omit noticing the poetical contributions to this number. We particularly recommend to our readers the "*Apostrophe of an Æolian Harp*," a strain of harmony and sentiment struck by a master hand from the chords of a truly poetic lyre.—"*The Last Gift*" is also the product of a fertile and glowing spirit. It comes to us wrapt in the mists of the anonymous; but if, as we trust, Corydon has not wept himself to stone, we should gladly receive his further favors. "*Nature and Art*" is from a feminine hand, which has before awakened strains of rich music and sentiment in our pages. "*The Last Indian*" by our valued friend Larry Lyle, is a magnificent description of a somewhat extravagant dream. It exhibits even a greater degree of *power* than his former contributions. The "*Winter Scenes at Williamsburg*," give a pleasing and vivid description of the gaiety which reigned at that interesting place during the past season. There are also several minor pieces in which we doubt not our readers will perceive much merit.

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. I.] RICHMOND, MAY 1835. [No. 9.

T. W. WHITE, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR. FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The *Publisher* has the pleasure of announcing to his friends and patrons that he has made an arrangement with a gentleman of approved literary taste and attainments, to whose especial management the editorial department of the "Messenger" has been confided.—This arrangement, he confidently believes will increase the attractions of his pages,—for besides the acknowledged capacity of the gentleman referred to, his abstraction from other pursuits will enable him to devote his exclusive attention to the work.

With this ample assurance therefore, that the public patronage will be met by renewed efforts to give general satisfaction, the publisher earnestly hopes that his friends will aid him in extending the circulation of the Messenger. A reasonable enlargement of the subscription list will afford the means of occasionally embellishing its pages with handsome drawings and engravings—and especially sketches of some of those remarkable natural curiosities and picturesque scenes, with which Virginia, and the Southern country generally, abounds. In this way the publisher hopes to make his periodical a repository of not only every thing elegant in literature, but tasteful in the arts; and his generous and intelligent supporters may rest assured, that whilst a moderate reward for his own labors is indispensable—his principal aim is to multiply the sources of intellectual pleasure, and increase the facilities for improvement.

It is due to the gentleman who has acted as editor up to the present period, that the publisher should, in parting with him, express that deep feeling of gratitude which his disinterested friendship could not fail to inspire. At the commencement of the Messenger, when the prospect of its success was doubtful, and when many judicious friends augured unfavorably of the enterprise, the late editor volunteered his aid to pilot the frail bark if possible into safe anchorage—nor did he desert it until all doubt of success had ceased. The efforts of that gentleman are the more prized, because they were made at a considerable sacrifice of ease and leisure, in the midst too of avocations sufficiently arduous to occupy the entire attention of most men,—and because they were rendered without hope or expectation of reward. And the publisher embraces this occasion, to declare that the success of the Messenger has been greatly owing to the judicious management of the editorial department by that gentleman. For services of so much value, rendered with no other object than a desire to promote the establishment of a literary periodical in Virginia, the publisher is deeply indebted to him—and the readers of the work will, we doubt not, long remember his efforts in their behalf. To him belongs the merit of having given his disinterested aid in the season of its early feebleness. His successor has but to follow in the path which has thus been marked out by a hardy and skilful literary pioneer.

T. W. WHITE, *Publisher and Proprietor.*

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

And Present Condition of Tripoli, with some accounts of the other Barbary States.

Robt. Greenhow.

No. VI.

In the last number of these sketches, it was stated that Hamet "went to Derne in 1809, where he passed the remainder of his life in quiet, as Bey of the two Eastern Provinces." This has been since discovered to be incorrect; within two years afterwards, he was again expelled by the Pasha, for some cause or pretence, and obliged to fly with his family to Egypt, where he died. In October, 1832, a man appeared at the American Consulate in Alexandria, who declared himself to be Mahommed Bey, eldest son of Hamet Caramalli; he stated that his father's family were living in great indigence at Cairo, and his object was to ascertain whether any relief could be expected for them from the United States.

The conduct of the Bey of Tunis during the early part of the war between Tripoli and the United States, has been already exposed. He continued to observe the subsequent occurrences with great attention,—manifesting the utmost anxiety with regard to the result. He saw with dismay the increase of the American forces in the Mediterranean, and the distressed condition to which Yusuf was reduced by the determined manner in which they had been employed; and he rightly conceived that by thus unveiling the weakness of one of the Barbary States, the system which they were all interested in preserving, was placed in jeopardy. With a view to avert the apprehended danger, he made frequent offers of mediation, which having been declined, he determined if possible to force a conclusion favorable to his interests, by a display of hostile intentions against the United States.

For this he soon found an excuse in the blockade of Tripoli. We have seen that he at first refused to acknowledge this blockade, on the just grounds that it was not maintained by a competent force; when that force was increased so as effectually to close the port, he insisted, that being at peace with the United States, his vessels had the right of proceeding to any place without interruption by them, and that the passport granted by the American Consul ought always to afford them protection from the armed forces of his nation. The passports granted by the Consuls of Christian powers in the Barbary states, are merely certificates that the vessel is owned in the country where the Consul resides, with a statement of her class, her name and that of her captain, and other particulars requisite to identify her; it protects the vessel from detention or capture by the armed ships of the nation in whose name it is issued, for one year after its date. The Consul in vain represented this to the Bey, and endeavored to explain the principles of blockade; shewing that an attempt to enter Tripoli would be a hostile act on the part of the vessel making it, but on her part only, and

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should not necessarily create any unfriendly feelings between the two governments; and that the vessels of several Christian nations had been taken by the American squadron, while they were thus endeavoring to force the blockade, and condemned without any complaints having been made by their governments.—To these representations, the Bey refused to listen, contending that Christian laws and usages were not applicable to affairs in which Oriental States were concerned; and declaring that the capture of a Tunisian vessel by the Americans would be followed by a declaration of war against them.

The question was at length brought to a direct issue. On the 24th of May, an armed vessel under Tunisian colors, with two prizes, attempted to enter the port of Tripoli, and were taken by the frigate Constitution. On examination, it appeared that the cruiser corresponded in no point with the description in the passport exhibited by her captain, which must therefore have been improperly obtained; and other circumstances led to the belief, that she was Tripoline property and manned by Tripolines, although commanded by a Tunisian subject. She was of course condemned, and sent with her prizes to the United States.

The rage of the Bey on being informed of this seizure was violent and unrestrained; he insisted that the Consul should cause the vessels to be immediately restored, and ample satisfaction to be made for the injury and insult committed against him and his subjects. Mr. Davis replied, that having no power himself, he could only state the demand to the Commodore, but he had no expectation that it would be complied with. The Bey, according to the usual policy of the Barbary Princes, would not admit of this reference to an authority over which he could have no control or influence; and endeavored by threats of war and of personal violence, to extort from the Consul a promise that the vessels should be restored, in order that he might afterwards allege such promise, as the solemn act of the American government. Davis however remained firm, and transmitted a statement of the whole affair to Mr. Lear, which reached him off Tripoli, immediately after the conclusion of the peace with Yusuf.

In consequence of this communication, the Commodore wrote a letter to Hamouda, declaring his demands inadmissible, and despatched a frigate and a brig to watch his movements. This letter increased the rage of the Bey; he told the Consul that negotiation was impossible; that he would be forced into a war by the conduct of the Americans, who had been the first to capture one of his cruisers in time of peace; and that if hostilities should commence, they would not end while he had a soldier to fire a gun. After such indications of his disposition, Rodgers considered that no time was to be lost, he accordingly sailed for Tunis, and arrived in the gulf on the 1st of August; his force then amounted to five frigates, two brigs, a sloop of war, two schooners, and several gun-boats.

A letter was immediately despatched to the Bey, requiring an explanation of his intentions, and stating that unless he declared them to be friendly within thirty-six hours, hostilities would be commenced against him. To this demand Hamouda evaded giving a direct answer; he informed the Consul that he had no wish to make war, until he had heard from the President of the United States respecting his vessels which had been captured; but that in the meantime, any attempt on the part of the Americans to stop his cruisers, or to interrupt his commerce, would be considered by him as a commencement of hostilities. The Commodore knew too well the worthlesness of such verbal assurances; and determined to have some stronger guaranty for their performance. He therefore despatched Captain Stephen Decatur, who then commanded the frigate Congress, to Tunis, with a letter requiring of the Bey a written declaration of his pacific intentions, to be witnessed by the English and French Consuls. Hamouda refused to see Decatur, and showed so little disposition to come to terms, that the Consul retired with his family on board the squadron.

Shortly after this, a Tunisian vessel attempting to put to sea, was fired on by the Americans, and forced to return into port. This circumstance created great consternation in Tunis; business was suspended, the people became dissatisfied, and the Bey discovered that he must yield. He in consequence wrote a letter to Rodgers, disavowing his threats, declaring his willingness to remain at peace, and inviting Mr. Lear, with whom he had hitherto refused to communicate, to come on shore and treat with him on the subject of the existing difficulties. Mr. Lear complied with this invitation, and several conferences were held, in which the African Prince sustained his character for shrewdness, exhibiting however a degree of suavity and apparent frankness, which excited the admiration of the American Commissioner. Supported by the oaths and attestations of his worthy minister the Sapatapa, Hamouda gravely and solemnly denied having ever uttered threats of hostilities against the United States, or of violence towards their Consul, or of having made any unreasonable demands; insisting that all the difficulties had been occasioned by Mr. Davis, whom he indeed believed to be a good man, incapable of any wilful misrepresentation, but who had most strangely interpreted some of his expressions in a sense totally different from that intended, and forgotten others. He had indeed asked for a frigate from the United States; but that was a request such as one friend might make of another, and the refusal of which should give rise to no difference between them. The subject of blockades he could not understand; his vessels had been taken in time of peace, and he would send an Ambassador to the United States to demand their restitution, although he would prefer having that business settled on the spot; in the meantime, he was ready to give the strongest guaranties of his pacific intentions. Nothing more could be demanded. A new Consul was presented in place of Mr. Davis, who refused to return; and the frigate Congress having been sent to the United States, to convey the Ambassador Sidi Soliman Melle-Melle, the rest of the squadron quitted the Gulf of Tunis about the 1st of September.

The Tunisian Ambassador arrived with his retinue at Washington, where he excited great curiosity and attention.* He soon made a formal demand, in his

* Melle-Melle is still remembered in Washington, where his dresses, his presents, his prayers, his Arabian horses, his refusing to eat from sunrise to sunset during a particular time of the year, (the Ramadan or

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master's name, for the restoration of the vessels, or their value, which was complied with from a desire to conciliate the Bey; but this compliance encouraged the Ambassador to require a supply of naval stores, as the price of peace for the succeeding three years, which having been positively refused, he quitted the United States without retracting the demand. His master however was at that time engaged in a war with Algiers, and did not think proper to proceed farther in his exactions; and although attempts were afterwards made by him and his successor to force the Americans to pay tribute, they proved always unsuccessful, and no actual interruption of peace between the United States and Tunis has occurred since the termination of the difference above stated.

From Tunis the American squadron proceeded to Algiers, where Mr. Lear landed, and was received with great respect by the government. At this time it would doubtless have been easy to have relieved the United States from the annual tribute of naval stores and munitions to the value of twenty-one thousand dollars, which they were bound to pay to that Regency by the treaty of 1795; but the Algerines had not committed any notable infraction of the terms of that treaty, and there was no cause of quarrel. In 1807 the government of the United States, in anticipation of an immediate war with Great Britain, recalled its naval forces from the Mediterranean, which sea was not again visited by an American armed vessel until 1815. The peace with Tripoli and Tunis has, however, continued without any absolute interruption to this time; with Algiers it was broken in 1812, when the Dey, emboldened by the absence of the American ships of war, and instigated, as we shall show, by the British government, thought proper to commence hostilities against the United States, for which a signal retribution was exacted in 1815.

The occurrences of the war between Tunis and Algiers would be devoid of interest, however faithfully related. Algiers had long maintained a degree of arrogant influence over Tunis, which was very galling to the sovereigns of the latter country. This was effected partly by superiority in military and naval forces, partly by the aid of the Ottoman Porte, which very naturally sided with Algiers against a state scarcely acknowledging its dependance on the Sultan, but principally by bribes to the high officers of the Tunisian government. To free his kingdom from this nightmare had been the incessant endeavor of Hamouda, and was the object of the war; its results were favorable to the Tunisians, both at sea and on land; peace was made in September, 1808, and the influence of Algiers appears never since to have been felt in the councils of Tunis.

From 1807 to 1815, the Mediterranean was navigated by few vessels except those of Great Britain, which were forbidden fruit to the Barbary cruisers; almost their only prey being the miserable inhabitants of Sicily, Sardinia, and even of the Greek Islands, although the latter were subject to the Sultan. One circumstance here shows that the government of Great Britain still cherished the system of encouraging piracy in the Mediterranean, as a means of excluding other nations from its commerce. Sicily remained during the whole of the period above mentioned, absolutely in possession of the British, the authority of the king being nearly nominal. Yet, although its vessels were daily attacked, and its inhabitants carried off from the coasts to slavery in Africa, a truce negotiated with Algiers in 1810, and an occasional remonstrance to the other two powers, which was never attended to, were the only measures adopted to remedy the evil, by those who styled themselves the protectors of the island. To the honor of the Americans, it can be said with truth, that in their Consuls the unhappy captives found friends, and that through the active intercession of these agents, many of them were restored to their homes.

The Pasha of Tripoli, as soon as he was relieved from the presence of the American forces, began with great industry to restore tranquillity in his dominions, and to repair his finances which had been exhausted by the war. As he was almost shut out from the sea, he resolved to establish and extend his authority on land. The fixed population of this regency is small, and almost entirely confined to the few fertile spots on the coast; the interior being principally desert or mountainous, is inhabited by Arabs, who wander with their flocks from pasture to pasture, or are engaged in the transportation of merchandize, or live by plundering their more industrious neighbors. The allegiance of these wanderers is always doubtful; the revenue derived from taxing them is small, and is never obtained without considerable difficulty. Whenever the Pasha is known to be in trouble at home, they become refractory, refuse to pay their tribute, and attack the caravans or towns on the coast; seldom indeed does a year pass in which the sovereign of Tripoli is not engaged in war with some of their tribes. Of these tribes, one called the Waled Suleiman had long been formidable for its numbers and its rebellious disposition; under a daring and sagacious chief the Sheik Safanissa, it had set at defiance the power of the Pasha, and had frequently pushed its inroads to the gates of the capital. Safanissa at length died; although his descendants were brave and trained to war, and his tribe continued to be powerful and influential, yet the magic of his

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Mahometan Lent,) and other of his Oriental customs and peculiarities, form the subjects of many anecdotes. Among his attendants was a passionate fellow named Hadji Mohammed, who having had a quarrel with a barber in the city, threatened to kill him. The barber complained to Mr. Madison, then Secretary of State, who sent Mr. B———, a highly respected gentleman of his Department, to call on Melle-Melle, and request him to curb the impetuosity of his follower. The Ambassador received Mr. B——— with the usual Oriental forms of politeness, and having heard the complaint, said a few words in Arabic to one of his attendants, who went out, and presently re-appeared with poor Hadji Mohammed, guarded by four men with drawn swords. This apparition somewhat astounded Mr. B———, who is the most mild and amiable of men; and he was still more shocked when Melle-Melle, in the most courteous manner expressing his desire to do all in his power to please the American government, offered to have the culprit's head taken off immediately, and sent to the Secretary of State, unless he or the President might prefer seeing it done themselves. Mr. B——— of course declined such a demonstration of the Ambassador's good feeling toward the United States, and hastened to assure him that no such mode of reparation was demanded; it being only necessary to enjoin upon his attendant to refrain from any acts of violence. This fact was related to the writer by Mr. B——— himself.

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presence was wanting, to maintain that supremacy which it had so long boasted. Yusuf saw this, and determined if possible to exterminate these insolent foes. He began by gaining over to his side another powerful tribe called the Waled Magarra, the hereditary rivals and enemies of the Suleimans; and when he had sufficiently secured their fidelity, he struck a blow which proved perfectly successful, and by which he gained another object long considered important by the sovereigns of Tripoli.

In the Desert south of this regency, is a large tract of habitable country called Fezzan. The greater part of its surface is indeed a sterile waste of sand, but there are many small spots containing clay enough to render them capable of producing dates and some other articles for the support of men and beasts. The labor of cultivation is however very great, as it seldom or never rains, and there being neither springs nor rivers, the water necessary for moistening the earth can only be procured from wells. Almost the only articles of export are dates and salt, which latter is procured in great quantities from the borders of stagnant pools, and carried to the coast of the Mediterranean, and to the negro countries south of the desert. It is inhabited principally by a black race, differing in feature however from the negroes; there are also many Arabs and some Moors, making in all perhaps seventy thousand of the poorest and most miserable of the human species. The sovereignty had long been hereditary in a family originally from Morocco, which acknowledged its dependance on Tripoli; but the Sultan of Fezzan, like the Arabs, seldom paid his tribute when he could avoid it; and the expense of collecting, had indeed of late years, amounted to more than the sum obtained. Such a territory and such inhabitants would scarcely seem to offer any inducements to conquest; but the position of Fezzan renders it important to Tripoli, as through it passes the principal route from the coast to the interior of the continent; and Yusuf was well assured that the Sultan obtained a large revenue by exactions from his subjects, and from the numerous caravans which traversed his dominions. He was therefore anxious to have his share, and was the more enraged at the insolence of this Prince in withholding it, as he was supported and encouraged in so doing by an alliance with the Waled Suleiman. At length in 1811, Yusuf seized a moment when the Suleimans were absent on a foray in the Egyptian territory, and sent an army of Tripolines and Magarra Arabs to Fezzan, under one of his most attached and experienced generals, named Mahomet el Mukni, who was well acquainted with the country, from having visited it several times to receive the tribute. These troops rapidly passed the Gharian mountains, which separate Tripoli from Fezzan, and appeared unexpectedly before Morzouk, the capital of the latter kingdom; this town, built of mud, and defended only by a wall and castle of the same material, was easily taken, the Sultan and his family, with many of the principal inhabitants, were put to death, the rest submitted to the invaders, and the whole country was soon in their possession. The neighboring Arabs overawed by this success, flocked to Mukni's standard, and having received a reinforcement of Tripoline troops, he marched to intercept the Waled Suleimans on their return from Egypt; they were met, defeated, and almost exterminated. Abdi Zaleel, one of the grandsons of Safanissa, was made prisoner, and retained for some time by the Pasha as a hostage for the fidelity of the few whose lives were spared. As a reward for the generalship displayed by Mukni, Yusuf appointed him Governor of Fezzan, with the title of Sultan while in that territory; he was required however, to transmit a large amount of tribute, and also to make an annual inroad into the negro countries lying south of the Desert, for the purpose of bringing away slaves, who were afterwards sent to Tripoli, and thence to the markets of Smyrna and Constantinople.

By these means the power of the Pasha was much strengthened, and his revenues increased; but his sons grew up to manhood, and he began to receive from them the same ungrateful treatment which he had displayed towards his own father. His eldest, Mohammed, who as heir to the crown, bore the title of Bey, and commanded the troops, is universally represented as one of the most complete monsters which even Africa has produced. He first excited the jealousy of his father in 1816, by the purchase of a large number of muskets, which were probably intended for the purpose of arming his followers and dethroning the Pasha; for this he was ordered to go to Bengazi, and there take the command of some troops destined to act against a tribe of refractory Arabs. In this expedition he was entirely successful; that is to say, he extirminated the rebellious tribes, laid waste the country which they had infested, and sent a number of heads, of both friends and enemies, to adorn the gates of his father's castle. On his return to Tripoli, he probably considered these eminent services as entitling him to the immediate possession of the throne, and with that view he made an attempt on Yusuf's life; it failed, and he was again sent to the Eastern Provinces, to act against another tribe who had refused to pay tribute. Mohammed however, immediately on his arrival, joined the rebels, and plundered the country which he was ordered to defend. Yusuf was therefore obliged to send an army against him under his second son Ahmed, who dispersed his brother's forces and drove him into Egypt. The instances of treachery and cruelty practised on each side during this war, are too shocking to be related. The principal inhabitants of whole towns were murdered; hostages were beheaded at the moment stipulated for their return; promises of pardon confirmed by appeals to the common faith of both parties were shamelessly broken, and those who trusted to them sacrificed in cold blood. The result of the whole was the promotion of Ahmed to the situation of Bey, and the establishment of the rebellious Mohammed as Governor of Derne.

Notwithstanding these proofs of Yusuf's perfidy and ferocity, he became popular with Europeans; and those who were introduced to him, generally came away favorably impressed with regard to his character, and were inclined to attribute his excesses more to his situation than to his disposition. He spoke Italian fluently, and seemed to be well acquainted with what was going on in the world: his court was splendid; his apartments furnished with elegance and taste; he drank the best champaigne which France produced, and his manners are said to have been such as to entitle him to be considered a gentleman any where. The celebrated

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Portuguese, Badia Castilho, whose travels and adventures under the name of Ali Bey, are so well known, seems to have been charmed by the frankness and amenity of the Pasha of Tripoli. Captain Beechy, who was sent by the British Admiralty in 1822, to survey the shores of the great Syrtis, speaks with gratitude of the readiness with which facilities were afforded him for the prosecution of the work. Lyon, Denham and Clapperton, although they all experienced many vexations in their journey through the Tripoline dominions, yet seemed to ascribe them rather to the malignity and knavery of the officers of the government, than to any ill intentions on the part of the chief. To those who were not his subjects, the "good old-gentlemanly vice" of avarice seems to have been his principal failing. His own habits were expensive, and his sons, by their prodigality, kept his coffers always empty.

To the American officers and Consuls, he has been most scrupulously attentive, and has several times shewn his anxiety to prevent any difficulties from arising with the government of the United States. On all public occasions, there has been a struggle for precedence between the British and French Consuls; those of other European nations not venturing to advance any claims for themselves. The United States have been fortunately represented in Tripoli by determined men, who, while they ridiculed the etiquette in the abstract, determined to admit no inferiority in a country where it was considered as essentially important; they have therefore uniformly maintained their rights, the Pasha shewing a disposition to aid them as far as he could.

A serious affair, however, occurred in September, 1818, which was very near producing a rupture between Tripoli and the United States. Mr. R. B. Jones, the American Consul, while on a shooting excursion in the vicinity of the city, was attacked by two negroes, and beaten. The negroes were discovered to be the slaves of Morat Rais the Admiral, and there was reason to believe that they had been set on by the Scotch renegade, who always remained the bitter enemy of the United States. Investigations were made, by the results of which this suspicion was confirmed, and Morat finding himself in danger, sought an asylum in the British Consulate. Mr. Jones demanded the public punishment of the slaves, and the banishment of the Admiral from the Regency, during the pleasure of the President of the United States. Yusuf made every endeavor to evade the latter, offering instead to bastinado the slaves as long as Mr. Jones might please, or to strike off their heads if that were required. He urged that the British Consul was entitled to protect all fugitives, by the immemorial custom of the place, and that to drag him from his asylum would be to involve Tripoli in a war with Great Britain. The British Consul, on his part, insisted that Morat was a subject of Great Britain, and as such, liable only to be tried by him. Mr. Jones refused to listen to any of these representations, and was preparing to leave the place with his family, when Yusuf yielded. The slaves were publicly bastinadoed, and their master banished from Tripoli for life. Three years after, however, Mr. Jones was induced by the representations of the Pasha, to request that the President would permit him to return, which was in consequence granted.

Many changes had in the mean time taken place in Tunis. In the month of September, 1813, Hamouda Bey, while taking a cup of coffee, after a long day's fast in the Ramadan, fell down and expired. It has been already stated, that he was not the rightful heir to the throne, according to the European laws of succession, for Mahmoud and Ismael, the sons of Mahmed an elder brother of his father, were still alive, retained as state prisoners in the palace. On the death of Hamouda, his brother Othman assumed the crown, and held it for nearly two years; but he had a powerful enemy in the Sapatapa Sidi Yusuf, who was anxious to govern himself, and considered that the aged Mahmoud would be a more convenient representative of royalty. The troops were accordingly corrupted, and on the 19th of January, 1815, Othman was murdered by the hand of Mahmoud himself, who, having also despatched Othman's two sons, assumed the title and power of Bey, without opposition. The Sapatapa, the contriver of this last revolution, soon received the just reward of his villainy: he was anxious to enjoy the title, as well as the power of a sovereign of Tunis, and prepared to dispose of Mahmoud and his family. His plans were, however, revealed, and on the night on which they were to have been executed, he was himself murdered as he was retiring to his apartment in the palace of Bardo, after having spent the evening in business with the Bey, and in playing chess with his eldest son Hassan. His immense property was confiscated, and his body was dragged by the infuriated populace through the streets, with every mark of indignity. Mahmoud held the throne without any serious difficulty until his death, in 1824. His brother Ismael had no children, and was not a person likely to give him any apprehension. He is represented as having been a merry inoffensive old gentleman, fond of punning, a great lover and judge of wine which he called vinegar, out of respect for the Koran, and an inveterate newspaper politician. It is difficult to imagine an African Prince of this character. On the death of Mahmoud, his eldest son, Hassan, succeeded, who is the present Bey.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO MARGUERITE.

Where is my friend? I languish here—
  Where is my own sweet friend?
With all those looks of love so dear,
  Where grace and beauty blend!

I miss those social *winter* hours
  With her I used to spend,
Now cheerless are my *summer bowers*—
  Where is my own lov'd friend?

Our sweetest joys, like flowers may rise,
  And all their fragrance lend,
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
  Where is my own sweet friend?

The winding brooks, like distant lute,
  Their murmuring whispers send;
The echoes of my soul are mute—
  Where is my own dear *friend?*

M.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO ANN.

I will not cross thy path again
While Earth shall stand or Ocean roll,
For thou hast rent the bond in twain
That fetter'd long my struggling soul.

For me the world no more can bring
A smile to love, a frown to fear;
The bird that soars on wildest wing,
Hath stronger ties to chain him here.

To-morrow's sun shall sink to me
Beneath lone ocean's caverns deep—
To-morrow's sun shall glide from thee,
Behind yon forest's waving sweep:

And thou shalt mark his farewell beams
O'er lov'd familiar objects play;
But will they rouse the fairy dreams
That once endear'd the close of day?

I shall not heed, in climes afar,
Thy name—'twill be a sound unheard,
And time and distance doubly mar
The fitful dream that thou hast stirr'd.

I shall not long remember thee,
Mid' prouder schemes and objects strange;
Thy scorn hath set the captive free,
And boundless now shall be his range.

And while a sunder'd path shall own
My bosom now, as cold as thine,
To me thy doom shall rest unknown,
As thou shalt nothing know of mine.

If o'er thee pale disease should creep
And mark thee for an early grave,—
No mourning voice shall cross the deep,
No tear shall swell the eastern wave.

If long and blest thy life should be,
And fall like leaves when frost is come,—
Unconscious all, the sullen sea
Will bear no echo from thy tomb.

Unknown must be thy smiles or tears:
Yet sometimes, at the farewell hour,
The book of fate unclasp'd appears,
And half imparts a prophet's power.

Try to forget! The time may be
When Fancy shall withhold her sway,
And blissful dreams no more for thee
Shall sport in sunset's golden ray.

Try to forget! Thy calm of pride
May sink to waveless, waste despair,
Like her whose homeward glance descried
Heaven's shower of flame descending there.

Try to forget! Thy peace of mind
May change to passion's blasting storm;
When spirits of the past unbind
The shroud from Pleasure's faded form.

Pray to forget! When chill disdain
Shall haply tell that love is fled,
And thou shalt gaze, but gaze in vain,
On eyes where Passion's light is dead;

Then turn thee not to former days—
Remember not this hour of pride
That banish'd one, who but to raise,
To shield, to bless thee, would have died.

The shaft that flies from Sorrow's bow
When Fate would sternest wrath employ,
Is far less steel'd with present woe
Than poison'd with remember'd joy.

Norfolk, September 13, 1834.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MY NATIVE LAND.

BY LUCY T. JOHNSON.

I return'd to my own native land,
And I sought for the spot I had loved,
Where the rose and the lily had bloom'd 'neath my hand,
And my footsteps in childhood had roved.

I saw—but I wept at the change
Long years had thrown over the scene;—
It was there—but the desert's wild, desolate range
Was mark'd "where the garden had been."

I look'd for the cottage of white,
As it stood half conceal'd, half disclosed,
By the rose tree and vine which encircled it quite,
Near the sod where my fathers reposed.

It was gone—but the chimney was there,
The sad relic of long vanish'd years;
And the thorn and the brier now embraced, or were near,
Where my kindred had buried their cares.

I look'd for the valley and stream,
Where the bower and grove intertwined;
Where the wild hunter boy oft indulged in his dream
Of delights he was never to find.

The valley and stream—they were there,
But the shade of the green wood had pass'd;
The stream was a wild where the serpent might *lair*,
In that vale's ever shadowless waste.

I look'd for the mountain and hill,
Where the hunter delighted to stray,
And where at the twilight, the lone whippoorwill
Had pour'd forth his anchorite lay.

They were there—but the hunter was gone,
And the sound of his bugle was hush'd;
And the torrent was there—but the light-footed fawn
Drank not at its fount as it rush'd.

I look'd for the friends I lov'd best;
The friends of my earliest choice;
They had gone to that bourne where the dead are at rest,
Or cold was each care-stricken voice.

The living were there—but were chill'd
By the imprint of age and its cares;
They met me—just met me—and heartlessly smiled,
For their friendship had fled with their years.

Adieu to thee—"land of the leal,"
Fair land of the blue-vaulted sky;
Tho' I go—yet the heart thus inspired to feel,
Shall remember thee oft with a sigh.

Elfin Moor, Va. January 14, 1835.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO MY CHILD.

BY PERTINAX PLACID.

Why gazest thou, my eldest born, my best beloved boy,
Upon thy father's clouded brow, as if it marr'd thy joy—
As if it chill'd thy little heart, such sadden'd looks to see,
And gave a mournful presage of thy own dark destiny?—
Why dost thou stop thy frolic play, and with inquiring eye,
Looking up into my thoughtful face, breathe something like a sigh?
Thy little hand upon my knee, thy neck thrown gently back,
And thine offer'd kiss, to tempt my tho'ts from their dark and dreary track.
Yes, that childish kiss can win me back to momentary peace,
And thy soft embrace can bid awhile my bosom's sadness cease—
For in my spirit's wanderings, when the past with pain I tread,
Or pry into the future with mingled hope and dread,
Still thou, my child, in all my tho'ts, sad tho' they be, hast part,
And of thy after-life I muse, with a father's anxious heart.
Even now thou smilest winningly, to bid me smile again,
And thy looks of joy and innocence revive the heart, as rain
Revives the drooping, wither'd flower, in Autumn's chilly day,
When winds and storms its summer leaves, one by one have rent away.
Oh many a sad and heavy hour my heart has felt for thee,
And many a prayer my lips have breath'd that heaven thy guide may be, [free.
Throughout the giddy maze of life, and from sorrow keep thee
Not from those griefs that all must feel, who tread this path of care,
And that weigh on every bosom doom'd the fate of man to bear—
But from the deep regret I feel for many a wasted hour,
And from the gnawing of remorse, unbridled passion's dower:
That thou may'st early learn to check thy fancy's treacherous glow,
Nor paint too fair the face of things, the dark reverse to know—
Nor, fed by Hope, too long believed, when she has taken wing,
Look round thee on the human face as on a hated thing.
Oh never may'st thou deem the world what it has seem'd to me,
The field of strife where Virtue falls 'neath fraud and treachery:
And may'st thou by no sad reverse, man's darker passions know,
Nor prove, when fortunes change, that *friends* can deal the heaviest blow,
That he who shared thy inmost soul, may prove thy deadliest foe.
Even now, upon thy gentle face, too plainly I behold
The impress of thy future life—thy destiny foretold.
That noble brow, so fearless, that eye so bold and free,
Bespeak a soul undim'd by aught of wrong or perfidy—
The dreaming pauses 'midst thy play, as if of sudden thought,
The speaking glances of thine eye, when with hope and gladness fraught—
These tell a tale of after times, when I no more shall guide
The wand'rings of thy youthful feet, or lead thee by my side—
When the fondness of a father's love thou never more canst know,
And I shall in an early grave sleep tranquilly and low.
That eager glance, that buoyant step, that shout so full of glee,
Tell me that thou in manhood's throngs wilt bear thee manfully—
That thou wilt trust to those who swear, in love or friendship, truth,
And mourn, like me, the illusion o'er, the errors of thy youth.
Then be it so—speed on thy race, thro' sunshine and thro' shade:
Fair be thy young imaginings—for ah, they all must fade—
And may'st thou, when the visions pass, that o'er thy slumbers bend,
When life grows dark, and hearts grow cold, find thou hast still a friend,
Whose faith the terrors cannot shake of life's most stormy hour,
True to the last, be fortune thine, or when misfortune lower.
But still, should keen adversity, rend every human tie,
Bear thy proud soul above the wreck, the tempest's rage defy.
Look on my face again, fair boy, the clouds have passed away—
I trust thee to that *better guide*, who checks us when we stray.
And if the thorn must wound us still, whene'er we pluck the rose,
His wisdom, which inflicts, can teach to bear life's many woes.
Come then, and kiss thy father, boy,—his brow no more is dark;
Smile once again, pursue thy play, and carol like the lark.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO ——.

Thou *arch* magician! [emphasise the arch!
I would not—for an office—have it said
That I apostrophized another]—march
Where'er I will, thy strategy has spread
For me, alas! such ambuscades and toils,
I fear thou seek'st to add me to thy "spoils."

'Tis, by my holidame! no more a jest
To cope with thee, than him, whose subtle schemes
Cheat an enlightened people's greatest, best—
While thou art tickling in their downy dreams,
Some half score maidens, putting them in mind
To play the devil—just as they're inclined.

* * * * * *

With woman's eyes thou hast my heart assailed,
Yet I withstood them. Lips and teeth in vain
Coral and pearls outshone—form, features failed
To bind me captive in thy treacherous chain;
I know not why, but fancy some bright shield
Hath saved me scathless from the well fought field!

* * * * * *

Perhaps it was her eyes—their flashing light
Must have reminded me of quenchless fire:
It may have been her teeth—their dazzling white
Might hint Tartaric snows than Andes higher,
Where shriek the damned from every frozen clime,
Warning poor tempted souls to flee from crime.*

Perhaps her lips foretokened coals as red—
Perhaps her faultlessness of form might tell
Of ruined Arch-angelic beauties, led
By Love or Pride's seduction, down to hell—
But how 'twas possible I can't divine,
To look upon her foot and think of thine!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES

Written in an Album, on pages between which several leaves had been cut out.

What leaves were these so rudely torn away?
Whose immortality thus roughly foiled?
What aphoristic dogs have had their day,
And of their hopes been suddenly despoiled?

Whose leaf was this? and what the bay-wreath'd name
Which here its glowing fancies did rehearse?
What was the subject which it doomed to Fame?
Whose knife or scissors did that doom reverse?

Here gallant knights, imagining the wings
Of the famed Pegasus sustained them, soaring,
Fiddled, thou false one! on their own heartstrings,
Whilst thou thy soul in laughter wert outpouring!

A score of petty minstrels might have lain,
And, like the Abbey Sleepers, found good lying
In this brief space—but none, alas! remain,
Thou'st sent their ashes to the four winds flying!

Behold my Muse, Colossus like, bestride
The fallen honors of each beau and lover—
Ghosts of departed songs, that here have died,
How many of ye now do o'er me hover?

---

* A *hot* region has no terrors for the Laplanders. None but a very *cold* place of punishment is adapted to their imagination.

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Methought I heard ye then, as first ye threw
  Your soft imaginings in dreamy numbers,
And o'er my soul the sweet enchantment flew
  Like music faintly heard in midnight slumbers.

* * * * * *

When whim, or chance, or spite, *my* leaf shall tear,
  Grant me in turn, ye fates! some gentle poet—
One who shall lie with such a grace, you'd swear
  That if indeed he lied, he did'nt know it!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A PRODIGIOUS NOSE.

Mr. White: Your facetious correspondent Pertinax Placid, seems so deeply versed in what may be called *nasal music*, that I am very sure he would have recorded, in his late communication, and in far better style than mine, the history of a nose. Permit me, therefore, to furnish him with a few "memorabilia," of this extraordinary protuberance, (*nose* it could not properly be called,) against his next narrative of a nasal concert.

It was the property of a Virginia gentleman, long since dead, who had attained, at a very early age, the enormous weight of some seven or eight and twenty stone. It had no resemblance to that of Slawkenbergius—as delineated by Sterne—nor to Dan Jackson's, so frequently and fondly described by Swift—nor to that of the sensual Bardolph, so famous in dramatic annals, for the phosphorescent quality of shining in the dark, ascribed to it by his friend Falstaff. In short, such was its unique conformation, that it would have defied the skill of Dr. Taliacotius himself, even with the choice of any part of the human body, to manufacture any thing at all like it. Although it approached more the bulbous kind of nose, than any other, and in shape, strongly resembled the nose of the Hippopotamus, or river horse, it was so disproportionately small, when contrasted with the two tumuli of flesh between which it was deeply imbedded, that it was quite invisible to any person taking a profile view of the face, which seemed to be literally noseless. Add to this, the projection of an upper lip of double the usual thickness, which so nearly closed the two apertures through which the proprietor breathed, as to render it perfectly manifest to all beholders, that to sleep in any other way but with his mouth at least half open, was utterly impracticable. This accordingly, was his invariable habit; and the consequences can be much more easily imagined, (difficult as it was,) than described. To relate every tale that I have heard of his snoring achievements, would certainly bring into some suspicion the veracity of those from whom I heard them. In tender regard, therefore, for their character, I will repeat only two; but by these alone, both you and your readers may judge pretty well of the rest.

The first was, that on a memorable occasion, when his crater was in full blast, his nasal explosions actually burst open a bran new door, although the bolt of the lock was turned. At another time, it is related of him, that arriving late at night at his favorite tavern in Alexandria, he was conducted into a room, furnished with two beds, in one of which was a little Frenchman, fast asleep, who had gone to rest without any expectation of receiving a fellow lodger. Into the empty bed the fat gentleman soon entered; and being a precious sleeper, he remained but a few minutes awake. Much, however, and most startling work was always to be done, before sound sleep ensued; for a prelude was to be performed, which might aptly be compared to the fearful sounds of a man in the agonies of death by strangulation, from the rupture of a blood vessel. This being almost enough to awaken the dead, we may readily suppose that the little Frenchman was instantly aroused,—aroused too, in the utmost extremity of such terror as would probably be caused in any one, at the idea of a murder being committed in his room. This conviction flashed upon his mind, with all its accompanying horror, at the moment he awoke. In the twinkling of an eye, he sprang out of bed—not exactly "in puris naturalibus," but certainly in a dress very unsuitable for company, and rushed headlong down three flights of stairs, crying out at the top of his voice, "murder! mon dieu! murder! murder!" As may well be imagined, this produced a general rush of the lodgers from their apartments, and in costume similar to his own.—The females were screaming in their highest key—the men, in their far harsher tones, were roaring out, "what's the matter? what's the matter?" while the little Frenchman reiterated still more loudly his piteous cries of "murder! mon dieu! murder! murder!" A scene of such indescribable confusion ensued, that some time elapsed before the equally terrified tavern keeper, who had joined the throng, had the least chance of unravelling the mystery. At last, however, sufficient quiet was restored to enable him to understand from the little Frenchman, why he had fled from his room with such precipitation. An irrepressible burst of laughter had nearly suffocated the poor landlord, before he could gain sufficient breath to explain to his guests, that the whole cause of their dreadful alarm, was nothing more than the fat gentleman's tuning and preluding upon his nasal instrument, as was his invariable custom, preliminary to the much deeper sleep that always followed; and which was indicated by a combination of such unearthly sounds, that they might reasonably thank their stars that the preparation they had received was no worse.

Democritus, Jr.

SWIMMING.

Some of our readers will doubtless remember an allusion in the tale of "The Doom" to an individual who performed the feat of swimming across the James, at the falls above this city. A valuable correspondent, who was the bold swimmer alluded to, writes us as follows:

"I noticed the allusion in the Doom. The writer seems to compare my swim with that of Lord Byron, whereas there can be no comparison between them. Any swimmer "in the falls" in my days, would have swum the Hellespont, and thought nothing of the matter. I swam from Ludlam's wharf to Warwick, (six miles,) in a hot June sun, against one of the strongest tides ever known in the river. It would have been a feat comparatively easy to swim twenty miles in still water. I would not think much of attempting to swim the British Channel from Dover to Calais."

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

"THE GRAVE OF FORGOTTEN GENIUS."

BY AN UNDERGRADUATE.

Anxious thought that wished
To go, yet whither knew not well to go,
Possessed his soul and held it still awhile:
He listened and heard from far the voice of fame,
Heard and was charmed, and deep and sudden vow
Of resolution made to be renowned,
And deeper vowed to keep his vow.—*Pollock.*

The summer of 18—, was the fourth which I had spent at C—— College, and with it, ended my collegiate life. The scenes, which my long residence there had made sacred to the memory, were now becoming still more sacred as the time of my departure drew near. Every object, which was at all associated with meeting-scenes and parting-adieus, had become a magician's wand,—recalling the absent and the dead—towering hopes, now buried in the tomb, and anguish, which, thus recalled, is but the bliss which the dreamer enjoys, when he wakes and feels himself secure from the precipice, from whose edge a moment before he was plunging into a gulph below. No scene was to me so sacred as the student's grave-yard; for in it, I often mourned over the woes and ills of life, and almost unconsciously wished for a fate like the young men's who slept in its repose. There were then only four graves—three were side by side, having tomb-stones, epitaphed to the memory of those whose ashes reposed beneath them. The fourth stood alone—over it was a rude stone, on which was visible no tribute to him, whose remains were there. His was a destiny which often made me look upon the unlettered stone with the deepest sympathy. One only thing seemed to be known of this grave—one tribute only did time pay to his memory—for to the pilgrim who passed by and hastily inquired "who sleeps there?" naught was ever replied but the simple, yet eloquent elegy, "that is the "*Grave of the Forgotten Genius.*" In this unconscious elegy, there was that which made me look upon it, almost as the grave of a brother.

It was here that I often retired during the last days of my stay at C—— College. Here I could enjoy an uninterrupted revery, and call before me the spirits of the dead and weep o'er the destiny of forgotten genius; yet, even then, I sometimes thought their fate the happiest which could fall to the lot of man. Perhaps they have prayed for the gift of oblivion. Perhaps they have wished not to be remembered. Their last desire may have been,

"Silent let me sink to earth
With no officious mourners near:
I would not mar one hour of mirth
Nor startle friendship with a tear."

A few days before my departure from the college, I was walking thoughtfully through the grove, which surrounded this little grave-yard, when suddenly I beheld a stately figure, standing near the unepitaphed grave. He stood for a moment—then approached the grave-stone—seemed to take something from it, and pressing his hand to his forehead for a moment, look fixedly at the stone. He arose—hastily left the grave and directed his course towards a little village below. Here was a mystery! Is this a relative—a brother of the "forgotten genius," who has at last come to pay a tribute to his long neglected memory? I ran to the grave. Behold! the name of him who had so long been forgotten! The mysterious stranger had discovered the name of the being who was buried there, which had been almost covered by the moss that had collected upon the stone, and which till then I had never observed.

At twilight I was again in the grove, and again saw the same figure approach the grave. He stood over it, and I distinctly heard these words, "hapless being! Would that I had been here to ease thy dying agony. Yet 'tis well! I grieve not! Thy spirit is at rest."

I did not hesitate, but immediately approached the stranger, who seemed a little surprised, but by no means disconcerted,

"Stranger," I said, "thou grievest not alone! Pardon me for intruding upon thy grief. I wish only to add my sympathy to your anguish."

"Thou'rt welcome!" said the stranger, "I thank thee for thy sympathy: but tell me? Is the tale of him, who sleeps in that grave still known?"

"It is only known that he was once a student of C—— College, and that his tomb has long been called the "Grave of the Forgotten Genius" I replied. But the stranger seemed not to hear me—made no answer and approached again to the grave, and by the light of the moon which now shone brightly, read the name "Walter ——," exclaiming, "yes 'tis my younger brother, who died fifteen years ago." "And were none of his friends" I inquired, "at his side during his last illness?"

"Alas" said he, "his spirit was gone, ere the news reached them, that he was sick!" and then after a short silence the stranger continued. "But come with me to yonder village? I will there give you all the information you want." I immediately gave my assent, and after the stranger had again stood silently over the grave seemingly engaged in supplicating the favor of heaven, we approached the village. We entered the village inn,—the stranger left me for a moment, but soon reentered the room in which he had left me, bearing in one hand a small manuscript, and in the other a purse. "This manuscript" said he, "will give you the tale of him, who is now known only as the Forgotten Genius. This purse contains one hundred and fifty crowns, half of which you must cause to be applied to the erection of a monument over my brother's grave, and the other half to be deposited in the county treasury, the interest to be applied to the cultivation of the grove around the student's grave-yard."

"It is now late" said the stranger, "my duty calls me one hundred miles hence before to-morrow evening. I must rest a little, and continue my journey."

I then pressed the stranger's hand. Neither spoke. The tears flowed down the stranger's cheeks, and I felt that I was parting from a brother; without the least hope that I should ever see him again, I retired to my room, but it was only to give vent to the excess of my feelings. I continued walking through my apartment until dawn, and on going out, was informed that the stranger had just set out on his journey. I rushed to my room again, full of doubt and grief—opened the manuscript which had been given to me by the stranger, and read as follows:—

"Walter Dunlap was born in Chestatee Village, which is situated on one of the tributary streams of the

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Tennessee river, and surrounded by those beautiful vallies, so numerous on both sides of the Cumberland mountains. His father had been the first, and was at his birth the principal merchant in Chestatee Village. He was not wealthy, yet his economy had enabled him to afford means for the education of his sons at one of the first colleges in the east. The procurement of this had been his whole ambition, and it may well be imagined, that any evidences of talent and genius in his sons, would please him much. In his infancy, Walter displayed in his slightest actions, a nobleness, a generosity, and a dauntlessness which at once won the heart of his father, and Walter had not been placed under the instruction of a tutor more than six months, ere he was far in advance of those who had spent years in the school-room. Already did the fathers and mothers of Chestatee Village hold up Walter to their children as a model for their imitation. He had not passed his twelfth year before he was sent with an elder brother to a college three hundred miles distant from his paternal home.

We arrived at C—— College full of hope and expectation, for the writer of this narrative was the next elder brother of Walter. We looked only for that continual flow of spirits and sprightliness, which the changing and novel scenes of our journey had excited, and were therefore illy prepared to meet the rigid confinement and discipline of a college-life. At first we sat out with ardor, and Walter especially, seemed delighted with the prospect of pleasure which lay before him. Yet the most ardent and ambitious, are not always the most successful students. A sudden prospect of an adventure, full of romance and chivalry, seldom fails to bewitch their imagination, and those who before were first and most ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, are often, by a single incident of mirth and pleasure converted into ring-leaders of insubordination, unwilling to reap the advantages of a liberal education, and constantly contriving means of interrupting the peace of those around them. There were such at C—— College, and it was not long ere Walter was ranked among the most ungovernable members of the institution. Six months had not elapsed, ere he was represented to his father, as one who was no longer fit for the station he occupied, and was thus privately dismissed. These were the circumstances: Walter and myself were placed under the guardianship of a distant relative who was connected with the institution, and he was to supply us with whatever money we needed. The frequent applications which Walter had made to his guardian at last caused a prompt refusal, which greatly displeased Walter. He went to the apartment occupied by his guardian, and took the sum for which he had applied. This act he did not attempt to conceal, for he was not yet able to distinguish between right and wrong,—so that it could not have entered into his mind that he was then committing a crime, which was subject to the severest punishment. His guardian, offended at the indignity which he thought had been offered him, reported the child who was placed under his peculiar protection, to the president of the college, for *theft*. Thus was the thoughtless, the generous and noble Walter, beloved by all his companions, implicated and deemed guilty of an act, among the basest in the catalogue of crimes. This news might well astonish the too confiding father of Walter. He was scarcely able to think, or to speak, when he received the request which the faculty had made. It was a journey of several days, yet this did not stop the weeping father, who hastened to the college to examine in person the nature of the offence. On his arrival, he too was convinced of the guilt of his son. In vain did his youthful eloquence attempt to make a distinction between taking that which was his own, and that which was another's. His father's rigid justice could not comprehend the distinction, which though incorrect, was perfectly natural. Well do I remember the sad and woe-worn countenance of our parent. Never have I seen, during a lapse of almost twenty year's observation, a father lament so bitterly over the fate of his son.

"My son," said he to me, as he was about to set out with Walter, to leave me to solitude and tears, "act honorably for my sake," and as we shook hands, tears came to relieve the agony which oppressed us. Walter, too, who till now had been firm and unmoved, boldly informing his companions of his situation and defending his actions, embraced me tenderly, and then more than at any other time during my life, when my feelings were only suggested by nature, did my heart respond to the thrilling lines

> "The word that bids us sever,
> It sounds not yet, no, no, no!"

We parted! Months passed on and not a word from Walter. At last a letter came from my father. It breathed still the same feelings and anguish which he felt at our separation. "Walter," said he, "still remains inexorable! He is ruined, and I am not able to control him. You, my son, you alone can cheer my heart and recal me from the woe which Walter has caused me." At the end of one year from the time I had separated from my father, he informed me that he had just sent Walter to live with an uncle, who resided on the Elk—a river whose banks were then but thinly settled, where he hoped the retirement of his situation and the good counsel of his uncle, would work a reformation in the feelings and principles of Walter.

"If this fail," he concluded, "I am at an end—my last hope is destroyed and my heart is broken." More than two years had elapsed since my departure for the college, and for the first time was I summoned to my paternal home. I returned, and oh, how changed was the scene! I had left my father's a house of constant happiness, but now scarcely a smile was familiar to the face of a person in the family. My father was absent in mind, and talked of forsaking business. I remained two months, and used all my endeavors to recal his thoughts to the objects around him, and in some measure succeeded. I again returned to C—— College—where I remained two years longer, not forgetting to write often to my father in such a style as to make him forget that subject which weighed so heavily upon his spirits; nor did I forget Walter, to whom I often wrote, although my letters were never answered, and had reason to hope that they were not only agreeable to him, but gladly received The last year of my collegiate life ended! I flew to my home, in obedience to the urgent request of my father, who still spoke of the disgrace and ruin of Walter, who had just returned. I was greeted with the sincerest joy—

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and Walter, as my father informed me, wept for the first time since our separation four years before, and I felt, that I had been restored to a long lost brother. He, indeed, seemed to be suddenly wrested from the gloom which had so long surrounded him, and we rambled over the hills, sacred to the memory of school-boy sports, again mingled together in the society of youthful friends, and were again as happy and as joyous, as we were, ere we experienced the pestilential influence of a college.

Immediately after my return home, my father entreated me to use every means for the reformation of Walter, at the same time, evincing all the bitterness of grief and despair. My whole object was now to gain an ascendancy over the mind of Walter. We read together—talked and laughed together—and indulged together those anticipations of the future, so bright and enchanting to the minds of the young. Often did his eye brighten at the suggestion of his future glory and greatness. Thus, by slow but certain progress, did he allow himself to be dragged from the despair and gloom by which he was surrounded. He read the tales of the great and renowned, and again was fired with ambition which prompted him to look for a name equal to theirs. Long had he been accustomed to look upon himself as an offcast from society—as one scorned and shunned by the good and the generous: for none had encouraged him to hope even that the disgrace which had come so soon to snatch him from the light of joy, and sink him to the depths of despair could ever be forgotten. How many noble, ardent and ambitious youths, have thus been driven to the night of woe and mental desolation? How many have been urged to the extremity of human depravity by the too rigid decree of a father's or a guardian's justice? How many like Walter, have been driven before the gale of prosperity, then suddenly abandoned, left scorched and desolate, as the proud vessel which is cast upon the barren shore, and left to moulder in the "winds and rains of heaven!" Yet there was one thing which seemed to afford some ground for the hope that all was not lost. For when we participated in the amusements of youth together, and he again received such evidences of respect from those around him, that he could not believe them insincere, and when he had forgotten his hopeless destiny, there came over his spirit lucid intervals, in which he explored the sublime philosophy of Locke and Paley, and became master of all the descriptions and sentiments of Addison. As we rambled one day in a solitary grove, Walter suddenly stopped, and after a moment's silence, said in a firm but melancholy tone, "my brother, the last four years of my life have been desolate, dreary like—a solitary waste. Yet this was not my fault! I have been an outcast—no human being sympathized with me—none trusted me—none esteemed me—none would receive my company but the profligate and abandoned, with whom I was taught to class myself ere I distinguished between error and truth? Thou alone hast remained faithful, and I now thank you for all your kindness and advice. I was exiled from my paternal home, I returned heart-stricken and miserable, yet I received no sympathy, until you came like an angel of mercy, to recal me to light. May heaven——." Here his voice faltered, and a flood of tears came to his relief. After a few moments he continued: "I have resolved to return to C—— College and there retrieve the happiness, the honor and character, which a youthful folly has taken from me. I thank you for your tears of sympathy. You can participate in my feelings and do justice to my motives." It was thus, in one of the most intensely interesting conversations which I ever held, that Walter disclosed to me the very purpose which I had prayed in all the fervor of supplication he might resolve upon. I soon after made known his feelings to his father, and soon, almost instantaneously, he again left his paternal home to return to C—— College. He left us agitated with doubt and the deepest anxiety for his success. He left us, warmed with the admiration which his noble purpose could not fail to inspire, but racked with that awful feeling of dread, which the uncertainty of hope always occasions. Walter did not weep—he did not seem moved, and yet there was that in his countenance which spoke eloquently of feeling. And yet there were tears to hallow the memory of our separation. A little brother, scarce able to realize the scene around him, shed tears of childish sorrow—a sister, enthusiastic in her affection for her brother shed tears—and a father too, whose locks were whitened with grief, showed youthful sympathy at his son's adieu—and I too, was not unmoved.

Walter Dunlap is again at C—— College! The farewell scene, which had convinced him how deeply the happiness of his relatives could be affected by his success—the powerful sympathy which such an occasion had displayed, at once establish him in his purpose. Fame, honor, and usefulness, were the beacon-lights which illumined his path, and the eternal gratitude of a sister—a brother—a heart-broken father, the ministering spirits which cheered him amid the storms of passion and misery, incident to the human heart. Kirke White was the model which he set before his mind—because there was a sympathy to his mind between their destinies, although White had never received a moral blight, yet it was enough that they had both been pursued by the rigor of fate.

From the moment he entered the walls of the college, he began a rigid discipline of the mind. What elevated Milton, he would ask, to an equality with the gods? What gave to Newton a comprehension of the mysteries of the universe, and to Franklin a power over the elements? and then triumphantly answer, study—unceasing study. "If Socrates had contented himself with only wishing and sighing to enter the field of philosophical truth—if he had prayed, however fervently, could that have sufficed to make him the Prince of Philosophers? Naught but the deepest, unbroken thought could have made him sport familiarly with the subtleties of philosophy, clothed as they then were, in all the gloom of ancient mythology. So thought Walter Dunlap. Night after night did he wear himself away by the intensity of his study and the depth of his thought. A year had not passed, ere he had run through much of the whole collegiate course—made himself master of the ancient languages, and gained a prize in astronomical calculations. Mind cannot conceive the joy which he felt at this success. The image of a father, smiling with tenderness and approbation, blessing him with the unbounded gratitude which a father only can feel, was ever present to his mind. Who can measure the depth of his joy? Who can count the sighs of anguish which

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these moments of joy now repayed? Well might he say, in reference to his own life,

> "One moment may, with bliss repay
> Unnumbered hours of pain."

Yet he did not esteem his work yet ended—his purpose yet realized. Innumerable difficulties, calling for energy to brave the prospect of years of application, presented themselves. He resolved to banish from his heart every image of despair, and if the attainment of glory and usefulness required it,

> "To drink even to the very dregs
> The bitterest cup that time could measure out,
> And having done, look up and ask for more."

He received no joy but in the action of mind—in converse with the proudest philosophers of the world. If he was but allowed to walk with Plato and Aristotle, in the grove of Academus, and listen to their discourses he was content. And yet, philosopher as he was, he did not wish to die unlamented, with no epitaph to his memory. How could he remain in the world, and leave it, without having made one discovery in science—established one truth which might benefit mankind—done aught that could endear his name to posterity—caused one heart's gratitude to follow him to the tomb? Such a thought was sad—unutterable! It was thus he was hurried on in his mental application, till at last it became far too incessant for the safety of his life. He saw the consequence, yet could not stay the impetuous workings of his own mind—now beyond his control. His last letter to me, thus concluded, "since I cannot expect a long residence on this earth, my only wish is, that I may have at least one kind friend who will candidly inscribe upon my tomb, this simple epitaph,

> "Here lies a heart, that beat for fame."

Soon after the reception of this letter, we were informed by the president of C—— College, that Walter Dunlap had died suddenly, from an inflammation of the lungs occasioned by an exposure to the air for several hours, while observing the corruscations of the *Aurora borealis.*

Thus died Walter Dunlap—a child of sorrow—a being of the strongest aspirations—possessing a genius which would have elevated him to a rank with the profoundest philosophers—and wept by his companions whose tears form his only funeral eulogy.

His life may show the danger of exposing a child too early to the contagion of a college—the folly of dealing too harshly with youthful errors—the force of sympathy on the heart, and the elevation at which a mind may instantly arrive. Farewell."

I will only add that the "student's grave yard" now contains a monument over the tomb of the Forgotten Genius, and that in compliance with my promise, I caused to be inscribed to the memory of Walter Dunlap, the eloquent epitaph contained in his last letter to his brother, so justly due to the actions of his short life.

West Point, 18*th April*, 1835.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE HOUSE MOUNTAIN IN VIRGINIA. *

This double mountain forms a conspicuous object in the romantic county of Rockbridge. It stands seven miles west of Lexington, from whose inhabitants it hides the setting sun, and not unfrequently turns the summer showers. Being separated from the neighboring ridge of the North mountain, and more lofty, it presents its huge body and sharp angles full to the western winds. Clouds are often driven against it, cloven asunder, and carried streaming on to the right and left with a space of clear sky between, similar in form to the evening shadow of the mountain.

Sometimes however, a division of the cloud after passing the town, will come bounding back in a current of air, reflected from another mountain. It is not uncommon to see a cloud move across the great valley in Rockbridge, shedding its contents by the way—strike the Blue Ridge on the south eastern side, wheel about and pursue a different course until it is exhausted. The traveller, after the shower is over, and the clear sunshine has induced him to put off his cloak and umbrella, is surprised by the sudden return of the rain from the same quarter towards which he had just seen it pass away.

What is called the House Mountain, consists in fact, of two oblong parallel mountains, connected at the base, and rising about 1500 feet above the common level of the valley. The summits which are about a mile and a half long, resemble the roof of a house; the ends terminate in abrupt precipices; and round the base, huge buttresses taper up against the sides, as if designed to prop the mighty structure. The students of Washington College make a party every summer to visit this mountain for the sake of the prospect. They set out in clear weather and spend the night on the mountain in order to enjoy the morning beauties of the scene, which are by far the most interesting. Having twice been of such a party, the writer gives the following description, from a memory so deeply impressed by what he saw, that years have scarcely abated the vividness of its ideas.

The first time, we were disappointed by the cloudiness of the atmosphere, and should have made an unprofitable trip, had not an unexpected scene afforded us a partial reward for the toils of the ascent. We lodged like Indian hunters not far from the summit, where a little spring trickles from the foot of the precipice. After we had slept awhile, one of the company startled us with the cry of *fire!* He saw with astonishment in the direction of the Blue Ridge, a conflagration that cast a lurid glare through the hazy atmosphere. The flame rose and spread, every moment tapering upwards to a point, and bending before the night breeze. We first imagined that a large barn was on fire, and then as the flame grew, that the beautiful village of Lexington was a prey to the devouring element. While we gazed with fearful anxiety, the fiery object in rising yet higher, seemed to grow less at the lower extremity, until it stood forth to our joyful surprise, the MOON half full, reddened and magnified by the misty air beyond what we

* This was described in the Gentleman's of the University of Va. about 1837.

had ever seen. Its light afforded an obscure perception of the most prominent objects of the landscape. Shadowy masses of mountains darkened the sight in various directions, and spots less dark in the country below, gave indications of fields and houses. We perceived just enough to make us eager for a more distinct and general view of the scene. In the morning, every thing was hidden by the cloudy confusion of the atmosphere.

The next time, our party lodged on the aerial summit of the mountain, by a fire of logs, which might have served the country for a beacon. The weather proved favorable, and we rose before the dawn to enjoy the opening scene. The sky was perfectly serene, but all the world below was enveloped in darkness and fog. Our fire had sunk to embers. The gloom, the desolation, the death-like stillness of our situation, filled every mind with silent awe, and prepared us for solemn contemplation. We spoke little, and felt disposed to solitary musing. I retired alone to a naked rock which raised its head over a precipice, turned my face to the east, and waited for the rising sun, if not with the idolatrous devotion, yet with the deep solemnity of the Persian Magii. Presently the dawn began to show the dim outline of the Blue Ridge along the eastern horizon, at the distance of twelve or fifteen miles. When the morning light opened the prospect more distinctly, the level surface of the mist which covered the valley became apparent; and the mountain tops in almost every direction, looked like islands in a white, placid, and silent ocean. I gazed with delighted imagination over this novel and fairy scene; so full of sublimity in itself, and from the sober twilight in which it appeared, so much like the work of fancy in visions of a dream. The trees and rocks of the nearest islands soon became visible; more distant islands were disclosed to view, but all were wild and desolate. I felt as if placed in a vast solitude, with lands and seas around me hitherto undiscovered by man.

Whilst I gazed with increasing admiration over the twilight scene, and endeavored to stretch my vision into the dusky regions far away, my attention was suddenly arrested by sparks of dazzling brilliancy which shot through the pines on the Blue Ridge. In the olden time, when Jupiter's thunderbolts were manufactured in the caverns of Ætna, never did such glittering scintillations fly from under the forge hammers of Cyclops. It was the sun darting his topmost rays over the mountain, and dispersing their sparkling threads in the bright and cloudless atmosphere. Very soon the fancied islands around me caught the splendid hue of the luminary, and shone like burnished gold on their eastern sides. In the west, where they were most thickly strown over the white sea of mist, and where their sides alone appeared, I could imagine them to be the islands of the blessed (so famous in ancient poetry,) where light and peace reigned perpetually. But the pleasing illusion was soon dissipated. The surface of the mist hitherto lying still, became agitated like a boiling caldron. Every where light clouds arose from it and melted away. Presently the lower hills of the country began to show their tops as if they were emerging from this troubled sea. When the sun displayed his full orb of living fire, the vapory commotion increased, the features of the low country began to be unveiled, and the first audible sound of the morning, the barking of a farmer's dog, rose from a deep vale beneath, and completely broke the enchantment of the twilight scene. When the sun was an hour high, the fog only marked the deep and curvilinear beds of the waters. Nor was I less delighted with the realities of the prospect before me.

The country lay beneath and around me to the utmost extent of vision. Along the uneven surface of the great valley, a thousand farms in every variety of situation were distinctly visible, some in low vales, some on the upland slopes, and here and there a few on the elevated sides of the mountains.

On the northeast, the less hilly county of Augusta was seen in dim perspective, like a large level of blueish green. Stretching along the eastern horizon for many a league, the Blue Ridge shewed a hundred of its lofty pinnacles among which the Peaks of Otter toward the south, rose pre-eminently conspicuous. The valley in a southwestern direction was partly concealed by the isolated line of the Short Hill: but beyond that appeared at intervals the vales of James river, from the gap where the stream has burst through the Blue Ridge, up to the place where it has cloven the North mountain, and thence round by the west, to the remarkable rent which it has made in the solid rock of the Jackson mountain, a distance altogether of some forty miles.

On the western side, the view is of a different character. Here it seemed as if all the mountains of Virginia had assembled to display their magnificence and to exhibit with proud emulation, their loftiness and their length. Line upon line, ridge behind ridge, perched over one another, crossed the landscape in various directions, here swelling into round knobs, and there stretching off in long masses far and wide; until they faded away in the blue of the atmosphere, and distinction of form and color was lost in the distance.

When I was able to withdraw my eyes from the collective whole of this sublime prospect, and to examine the particular objects that appeared around me, I was struck with the long narrow vales on the western side. The cultivated low grounds and streams of water, all converging towards the wider stream and valley of the James river, presented a beautiful contrast with the rude

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grandeur of the mountains among which they lay. When I looked down upon the country in the immediate vicinity of the House Mountain, I admired the beauties of the scene. The woody hillocks and shady dells had lost every rough and disagreeable feature: the surface of the woods was uniformly smooth and green, like a meadow, and wound before the elevated eye with the most graceful curves imaginable. The little homesteads about the foot of the mountain, the large farms and country seats further away in the valley, and the bright group of buildings in the village of Lexington, formed a gentle scene of beauty, which relieved the mind from the almost painful sublimity of the distant prospect, and prepared us, after hours of delightful contemplation, to descend from our aerial height, and to return with gratified feelings to our college and studies again.

Lexington, Virginia.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

VISIT TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS,

During the Summer of 1834.

NO. I.

On the morning of a bright and beautiful day early in July, I resumed my seat in the mail coach at Lexington, with the prospect of soon reaching the Virginia Springs. The line having been recently established was as yet little known, and on this occasion I was the only passenger. Ample opportunity was afforded for viewing the charming scenery which surrounds this village; and, certainly, the world can scarcely present a more lovely landscape than that which lay before us as we entered upon the turnpike which leads to the Springs.

At the foot of the hill which we were descending, "Woods's Creek" was stealing along through the shaded retreats and the velvet green which lines its banks; the adjoining hills were crowned with waving fields, now ripening for the harvest; the chimnies of the "Mulberry Hill" residence could just be seen, peering above the groves and the foliage which throw their charms around its retirement; the ruins of the "Old Academy"—where Alexander, Baxter, Matthews, Rice, and others of the first men in the Presbyterian Church were educated,—with its mouldering, ivy-covered walls, stood in melancholy solitude on the borders of the neighboring forest. Beyond, was the rolling country in its variety of scenery; and in the back ground, the House, Jump and North Mountains marking their clear outline, against the deep azure of a cloudless sky.

After winding among the hills for a few hours, we came in view of the long, unbroken range of mountains, over which we were to pass; and though still some miles from the base, the road could be distinctly traced, running in straight, and then in zigzag directions along the precipitous ascent. Soon after, we commenced our slow progress up the mountain, which might have been tedious had it not been that every successive moment which increased our elevation, revealed new beauties. The road itself is one of the curiosities of this region; it would scarcely seem possible for the ingenuity and energy of man to construct so safe and so delightful a passage over these rough and almost perpendicular ridges. At one point you may look from your carriage window upon the traveller some fifty feet below, parallel with yourself, and, paradoxical as it may appear, proceeding in the same direction, although he is bound for the opposite end of the road. So great are the angles necessary to be made in order to overcome the obstacles which nature had interposed. The declivity of the turnpike, however, is now so slight as to admit of travelling at almost any speed.

On reaching the summit, the view was inexpressibly grand. One of the loveliest sections of the Valley of Virginia spread its beauties before us. On one hand the "House Mountain" rose in solitary grandeur above the surrounding hills, and on the other the dark spurs of the Alleghany projected out into the more cultivated country. On the southwest, as far as the eye could reach, mountain after mountain could be seen. Immediately below and before us, were laid out as a map, the fertile fields, comfortable farm-houses and county roads of Rockbridge; the numerous streams reflected in silvery sheets, as they wound through the broken country and hurried along to pour their waters into the bosom of the James. Across the "Valley" at the distance of perhaps twenty miles, the great "Blue Ridge" stretched away towards the north and south, until it was lost in the deeper azure of the evening sky, or hid by the dark and heavy clouds which bear the summer's storm.

We were now upon the boundary which separates the "Valley" from Western Virginia. After gazing in admiration on the beauties of the country through which we had just travelled, I turned to enjoy similar scenes on the opposite side. But nothing except successive piles of mountains met the view. The deep vales and sun-tinged peaks, seemed to be still slumbering in their original wildness, and had it not been for the traces of art exhibited by our turnpike, and the sight of an iron foundry in the valley below, I should have been almost forced to the conclusion, that we were disturbing the silence of those forests which had never before echoed but to the cry of the panther, or the war-whoop of the wandering Indian.

Having halted a few minutes, the driver "shod" our coach, and rolling away with the sound of thunder down the mountain, we reached the inn where the stage stopped for the night, just as

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the sun was sinking behind the western hills. Our landlord and his better half were themselves Dutch, and had raised up a stout rosy-looking family, who attended to the domestic concerns of the establishment without the aid of servants. The house was situated on a level lawn between two lofty ridges of the Alleghany, part of which was neatly enclosed, and clothed with the richest green. The domicil itself was one story in height, with a piazza in front; and the peculiar national taste of the proprietor could be seen in the free use of red and black paint with which the establishment was ornamented. But the interior presented an aspect rather more inviting, after the fatigue of the day's ride. The snow-white table cloth, and the clean and plain, yet delightful fare, with which the table was bountifully supplied, gave evidence of the existence of *taste* in the culinary department, which amply compensated for the want of it in matters of less substantial importance. A handsome coach and four had driven up just as we arrived. After tea the guests assembled in the piazza, and we passed away in cheerful conversation the hours of a lovely summer's evening, in this wild valley among the mountains.

We reached *Covington*, a village on Jackson's river, to breakfast the next morning, and by ten o'clock had arrived at Callaghens, a comfortable country tavern, where we intersected the line from Staunton. On the arrival of that stage, I changed conveyances, and with it the light and rapid travelling of the former coach, for the slow and heavy motion of one loaded down with passengers and baggage. I found as my new companions, a very agreeable gentleman from Philadelphia, with his wife and son, an intelligent young South American, a huge and awkward Mississippian, an *incog.* gentleman with a good countenance and a white hat of the first magnitude, a youth of about seventeen, whose emaciated countenance, hectic flush and distressing cough, told that consumption had marked him as its victim, together with one or two others not peculiarly interesting. We were now but fifteen miles from the White Sulphur; and the impatience of our passengers seemed to increase almost in the duplicate ratio as the distance diminished. Every few moments the interrogatory, "How far are we now?" was heard from some one of the company. At length the number of handsome vehicles, persons on horseback and on foot, which were passing and repassing us, shewed that we were in the vicinity of the Springs. In a few moments the enclosure came in view, and immediately after we drove up in front of the hotel at the White Sulphur. Groups of gentlemen were collected about the lawn and in the long piazza of the hotel. All eyes were eagerly turned towards our coach, and many came crowding round, in hopes of espying the face of an acquaintance among the new arrivals. The first physiognomy which greeted our vision was that of the manager of the establishment, who has no very enviable notoriety among the visitors. According to his usual system, he had our baggage deposited for the remainder of the day at the foot of the tree where we landed, whilst we were left to wander about the premises, without even a domicil in which to change our dusty travelling garb for one more in unison with our personal comfort, and the general appearance of those who were to constitute our temporary associates.

There is something in the first view of the White Sulphur, very prepossessing and almost enchanting. After rolling along among the mountains and dense forests, the wild and uncultivated scenery is at once exchanged for the neatness and elegance of refined society, and the bustle and parade of the fashionable world. Almost every state in the Union, and some of the nations of Europe may find their representatives at the White Sulphur, during the months of July and August. The last season was honored with an uncommon assemblage of interesting personages. We had Messrs. Clay and Poindexter of the United States Senate; McDuffie and others from the House of Representatives; Commodores Chauncey, Biddle and Rogers of the Navy; Judges Carr, Brooke and Cabell of the Court of Appeals; Col. Aspinwall, American Consul at London; the Hon. Mr. Sergeant of Philadelphia, and a host of dignitaries of somewhat lower degree,—also from the religious community, Rev. Doctors Johns and Keith of the Episcopal Church, and Rev. Messrs. Chester, Styles, (of Georgia) and others of the Presbyterian. Mr. Clay was just recovering from an injury he had received from the upsetting of the stage, but he moved about with the lightness and activity of a boy of 15. Indeed we almost thought that he descended from his dignity by his frivolous and careless air. He was affable and accessible to all. Mr. McDuffie, on the contrary, with his hard and forbidding countenance, was morose and distant, and the very reverse of the orator of Kentucky. Perhaps, however, due allowance should be made in favor of the former, on account of the infirm state of his health.

But the White Sulphur itself must not pass unnoticed. Its charms are worthy of being celebrated. The buildings, which are situated on a gradual acclivity, are arranged in the form of a hollow square. Adjoining the Kanawha turnpike, which passes the springs and parallel with it, are two large white hotels. One of these contains the dining and drawing rooms, and in the other there is a spacious saloon for music, dancing, &c. This is also used on the Sabbath as a chapel. In a line with these, and running in each direction, is a row of cottages one story in height, for the use of visitors. With this at the eastern extremity unites a continued range of beautiful white

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cottages, with venitians and long piazzas, forming another side of the quadrangle. At the distance of several hundred paces from the hotels, and parallel with them on the hill side, is the third range, which is built entirely of brick and extends for several hundred yards, until its lower termination is concealed amongst the trees which form a thick grove on the brow of the hill. On the western extremity of the area are the bathing houses, and above all, that which constitutes the great attraction—the spring. The reservoir in which the spring rises, is an octagon of about five feet in diameter, from which a constant and copious stream flows off, supplying the bathing houses. A few steps lead up from this reservoir, to a platform some twenty-five feet in diameter, furnished with seats and surrounded by a neat railing. The whole is protected by a beautiful temple, composed of lofty white pillars surmounted by a dome. From the interior of this dome is suspended a chandelier, by which the temple is lighted up in the evenings. A lawn of the richest green, tastefully laid out with gravelled walks, and shaded by an abundance of oaks and locusts, extends over the area of the quadrangle. At the distance of a few feet from the cottages is a light railing, along which, as also along the walks, are lamp-posts, from which the area is brilliantly illuminated in the evening.

We know of no scene more romantic and picturesque than that presented to a spectator from one of the cottages on the hill, after the lamps have been lighted for the night. The floods of light, streaming among the trees, and from every window; the throngs of the gay and fashionable, crowding the walks for the evening's promenade, and the thrilling melody of the rich music from a fine German band, throws quite a fairy-like influence around this pleasant retreat amongthe mountains.

On the Sabbath, the saloon usually occupied as a dancing room, was consecrated to more hallowed purposes. At the call of the bell, a large and very respectable congregation assembled, and listened to a solemn and eloquent discourse from the Rev. Doct. Johns of Baltimore. It seemed peculiarly appropriate, that while resorting to these waters for healing the diseases of the body, we should also have recourse to the wells of salvation which have been opened in the house of David for the diseases of the soul. The grace and elegance with which the speaker on this occasion presented the truths connected with his office, was calculated to render them interesting, as well as to convey a sense of their importance even to the most indifferent.

It would be perhaps superfluous to speak of the healing efficacy of this celebrated spring; its renovating effects are annually exhibited, and have been for years. It has been, however, a matter of regret, that so little has been certainly known as to the peculiar properties of this as well as the other mineral springs of Virginia, and of their application to different diseases. It is a lamentable fact that invalids, by resorting to one of the springs which was not at all suited to their case, have only aggravated their diseases, and hurried themselves more rapidly to the grave. No impression is perhaps more common and none more erroneous, than that if the use of a particular spring is efficacious in one complaint, it will be equally beneficial in others, no matter how different their nature, and that at all events if no good is gained, no positive injury is received. The very opposite of this is the fact. Unless there is a clear understanding of the pathology of the disease, and of the properties of the water, as well as the adaptation of its constituents to remove the malady in view, we are for the most part groping in the dark, and playing at best but a hazardous game. The want of a mineral water suited to the case of invalids, need however deter no one from visiting the Virginia Springs. Providence has supplied in this region a variety sufficient to answer the necessities of almost any case. The only difficulty is, to ascertain which of these watering places is adapted to the particular disease.

Doctors Bell and Horner have given to the public the results of some investigations in reference to these waters, but the former had never visited the springs, and the latter only for a few weeks of one season, without either proper apparatus to perfect a complete analysis, or sufficient opportunity for witnessing their practical effects. The consequence is, that both of these gentlemen, though eminent in their professions, have given their authority to statements which are in many respects erroneous. Difficulties from this source however will soon be remedied. Professor Rogers of William and Mary College, a gentleman eminently qualified for the purpose, visited the springs last summer with complete analyzing apparatus, and it is to be hoped that the cause of humanity will speedily realize the benefit of his valuable investigations. Dr. Tindall, who has made the White Sulphur his place of residence for several seasons, has devoted his attention to ascertaining the practical effects of the waters, and intended issuing a volume on the subject before the commencement of the next summer.

The efficacy of the White Sulphur is principally confined to affections of the liver, and derangements of the sanguiferous and biliary systems. Where there is any tendency to pulmonary disease, the use of this water should by all means be avoided. Its exciting effects are exceedingly prejudicial to such constitutions. A continued use of the water will occasion a rapid progress of the disease. Individuals of a consumptive habit have been known to hasten their end by a residence at the White Sulphur. One case at least has come within my own observation.

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We cannot leave the White Sulphur without a deep feeling of regret, that the proprietors of this otherwise attractive and delightful place, should make so little provision for the comfort of visitors. The buildings, though extensive, are not at all sufficient to accommodate the numbers which now resort thither. During the last summer almost every house for miles on the roads leading to the springs, was thronged with persons who had been turned off at the hotel. Many of those who could obtain the privilege of remaining upon the ground, received exceedingly unpleasant accommodations. The table too, which assumes a prodigious importance after a week's residence and use of the water, is by no means such as should be afforded at such an establishment. Every visitor will recollect his dining-room experience at the White Sulphur. But one of the most unpleasant features of the whole, is found in the person of the manager, who, although naturally possessed of an amiable and accommodating disposition, we must say, in our opinion, is not qualified for the situation. It is much to be lamented, that this place which possesses decided advantages over any watering place in the United States and perhaps in the world—whose climate, scenery and healing properties are no where surpassed, and to which, notwithstanding the accommodations, crowds resort, should not be fitted up in a style suited to its merits.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE FINE ARTS.

No. III.

——————— In elegant design,
Improving nature: in ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
In attitude, expression, airs divine;
Her sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.

Thomson.

The sixteenth century was remarkable for the transcendant excellence of the Italian painters; every city had its school, and each school preserved a different style, distinguished for expression, grace or dignity. By schools, we do not mean academies, for there were none when these great men came forth ennobling nature: they studied in the "academic groves" of the Arno and the Tiber, and were themselves the establishers of those schools, that fettered genius with scholastic rules, and from that day the arts began to decline; each succeeding generation became imitators of the preceding one, and neglecting the study of nature and the poetry of art, they fell into a manerism, growing worse and worse down to their present puerile and meretricious style. And here permit us to correct a very prevalent error, that Italy at this day is distinguished for its living artists, when in fact no country of Europe is so deficient in men eminent in sculpture and painting; but for the present we will confine our remarks to the masters of the sixteenth century and their unrivalled works.

For three centuries the palm of excellence has been awarded to Michael Angelo for originality, to Raphael for correctness of design and expression, to Titian for color, and Correggio for grace; but that in which they all agree is sublimity. "This," says Longinus, "elevates the mind above itself, and fills it with high conceptions and a noble pride." The sources of the sublime he makes to consist of "boldness or grandeur in thought, pathos, expression, and harmony of structure," and these characterize the works of the Italian masters, and place them amongst the epics of the pencil. It is not, as pretended connoisseurs assert, in the high relief, the wonderful foreshortening, the boldness of the touch or fine finish, or even harmony of coloring, that these works claim superior merit, for in all these the Dutch as a school surpass them, but it is "in the grandeur of the thought, in the pathos, expression and harmony of the whole."

Michael Angelo's originality and creative powers surpassed those of all men, and his knowledge of the human figure constituted his praise and his reproach, for in the desire to display his anatomical learning, he overstepped the modesty of nature and exhibited his figures with a muscular developement, disproportioned to the strength required. In the Sistine Chapel, a little child holding the Cybeline book, is represented with the arms of an infant Hercules; and in his holy family at Florence, naked men are seen in the back ground at gymnastic exercises, having no connection with, or reference to the modesty of the subject; the execution of this picture is hard and the color opaque. Well might he exclaim after finishing it, "Oil painting is unworthy of men, I leave it to boys." Raphael was the boy against whom this sarcasm was hurled, whose works in oil will long survive *his* frescos, and who freed from envy—that passion of little minds—"thanked his maker that he had lived in the days of Michael Angelo." But the *Last Judgment* is the work on which M. Angelo's reputation rests as a painter; it was the last he ever executed, and is strongly impressed with the peculiar character of its author, originality and vigor of thought, with incongruity of persons and place. The son of man appears in wrath to take vengeance on his enemies, and with an uplifted hand and frowning brows, seems to say "depart, ye cursed into everlasting punishment," and they are tumbling headlong down in every conceivable attitude; on the other hand the righteous are rising to eternal life, in groups of a masterly design, executed with such strength and simplicity as to convey the most sublime ideas of the subject; but the improper mixture of mythological fable and Christian faith detract much from its merit, and we are scarcely less disgusted with Charon ferrying his boat in hell, than with the angels playing with the cross in heaven; they are equally out of keeping, and the whole scene is deficient in drapery—even the blessed being stands exposed in the nudity of this frail tenement.

The work most justly to be brought in comparison with this, is the *Transfiguration* by Raphael. The subject is equally sublime, and composed with equal simplicity. The whole scene rises before you with such propriety of expression in every countenance, that it requires no interpreter to know them; no trifling ornament diverts the attention from the subject, and no idle levity detracts from the solemnity of the occasion. Human infirmity is brought in strong contrast with omnipotent power, and the mind is led by a natural

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gradation from our dependance up to his goodness. An epileptic boy of interesting age is supported in the arms of his father, and surrounded with friends and relations, who bring him to the disciples to be healed, and the imploring mother, the beautiful countenance of the sister, the anxious parent and suffering boy, excite our sympathy, and we look to the apostles for their miraculous power of healing, but their faith had failed them; sweet charity remained, and

"Hope the comforter lingered yet below,"

as they point to the mount "from whence their help cometh." Following the direction we behold the prostrate three, Peter, James and John, veiling their faces in the ineffable presence; above, self-poised in mid air and bright in the radiance of supernatural light, the "son of man" is seen between Moses and Elias. It has been objected that there are two subjects here in one picture, but they are so closely allied in the history of the event, and simultaneous in time, that to separate them would be to destroy the effect and interest of both; nothing could be omitted without detracting from its merit, and nothing added without impairing its grandeur; with the exception of two men ascending the mount in sacerdotal robes, doubtless introduced against the wish of the artist, to gratify some officious patron.

These two paintings may represent the schools of Rome and Florence, and are justly esteemed the sublimest style of art. The former in fresco, the latter in oil, and both unattractive by the beauty of coloring or the magic of effect, but sublime in thought, expression and design. In presenting these to the admiration of the amateur and the study of the artist, we would not limit excellence to any one manner, but on the contrary, reprehend those who see no beauty save in a smoked antique, or in a modern English portrait, in the boldness of Salvator Rosa or the finish of Carlo Dolci. These may be all beautiful in their kind and have equal claims to admiration, though inferior in sublimity of design.

The Venetian school revelled in the luxury of colors and feasted the eye with the most harmonious arrangement of the brightest tints and broadest light and shade; and some have supposed could these have been added to the Roman school, it would have been the perfection of art, but Sir Joshua Reynolds thought them incompatible, and it is not without probability that a gayer dress would have detracted from the simplicity and greatness of the Roman paintings, as would pearls in the ears of a fine statue. If the Venetians therefore, were not so sublime, they were more beautiful:

"To those of Venice. She the magic art
Of colors melting into colors gave.
Theirs too it was by one embracing mass
Of light and shade, that settles round the whole,
Or varies, tremulous, from part to part,
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
To raise the picture and repose the sight."

Of these, Titian stands pre-eminent in the truth of nature and the choice of the beautiful; a refinement is impressed on every product of his pencil, and from the portrait of Charles the 5th to the assumption of the Madonna at Venice, (his greatest work) there is a nobleness of air, an elevation of thought above common men or common things; it was this, not less than the truth of his coloring, that employed his pencil upon so many crowned and noble heads; his carnations glowed with the freshness of life, neither erring with too much of the blossom of the rose or the yellow of the marigold, and it is probable from his works, Fresnoy drew that admirable precept.

"He that would color well, must color bright,
Hope not that praise to gain by sickly white."

Correggio comes next in the scale of excellence, who with less truth of color than the Venetians, or greatness of design than the Romans, surpassed them all in grace, that indescribable "*je ne sais quoi*," so delightful in the movements of some persons, and equally opposed to the rules of polished society and clownish rusticity. His figures repose with a nature unstudied, and his children play with an infant's artless innocence—though frequently homely in feature and badly drawn, they irresistibly charm the learned and the simple, and command at once the highest admiration and the highest price.* His finest work is probably the St. Jerome at Parma, so called from this saint's forming one figure in the group, with the infant Saviour, his mother, and Mary Magdalene. The anachronism of thus introducing persons who lived at different eras, did not affect the minds of good Catholics three centuries since, more than the same discrepancy does the modern reader of Anacharsis. C. C.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

RECENT AMERICAN NOVELS.

The year '35, rich as may be its promise of social and political good, has so far done little for the cause of letters. The seductions of political distinction, or the more substantial attractions of the lucrative professions, have turned from the paths of literature all whom genius and education have fitted to attain a high degree of intellectual rank; while in the peculiar department of romance, the master spirits, those who ruled the realms of fiction with undisputed sway, have retired from the scenes of their glory, and left their neglected wands to be played with by the puny arms of dwarfish successors. Cooper† has sheltered himself from the furious storm, which an injudicious and silly political pamphlet raised about his head, in some quiet nook in his own native state; while Irving, the elegant, but over-nice, the gentle but languid Irving, has abandoned romance for reality, to favor the world with sketches of Indian manners and scenery. Paulding and Miss Sedgewick have ceased for a time, to inflict their stories of humor and love, upon the proprietors of circulating libraries, and provincial book-sellers. But the press has not ceased: others have been found to succeed to, if not to fill the places of those, whose genius the sanction of the world had approved, and whose names ranked high in our infant literature. Who are the new comers? Do they write as men having authority—the authority of heaven-stamped genius, to claim to be heard for themselves, and their cause?—or are they but raw, brawling braggarts, who have broken into the sacred circle, rioting like buffoons,

* A Holy Family, only 9½ by 13 inches in the national gallery in England, was purchased for 2000 guineas.

† Since this sentence was penned, we have noticed the advertisement of a new (satirical?) novel, (The Mannikins,) from the pen of this gentleman, to be published during the summer.

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disgracing what they could not honor? Are they menials of the mind, underlings of the intellect, who have filled the rich banqueting hall just abandoned by their superiors, sitting in squalid rags on the splendid seats of genius, and gulping down the dregs of the deserted wine, and the scraps of the half consumed feast—boors rioting in the sumptuous apartments of their lords? Are they men, who, by a vigorous and educated intellect, and the patient study of the works of the great writers of romance, have fitted themselves to pour forth words of burning eloquence, of bitter satire, of side-shaking humor, and irresistible pathos? Are they artists, who, by the curious and intricate construction of their fable, know how to excite and sustain the deepest interest, ever urging upon the heart some tender affection, some exalted feeling of honor and chivalry?

At a period when the crowd of novels issued almost daily from the press, threatens serious injury to the literature of the age, not only by withdrawing men of high natural capacities from the arduous study of graver and more important subjects, but by throwing before the public such a mass of matter, that unless they be neglected, (which from their seductive character is not likely to be the case,) nothing else can be read, it is of the highest importance, that an elevated standard should be fixed by which to measure these productions. The popular objection so often urged against this species of literature, is not without some foundation in truth; and the only mistake made by those who have brought it forward, consists in applying to the species, that which is true only in individual cases. The influence of these fictitious histories, from the rude form of the early romance, down to the brilliant productions of the best writers of the present century, has been, however, on the whole, advantageous to general literature, and of the most humanizing effect upon society. Nothing could betray more silly ignorance, than to contrast this class of authors with those who have chosen higher and more essentially important subjects; and because law, and philosophy, and mathematics, may be in themselves, of a deeper interest and more universal value, to regret the time and talent devoted to this elegant and refining department of letters, as so much labor and opportunity thrown away. So far from being wasted, we question, if even the most brilliant discoveries in science, have contributed as much to the comfort and enjoyment of society. It would be difficult to calculate the actual amount of moral good, that may have been effected by the constant holding up to the young and ardent, but plastic mind, the bright and winning examples of female loveliness and manly virtue, that abound in these popular and ever attractive volumes. And those who underrate their powerful influence, know little of the actual workings of the human heart—of the secret influences that direct, for good or for evil, the wayward thoughtfulness of the young. The whole class of romances, then, viewed as a means of forming individual character, must assume in the eyes of the moralist and statesman, an importance far beyond their intrinsic value, as literary works; and it is the forgetting of the ulterior and vastly more interesting purpose which they serve, in the general economy of society, that has misled many virtuous and even able men, to undervalue and despise the whole species as frivolous and worthless. A proper regard to their influence, exerted in this way, must lie at the bottom of all sound criticism, or the labors of the reviewer degenerate at once far below the flippancy of the most trashy of the works he reads but to condemn. The novel is only valuable as illustrating some peculiarities, defects, or excellencies of character—passages of historical interest, or the manners and customs of a class; and its success must depend on the ability with which it is adapted to the end desired to be accomplished. It is only the more unthinking class of writers, who mistaking the means for the end, have lost sight of all *object* in the composition of their tales. Don Quixotte was not written as a mere record of amusing absurdities; its purpose was to put down the injurious and ridiculous follies, which the wit of Cervantes happily lashed out of Spain. And it will be found that no work has obtained an extensive and lasting popularity, that did not recommend itself by something beyond the mere detail of the story, and the humor of the dialogue. But to return from this long digression.

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THE INSURGENTS. We commence with these volumes as decidedly superior, in point of ability and interest, to other works on our table, from the pens of American writers. They are the production of one who has written before, who knows his own strength, and has fallen, (if we may use the expression,) into the regular gait of authorship—he is broken to the press. An outline of the plot, will the better enable those who may not have perused the work itself, to comprehend the justice of the scenes, and to understand the excellencies or defects of the various characters that figure on the stage. The story is laid in Massachusetts, at the period of the insurrectionary movements, among the inhabitants of some of the interior counties, during the administration of Governor Bowdoin, and immediately after the close of the revolutionary war. *Col. Eustace*, an officer of the revolutionary army, a generous but careless manager of his own affairs, has after several years of arduous service, and in consequence of ill health, retired to an estate fast falling to ruin, under the thriftless conduct of the open-handed thoughtless veteran. *Henry Eustace*, his eldest son, had served for two years as an adjutant to his father, and returned after the close of the war, full of ardent aspirations, and without any regular profession, to his paternal home. *Elizabeth Eustace*, is the only daughter of the old Colonel, and as the propriety of the novel requires, a lovely and interesting girl. *Tom Eustace*, a younger brother, plays a subaltern part in the developement of the story. *Frank Talbot*, an officer but a few years the senior of Henry Eustace, succeeds to the Colonelcy, vacant by the retirement of the elder Eustace; and after the disbanding of the army, returns to his residence in the village, near the estate of Col. Eustace, and is soon deeply immersed in professional business as a lawyer, and in the political duties of a representative of his native town, in the General Court, the title by which the Legislature of Massachusetts was then distinguished. Frank too, has a sister, *Mary*, somewhat the senior of Elizabeth, and distinguished from her by a reserved manner and studious habit, but little characteristic of her age and sex. The concluding portion of the second chapter, discovers the secret attachment, which Elizabeth Eustace already bore the young legislator, and drops the reader a hint

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of what the after pages of the work more fully disclose.

The great sacrifices of property, incident to a war of seven years, and the heavy imposts which the necessities of the state government impelled it to levy on those who were already deeply involved, stirred up among that class of the people, a spirit of sullen discontent; and the legislature was already the arena on which the relief, or popular party on the one hand, and the creditors on the other, had arrayed themselves in fierce opposition. Talbot, who is represented as "devoured by an ambition for political power and distinction," with an active restless spirit, determined to disregard all principle, whenever a more conscientious course might interfere with the gratification of his political aspirations, embraced the side of the malcontents, and was now on a visit to his constituents, for the purpose of rousing them up to more active remonstrance against the measures of the creditors' or government party, already supposed to have secured a majority in the lower house of the State Legislature. Henry Eustace, at this time, visits his friend, and consults with him on the choice of a profession. Medicine, to which he at first inclined, is soon abandoned, for the more attractive employment of politics; and fascinated by the popular eloquence of Talbot, whose enthusiasm had already enflamed the ardent blood of Henry, he becomes one of the most violent of the partizans of the party to which Talbot was then attached. While on this visit to the neighborhood, Talbot engages himself to Elizabeth Eustace. His talents and influence had already attracted the attention of the friends of the government, and they resolve to tempt him to desertion from his present associates, by the offer of electing him, by their support, to the Senate, to which he already aspired, but with little hope of success, from the votes of his own party. Having espoused the popular cause, from motives of personal interest, he as readily abandons it, when more seductive offers are held out by the opposite party. The baseness of Talbot, who seizes the first opportunity to betray the cause he had formerly supported, is an unexpected blow to Eustace, and severs the friendship that before existed between them. The latter assumes the secret command of the conspirators, while Talbot devotes all his energy and abilities to the service of his new friends of the government; and every day widens the difference between them. A large portion of the two volumes is taken up with descriptions of the various marchings and counter-marchings of the insurgents and the militia, in the course of which Talbot and Eustace engage in single combat; the latter strikes the sword from his adversary's hand, and spares him his life. The story then goes on, without any thing of importance occurring, until the conflict between the two parties in the Legislature, is decided in favor of the government, by the passage of a law for the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act. The hatred between Talbot and Eustace had already become of the most rancorous and malignant character, and the arrest of the latter, who had been once saved by the sister of Talbot, is now effected by her brother at the head of a party of soldiers. Thus deprived of their chief support, in the person of Eustace, the insurgents are soon dispersed, not however without a skirmish, in which they are put to flight, in a way at once ludicrous and conclusive. The first fire disperses them, never to recover. Elizabeth Eustace and Mary Talbot, in the mean time, manage to bring about a reconciliation between the two hostile brothers, to whom they had been respectively engaged, and a double marriage consummates the happiness of this quartette, and concludes the second and last volume of the "Insurgents." So much for the story, which though simple enough in the detail, is liable to the serious objection, that must ever lie against that division of interest, the necessary consequence of introducing a double set of characters into a plot, that should be single and simple. The unities of the drama are not more essential to the perfection of pieces designed for theatrical representation, than is the preservation of an individual and prominent interest in the hero of a novel. The narrow compass of a couple of duodecimos, is not more than sufficient for the painting of one chief character, with the sketches of the minor *personæ*, necessary to sustain the interest of a plot. An attempt at double teaming a novel, with two sets of heroes, invariably results in destroying that prominence of interest, which a closer adherence to the legitimate form of the fable, naturally and necessarily insures; and no more striking illustration of our position could be found, than in the volumes before us. The characters of Eustace and Talbot, neither contrast with effect, nor harmonize in the general management of the plot; and the awkward and unnatural reconciliation, which is finally brought about, to say nothing of the perplexities into which the cross-loves of the four, plunge the writer, is the best evidence that this double-plotting has injured the effect of the story, by rendering it necessary to force a conclusion.

As the fidelity to nature, in the character of the principal actors, must always be one of the highest sources of interest to a critical reader, we shall notice very briefly, the manner in which the author of the "Insurgents" has succeeded in the *personnel* of his descriptions. The old Colonel, the father of Henry Eustace, is exactly such a personage as every reader may have met with—brave, generous, careless, and ignorant, he is, perhaps, a very correct picture of the better part of the *ancien regime* of our colonial and revolutionary times. Without any striking peculiarities of character, and playing but a subaltern part in the story, he only appears as a piece of the family furniture, brought into play, by the casual location of the scene. The reader has no cause to regret the slightness of the acquaintance. The Colonel's second son, Tom, is but an appendage to the story. Henry, one of the heroes, begins in the army, a mischief loving, rule breaking, but active and gallant youth; and in the progress of the story, becomes an eloquent, restless, rebellious demagogue—stirring up insurrection among the people—defending in the Legislature, with consummate ability, their pretended wrongs and actual treason; and upon one occasion, displaying in the field, the chivalrous courage of his hot and impatient years. He is, however, always honorable and sincere. His treason is infatuation, and his *demagogueism* (if we may coin a much wanted word,) the frenzy of passion and thoughtlessness. Talbot, on the contrary, is bold and eloquent; a brave soldier, and an accomplished advocate; but a cunning and unprincipled politician, who, in the beginning of his career, espouses the cause of the malcontents, as the only means of securing the representation of his native village in the Legislature, and as quickly

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abandons it, when a higher office is promised him by the friends of the government, as the price of his desertion. Dr. Talbot, a country physician "of long practice and high repute," is an abrupt, rough, but good natured disciple of Esculapius, and seems to have been intended for no other purpose, than to enable the author to discharge his wit at the expense of some of the ill mannered admirers of the surly blackguardism of the Abernethy school of medical gentility. Of the two heroines, Mary Talbot is a thoughtful, reserved, bright eyed *blue;* Elizabeth Eustace is younger, and prettier, but more entirely the child of nature. Neither of them, however, say or act any thing that can distinguish them from the common *materiel* of all novel-women, and serve rather the necessities of the plot, than the illustration of any of the more touching or exalted beauties of female character. Of the *Dii minorum gentium*—the lower order of character, Zeek Morehouse, a worthless understrapper about the old Colonel's domestic establishment—Hezekiah Brindle, another domestic, who, when fortune had abandoned the standard of the Insurgents, with the most simple hearted treachery, "'lists for a private" in the adverse army—Deacon Hopkins, a thin visaged, flint hearted knave, the usurer of the parish—Captain Moses Bliss, the inn keeper, one of those pert, low rogues, so often found in village taverns—Captain Shays, the leader of the insurgents, and the very impersonation of the spirit of the militia service—Mrs. Appleton and Mrs. Shattuck, specimens of the virago, are all rather amusing examples of Yankee low life, and afford occasion for much characteristic, if not very interesting dialogue. The other characters brought out in the developement of the story, scarcely deserve to be noticed, serving as they only do, like soldiers drafted from the cobbler's stalls and tailors benches, for the use of the stage, to help the author through the necessities of his plot.

The conduct of the story, is in some respects extremely, and very often unnecessarily, faulty. The introduction of Zeek Morehouse, in the second chapter, is a bungling expedient to beat out the author's *materiel*, over a larger surface for the publisher: and the whole scene in the kitchen, and afterwards in the presence of the Colonel's family, is low and dull. The Doctor (Talbot,) is always an unnecessary personage, and we hardly think there is any thing about him, to compensate the delay in the story which his presence occasions. The affair of "Mary Gibbs's misfortune," is awkwardly brought in, and unsatisfactorily disposed of. We are sorry for the misconduct of Eustace, and rather vexed at the facile forgiveness with which his mistress overlooks it; while the silence of the novelist gives a venial character to one of the most crying offences against individual happiness and social order. Osborne, and his adventures, from the commencement, through his trial and mock punishment, down to the period of the marriage with Miss Warren, form an episode that only swells the volume, without helping on the story, or affording the author any opportunity (that he had not before,) for remark, or the illustration of character. He is nothing but the shadow of Eustace, in point of character; and Miss Warren, as a sketch of a flirting fashionable, is not worth the pains taken to introduce her to the reader. The capital defect of the plot, however, is in the conclusion. The bitter contempt which Eustace must have felt, (and which he seizes every opportunity to express,) for the baseness of Talbot, in betraying the cause of the popular party, and the rancorous hatred which his subsequent violent persecution of him, had engendered in the breast of Eustace, (see vol. 2, p. 266-7,) to say nothing of the cordial detestation with which Talbot returned his ill will, (see vol. 2, p. 268,) renders the reconciliation, effected without any sort of explanation, apology, or clearing up of the guilt of either, unnatural and disgusting. Eustace *knew* the baseness of Talbot, and the latter (a bearded man, and a soldier,) had just declared that he would sooner follow his sister to the grave, than see her united to his enemy; and yet, presto! the author having finished out his second volume, the traitor and his bitter foe, shake hands, and enter at once into an exchange of sisters by a double marriage! In this particular, the story is contrived with great want of skill.

The author seems to have been aware of the propriety and good taste of preserving historical correctness in a novel, founded on scenes in real life; but he does not comprehend, to its full extent, the spirit of that sound canon. So far as the progress of the story, in the movements of the insurgents, is concerned, the *events* are in strict keeping with Bradford's account of the insurrections in Massachusetts. But this was but a small part of the duty of the novelist; and he has violated all the rest. The open rebellion of the greater part of the population of several counties, threatened the most serious and alarming evil; perhaps the total overthrow of the government of the state; and the spirit of the people had become sullen and gloomy. In the "Insurgents," however, the whole affair is treated with ridicule, and the reader of the novel is left with an impression that the insurrection was of a character, compared with which, the adventures of Don Quixotte and his squire, were serious and important! Shays, who was the head of the malcontents, and commander in chief of the disorderly forces that were arranged against the government, is painted in the novel, as a despicably ignorant and silly creature. Now, such would not have been the character of a man, elected to head a band of desperate insurgents, upon the point of engagement with the forces of a powerful commonwealth! We may add, that the whole body of the relief party, with the exception of Eustace, and his friend Osborne, are described as frivolous gasconading clowns. In this respect, then, there has been a gross falsification of history, and the extremely literal adherence of the author, to historical correctness in *events*, renders this striking variation the more apparent, and the more to be lamented.

The moral of the "Insurgents," is defective. The treachery of Talbot, and the indignant virtue of Eustace, are rewarded with the same final happiness; and the unfortunate Mary Gibbs does not even suggest to the author a word of censure, upon her guilty seducer. We should have been glad to have made such extracts from the work, as would have enabled our readers to judge for themselves of its merit; but there are few, if any passages, in either volume, of very striking interest, and any partial quotation would rather have misled, than corrected their judgment.

Men of humor are always, in some degree, men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius may, amongst other gifts, possess wit, as Shakspeare.

[*Coleridge's Table Talk.*

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Letters on the United States of America,

By a young Scotchman now no more.

Boston, 1832.

Dear Henry,—You have requested me to give you some information concerning the science and literature of the United States, which have been so often the subjects of ridicule and derision in the critical reviews and other literary journals of our country. I take great pleasure in complying with this request, as far as my limited opportunities have enabled me to judge of their condition. I have read almost every American work of any merit I could obtain, and mingled with some of their men of science and letters, for the purpose of being directed in my researches, and of acquiring from personal observation, a better knowledge of their living authors.

In science, perhaps, for so young and growing a nation, its progress has been as steady and rapid as could reasonably have been expected. In the exact and physical sciences, there are some who, though they have not greatly enlarged their circle, are nevertheless profoundly versed in them, and who would not be ranked below the best in Europe. In chemistry, mineralogy, and botany, several have acquired great distinction, and these sciences are becoming daily more popular and more generally cultivated. Many of the young of both sexes attend occasional and regular lectures on each, but especially on the first and last, and it is not rare to meet with females conversant to a certain degree with both. In the northern cities, public lectures are delivered on various branches of science, which are attended by both sexes. There are at present several scientific journals published in the United States, which are said to be pretty generally patronized, and two or three scientific associations, whose transactions have been given to the public. Of the former, the most meritorious are—Silliman's Journal of Science, the Franklin Quarterly Journal, Chapman's and some other medical journals, and two or three law journals. Of the philosophical transactions I can say but little. I have merely glanced over those of the American Philosophical Society, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York, but that glance has not impressed me very favorably with the genius or learning of their members. Some few papers are indeed valuable, and exhibit considerable research and erudition, but they appear to be deficient in originality, depth and lucidness. I have, however, never been very partial to these associations. The amount of their contributions to science or literature has never been so great as to render their formation desirable in my eye, and certainly they are not to be compared with the individual labors of those great luminaries who have shed such radiance over the paths of science. Scientific men here have published from time to time the result of their labors in the different physical sciences, to the cultivation of which they have devoted a large portion of their lives. The botanical works of Bigelow, Nutall, Barton, Eaton and Elliott, the works on American birds by Wilson, Bonaparte and Audubon, that on mineralogy by Cleveland—on entomology by Say, and on natural history by Goodman, are highly creditable to the country in which they were produced. Law and medical lectures are frequently published, and law reports are numerous. I believe every State has its reporter, and every year brings forth a volume or two of decisions. Jurisprudence appears to be in this country a more complicated science than in Europe. The student has not only to make himself acquainted with the elements and principles of English law, maritime, civil and criminal, but he has to acquire a knowledge of the laws of the particular state in which he practices, and to know what the courts of the different states have decided, where he does not practice. Law is a favorite science, if indeed it can be called a science, among the Americans. There is scarcely a youth who has received the most ordinary education, that does not undertake to study and practice, or attempt to practice it. In a government of laws like this, law will be a desirable object of attainment, and hence almost every citizen is more or less conversant with the laws by which he is governed. The medical science too, is very extensively cultivated, and this profession has produced several distinguished men, of whom the nation has reason to feel proud. But metaphysical science is almost entirely neglected, which is a matter of surprise when we consider the very inquisitive and refining character of the American mind. Men here, however, have no time for mere abstract speculation; and though many of them refine and subtilize, and split hairs on constitutional questions, they are not very anxious to analyze or investigate mere abstractions, or to attempt to elicit light from the darkness of metaphysical obscurity.—One of the most extensively informed scientific men this country has produced, was Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell of New York, who died during the summer of 1831. He had devoted his life to the cultivation of science, especially the physical sciences, in all of which he was well skilled; but, in consequence of that vanity which sometimes accompanies great attainments, he often became an object of ridicule to his countrymen, who seemed more inclined to depreciate than to exalt his real merits.

Of the literature of America you are almost as well informed as myself. I have looked into most of the native productions of this country with an impartial eye, and am sorry to say that its literature does not rank so high as one might be led to suppose from the intelligence of its people and the nature of its political institutions. Literature does not receive that encouragement and patronage under this Republic, which are calculated to give it a vigorous growth or a permanent and healthy existence. There is not much individual wealth, and few can afford, if they had the inclination, to purchase the productions of native authors. There is, however, another cause which operates to the disadvantage of American literature, and will continue to do so, until some measure be adopted to remedy the evil; it is the cheapness and facility with which the productions of the British press can be republished in this country. The American author has to struggle against many disadvantages, especially when young, unknown and inexperienced. British works of established reputation can be obtained at little or no expense, and reprinted in this country, while the native writer is often obliged to publish the productions of his mind at his own cost, or give them to any one that will undertake to put them to the press. Few can afford

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to write for mere fame, and no great inducement is offered to write for any thing else. Hence there are but few, if any, professional authors in the United States. For a long time too, the people of this country were disposed to underrate their own literary powers, and many believed that none but the works of the British press were worthy of perusal or patronage. This prejudice is, however, now beginning to wear away, especially since the critics of our country have been forced to acknowledge the genius and literary excellence of some of the native writers of America. But still when the extent, population, age, and comparative refinement of the United States are considered, it must be a matter of surprise that so few authors of distinction are to be found within its widely extended limits. May not this very extent be prejudicial to the cause of American letters? The expense of transportation from one portion of the Union to the other is so considerable, that the publisher finds it safer and more profitable to confine his sales to a limited and convenient range, than to spread his books over an almost boundless surface, from which but few satisfactory returns are ever made. The Americans, though not a nation of shop-keepers, as ours has been denominated, are nevertheless a money making and thrifty people, and almost all are engaged in some lucrative kind of business or occupation, which affords them but little leisure for either literary pursuits, or the cultivation of a taste for the fine arts; and though most of them are readers, their reading is generally confined to newspapers, and the political productions of the day. In the latter I do not think they have made any very great progress since the period of the revolution. In force and perspicuity of style, felicity of illustration and logical power, the authors of the Federalist have not since been surpassed. This is a work written in periodical numbers by Hamilton, Madison and Jay, recommending and enforcing with great ability and eloquence, the adoption of the constitution which now exists. It is a work which every man should read who wishes to understand the principles of this great charter of American liberty, and the motives, feelings and views of its framers and supporters.

In the walks of romance the most distinguished writers of this country are the late Charles B. Brown of Philadelphia, and J. Fenimore Cooper of New York, both men of unquestionable genius. The novels or romances of the former having been recently republished in England, you have no doubt seen them, and those of the latter, but few who read at all have not read. Miss Sedgewick has also written some popular novels and ranks deservedly high among the few literati of her country; and Mr. Paulding has lately published some tales which have been well received and possess a good deal of merit. I can scarcely class Washington Irving among the romance writers of this country. Most of his tales were written abroad, and I do not think that novel writing is his forte. He has excelled in the other walks of literature so greatly that he need not covet the fame of a writer of fictitious history. Brown unfortunately belonged to the *satanic* school of our countryman Godwin, and all his *dramatis personæ*, plots, incidents and pictures partake of the gloom and ferocity of that school; but Brown was unquestionably a man of genius, and capable of giving lustre to the literary reputation of his country. Godwin was his model, as Scott seems to be that of Cooper. Brown's picture of the yellow fever in Philadelphia cannot be surpassed in accuracy of coloring and intensity of interest, and it may very justly be classed with the description of the plague at Athens by Thucydides, and that of the same terrible pest at Florence by Boccacio. In detached scenes Brown is very powerful, but he never appears inclined to complete what he begins, or to present a perfect whole. He sometimes breaks off abruptly, or hastens too precipitately to a close. He delights in gloom and the more ferocious and uncontrollable workings of the human passions. His object is to excite terror and not tenderness—to raise up storms and tempests, and not to breathe over the scene a quietness and repose calculated to soothe and tranquillize. His novels like those of his model, are now but seldom read, and he is rapidly sinking into oblivion.

The *dramatic* romance of Scott and Cooper is now preferred to all others, and has caused Brown's novels to be cast aside. Cooper's rise to fame was as rapid as it was deserved. He had been for some years an officer in the American Navy, where he acquired a knowledge of all the minutiæ of nautical life, which was of great service to him in the composition of some of his tales. These are justly considered as his best. They display a perfect intimacy with sea life, and his characters, incidents and sentiments are such as belong to the "mountain wave," and are always in admirable keeping. His dialogues, though sometimes tedious and unnecessarily prolonged are on the whole dramatic, and serve not only to develope character but to excite the interest of the reader. His descriptions, though at times graphic and striking, are rather too minute for effect. The unities of time and action are well preserved, and his plots, though very simple in their construction, are usually wrought up with great power, and often produce the most intense and thrilling interest. Of his female characters, generally two in number, but little can be said; they are Siamese twins, but with different dispositions and styles of beauty, and play the respective parts assigned to them in the drama with proper decency and effect. His sketches of American scenery and his delineations of savage life and character are admirable. There is in the former perhaps too much detail, and in the latter too high coloring for nature; but they are unequalled, and display the vigor of Cooper's genius and the strength of his conceptions. His style is easy, perspicuous and fluent. In short, he is a writer of whom any country might justly feel proud. Were I to attempt a parallel between the American Novelist and the "Northern Magician," I should say that Scott has more varied powers and a finer poetical mind, but in the management of their plots, intensity of interest, and the description of natural scenery, they are not very unequal. The Scotch romancer has greater acquirements and a more minute and intimate acquaintance with the history, manners and customs of past ages, but in all that appertains to sea life Cooper is superior, and does not fall short of his model in the ability with which he works up his incidents and developes his plots. This, you will think, is saying a great deal for a Scotchman, but such is my unbiassed opinion and the impression left upon my mind, after a careful perusal of the productions of both of these eminent writers of fictitious history.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

OBSERVATIONS

On the National Importance of Mineral Possessions, and the Cultivation of Geological Inquiry.

The importance of the metallic ores and other mineral substances, considered as instrumental in the advancement of national prosperity, is obvious to every one. In announcing that a certain country possesses extensive and skilfully worked mines, either of coal, of iron, copper, tin, lead, or other of the numerous ores, we at once proclaim her wealth in terms that all must understand. They are readily perceived to be essential to the prosecution of the various arts and manufactures that flourish in the present age, and to form a fruitful source of wealth to the country in which they happen to abound.

The facility, however, with which one nation can procure these from another, owing to the free intercourse and system of exchange subsisting between them, which thus enables a country, barren itself in mineral treasures, to attain a respectable rank among the wealthy nations of the earth, occasions us to assign to the possession of them within our own soil, an importance infinitely less than is due. We are disposed to consider them too much in the light of mere articles of export, and valuable, chiefly as commodities of exchange: or, if we do not bestow too much consequence on their exchangeable value, we at least allow too little to their intrinsic worth. Yet, when we assign to the products of the mineral kingdom their proper rank in the scale of national blessings, they take their place beside that of a fertile soil, or a salubrious climate,—blessings we may still enjoy, though we adopt the exclusive and selfish policy of ancient Egypt, or of modern China. In short, we should value these mineral productions, not as we value one of our great staple commodities, tobacco, on account of its nominal price, but on their own account—not by the gain derived from parting with, but that derived from keeping them. Nor should we confine our solicitude to procuring now, on the easiest terms, the means of supplying our immediate wants; but with a more comprehensive view, look forward and provide for the period, when the growing wants of the unborn millions destined to people our almost boundless territory, will create a demand for these substances, in quantities which either foreign nations, with comparatively exhausted mines, will be unable to supply, or to purchase which, we must appropriate that produce (the produce of a large portion of the surface of the soil,) which should be devoted to the more legitimate purpose of furnishing to its inhabitants the means of subsistence and employment.

We are apt too to forget, that were it possible, with or without the intervention of war, for a people to be cut off from all intercourse with other nations, and to be destitute themselves of mineral resources, that their very existence, at least as a civilized people, would be next to impossible. That the different degrees of refinement attained by the human race in different periods of antiquity, are marked with a precision sufficiently distinct, by their acquaintance with the metals, and the uses to which they are susceptible of being applied: and, that nearer our own times, the aboriginal inhabitants of our own continent were found existing in a higher or lower stage of progress towards civilization, in proportion to their knowledge or their ignorance of these substances.

To trace a little further, the connection of mineral wealth with national prosperity, we may observe, that the wants of a people may be said to be mainly supplied, when they are provided with food, clothing and habitation, and they are better or worse supplied, according to the nature and abundance of the materials they possess for the fabrication of these, and the perfection of the instruments they may have, proper for fashioning them into convenient forms. The nation which can command for its subsistence, in greatest profusion, the varied vegetable and animal productions, of whatever clime, that constitute the necessaries and luxuries of life; whose well stored magazines of merchandize furnish, for its apparel, the finest fabrics and the richest stuffs; and which can boast, for its places of dwelling, the most commodious, splendid and durable edifices, with the various conveniences that necessarily keep pace with improvements in these, may be said, physically considered, to have well nigh attained the pinnacle of prosperity. Let us observe in what manner the mineral substances to which we have alluded, contribute to accomplish this end. Let us suppose man rude and barbarous, for the first time, to be presented with that best of gifts—iron; and for the sake of proceeding, let us anticipate the slow progress of events, and give it to him in the form into which he would soon convert it—that of the simplest implements. Instantly his habits are changed: his wandering mode of life is abandoned: his abode becomes fixed, and he himself devoted to labor. In a little time, the rugged face of nature is made to assume a softened and a brightened aspect, and to smile upon him with a novel beauty. The ample and ancient forest, his former range, falls with continued crash, day after day, beneath the repeated stroke of his axe: on all sides, broad and sunny plains open around him: the broken soil heaved up to the influence of the atmosphere by his plough, or stirred with his hoe, begins to yield in abundance the fruits of the earth: the prostrate timber rent asunder by his wedge, and hewed, sawed, or chiseled into appropriate shapes, furnishes materials of building: these, arranged and secured by means of pins or nails of the same material, rise in orderly succession one above another, till there is erected for his habitation a comfortable and commodious dwelling:—while the surrounding fields, now that he has ample food in store for their support, are overspread with the flocks he has domesticated, to provide for his use unfailing supplies of clothing and subsistence. Already he has made himself acquainted with the rudiments of agriculture, architecture and manufactures, and has laid the foundation of the useful arts.

Compare his condition now, with that in which he existed before his acquaintance with the uses of iron: contrast the savage of the forest with the cultivator of the field—the scanty and precarious sustenance of the one, with the regular and abundant subsistence of the other—the covering of skin, with the garment of wool—the hut, with the commodious dwelling—the hardships attendant on one mode of life, with the numerous conveniences that follow as a necessary train to the other; and from this rough-drawn and very imperfect outline, there may be formed some slight idea of the revolution

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effected in the condition of man, even by a limited acquaintance with the simpler uses of this single, though most important of all the mineral substances.

It is scarcely necessary to direct the reader's attention to the accession to the comforts, the conveniences, the elegancies of life, or to the vast acquisitions to the power of man, which, in successive periods of time, have been gained by a more extended and familiar acquaintance with the various properties of iron, and the innumerable purposes to which, with increased advantage, human ingenuity has discovered it to be applicable. It is sufficient to turn the eye on some great and populous city—the seat of busy manufactures;—on a Sheffield, a Manchester, or a Birmingham,—those nurseries of the arts, and workshops of the world: to view its immense establishments in active operation, and look on the tens of thousands of the industrious they maintain and employ. It is sufficient to hear the eternal din and incessant roar of stupendous machinery, laboring in the service of man, in obedience to laws and impulses he has given to it;—to see its multifarious and complicated parts performing each its allotted movement;—swinging heavily, with measured time, and force, or shooting to and fro with regulated rapidity; revolving slowly, and lazily around, or flying with inconceivable velocity, and whirling smoothly, each in its proper sphere,—moving, all in harmonious cooperation, to effect some beneficial end, with a precision unerring—as if impressed with the intelligence and volition of animated being. It is sufficient, to be convinced of the great acquisition we have in iron, to witness the wondrous effects of the steam-engine,—that giant machine, which performs to our hands the labor of countless hosts; which enables us to penetrate into the secret recesses of the solid earth, and to master the ocean, and the very elements themselves. "It rows, it pumps, it excavates, it carries, it draws, it lifts, it hammers, it spins, it weaves, it prints;"—that masterpiece of human skill, which, in the language of the celebrated Doctor Black, is the most valuable present ever made by philosophy to the arts.

Again, when we behold materials of every known description, in the rude state in which nature presents them, before they have been subjected to the first elementary process in their manufacture, and look upon them, after they have undergone the various mechanical operations to which they are successively submitted, and are produced in a finished state, of every form and fashion that can minister to the wants, or gratify the caprice of man, we almost doubt their identity, and are at a loss which most to admire, the utility of the substance by means of which so wonderful a change has been effected, or the sagacity of him, who moulds and constructs it into complicated machines, to which he gives motion and almost life, to work out his own advantage. And, lastly, when there is displayed before us the endless variety of manufactured goods and wares;—of instruments, and implements, and utensils;—of machines, and engines, and mechanical contrivances to abridge human labor; when we gaze on the immense fleets that wait to receive them, in an hundred ports of some great manufacturing country, or survey the seas whitened with the sails, and heaving beneath the burthens of whole navies, busied in transporting them to distant and expectant nations, and even piloted in their course, through the wide and trackless waste of waters, with unerring accuracy, by a property peculiar to iron,—we turn from the contemplation more fully persuaded of the extent to which we are indebted to this single metal, to which in truth, if we except the spontaneous productions of nature, (of little comparative value unwrought,) we owe every thing we possess.

We are enabled, perhaps, by this review, hasty though it has been, of the numerous and varied uses of iron, better to estimate its real worth, and we do not hesitate to assign to it, an importance among the elements of national prosperity of the highest order, and to consider it, what truly it is, the most valuable of all acquisitions. We look upon the country rich in the possession of its ores, with feelings of rivalry, and are prompted to emulate her in acquiring this true species of substantial wealth. Our national ambition is excited to grasp at this mighty instrument of power, and our energies should be roused into ceaseless activity, until, by untiring assiduity in surveying and exploring our own tempting regions, guided by the lights borrowed from geological science, we succeed in enlarging our mineral domain to at least an equal extent.

Before proceeding to the consideration of any other of the substances we have proposed to treat of, it may not be improper, here, to annex (more in the form of notes) a few facts illustrative of the history of the very interesting mineral which has occupied our attention in the preceding remarks.

Of all the metals, iron is the most widely and universally distributed, being confined to no particular formation as its repository, but discoverable in every class of rocks, from the oldest granite to the newest alluvial deposit. It is also the most abundant of the metallic ores: whole mountains composed of it occurring in the northern parts of the globe. As instances of the great masses in which it is found, it may be mentioned, that the sparry iron ore found in the floetz limestone in Stiria, has been worked to an immense extent and with great profit, for more than twelve hundred years: and, that the Rio mountain in the island of Elba, five hundred feet in height and three miles in circumference, known at an early day to the Romans, (in which mines are still wrought,) is wholly composed of specular iron ore. Though this metal, as we have stated, exists in every kind of rock and soil, it has been remarked, that the dark oxides or its richest ores are confined exclusively to primitive rocks. The ores are generally, it has also been observed, of a purer quality, and more abundant in northern regions. What are denominated iron-stones, or the ores containing a larger proportion of earthy matter, are found in the secondary strata, and exist commonly in great abundance in those accompanying coal.

Although iron was known in the remotest ages, and was in use among some particular nations even at a time anterior to the deluge, according to Moses, (Gen. iv. 22) we are not to presume it was in general use:

> "Him Tubal nam'd, the Vulcan of old times
> The sword and falchion their invention claim;
> And the first smith was the first murderer's son."

Nor must we forget, that the useful arts, and among them the art of working metals, were lost to the gene-

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rality of mankind, in consequence of that universal calamity. Gold, silver and copper seem to be the metals of which the knowledge and uses were earliest recovered after that period; owing, no doubt, to their being oftener found on the surface of the earth, or in the beds of streams—to their more frequent occurrence in the metallic state, and to the greater ease with which they are separated from their ores. Copper, though greatly inferior to iron, yet possesses considerable tenacity, and sufficient hardness to furnish a substitute in the construction of cutting instruments, and either pure, or alloyed with tin to increase its hardness, constituted the materials of which were formed the swords, hatchets, and artist's tools of many ancient nations. The arms and tools of the American nations were similarly made, and by means of this awkward substitute, the Mexicans and Peruvians made considerable advances in manufactures and the arts—greater perhaps than any other people unacquainted with the use of iron. The inconvenience experienced by these nations from their ignorance of this metal, and the awkward expedients to which in consequence they had recourse, afford an important lesson in teaching us what estimate to make of the value of a substance, which, its very requisiteness to every common purpose of life so familiarizes us with, as to cause us daily to pass by with little or no notice. The evils which we are taught would inevitably follow its loss, make a deeper impression of its importance, than all the advantages, manifold though they be, which in heedless enjoyment, we are continually deriving from its possession. With no better substitute for iron tools in cutting stone, than the sharp edged fragments of flint,—without carriages, or machines of any kind,—how tedious and laborious must have been the work of separating from the quarry, of shaping, of transporting to a distance, and elevating to a proper height, the huge blocks of stone with which the Mexicans and Peruvians contrived to erect their temples and other public edifices!—structures that have commanded the admiration of more modern nations. What toil and what time must have been expended in the operation of dividing a single block, by means of continued rubbing of one rock against another! What pains and what efforts of ingenuity must it have cost the artizans of Montezuma, without the aid of nails, to form the ceilings of his palace, by an arrangement of the planks so artificial, as mutually to sustain each other! With what eagerness the Peruvian would have accepted nails of iron, to fasten together the pieces of timber he employed in building, and have laid aside as worthless, the cords of hemp his necessities compelled him to apply to that purpose! What an acquisition would have been even a common needle, in the place of the thorn, to which, in the fashioning of their cotton garments, they were obliged to have recourse!

Iron differs from the metals we have mentioned as earliest known, by its occurring rarely in a metallic state, and being then most difficult of fusion: its uses were in consequence a later discovery. The methods, besides, of disengaging it from the ores in which it is usually found in nature, are far from being obvious, consisting of various processes,—such as pounding, roasting, smelting in contact with charcoal, to render it fusible; requiring too, additional heatings and hammerings to render it malleable, and a still more complicated process to convert it into steel. Yet it was in use, as has been remarked, in very remote ages: Moses, in Deuteronomy, makes frequent mention of it. He speaks of mines of iron, and alludes to furnaces for melting it; and from the circumstance of swords, knives, axes, and tools for cutting stone, constructed of that metal, being mentioned by the same authority, we are entitled to conclude that the art of tempering and converting it into steel was also known. The mode of tempering it was certainly known to the Greeks as early as the days of Homer; for that poet borrows from the art some of his similes. Thus in the Oddyssey:

> And as, when arm'rers temper in the ford
> The keen-edged pole-axe, or the shining sword,
> The red hot metal hisses in the lake,
> So in his eye-ball hiss'd the plunging stake.

It is by its conversion into steel, that we are furnished with a material retentive of an edge, and adapted to cutting the hardest substances, and are enabled to fabricate that most important class of implements, edge-tools, all of which, from the ponderous pit saw to the finest lancet, are formed in part with this metal.

It was not, however, until very late in modern times, that we may be said to have acquired absolute dominion over this individual of the mineral kingdom, so as to be able at command, to press it into service, whatever may be its locality, in relation to the surface of the earth or its interior. For, before the improvements made in the steam-engine by the discoveries of Watts, we were limited in the power of availing ourselves of the known existence of iron, however abundant in any particular spot, by the necessity of the concurrence of a stream of water in the same location with that of the metal, as a means of impelling the machinery for producing the blast requisite in the operation of smelting. Since those improvements, steam power may be employed wherever the ore and fuel is found in sufficient quantities to authorize the erection of furnaces; and the manufacture of iron has in consequence, especially in Great Britain, risen into great importance. The annual produce of smelted ore in that kingdom, is estimated now to be about seven hundred thousand tons.

We cannot avoid suggesting here, to the owners and workers of coal property in Virginia, the propriety of investigating the strata through which they necessarily pass in their mining operations, with reference to the discovery of argillaceous iron-stone, with more minuteness than hitherto they have done—if indeed, (which we are inclined to doubt,) their attention has been in any degree directed to such examination. It is from this species of iron-stone, accompanying coal-strata, that Great Britain derives at least nineteen twentieths of the metals which she possesses in such abundance, and to which, in connection with its convenient location in the immediate vicinity of the fuel necessary in its reduction, she owes her towering eminence as a manufacturing country. The coal formation of Virginia contains the same clays, shales, sandstones and slates, and these are characterized by the same vegetable impressions that mark the series in other countries. And may we not reasonably ask, why should we hastily conclude this usual concomitant of the coal strata in England, Scotland, France and Germany, to be wanting here; or rather, why may not we hope to find it equally abundant in our own coal district. We are induced to

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urge this suggestion the more, from the circumstance, that this species of ore presents in its external characters, so little indicative of its metallic nature or chemical composition, that but for its greater weight, it might well escape the notice of an inexperienced or unobservant eye, unless arrested by some such hope as we have been induced to hold out. Even in England, where from its great abundance it might have been expected to be generally better known, instances have occurred in some districts, of its being wastefully misapplied, through ignorance, to the common purpose of mending the roads. The immense benefits that would result from success attending a research directed to this object, as well to the city of Richmond, as to a few fortunate individuals, are too obvious to require comment. It is sufficient to remark, that it would prove an abundant source of individual wealth, and would, in connection with her other great advantages and increasing facilities of transportation, be the means of elevating the metropolis of Virginia to an exalted rank in the class of large cities, and enable her to vie in importance with the proudest seat of manufactures, or the most extensive emporium of commerce.

It was our intention, as our title announces, to have passed rapidly on, and glanced at the history, uses, and national importance of coal, and some of the most valuable of the other mineral substances, as well as to have pointed out in a short series of remarks, some of the advantages to be derived from the cultivation and pursuit of mineralogical and geological inquiries in connection with this subject; but we have loitered on the way, and the contracting limits of our paper admonish us to hasten to a close We may at another time, if leisure permit, and if on reflection, we deem our endeavors at all likely to attract attention to subjects which have too long been almost universally neglected, again resume, after our own fashion, a subject which under better management, could not fail to prove interesting as well as instructive.

GAMMA.

Henrico, April 28th, 1835.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LETTERS FROM A SISTER.

LETTER ELEVENTH.

Malmaison, Tomb of the Ex-Empress Josephine—Engine for Conveying Water to Versailles and St. Cloud—St. Germain en Laye—Nanterre—St. Geneviéve.

PARIS, ———.

Dear Jane:

Although quite fatigued, I cannot retire to rest ere I have rendered my dear sister an account of to-day's excursion to St. Germain and to Malmaison the favorite residence of the late Ex-Empress Josephine. We took an early breakfast, and sat off by ten o'clock; the Danvilles in their carriage, accompanied by Sigismund, and we in a remise, or, as it is termed in England, a glass coach. We soon alighted at Malmaison, it being only two leagues from Paris, and spent more than an hour in walking over the house and grounds, and thinking of poor Josephine. A great deal of the furniture yet remains as she left it; even her music books are kept as she arranged them. The room she occupied as her chamber, is exceedingly beautiful. It is circular, lined with cloth of crimson and gold, and surrounded by mirrors inserted in the walls and doors. The bed is supported by golden swans, and the coverlid and curtains are of silver lama. In the library we saw the writing table and inkstand of Napoleon. The first bears evident marks of his penknife; which, while meditating, he used to strike into the wood. The domestic who conducted us through the apartments, spoke of the Ex-Empress with great affection; and so did the gardener, a West India negro, whose ebony visage was a novel spectacle to us. They said she was beloved by all the household and neighborhood, for her affability and kindness. The green house is filled with gay and choice flowers and shrubs; and it is melancholy to reflect that these the frailest productions of nature, have outlived their lovely mistress, and still blossom and flourish and shed their fragrance around, while she, like a shadow has passed away! After following awhile the windings of a stream that meanders through the garden, we found ourselves at the threshold of a pretty little temple dedicated to Cupid. The mischievous urchin himself, treading upon roses, is placed in the centre, and on the pedestal beneath him, this vindictive couplet is inscribed:

> Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être,
> Qui que ce soit, voici ton Maitre.

We quitted the shades of Malmaison with regret, and proceeded to the neighboring village of Ruelle to visit the tomb of Josephine in the church there, where her ashes repose. The monument is of white marble, and was erected to her memory by Eugene Beauharnais, her son. On its summit she is represented clad in a folding robe with a diadem on her head, and kneeling before an open breviary. It is a handsome tribute of filial love.

Near Ruelle is a chateau that once belonged to Cardinal Richelieu, and since then to Marshal Massena, whose widow still inhabits it.* Being informed that the family were absent and that it was customary for strangers to visit this sojourn of those distinguished men, we drove there; and, alighting from our carriages, were demanding permission of a person in the yard to see the mansion and its grounds, when a lady suddenly made her appearance, and we had the mortification to find that we were intruding on the privacy of Madame Massena herself. We immediately explained our mistake, and would have come away but she insisted on our entering, and was so polite that we could not refuse. The chateau is very plain, and furnished with corresponding simplicity. In front of it is a limpid sheet of water, and behind it a pleasant garden, where we wandered awhile and then took leave, gratified with our adventure, awkward as it was at the commencement.

Retracing our steps a short distance, we continued our ride to Saint Germain en Laye, and observed on our left a stupendous steam engine which, on inquiry, we found is used for supplying the fountains of Versailles and Saint Cloud with water from the Seine, and has succeeded the famous machine of Marly. This machine had become so decayed in some parts before its removal, that it occasioned the death of several persons who were examining its construction—and heedlessly stepped on an old board, which giving way they

* This lady is since dead. She died soon afterwards.

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were precipitated into the river and drowned, or crushed to death by the wheels. Saint Germain en Laye derives its name from the extensive forest adjoining it, which is considered the finest in France, and has ever been the favorite hunting ground of the French monarchs. While partaking of the pleasures of the chase they inhabited the spacious palace, that still exists and is at present a barracks for soldiers. That abject king James the Second, resided in it twelve years, supported by the munificence of Louis le grand, and finally closed his earthly career in this noble retreat. He was buried in the adjoining church, and his heart is enshrined in a paltry looking altar, before which a lamp is constantly burning, and upon which is an inscription informing the reader why it was erected. But what renders the palace at Saint Germain peculiarly interesting, is its having been the residence of the Duchess de la Vallière; and in the ceiling of one of the rooms appropriated to her use there is a trap door, through which it is supposed her enamored sovereign descended when he visited her clandestinely. On the left of the castle is a terrace one mile in length, and bordering an acclivity that overhangs the Seine, and is highly cultivated in vineyards and fruit trees. This terrace is much frequented by persons who resort there, for the purpose of enjoying fresh air and a fine prospect. Some go in carriages, but the usual mode of conveyance is by a donkey, and this we chose. The streets of the town are wide and the houses generally large; which might be expected, as court festivities were so often held here; and now-a-days, many of the Parisian gentry pass the summer months here.

We finished the day by dining at a neat auberge, (inn) with a garden teeming with flowers just in front of our parlor. Returning home we passed through the village of Nanterre, (the birthplace of St. Geneviève) and stopped an instant to buy some of the cakes for which it is renowned; they are merely buns, and we did not think them deserving of their fame. *Nanterre beer* and *Nanterre sausages* are also held in great estimation, but of these we did not taste, being quite satisfied with our trial of the cakes. I imagine you know the history of St. Geneviève; though lest you should not, I will tell you in a few words that she was a shepherdess, whose virtues and piety caused her to be canonized after her death, and made the patron saint of Paris. There is a lovely picture of her at the Louvre, by Pierre Guerin, representing her turning a spindle while guarding her flock. Good night.

LEONTINE.

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LETTER TWELFTH.

Lafayette and his Family—Sèvres Manufactory—Palace of St. Cloud—Madame de Genlis—Savoyards—Ballet of Mars and Venus.

PARIS, ———.

Dear Jane:—

We have formed acquaintance with some delightful characters since I wrote to you a few days since. We have been introduced to the good and brave General Lafayette and his family! On Wednesday he came with his son, Mr. George Lafayette, to see Mr. Danville, and the latter presented us to them. The print you have seen of this distinguished patriarch, is a correct likeness; and his manners are as benevolent as his countenance. He has a soirée on every Wednesday night, and we have gladly accepted the kind and pressing invitation he gave each of us to attend them. The ladies of the family, consisting of his daughters, his grand-daughters, and daughter-in-law Madame G. Lafayette, have also called, and we find them very amiable and pleasing. We have likewise had an introduction to Madame de Genlis, for which we are indebted to Mrs. Danville; who, rightly conjecturing it would be gratifying to us to know this celebrated lady, and being well acquainted with her, requested her permission to present us to her. This was readily granted, and this morning appointed for the visit. Accordingly, after an early ride to the Sèvres manufactory of porcelain and the palace of Saint Cloud, the most splendid of all the king's habitations, we repaired to her residence. On arriving we were conducted up stairs by a tidy looking *femme de chambre* and ushered through a small bed-room, plainly furnished, into an apartment that, from the variety of its contents, might be compared to Noah's ark. Besides the usual appendages of a parlor, it contained a piano, a harp, a guitar, a folding screen, and several tables loaded with books, papers, baskets and boxes, &c. We found the venerable authoress seated in an arm chair, near the window. Her regular and delicate features and fair skin, still indicate former beauty. Her nose is aquiline, and her eyes clear blue; as they are weak, she is obliged to wear a green shade to protect them from the light, but has never yet found it necessary to use spectacles: this is astonishing, for she will be eighty-two on the 25th of next January! She wore a black silk gown, and a simple muslin cap; and when Mrs. Danville introduced us she offered her hand to each, and as soon as we were seated entered into conversation with a degree of vivacity that quite surprised us; we were still more so, at her vanity. She talked a great deal about her own works, and in their praise! We asked her if she continued to play on the harp. "Oh oui! très bien!" she replied. "And on the piano and the guitar, Madame?" "Oh, oui, tout, tout, très bien!" She told us she often practised on the harp and composed in prose at the same time; and that while reciting verses aloud in a distinct voice and with strict attention to punctuation and emphasis, she could read a page from any author and then recount to you in regular rotation, every idea therein expressed; and this proved, she said, that the mind is capable of two operations at once. Papa observed that Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, proved it a century ago, when he played chess while dictating letters to different persons. She did not notice this remark, but proceeded to extol a novel she wrote some years since, entitled "Alfred the Great." She considers it one of her best productions, and gave it to a physician who attended her during a dangerous illness and declined being paid for his services. She said she thought she could not compliment him more, than by making him a present of her work; that he seemed delighted with it, and declared he would have it published immediately, but that much to her regret he had not kept his promise. Alfred is her favorite hero, and she expressed her wonder that he is not often made the subject of a romance. She informed us that she always retires to bed at half past ten o'clock and rises at seven, and is careful to eat very moderately. Her faculties

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continue perfect, and she knows fifty-two trades; such as sewing, knitting, spinning, embroidering, making baskets, weaving purses, &c. &c. We saw on the chimney-piece a snuff box that Mademoiselle d'Orleans, her *ci-devant* pupil, had sent to her. On the lid she had painted a harp entwined with a garland of flowers, and below it this sentence was written: "C'est votre ouvrage." Having sat with her two hours we took leave, and had quitted the room, when she called us back to show us with what ease she could rise from her chair without resting her hands on the arms of it to aid herself, as old people are commonly obliged to do. She has invited us to call on her whenever we can, and was so polite as to say she felt quite flattered by our visit.

On reaching home we found Mr. Danville and Leonora much diverted at the exploit of a monkey that had climbed in at the window, and ere they perceived it, twitched from Leonora's hand a bunch of raisins she was eating. It was the property of a little Savoyard, who had taught it a variety of tricks in order to gain a few sous by their exhibition. The Boulevard abounds with these little wanderers, and their marmosets.

This evening we are going to a fête at the Tivoli Garden; the *New* Tivoli as it is called; the old one (which I am told was far handsomer) has been converted into ground for building. We have seen the Ballet of Mars and Venus, at the grand opera; nothing can be more beautiful and splendid than it is! Leaving it for your imagination to fancy, I subscribe myself your affectionate

LEONTINE.

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LETTER THIRTEENTH.

Fête at Tivoli—The Catacombs—Cemetery of Montmartre—Abattoirs—Lady Morgan—Mrs. Opie—A Quaker Meeting.

PARIS, ———.

Dear Jane:

We were much entertained at Tivoli. The garden was brightly illuminated, and all sorts of amusements went on; and what a variety of these the French have, and with what zest they partake of them! We did our part very well too. We swung, we rode on wooden horses, we sailed in ships, looked at a cosmorama, witnessed a phantasmagoria, rope dancing and fire works, a play performed by puppets, and some metamorphoses of little paste board figures, that were quite wonderful; for instance:—a tiny lion was changed, as if by magic, into a cupid driving a car drawn by swans, a young lady into a basket of flowers, a butterfly into a beau, &c. &c. These transfigurations, I think, must be produced in the following manner: Two different objects are painted on a bit of pasteboard, one on the back and the other on the front of it; the pasteboard is then folded into the shape of one of them, and threads, too fine to be visible at a moderate distance, attached to it; after exhibiting the first figure a sufficient time, the threads are pulled and the pasteboard adroitly turned round and thrown open, thus displaying the second figure, to the form of which its edges are trimmed. As no person was visible, the threads were undoubtedly passed through the scenes of the miniature stage into the hand of the skilful operator,—for skilful he or she was who conducted the business. When tired of strolling we entered a fine café, situated in the centre of the garden, and refreshed ourselves with ice creams; afterwards, attracted by the sound of music, we repaired to an open space, where an orchestra was erected and a band of musicians were playing quadrilles for a party of beaux and belles, who danced away merrily, not on the *turf* but in the sand; they were, however, so inspired by the tones of violins and clarionets, that they moved along as if on a board floor.

You will wonder, perhaps, how we sailed in ships without the aid of wind or tide! I will tell you. Two poles, with a little ship suspended by a rope from each end, were placed crosswise on a pivot, and turned as rapidly as you chose, carrying you round and round in the air, with an undulating motion, not dissimilar to that of a vessel at sea, and so unpleasant to our feelings that we soon *disembarked*. This diversion is termed "les Espagnolettes." The wooden horses are arranged in like manner, except that they are firmly fixed on the ends of the poles, and consequently, in riding on them you do not experience the sickening, waving motion. The machine for swinging, is denominated a "Balancoir." This also consists of a couple of beams placed athwart each other, with chairs attached to their ends, which are thrown alternately up and down. Several parties, as they glided round on the wooden horses, amused themselves by trying to pass a stick through a large ring which was held towards them by a woman mounted on a bench. Whenever a ring was caught and borne off, it was instantly replaced by another, until one of the competitors had obtained *five* and thus won the game. I must now change my theme and inform you of our disappointment as respects seeing the catacombs. They are closed at present by order of the government—I *believe* on account of the danger there is in visiting them. We have been to the "cemetery of Montmartre," or "Field of Repose," as it is likewise styled. It is of much older date than "Pére la Chaise," but not so extensive, nor does it contain such handsome monuments; there are however some shady, melancholy dells and moss covered tombs, that render it peculiarly interesting. Vestris the celebrated dancer and Very the chief of Restaurateurs, are buried there. From the cemetery we proceeded to the "Abattoir," or "Slaughter-house of Montmartre;" an establishment of this kind is erected in every department of the city. Within them the butchers exercise their sanguinary functions, and the expense of them is defrayed by taxes on the animals that are killed. They are kept in the neatest order and composed of numerous buildings, each of which is appropriated to a particular branch of the business. In one the poor animals are knocked in the head; and there is a receptacle for the blood, which trickles into it through furrows made in the floor: in a second the carcase is skinned: in a third quartered: in a fourth the entrails are separated and cleansed: in a fifth the fat is boiled in an immense kettle. There are besides spacious tables, where the unconscious victims are sheltered and amply supplied with food and straw, while awaiting their fate. It made me quite sad to behold them eating and reposing so calmly, and then to think of their bloody destiny! The "Abattoirs" are liberally watered and often washed, and therefore no disagreeable odour is perceptible about them. I wish our butchers would follow the example of their French brethren as regards these places!

We had the gratification of meeting with Lady Morgan last night at Madame B——'s. Mamma had a

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great deal of conversation with her and found her extremely affable and agreeable. You know we were told she was ugly—we do not think her so, but she certainly dresses too girlishly, rouges too highly and seems too desirous of admiration. This cannot be said of Mrs. Opie, to whom we were also introduced. She was as plain in her attire as a dark grey silk gown and a white muslin kerchief and cap could make her. In her manners she is unaffected, in her conversation animated and intelligent. Her countenance is open and expressive of her lively mind. The moment we beheld her we recognized her as a lady we had seen at a quaker meeting which we attended from motives of curiosity on Sunday. A quaker meeting in Paris! you will exclaim. Even so my dear, for what is there on the face of the earth (that depends not on *soil* or *climate*) which may not be found in this bustling capital? The meeting was held in a house in the Champs Elysèes, belonging to a quaker family with whom Mr. D. was acquainted, and who gave him a cheerful permission to bring with him whenever he wished it, any friends desirous of going there. We were shewn into a neat parlor, where about twenty persons were sitting in solemn silence, and for nearly an hour not a sound was heard, save the occasional sneezes of an old lady who had a violent cold in her head. At length however the spirit moved a dark eyed gentleman and he gave us a tolerable sermon. I conclude with love from all of us to yourself, aunt M. and Albert, and to our relations and friends in the vicinity of Morven Lodge. I have not always room for affectionate messages, or be assured they would always be inserted.

LEONTINE.

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LETTER FOURTEENTH.

Soirée at General Lafayette's—Benjamin Constant—Messrs. Perier, Laffitte and Ternaux, &c.—"Conservatory of Arts and Trades"—Diorama—Georama—Neorama—"Royal Printing Office"—Manufactory of Plate Glass—Hospital of the Quinze Vingts—Castle of Vincennes—Fountain of the Elephant—Franconi's Circus—The Dutchess of Berri's children.

PARIS, ———.

Dear Jane:

Another busy week of pleasure and amusement has glided by since you have heard from us, and two evenings of it have been spent at two delightful soirèes. The first at Madame de N———'s, the second at the gallant old General Lafayette's, in the rue d'Anjou; where he has a suite of small and neat apartments illuminated for the reception of his expected guests on every Tuesday evening. We made our debut there about 9 o'clock and found them crowded. Among the throng were many celebrated and interesting personages, for the worthy and enlightened of all nations seem ever ready to do homage to the virtuous patriarch of Lagrange. At his soirèes the greatest ease prevails—the refreshments are simple and plentiful, and in compliment to the Americans and English, tea is always served, a custom not practised among the French. We again saw Sir Charles and Lady Morgan and Mrs. Opie, with whom by the bye we have exchanged visits. Then there was the orator Benjamin Constant, a pale, thin man, with light blue eyes and snowy hair, looking as if he were far on his passage to the next world. He was environed by a crowd of gentlemen, to whom he was speaking very earnestly with a great deal of gesture. Not far from him we observed other stars of the Chamber of Deputies, and these were Messieurs Casimir Perrier, Laffitte and Ternaux, whose countenances bespeak their noble minds. Monsieur Ternaux has introduced here and carries on the manufacture of cashmere shawls, and they not only equal those of India in tints and texture, but surpass them in the beauty and richness of the borders. To him also is attributed the discovery of the art of stamping patterns in relief on cloth table covers, &c. In the next room, we saw Mr. Cooper, the American novelist, and his lady—the two Miss P——'s, cousins of Lord Byron and Mr. and Mrs. ——. She is the daughter of Gen. Bertrand, and a beautiful creature she is. The lovely countess d'A—— was sitting near her. She is the sister of Madame George Lafayette, and is an intelligent and fascinating woman. She called here yesterday with Madame Lasteyrie and her daughters.

It is now time to speak of some of the curiosities of Paris to which we have recently been devoting our mornings. I believe the "conservatory of arts and trades" stands first on the list. It is also termed the "museum of industry," and is a collection of all sorts of machines and models, patterns and specimens of things that French genius and labor have produced; for the government obliges every Frenchman to deposit here a sample or model of whatever he improves or invents, and to accompany it with an account of its manufacture or construction. Besides several halls exhibiting machines and models, there are others filled with specimens of porcelain, glass, stone ware, lace, silks, ribbons, tapestry, colored and stamped paper, scissors, knives, fans, watches, clocks, lamps and a thousand other articles. One of the halls contains a number of *miniature* buildings, representing sundry manufactories. They are open in front, and display in different apartments the various processes of each business and the implements required in it, not omitting the most trifling tool. Another hall contains a library of 10,000 volumes, written in almost every language, and treating on subjects connected with the purport of the establishment—and professors of geometry and natural philosophy give lectures there to such pupils as are recommended by the minister of the interior. Would it not be shameful if the French nation did not rapidly progress in the arts and sciences, when the government is so liberal in encouraging them, by affording those persons who possess talents every advantage gratuitously, so that the poor may rise as well as the rich, if blessed with abilities? Among the patterns of tapestry is one concerning which a droll story is related, viz. that Vaucanson, a skilful mechanic, being offended with the inhabitants of Lyons for undervaluing some looms he had invented, tied an ass to one of them and made him execute the piece of embroidery from which this specimen was cut, and which excelled any *they* had ever done.

We have also visited the Diorama, the Georama and the Neorama, the royal printing office, the manufactory of plate glass and the hospital of the "Quinze Vingts." A diorama you have seen. A georama is a panoramic representation of the earth with its divisions of land and water; the spectator standing in the centre. A neôrama is a painting so ingeniously designed and arranged, as to produce the illusion of

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your being within whatever building it represents. The one we saw is a picture of the interior of St. Peter's at Rome, and Mr. Dorval who has been there says it is an exact copy. The royal printing office is an establishment of great magnitude. There is a vast collection of types and several hundred presses. We were informed that Pope Pius VII visited this office during his sojourn in Paris, and that while he was there the Lord's prayer was printed in no less than 150 languages and presented to him. At the plate glass manufactory we beheld mirrors of wonderful magnitude. The plates are cast at Cherbourg and at St Gobin, (a castle in the department of Aisne) and sent here to be quick-silvered and polished. Eight hundred workmen are constantly employed in the business. The French are indebted to the great Colbert for this establishment; prior to its foundation plate glass could only be had by sending for it to Venice. Having satisfied our curiosity here, we proceeded to the hospital of the "Quinze Vingts," founded by St. Louis in 1220 for the maintenance of 300 blind--a larger number is now admitted. It was customary in the age of St. Louis to count by twenties, and there being 15 twenties in 300 this institution derived its appellation from having that number of pensioners. We were pleased with the neatness and comfort that reigned, and arrived there just in time to hear a class of the blind sing and play; for those who evince a talent for music are instructed in it. The women were the vocalists and the men performed on various instruments. Even the leader was sightless! They kept time very well and we enjoyed their concert exceedingly, though the distorted faces some made while singing were horrible. They are taught a variety of trades, and not only reading but the art of printing, and we saw a man arrange the types and print several words with both skill and quickness. The types were extremely large and made of wood, and no ink was used in the operation, but the letters pressed on the paper, so as to leave the traces of them perceptible to the slightest touch.

On Wednesday we went to the castle of Vincennes, a gothic fortress, about three miles from the city. It contains the state prisons and an armory. A note to the commandant, from Mr. Warden, the American Ex-Consul and a kind friend of the Danvilles, gained us admission, and we spent two hours in examining the castle within whose gloomy turrets, nobles and monarchs have sighed in captivity. The celebrated Mirabeau was a prisoner there during four years, and there wrote his letters between Gabriel and Sophie. The duke d'Enghien was shot in a moat of this castle—the spot where the execution took place is designated by a willow tree and a black column, bearing this inscription, "Here he fell." In the chapel is a handsome mausoleum enclosing his ashes. Returning from Vincennes we stopped on the *Place de la Bastille* (once occupied by that terrific building) to view the model of the fountain of the Elephant. It is of plaster, and 72 feet high! A tower on the animal's back is to serve as a reservoir for the water which is to flow from the proboscis, and one of the legs is to contain the stair case leading to the tower. The whole mass is to be of bronze, but it is doubtful if this grand fountain will ever be made; it was one of Napoleon's gigantic designs, which adversity and death prevented his accomplishing. Last night we witnessed the wonder of an Elephant acting a part in a play at the Cirque Olympique, a theatre of the same description as that of Astley's in London. The house was crowded almost to suffocation, and the docile and astonishing creature excited universal admiration by her performance. She is called "Mam'selle Dyjeck," is a native of the island of Ceylon, and was purchased from some Indian jugglers by Monsieur Huguet her present owner. She is so attached to him that she shews evident distress if he is long absent from her, and extreme delight when he returns. If he be fatigued or indisposed, it is said that she even undresses him, puts him to bed and watches by him while he rests. Travellers I know are expected to exaggerate, but I assure you I am not availing myself of the privilege in the present instance. The play was entitled "l'Elephant du roi de Siam," and was written expressly to exhibit the address and sagacity of M'lle Dyjeck, who really acted throughout as if she were a human being. At the close of the performance the audience vociferated for her re-appearance, and after a few moments elapsed the curtain was raised and the *royal lady* came forth proudly tossing her trunk. She advanced to the edge of the stage and made three courtesies, retreating all the while, and looking round on the spectators as she rose, until she had sufficiently receded, she walked off amidst a roar of applause. It was quite an inspiring scene. The Duchess of Berri and her suite were present.

Apropos—Madame F. lately gave us a most interesting account of her Highness' children, the little Duke of Bordeaux and M'lle Louise. She says they are both remarkably amiable and *le petit Duc* holds a levee daily, is dressed *en militaire* and assumes all the airs of a grown gentleman. He is so proud of his sword, that the severest penalty his tutor can inflict, when he misbehaves, is to deprive him of it. He is a pretty boy—we have often met him taking an airing in his coach and four, surrounded by gens d'armes, for the Bourbons are so unpopular that for fear of his sharing the fate of his father, he is always strongly guarded whenever he appears in public. He pays dearly for his lineage, poor little fellow! and I never see him without thinking sorrowfully of the probability of his perishing by the ruthless hand of an assassin. But mercy! what a packet. Have patience dearest! with your LEONTINE.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES

In recollection of Thomas H. White, who died at Richmond, Va. October 7, 1832, aged 19 years.

Was it a dream? It has pass'd away
As vanish dreams at the rising day,—
That graceful form, from the Saco's side,
That loved the leap of its dashing tide,
And watched full long, in the mild Moon's ray,
The rainbow tints of the rising spray.

Fair was that form; and the feature's glow,
True to the pulse of the Heart's warm flow,
Heighten'd at thought of those friends afar,
Who the aspect watched of his rising star;
With fervent prayer that that star might shed
Benignant influence upon his head.

With heart as joyous, and foot as light
As the wild young roe, he scaled the height—

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The crystal sought in its mountain-bed,
And the fragrant wild flowers gathered;
Nature he loved in her freakish mood—
And sought her, deep in her solitude.

* * * * *

He is not now where the rapids play,
Or moonlight tinctures the rising spray;
Nor like the roe on the craggy height,
With heart as gay, and a foot as light;—
Did he hear the howl of the frost-god nigh,
And fly like the Birds to his native sky?

His native sky?—Ah! it brightly glows—
It cheers the bird and it scents the rose;
It wakes all nature to songs of joy—
But it smiles all vainly on thee, sweet Boy!
They laid, who loved thee, all lone and deep,
On the James' green shore, in thy last, long sleep!

Yes! 'twas a dream of Life's dreamy day!
Beautiful, fleeting, and vain as they!
Dreams of the heart, the mind, the eye,
Belov'd, how dearly!—how soon to fly!
They fade, they vanish, e'er dawns the morrow,
And the heart is left to its night of sorrow.

Saco, Maine. ELIZA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO SPRING.*

Not since the world's first blushing Spring
Hath warmer, truer offering
Than mine, by minstrel, muse, or maid,
Been on thy rose-wreathed altar laid.

May-flower, the first in Flora's band,
I've snatch'd from thy half-open'd hand,
And help'd the little Daisy shake
From her bright head the light snow-flake;

I've watch'd thee while thy crayon spread
The first tint on the Violet's head,
And wrapt with pleasure, scan'd the grace
Thy light touch threw o'er Nature's face—

But more I love thee for thy promise bright,
That Man shall spring, revived from Death's cold,
wintry night.

Saco, Maine. ELIZA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SPRING.

Rude Winter's surly storms are gone—
Spring, in her joy, is passing on:
Beneath her light and magic tread,
Each flow'ret lifts its gentle head:
Streamlets, so long in fetters bound,
Leap with a glad, reviving sound:
Valleys and hills, so long unseen,
Glow with a rich and silv'ry green:
The Robin's wild and thrilling note,
The silence of the grove, has broke:
The Bee, for months, in bondage held,
Wakes her hum in the wonted field:
The Horse and Ox their stalls forsake,
In leaping streams, their thirst to slake;—
To seek, on mountain-side and plain,
The feast, that Nature spreads again.
Nymph, with the sweetly-laughing eye!
Where dost thou dwell, when o'er the sky,
The murky storms of Winter scowl,
And through the leafless valleys howl;—
That thou, the moment they are gone,
Doth, lovely still, come tripping on?
Go on, upon thy blooming way!
I know thou wilt not, canst not, stay;
But oft, as on your course you wind,
Oh! cast a "ling'ring look behind!"

Lovingston, April 1, 1835. ROY.

For the Southern Literary Messenger

TO A. L. B.

Author of "*Trust Not,*" in the Messenger for February.

Scorn not the love of the gentle one!
Turn not away from the heart's devotion!
Still to its shrine may'st thou be won,
And thy bosom be stirr'd with its gentle emotion.

Spurn not that treasure! its worth is untold;
Bright gems are hid in its deep recesses;—
Fear not that her bosom shall grow cold,
When the light is gone from her wavy tresses.

There's a fountain of feeling pure and bright,
Which the glance of her eye is so gently revealing;
Like the twilight dawn of the Summer's light,
On the longing sight of the weary stealing.

Trust to the love thou hast falsely disdain'd,
So shall the trusted deceive thee never;
Forget the scorn thou hast falsely claim'd,
And the star of thy breast shall be bright forever.

Then come to "the hall of wine and song,"
Where the spirit of beauty reposes,
And truth shall be crown'd by the shining throng,
With a garland of myrtle and roses!

Raleigh, N. C. S. W. W.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SPRING.

To see thy tiny songsters rear
With wondrous skill, their home of love;
And hear each praise the other's care
In songs, that might be breathed above.

To watch the modest flowret's growth,
The spotless type of love on earth
Which nightly droops, as though 'twere loath
To quit the breast that gave it birth;

Or lay me down beside some brook,
Where I may muse the livelong day,
And drop my oft neglected book,
To dream of others far away.

Such is the joy, the quiet bliss,
Of holding converse sweet with thee,
And wooing, still, thy favoring kiss
Midst nature's wilds, in fancy free.

But I must bide within my room,
Content to breathe, alone, thy air,
And feel that it is double gloom,
Because thou art so lovely, there. A PRISONER.

---

* On the warm banks of the James, this Apostrophe to Spring may probably appear altogether too late for the season, but on the banks of the Saco, where a good fire is still necessary to comfort, and the May-flower, the most daring of our wild flowers, is just putting forth its blossom in token of *approaching* Spring, it is quite early enough.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MR. T. W. WHITE.

Dear Sir:—You have been so kind as to solicit something from my pen for your interesting periodical. With great pleasure I transmit the enclosed sheets, in the hope that you may find them suitable to the Messenger.

The subject I consider as particularly congenial with this delightful season, which has been truly said to constitute the "great jubilee of nature;" awakening our symyathy with young life, and drawing our attention to the promise and hazards of the vegetable creation, amid the cheerful labors of agriculture.

Nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos;
Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc *formosissimus annus*.

But I am sure that my subject has an interest, independent of the delightful associations of the season at which I write, and that most of your readers will be ever ready to exclaim in the gallant strain of the *sweet* Irish Bard,

Oh woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue!
Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too!

What I have written in this first number of my Dissertation, has reference principally to what may be termed the *sentimental* portion of our nature. I must therefore beg of your readers, to suspend all judgment as to the partiality or impartiality of the execution, until I have drawn the whole picture. I am yet to compare the sexes together, in relation to the intellectual powers.

I am, sir, with high respect,
Your obedient servant,

May 12, 1835. Z. X. W.

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DISSERTATION

On the Characteristic Differences between the Sexes, and on the Position and Influence of Woman in Society.

NO. I.

When we survey with a philosophic eye the varied and complicated works of nature, there is nothing upon which the mind rests with more pleasure, than the contemplation of the harmony, the order, and the unity of design, manifested throughout. The physical philosopher points to the centripetal and centrifugal forces, to the annual and diurnal revolutions of the earth, to the periodical return of the seasons, the regular succession of day and night, to the laws of cohesion and repulsion, and shows with pride the wondrous harmony which exists in all the departments of the physical world, all working and conspiring to one great end. The political economist delights to look to the nations of the earth, composed of vast multitudes of individuals; to scan the great variety of occupations which the endless division of labor has generated, and to see how the almost countless millions of inhabitants, although each one is busily and selfishly engaged in the pursuit only of his own little narrow schemes, are nevertheless, when we embrace the grand whole, working, in as perfect harmony and accord, as if the spirit of unbounded wisdom and universal philanthropy guided every head and touched every heart.—While to the common observer, the great volume of the human mind is uninteresting, with its pages confused and scattered like the sybil leaves of antiquity, it becomes to the metaphysician who can arrange and interpret it, a source of knowledge, of pleasure, and of gratitude. He beholds the nice lineaments of feelings and passions—observes the operations of our various intellectual powers and faculties. He sees a beautiful harmony and unity of design in the whole Ideal Republic; and finds with wonder and astonishment, that all our passions, instincts and faculties are so nicely arranged in relation to each other, that, like the bodies in our planetary system, not one could be struck from existence without endangering the harmony of the whole. Thus shall we find, look where we will, through the rude range of nature's works, part corresponding to part, power to power, mind to mind, and to matter too; and the whole moving forward with that beautiful harmonious action, which at once demonstrates the illimitable wisdom of the designer,—his benevolence and his consistency. Among all these beautiful adaptations in the universe, there is not one perhaps, which presents itself to the mind under a more engaging, a more interesting aspect, than the relations of the *sexes*. To increase and multiply, seems to be the great law of animated creation; and the attractions by which the sexes are brought together for the fulfilment of this universal law, are so many, so complicate, and yet so beautiful and delightful, while shedding their benign influence over the rugged journey through life, that it is impossible to contemplate them, without an immediate acknowledgment of their sublime harmony, and of the benevolent design of him who ordered and established them. My mind of late has been more than usually engaged in the contemplation of this subject; and to amuse my leisure hours, I have determined to throw together, however loosely, some thoughts on the constitutional differences between the sexes—to point out the effects which those differences have produced upon their moral, social and political characters—to show that the position of woman in society is not an accidental one, but results from the law of nature; and that the benign and powerful influence which she exerts over the destiny of man, is due principally to that very state of things which woman is so apt to condemn. From this investigation, we cannot fail to see that a constant amelioration in her condition is calculated to enlarge and diversify the pleasures of the whole human family, while it urges forward with irresistible power, the march of civilization.

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Whether there be any original natural differences between the sexes, in a moral and intellectual point of view, is a question extremely difficult to determine. Education has commenced, long before children have arrived at that age and growth of intellect, which will enable them to manifest with certainty their passions, propensities, tastes, and mental powers. The wide intellectual and moral differences existing among individuals similarly situated and similarly educated, lead us to conclude that they have different original capacities and dispositions. But so different is the education of the sexes—so different is their position in society, that we cannot say with certainty, whether their moral and intellectual differences are due wholly to education, or partly to nature. The discussion of this question I shall waive, as not being of much importance to the view which I propose to take of the subject, and shall proceed to show how the education of the two sexes is calculated to produce the differences which we observe among them, and how their relative positions in society are the results of the force of circumstances, and not of accident, as some have most ingeniously contended; and this I hope to be enabled to show, even upon the supposition of perfect *intellectual equality* between the sexes at birth.

Before entering upon this subject, it is proper to state, that I use the word *education* in its most extended sense,—to mean not only the moral and intellectual discipline which we derive from our parents and teachers, but to include the influence of physical organization, of the physical circumstances by which we are surrounded, of opinion—in fine, all those influences which are extraneous to the mind itself, but capable of forming and directing it. There is both a physical and moral education, to which we are constantly subjected, from birth to manhood, entirely independent of professed teachers, which perhaps exercises the greatest sway; in the formation of our characters, most persons are apt to forget, in the calculation of character, the effect of physical circumstances; but these must never be lost sight of. Physics govern morals, to a certain extent, all over the world. It is impossible to withdraw ourselves wholly from the influence of physical causes. In the beautiful language of Mr Allison, "Wander where we will, trees wave, rivers flow, mountains ascend, clouds darken, or winds animate the face of heaven; and over the whole scenery, the sun sheds the cheerfulness of his morning, the splendor of his noonday, or the tenderness of his evening light;—there is not one of these features of scenery, which is not fitted to waken us to moral emotion; to lead us, when once the key of our imagination is struck, to trains of fascinating and endless imagery; and in the indulgence of them, to make our bosoms either glow with conceptions of mental excellence, or melt in the dreams of moral good. Even upon the man of the most uncultivated taste, the scenes of nature have some inexplicable charm: there is not a chord perhaps of the human heart, which may not be awakened by their influence." Again, let us wander where we will, and in vain shall we attempt to escape the moral influences which are exerted around us. Opinions, manners, customs, fashions, &c. exercise a silent, but potent sway, from which none can hope to be exempt. We sometimes indulge the wish of flying from our native land, to escape these influences in a foreign clime. How vain the wish! Go where we will, the mighty spell is still laid over us—the enchantment is still unbroken—and as long as man's nature remains unchanged, so long must he be subject to the guidance and direction of that mighty physical and moral machinery, which is ever at work around him, silently developing and forming his character. These causes, in their all pervading influences, may almost be considered as emblematical of the omnipresence of the Divinity. In our remarks then, upon the distinctive characteristics of the sexes, it is proper to commence first with the operation of physical causes; and among these, without doubt the difference of physical organization exercises the most powerful influence—perhaps so powerful as to be itself sufficient to account for all the characteristic differences between man and woman. Of course, the remarks which follow, apply to the entire sexes, and not to individual cases; for the individual female will frequently be found to have all the masculine traits of character more perfectly developed than the individual man. Few men, for example, can be compared with an Edgeworth or De Stael in point of intellect—and few have shown more persevering courage and masculine heroism, than Queen Margaret of England, or Joan d'Arc of France; but these are specimens from which we can draw no just conclusions concerning the entire sex.

Physical Differences between the Sexes, and their Immediate Effects.

What then is the difference in physical organization? "Woman," says Voltaire, "is in general less strong than man; smaller and less capable of lasting labor. Her blood is more aqueous; her flesh less firm; her hair longer; her limbs more rounded; her arms less muscular; her mouth smaller; her lips more prominent, and her abdomen larger. These physical points distinguish woman all over the earth, and of all races, from Lapland unto the coast of Guinea, and from America to China."* The physiologists all agree in the main points of difference here asserted. They say that woman differs from man in the whole of

* See Phil. Dic. Vol. 6. Art. Woman.

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her lower stature—in the delicacy of her organization—in the predominance of her lymphatic and cellular system, which softens down the projections of the muscles, and gives to all her limbs those rounded and graceful forms, of which we see in the Venus de Medicis the inimitable model." "In woman, sensibility is also more exquisite; and, with less strength, her mobility is greater. The female skeleton even, is easily distinguished from that of the male, by striking differences. The asperities of the bones are less prominent; the clavicle is less curved; the chest shorter, but more expanded; the sternum shorter, but wider; the pelvis more capacious,"* &c. Comparing the sexes together then, all over the world, man appears to be decidedly the stronger and better formed for war, for hard and persevering labor; woman for retirement, for the mild and less laborious occupations. The camp, the field, the woods, and the sea seem to be the natural theatres for the display of man's powers. Woman fills with peculiar grace, all the domestic occupations and sedentary employments. In fact, the same amount of exercise is not necessary to the preservation of her health, as for that of man. Hence she is more naturally sedentary and quiet, and perhaps less industrious. Her labor, in a purely politico-economical light, is universally considered less valuable. The severer labors of cutting, mauling, ditching, carpentry, masonry, &c. are performed by men. The management of children, sewing, knitting, washing, &c. are performed most frequently by women. The working in lace, Rousseau considered an occupation particularly suited to a delicate modest female. He never could exercise the slightest patience towards men tailors. The needle and sword ought not to be managed by the same hands. In his *Emile*, he says, "If I were sovereign, I would not permit sewing and the occupations of the needle to any but women and lame men."

Occupation produces a mighty influence on character. Women in all countries will talk about their dresses and domestic matters: Men talk of war, politics, horse-racing, field sports, and the labors of the farm. At a very early period of life, we find the boy delighting in his top, his bow and arrows, and his mimic wagon or cart. The girl finds most pleasure in dolls, in pretty dresses and glittering toys, which amuse her without much exertion on her part. "With what a languid yawn," says Mary Woolstoncraft in her Rights of Woman, "have I seen an admirable poem thrown down, that a man of true taste returns to again and again with rapture; and whilst melody has almost suspended respiration, a lady has asked me where I bought my gown." And whilst the men converse about business, politics or literature, "how naturally," says Swift, "do women apply their hands to each other's lappets and ruffles." The learned lady whom I have just referred to, might have saved herself a great deal of vexation and pretended mortification, if she had only reflected, that difference in occupation between the sexes is due principally to difference in physical organization; and that the conversation of men and women will always run more or less upon their occupations. Our very dreams are but too frequently dictated by the occupations which engage us. Queen Mab gallops

"Through lover's brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtier's knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
O'er lawyer's fingers, who straight dream on fees.
And sometimes comes she with a tithe pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep—
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats;
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades;
Of healths five fathoms deep: and then anon
Drums in his ear—at which he starts and wakes;
And being thus frighten'd, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again."

Relative Position of the Sexes in Society.

The relative position of the sexes in the social and political world, may certainly be looked upon as the result of organization. The greater physical strength of man, enables him to occupy the foreground in the picture. He leaves the domestic scenes; he plunges into the turmoil and bustle of an active, selfish world; in his journey through life, he has to encounter innumerable difficulties, hardships and labors which constantly beset him. His mind must be nerved against them. Hence courage and boldness are his attributes. It is his province, undismayed, to stand against the rude shocks of the world; to meet with a lion's heart, the dangers which threaten him. He is the shield of woman, destined by nature to guard and protect her. Her inferior strength and sedentary habits confine her within the domestic circle; she is kept aloof from the bustle and storm of active life; she is not familiarized to the out of door dangers and hardships of a cold and scuffling world: timidity and modesty are her attributes. In the great strife which is constantly going forward around her, there are powers engaged which her inferior physical strength prevents her from encountering. She must rely upon the strength of others; man must be engaged in her cause. How is he to be drawn over to her side? Not by menace—not by force; for weakness cannot, by such means, be expected to triumph over might. No! It must be by conformity to that character which circumstances demand for the sphere in which she moves; by the exhibition of those qualities which delight and fascinate—which are calculated to win over to her side the proud lord of creation, and to make him an humble suppliant at her shrine. Grace, modesty and loveliness are the charms which constitute her power. By these, she creates the magic

*Richerand's Physiology. Chapman and Goodman's Edition: p. 391.

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spell that subdues to her will the more mighty physical powers by which she is surrounded. Her attributes are rather of a passive than active character. Her power is more emblematical of that of divinity: it subdues without an effort, and almost creates by mere volition;—whilst man must wind his way through the difficult and intricate mazes of philosophy; with pain and toil, tracing effects to their causes, and unravelling the deep mysteries of nature—storing his mind with useful knowledge, and exercising, training and perfecting his intellectual powers, whilst he cultivates his strength and hardens and matures his courage; all with a view of enabling him to assert his rights, and exercise a greater sway over those around him. Woman we behold dependant and weak; but out of that very weakness and dependance springs an irresistible power. She may pursue her studies too—not however with a view of triumphing in the senate chamber—not with a view to forensic display—not with a view of leading armies to combat, or of enabling her to bring into more formidable action the physical power which nature has conferred on her. No! It is but the better to perfect all those feminine graces, all those fascinating attributes, which render her the centre of attraction, and which delight and charm all those who breathe the atmosphere in which she moves; and, in the language of Mr. Burke, would make ten thousand swords leap from their scabbards to avenge the insult that might be offered to her. By her very meekness and beauty does she subdue all around her. The Grecian poet of old has told us where her power lies.

> "To woman what does nature give?
> Beauty she gives instead of darts;
> Beauty instead of shields imparts:
> Nor can the fire nor sword oppose
> The fair, victorious where she goes."

We must recollect, however, that it is beauty of mind, of grace, of accomplishment; and not beauty of person alone, which constitutes her power. When the beautiful mother of mankind is described by the matchless poet, he mentions not one *purely* physical trait of beauty.

> "Grace was in all her steps; heaven in her eye:
> In all her gestures dignity and love."

When Juno too, tries the old and successful cheat of love with her imperial husband, the poet of antiquity makes her borrow the beauties of mind, rather than those of body.

> "The gentle vow, the gay desire,
> The kind deceit, the still reviving fire;
> Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
> Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes."

Even Waller, the sycophantic poet of a corrupt and profligate court, pays all due homage to the beauty of mind.

> "Oh, my lovely foe,
> Tell me where thy strength doth lie—
> Where the power that *charms* me so:
> In thy soul, or in thine eye."

As woman then cannot conquer by physical strength, she must depend upon other attributes of a more passive quality. The following little anecdote well illustrates the characteristic differences between the sexes in this respect. I was once giving a handsome and accomplished lady a description of the Menagerie Royal at Paris, and was describing the apartment of a large ferocious lion that had been brought from Africa. The apartment was double, with a partition wall between the chambers. Whilst the lion would be in one chamber eating, it was the custom of the keeper to go into the other for the purpose of cleaning it out, taking care to shut the door between them. One day he neglected this; and the lion leaving the meat which he had been devouring, suddenly entered the room, advanced to the man, who backed against the wall, then leaped upon his breast, and looked him steadily in the face. Just at this point, I paused and asked the lady, for she seemed agitated, what she would have done in a similar crisis. Her answer was characteristic indeed: I would have *kissed* him! Now I assert that there is not a man in the wide world who would have ever thought of appeasing the wrath of the monarch of the forest by a kiss. His power does not depend on a kiss. From him it is not sufficiently appreciated to make it coveted by others, and therefore a source of his power. But with woman it is far otherwise; it is one of her most potent means—a sort of reserve, not to be resorted to but under the pressure of necessity. Had you addressed the same question to man, he would have told you, that he would have stood quiet and firm, (as did the individual just mentioned,) till assistance could be brought; or he would have summoned up all his courage and all his strength for one desperate effort, and attempted to hurl the lion from him; but never would he have thought of purchasing his life by giving him a kiss. This is one of woman's resources in the hour of peril, and woman alone would ever have thought of it.

In that darkest and most dismal hour of Josephine's life, when the dread secret of the divorce was first hinted to her by that great but wily and unprincipled statesman Fouche, how does she act? In all the agony and concentrated grief which preys upon her heart, she seeks in his chamber the solitary chieftain, whose martial prowess had shaken all the thrones of Europe, and filled the world with a fame which eclipsed that of the Cæsars and Alexanders—she seats herself in his lap—she strokes back the hair from his forehead: in the mild and faltering tone of injured honor, she asks him if it be so? He answers no! And with beauty, grace and tears supplicating, who could have answered otherwise! Then imprinting a kiss upon his brow, she asks the dismission of Fouche as an earnest of his attachment. This was denied her;

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and at that moment despair seized upon her heart. She knew her power was gone—the charm was broken—the spell was dissolved. Ambition triumphed over love. But the Colossus of Europe could have told you, that the melancholy triumph of that moment, had cost him more than the conquest of kingdoms and the dethronement of monarchs; or he could have told you afterwards, that when he for the first time beheld the barren rock of St. Helena, with that countenance unmoved and unchanged, which so astonished those who observed it,—the internal struggle by which he chained down the conflicting emotions of his soul, was not to be compared with that which could firmly resist the request of a beloved but injured wife in tears.

Points of Honor in the Sexes.

So far, I have been considering the effects of mere inferiority of strength in the female. But independently of this, there is another portion of her organization, attended with consequences no less marked on the whole character. I allude of course to the great law of nature, which imposes upon her the burden of gestation—of nursing and of training the rising population of the world. That woman is destined to the office of nursing and rearing her children, the arrangement of nature evidently demonstrates. It is she alone whom nature provides with the food adapted to the support of the fragile constitution of the newly born babe. She has known and felt all the solicitude, anxiety and pain pertaining to its existence. It is a law of our nature, to love that with most ardor, which has cost us most pain and most anxiety in the attainment. For this reason perhaps, it may be that even at birth, a mother's love for her babe is more intense than that of the father; and hence an additional reason of a moral character, why the office of tutoring and nursing should devolve more particularly on her. Let us now proceed, for a moment, to trace the consequences of this position of woman. It is evident that its tendency must be, to narrow the circle in which she moves; a considerable portion of her life must be spent in the nursery and the sick room. Here, at once, would be presented an insurmountable barrier against that ambition which would lead her into the field, into politics, or any of the regular professions. She never could compete with man. In fact, to succeed at all, she would be obliged to desert the station and defeat the ends for which nature intended her. A physician, a lawyer, or statesman, who should be obliged to attend to the suckling, clothing, and the thousand little wants of a helpless babe, would be distanced in the race by him, who with any thing like equal power of intellect, was unimpeded in his career by any of those embarrassing obstacles.

This organization of woman now under consideration, renders circumspection and virtue more absolutely indispensable to her than to man. Guilt and infidelity are much more certainly detected in her case than in his, and are attended with much more lamentable consequences. Her whole moral character is formed in some measure in view of this state of things: chastity and virtue become her points of honor; modesty becomes her most pleasing and necessary attribute.

> "That chastity of look which seems to hang
> A veil of purest light o'er all her beauties,
> And by forbidding, most inflames desire,"

may truly be said to constitute one of her greatest and most indispensable ornaments. The great point of honor in man, is undoubtedly courage; and in woman, chastity and virtue. "In books of chivalry, (says Addison, in one of the Nos. of the Spectator,) where the point of honor is strained to madness, the whole story runs on chastity and courage. The damsel is mounted on a white palfrey, as an emblem of her innocence; and to avoid scandal, must have a dwarf for her page. She is not to think of a man until some misfortune has brought a knight errant to her relief. The knight falls in love, and did not gratitude restrain her from murdering her deliverer, would die at her feet by her disdain. However, he must waste many years in the desert, before her virginity can think of a surrender. The knight goes off—attacks every thing he meets that is bigger and stronger than himself—seeks all opportunities of being knocked on the head—and after seven years' rambling, returns to his mistress, whose chastity in the mean time has been attacked by giants and tyrants, and undergone as many trials as her lover's valor." The following inscription on a monument erected in Westminster Abbey, to the Duke and Duchess of New Castle, particularly pleased Mr. Addison, as illustrative of the difference in the points of honor between the sexes. "Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester; a noble family—for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous." Voltaire in his Philosophical Dictionary remarks, that all animals, if they could talk, would tell you they considered the female, each one of its own species, as the most beautiful creature in the world. The remark is a philosophical one; and will no doubt apply with great force to man, especially in a civilized condition. All our writers on taste, rank woman in point of beauty at the head of creation; and make *her* the most beautiful of her sex, whose beauty is combined with virtue and loveliness, and fortified by modesty. How beautifully has Barrett described the superior excellence of the female character in the following lines:

> "To guard that virtue, to supply the place
> Of courage, wanting in her gentle race—
> Lo, modesty was given; mysterious spell,
> Whose blush can shame, whose panic can repel.
> Strong, by the very weakness it betrays,
> It sheds a mist before our fiery gaze:

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The panting apprehension, quick to feel
The shrinking grace, that fain would grace conceal,
The beautiful rebuke that looks surprise—
The gentle vengeance of averted eyes;—
These are its arms, and these supreme prevail;
Love pauses—Vice retracts his glozing tale."

We are now prepared to see at once, the foundation of that difference observable among the sexes all over the world, in all ages, in relation to the conduct which they observe towards each other. Man makes all the advances towards the weaker sex. He is the wooer, and woman the wooed, in every age and country: whilst she is coy and retiring, and blushes deeply at the very idea of her preferences and attachments for the opposite sex being even suspected, man acknowledges with candor his devotion to woman; seeks her society every where; confesses his enthusiastic delight at the charms of her conversation, and glories in the performance of those civilities and gallantries, which the laws of social intercourse have always demanded at his hands. The desires and inclinations of man, are open and confessed; those of woman, kept doubtful and secret. "Man (says Rousseau,) depends on woman on account of his desires; woman on man both on account of desires and necessities." The difference, however, is that the former are avowed, the latter concealed.* The charms and fascination of woman, are so contrived as to hide all art itself, and to appear entirely aimless. Yet in this very circumstance frequently rests the great power of her attractions.

"Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief does it all."

It is easy to deduce from the foregoing, that what is called character or reputation, in the eyes of the world, is infinitely more necessary to woman than to man: her virtue is the true sensitive plant, which is blighted even by the breath of suspicion. Cæsar would not have a wife upon whom suspicion fell, even though convinced of her innocence Man may, by reformation, regain a lost character, but woman rarely can. Man may, and often ought to rise superior to the opinion of the world; woman never can. Hence the bold assertion of Rousseau, in his *Emile:* "L'opinion est le tombeau de la virtue parmi les hommes et son trône parmi les femmes." Under these circumstances, does not the guilt of the individual, who undermines or asperses the female character, become a thousand times more atrocious? In regard to woman, Madame de Stael observes, in her work on literature, that "to defend themselves is an additional disadvantage; to justify themselves a new alarm. They are conscious of a purity and delicacy in their nature, which the notice even of the public will tarnish." And those who suppose themselves clothed in panoply complete, because of their superior talents, she likens to "Erminia in her coat of mail:" the warriors perceive the helmet, the lance, and the dazzling plume; they expect to meet with equal force; they begin the onset with violence, and the *first* wound cuts to the heart. Well then does it behoove every man of honor and chivalry to guard against the injury of a being so defenceless, and to contribute all in his power, to the elevation and amelioration of her position, if it be only as compensation for the many disadvantages to which she is subjected, in comparison with man. I have thus endeavored to trace out the causes which produce the modesty, gentleness and virtue, which certainly characterize the female sex.

Upon the same principles we may explain that extraordinary command over her feelings, which is certainly another of the characteristics of woman. She cannot give utterance to her passions and emotions like man. She is not to seek, but to be sought. She is not to woo, but to be wooed. She is thus frequently required to suppress the most violent feelings; to put a curb on her most ardent desires, and at the same time to wear that face of contentment and ease which may impose upon an inquisitive and scrutinizing world. How often do we see in the gay circles of fashion and of folly, that while apparent joy is beaming from the countenance, a secret grief is preying on the heart, and working the soul into an agony. We are told by Plutarch, that the institutions of Lycurgus had so disciplined the Spartans in the art of enduring pain without complaint, that a boy permitted a stolen fox to eat down to his bowels, without complaining or exhibiting his sufferings in his countenance. The education and position of woman, produces an influence in this respect similar to that produced by Spartan legislation. She can suffer much, and she can suffer long, in silence, without complaint. How admirably has Shakspeare described this trait of character, in the description of Viola, in the 12th Night: though so often quoted, I cannot forego the pleasure of repeating it:

"She never told her love,
But let concealment like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

All persons placed in situations requiring great self command, by constantly curbing the passions and allaying the rising emotions, arrive at last at that self control, that perfect apparent mental equilibrium which appears so wonderfully difficult to the ordinary spectator. This is often most strikingly exemplified in statesmen, diplomatists and gamblers, and sometimes in mercantile men. The great reserve of Washington on state affairs, is well

* Broussais, the materialist, supposes a difference in this respect between the sexes, founded on differences in irritation and animal sensibility, and this is the reason why "she is contented to win him [man] by gestures and speech, but never does she undertake to subdue him by force." Whether this be the fact, must be decided by physiologists. To those who wish to examine this subject, I can only refer them to Broussais's Physiology, ch. 13, sec. 2.

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known: Davilla, the historian, praises the deep dissimulation of Catherine de Medicis. Lord Clarendon, and Locke, have spoken with commendations of the same traits in the characters of the Earls of Bristol and Shaftsbury; whilst Cicero even, has bestowed his eulogy on the same qualities, and points to the characters of Homer's Ulysses, Themistocles the Athenian, Lysander the Spartan, and to Marcus Crassus of Rome, for examples. Talleyrand, the great diplomatic wonder of the nineteenth century, it is said, possesses this "*talent pour le silence*," on state affairs, in a most extraordinary degree. With such a being, every thing becomes a matter of calculation, down even to the responses to the ordinary questions of "how do you do?" and "how have you been?" Such a man may truly be said to carry his heart in his head, as was said of Mr. Pitt the younger.*

Upon the same principles we can explain a seeming moral paradox, in the fact, that phlegmatic men, when once suddenly excited, become perfectly ungovernable; exhibiting follies and extravagances, beyond those we see manifested by men of great imagination and warm feelings. Very phlegmatic persons, when suddenly in love, are sometimes to be ranked among the most amusing and laughable objects in nature: with them a new feeling has just been called, for the first time, into action: it entirely unhinges and deranges the whole internal man: it is a new power, which, for a moment, subjects every thing to its capricious dominion, and the man becomes instantly like Ahmed, the pilgrim of love, so beautifully described in the tales of the Alhambra, mounted upon the suddenly disenchanted steed, clad in the magic armor, and overturning, without the possibility of managing himself or steed, both friend and foe.

It has generally been supposed, that sudden love is a symptom of much imagination, and excitable feelings: this is not always true; it may sometimes be a proof of the reverse. Very cold phlegmatic men, may frequently be suddenly roused and enamoured, because they have no control over the little imagination and feeling which they possess, when once that little has been roused. One of the most phlegmatic men I ever knew, married in less than three months after the death of a wife, whom he had loved while alive, as much as such a nature was capable of loving; and an affectionate squeeze of the hand, and a more than usually tender tone of voice, were the simple means by which this sudden flame was kindled.

The remarks made above, are susceptible of extensive generalization. Mr. Stuart says, in the third volume of his Elements of the Philosophy of Mind, "In one of our most celebrated universities, which has long enjoyed the proud distinction of being the principal seat of mathematical learning in this Island, I have been assured, that if at any time a spirit of fanaticism has infected (as will occasionally happen in all numerous societies,) a few of the unsounder limbs of that learned body, the contagion has invariably spread much more widely among the mathematicians, than among the men of erudition. Even the strong head of Waering, undoubtedly one of the ablest analysts that England has produced, was not proof against the malady; and he seems at last (as I am told by the late Dr. Watson, Bishop of Landaff,) to have sunk into a deep religious melancholy, approaching to insanity. When Whitefield first visited Scotland, and produced, by his powerful though unpolished eloquence, such marvellous effects on the minds of his hearers, Dr. Simpson, the celebrated professor of mathematics at Glasgow, had the curiosity to attend one of his sermons in the fields, but could never be persuaded, by all the entreaties of his friends, to hear another. He had probably felt his imagination excited in an unpleasant degree, and with his usual good sense resolved not to subject himself to the danger of a second experiment." Now it is well known, that mathematical studies exercise the imagination less perhaps than any other whatever; and the powerful influence spoken of by Mr. Stewart, was no doubt owing to the fact, that the individuals in question, had no control over the imagination; when once excited, they had never learned to manage and restrain it. Upon the same principles we can explain the wonderful control which the coquette ultimately acquires over all her feelings. The general opinion is, that coquettes are cold and feelingless, and have always been so, and that all their demonstrations of emotion, are the result of hypocrisy. This may sometimes be the case, but not always. Persons of this description, may even have intense feelings; but from constantly watching, restraining and curbing them, after they have been called into action, they acquire perfect mastery over them. In some cases, the feelings may be so chained down by habit, as almost to be destroyed; in fact, this is generally the case with coquettes, and when they do marry, it is frequently more from policy than love. Ambition and vanity, in their case, triumph eventually over love and feeling; and the love of

* Bulwer, in his France, pp. 107 and 8, has given us the following little anecdotes illustrative of this trait of character; and the first admirably exhibits the opinion which that deep searching and wily politician entertained of the candor of statesmen. "But why is not M. de S. here?" said M. de Talleyrand. "M. de S. est malade," said an acquaintance. "Ha! ha!" replies the old statesman, shaking his head, "M. de S. est malade! mais qu'est ce donc *qu'il gagne* à être malade!" Again, "which do you like best, M. de Talleyrand," said a lady, "Madame de ——— or myself?" The reply was not so decisive as the fair and accomplished questioner expected. "But now," said she, "suppose we were both to fall into the sea, which should you first try to save?" "*Oh! Madame*," said the Prince, "*I should be quite certain that you could swim.*" After these, we may well believe the late response which he is said to have made to his physician, who asked him some questions about Spain. "Doctor," said he, "you must have remarked, that I never give an opinion, except upon subjects which I do not understand. I am happy to talk about physic."

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riches, standing, pomp, and show, determines their choice.* There is one species of coquetry for which I have much compassion and sympathy; it is where the affections of a lady have really been won by an individual, whom prudence and the advice of friends, will forever prevent her from marrying. In this case it sometimes happens, that tenderness on her part, and a desire to avoid wounding his feelings, may cause her to excite hopes which are never to be realized. In this case, he may drink too deeply of what Shakspeare calls

"The honey'd music of her words;"

and at last will awaken to a disappointment, whose melancholy influence I shall describe, when I come to speak of the effects of love on the sexes. Perhaps in a case like this, prompt decision, and the concealment of every thing like tenderness, may be the stern mandate of reason and prudence; but we must recollect that it is not that of feeling and sympathy; and we often, in our passage through life, meet with cases of this kind, when too loose a rein is given to the feelings upon Sterne's principle, that it is not always agreeable to be fighting the d——l.

A gentleman, for similar reasons, often indulges sentiments of love towards her whom he knows that circumstances will never permit to be his. I have seen many cases of most tender attachment, of this kind. Travellers in foreign countries, and persons in lower stations of life, suddenly brought into contact with the upper, furnish the most frequent illustrations.

Pride and Vanity.

We are now prepared to compare the sexes together, as to two most important traits in character—*pride* and *vanity;* and before entering upon this investigation, it is proper to premise, that I use these words in their technical philosophical meaning: *Pride* to mean that quality which makes us set a high value on ourselves, independently of the esteem of the world—and *vanity*, to be that which makes us desire the esteem of others, and value ourselves accordingly.

False pride is the valuing ourselves for properties which are really contemptible, or not praiseworthy; and false vanity is the desire of the esteem of those whose opinions we should disregard, either because of the inferiority of their judgments, or because of the insignificance of the merit, for which we claim their approbation. The meaning which I have here given to *false* pride and vanity, is what is generally attached in ordinary parlance to the simple terms pride and vanity.

Now, according to the definition given above, it follows, that these two qualities belong, in some proportions, to all the members of the human family. Man is evidently made by his maker, a being of relations and dependencies: coming into the world in the most helpless and dependent condition, the preservation of his life, and the training of infancy, demand the continued assistance of others: those who are around him, give him his daily food, and teach him his daily lessons: their esteem and love is the reward of his little virtues and merits: their censures and frowns his punishments. As he grows to manhood, and his mind expands, his relations with the world become more numerous, and more extensive, and he ultimately seeks the applause and esteem, not only of the little family circle in which he was reared, but of his neighborhood, of his State; then, if his ambition be great, of mankind, and of the generations that are to follow. Thus the desire of the applause of the world, and the dread of its censure, becomes one of the most powerful motives to action, in the breast of man—this is *vanity*.

But at the same time, there is that within us, which produces happiness from the reflection, that we have done our duty, and that our conduct is praiseworthy, whether we have the esteem of the world or not. We value ourselves for what we consider our real intrinsic merits, and not for the applause of the world—and this is *pride*.

As thus explained, it is very evident that these two great principles, pride and vanity, must have almost omnipotent sway in the formation of character. Chenevix, in his work on national character, and Adam Smith in his theory of moral sentiments, make the whole human character to hinge on these two qualities. When pride is excessive, you have for the most part a haughty isolated independent taciturn being, who, wrapt up in himself, and his own ideal perfections, despises the opinions of those around him, and treats the world with austerity and scorn. His social defects are bluntness, rudeness, and a want of sympathy and com-

* Sometimes coquettes appear to love after marriage more intensely than others: in most cases I am disposed to doubt the reality of the affection. Sometimes they have remained single until the decline of their charms. The advance of age, and an unfavorable public opinion, have destroyed their reign. This condition is almost insupportable, and marriage becomes an asylum for their refuge. In this case the coquette is in love with marriage, rather because of the insupportable ills which she has escaped, than of the love which she bears her husband. In other cases, after marriage, want of something to engage her attention, and exercise her powers of pleasing; of something that may amuse and excite her; in fine, as Mademoiselle de L'Enclos, who will readily be acknowledged first rate authority on this subject, expresses it, "*La necessité d'avoir quelque gallantrie*," may induce her to lavish upon her husband, all those attentions, finesses, and displays of feeling, which she before bestowed upon the world at large. In this case, she makes her husband the very personification of the gallantries of the world, and proceeds to play out the game with him, which she had before been carrying on with the dashing beaux of the fashionable world. Lastly, in some cases, mere vanity itself may be sufficient, by its intense action, to make the coquette wear in her countenance, and manifest by her actions, that love which she feels not in her heart. I do not think then the coquette will often make a fit companion for the man of delicate sensibility and all searching penetration. He should seek for some sensitive, deep feeling heart, which can return him back a full measure of the love of which his own fond, devoted heart is so lavish. True and genuine affection cannot long be deceived: it has too many nice and exquisitely delicate chords, to be played upon with success by the coarse fingers of hypocrisy.

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passion. But then he is a being who is firm and steady in his character, and unwavering in his resolves. He may be relied on, if you can ever win him to your side. When vanity is excessive, you have a being the very reverse of the one just described. He is social, loquacious, polite and attentive to all around him. He has no fixed character or opinion of his own: the opinion of the world is the looking glass in which he daily dresses himself. Affectation and disingenuousness are his social defects. Win him to your side to-day, and to-morrow when he finds the other the most popular, he will desert you without hesitation. He is a treacherous friend. When these two qualities are properly combined, you have the perfect character.

Now it is easy to see, from what has already been said, that of the two sexes man is the prouder, and woman the vainer. The greater physical strength of man, the occupations in which he is engaged, his self dependence and self sufficiency, make him generally more proud and less vain than woman, who being weaker than man, and more dependent on others, is obliged to seek their esteem and applause, in order that through their attachment and love, she may exercise a power which she finds not within herself. The desire to please is undoubtedly the ruling passion in the female heart. As I have before observed, her virtue is a much more sensitive and tender plant, than that of man: it can much more easily be tarnished, by the breath of public opinion; and when her reputation is once lost, it can never be regained. Hence the good opinion of the world is all in all to her. She endeavors to secure it by every means. She is generally more gay and cheerful, more loquacious and polite, infinitely more amiable and agreeable in the social circle, and she trifles with more grace and elegance. For the same reason she adorns and perfects her beauty more, and endeavors to heighten and polish her natural endowments by the aid of artificial ornaments. "I have observed, (says Ledyard,) among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that they are ever inclined to be gay, cheerful, timorous and modest." They are more observant of fashions and of etiquette, and, as we shall presently see, they have more tact, more nice discrimination of feeling and discernment of character than men have. Women are precisely what the men make them, all over the world. Addison says, "that had women determined their own point of honor, it is probable that wit or good nature would have carried it against chastity;" but our sex have preferred the latter, and woman has conformed to the decision.

The vanity of woman, under proper regulation, makes her the most fascinating being in creation, when it is the virtuous, the intelligent, and the just, whose approbation she attempts to win, by the charms and graces of virtue, innocence, modesty, and accomplishment, where "she is the darling child of society, indulged not spoiled, presiding over its pleasures, preserving its refinements, taking nothing from its strength, adding much to its brilliancy, permitted the full exercise of all her faculties, and retaining the full endowment of all her graces."

And this same being, who, in her unmarried state, is the delight and charm of every circle in which she moves, may after marriage look to the esteem and approbation of him who has won her hand and heart, as the jewel of greatest price. His opinion may become to her what that of the world was before. His taste is the one which she may delight to please.

"She, if her lord but gaze with pride,
Wears what he loves, and thinks no gem denied;
And if, compliant with his wish, she roam,
To the gay tumults which endear her home,
'Mid brighter fashions, and that pomp of waste,
Which glittering fools misname, and call it taste;
Tho' not a gem her simple hair have crown'd,
While lavish diamonds fling their beams around,
Can smile serene, nor feel one envy burn,
And sleep without a sigh, on her return."*

Such a companion makes the home of her husband a paradise on earth, and the thought of him and his happiness, soon interweaves and intertwines itself with all her little schemes and projects, with all her desires and ambition, and her house becomes the true scene of domestic happiness and of the domestic virtues.

On the other hand, when vanity is excessive, or badly regulated, woman is too apt to substitute art for nature, and to attempt to impose upon the world by outward show and hollow pretensions; to manage and intrigue for the purpose of carrying her plans, and consummating her schemes; and when in danger of detection, she has recourse to evasions and devices, which in the end may produce the character of falsehood and hypocrisy.

"A person (says Adam Smith,) who has excessive vanity, in attempting to win the applause of those around him, is apt to fall into the practice of lying, but the lies are not of a black or very hurtful character to society; they are intended to deceive you, and make you think more of the person who tells them, and not to injure others; whereas a proud man but rarely lies, and when he does, it is apt to be a dark and malicious falsehood, which he tells; one intended for the injury of others, not for the exaltation of himself." It is badly regulated vanity, which produces that character for cunning,

* *Paradise of Coquettes*, generally ascribed to the pen of the late Dr. Thomas Brown, the professor of moral and mental philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, of whom Mr. Dugald Stewart said, "in my opinion even Dr. Brown would have been a still better metaphysician, if he had not been a poet, and a still better poet if he had not been a metaphysician." I have no doubt of the truth of this remark, though we must acknowledge, that whether we examine his metaphysics or his poetry, we shall find that none has ever better understood the heart of a truly virtuous and constant female, or more highly appreciated it."

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which Rousseau considered one of the distinguished characteristical traits in the female. He was so much impressed with the predominance of this trait in woman's character, that he was disposed to attribute it, (I think falsely,) rather to nature than to circumstances and education. He tells us of the following device, practiced by a girl of six years old, who had been strictly forbidden to ask for any thing at table. For the purpose of inducing her parents to help her to a dish which she had not tasted, she pointed her finger at the several dishes, saying, I have eaten of that, and of that, &c. until she came to the one of which she had not eaten, passing that by in silence. A cunning hint was thus given to the parents, without violation of their commands, that she would like to be helped to it. This little stratagem Rousseau thinks far beyond what a boy of the same age would have planned, and hence he comes to the conclusion, that "*La ruse est un talent naturel au sex*"—he thinks this a wise dispensation of nature, for, says he, "La femme a tout contre elle nos defauts, sa timidité, sa faiblesse; elle n'a pour elle que son art et sa beaute. N'est il pas juste qu'elle cultive l'un et l'autre?" When these devices and stratagems, which the softer sex practice for the attainment of their ends, become too apparent, they disgust; when well concealed, they frequently succeed: but honesty here, as every where, will prove to be the best policy; and I cannot agree with Rousseau, that generally they are advantageous to those who practice them: they always endanger more or less the character of the individual. In spite, however, of all our caution and advice on this subject, in the little concerns of life, and the petty tactics of the drawing and ball rooms, woman will always display more skill and cunning than man. These are the scenes with which she is more conversant, and which she studies far more deeply than he. A skilful tactician in the drawing room, may almost be compared to a general in the field. She notes, without being perceived, every movement, and by skilful evolutions she brings about that arrangement of parties which best suits her taste, and which seems to others, who have not the sagacity to see the game, the effect of magic, rather than of art. With man it is very different; concealment and stratagem in the little courtesies and plans of life, are never expected of him. The maxim of David Crockett, "go ahead," is the one on which he practices. As woman is the most skilful manager on these occasions, so is she the most sagacious observer, and she can sometimes greatly amuse us, by furnishing a key to the manœuvring in the social and fashionable world.

Mother and Child.

I now proceed more particularly to the consideration of the effects produced upon the female character, by that most interesting and tender tie, the relation of mother and child. We have already pointed out the reasons why the mother should be considered, as intended more particularly by nature, for the office of nursing, rearing, and tutoring the infant. Although the effects of this position, are first manifested upon mothers, yet, as they constitute so large and influential a portion of females, their character, whatever it may be, will quickly diffuse itself over the whole sex, and consequently we may predicate of the whole, to a certain extent at least, the properties and peculiarities of character, which flow from the relation of mother and child.

There can scarcely be conceived in the whole range of nature, a more tenderly interesting object, than the perfectly helpless and innocent babe. The writers on the sublime tell us, that that obscurity and indistinctness which prevents us from seeing the exact proportions of objects, is favorable to sublimity, by the increased play which it gives to the imagination. Now, what is there so well calculated to rouse the imagination and excite our anticipations, as the listless, inactive infant,—slumbering from the moment at which he takes his milky food to the moment at which he awakes to require it again? What is that infant to become? What is to be his destiny? What the rôle which he is to play in the great drama of life? He is now at the starting point; the future lies latent within him. He is to be nursed and taken by the hand, and led gently along the path of life, until the growth of body, and the developement of mental powers, shall enable him, unaided, to combat the difficulties and obstacles which beset him on his way.

Then, is he to select the part which he is to act? Is he to be the great warrior, "striding from victory to victory, and making his path a plane of continued elevation"—dethroning and unmaking princes, and grasping the destiny of empires in his single hand? Or is he, by overturning the fair fabric of his country's government, and wading through war, anarchy and blood, at last to triumph over the law and the constitution, and build up his own throne on the melancholy ruins of his country's liberty? Or will he be the philosopher of his age, taking

> "His ardent flight
> Through the blue infinite;"

numbering the planets, noting their complex but harmonious movements, and deducing the unerring laws by which they are governed? Or, by pouring truth after truth upon the world, is he to break up the prejudices and dissipate the errors which have before bound down the restless energies of the mind under the fatal spell of ignorance and superstition? Perhaps he is to be the genuine philanthropist, and like Howard, to travel from country to country, "not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurement of the remains of ancient grandeur; not to form a scale of the

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curiosity of modern arts; nor to collect medals or to collate manuscripts: but to dive into the depths of dungeons—to plunge into the infection of hospitals—to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain—to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt—to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken—and compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries." Or is he to be the simple, but contented being, whose world is bounded by his visual horizon,—

> "Who never had a dozen thoughts
> In all his life; and never changed their course;
> But told them o'er, each in its 'customed place,
> From morn till night, from youth till hoary age,
> And never had an unbelieving doubt;
> But thought the visual line that girt him round
> The world's extremes: and thought the silver moon
> That nightly o'er him led her virgin host,
> No broader than his father's shield."—

Well, this being who is now rocked in his cradle, with these germs infolded, but unperceived, in his heart and in his feeble intellect, although the most helpless and dependent of animated creation, commands the sympathies and love of those who were the authors of its being, and possesses already so great an influence, that he cannot in after life, "by the most imperious orders which he addresses to the most obsequious slaves, exercise an authority more commanding, than that which in the first hours of his life, when a few indistinct cries and tears were his only language, he exercised irresistibly over hearts of the very existence of which he was ignorant." But it is the mother that gave it birth, who feels the deepest sympathy with all its pains and wants, and carries in her heart, the most unbounded and unremitting affection for it. Man as I have before observed, has a ruder and a hardier nature than woman: the out of door world, with all its bustle and jostling, its difficulties, dangers, hardships and labors, is the theatre for his actions. He only enjoys the domestic scenes during the intervals of his labors, and then perhaps worn down by toil and fatigue, he dandles for a moment his smiling infant on his knee, and retires to rest, or to muse on the projects of his ambition, or to form schemes for the accumulation of wealth and the extension of his influence. And when he thinks of his child, he associates him with those schemes and projects with which he is to be connected in after life, and looks upon

> "The bright glad creature springing in his path
> But as the heir of his great name, the young
> And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
> Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!
> This is man's love!"

The prayer which Homer puts into the mouth of Hector for his son Astyanax, at the parting with Andromache, most beautifully illustrates the nature of a father's love. "O Jupiter, and ye gods! grant that this my son may be like his father, a leader among the Trojans, brave in battle, and a brave king of Ilion. And hereafter, may the people say of him as he comes from battle, he is far braver than his father, and may he bring back the bloody spoils, having slain his enemy, and please his mother's heart." A Brutus and a Titus Manlius, who would condemn their own sons to death for the satisfaction of public justice, may be found among fathers, but never among mothers. Agamemnon may consent to the sacrifice of Iphigenia, but Clytemnestra, although a woman of depravity, could not,—because she loved the daughter more than she loved Greece. Joy it is well known, may sometimes be so intense as to produce death. Listen to the three following cases of death from joy: they will illustrate the difference between the father's and mother's love. Pliny tells us, that Chilo the Spartan died upon hearing that his son had gained a prize at the Olympic games. Again—the three sons of Diagoras were crowned on the same day victors in the Olympic games, the one as a pugilist, the other as a wrestler, and the third, at the *pancration*, or game combined of wrestling and boxing; and Aulus Gellius tells us, that the father's joy was so great, that he expired in the arms of his sons in the presence of the assembled multitude, "ibi in stadio inspectante populo, in osculis atque in manibus filiorum animam efflavat." In both of these cases joy came from gratified ambition. Livy tells us of an aged mother, who, while she was plunged into the depths of distress from the news of her son's death in battle, died in his arms from the excess of joy, on his sudden, unexpected safe return; the mother loved her son, not for the lustre which he might shed on her name and family, but for himself, and well might she, for it is the lot of a mother to watch with unremitting care over her infant during the first years of its existence. She notices with a tender anxiety all its little movements, and administers to all its wants. She alone learns to

> "Explore the thought, explain the asking eye;"

she alone learns to read all the emotions of its heart by gazing on the play of its features. To her the voice of laughter is as delightful and beautiful as the most ravishing music; and the tones and cries of sickness and distress, are as afflicting and melancholy, as the fall of stocks, revulsions of commerce, and the disasters of trade and business are to man.

Even in women of the most wicked character, those who are the very fiends of their sex, we sometimes see this maternal fondness bursting out, and demonstrating at once, the difference between the wickedness of man and that of woman. Mrs. Jameson admires very much those touches of Shakspeare's pencil, which mark in the midst of all her atrocities and dark crimes, the womanly character of Lady Macbeth. How beautiful is the recollection of a mother's love, even in this fiend:

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"I have given suck, and know how tender 'tis
To love the babe that milks me."

And again she shows the woman, when she exclaims:

"Had he not resembled my father as he slept,
I had done it"—

Well, then, are we prepared in the fifth act for the declaration of this monster of depravity, under the stings of a tormenting conscience, when she gazes on the hand that had done the deed and exclaims:

"All the perfumes of Arabia, will not sweeten this little hand."

But let us quit such specimens as these, and go back to our subject.

Who is there among us, who can look back to the period of his infant career, and not shed a tear of gratitude for a mother's love, and a mother's care? What heart does not heave with emotion at the recollection of the first years of our education, when day by day we were clasped in our mother's arms, and with the kiss of affection imprinted upon the brow, were charged to be good boys, and learn with cheerfulness the lesson that was assigned us. Black indeed must be that heart which can forget a mother's solicitude. The recollection of her advice and admonition has often saved the individual in the hour of temptation, and we can almost forgive Marmontel for his vices and his sins, while breathing the atmosphere of a profligate and abandoned court, when we peruse in his interesting memoirs the following paragraph, occasioned by the farewell which he took of his mother in declining health. "Yet a little while, and she will be no longer mine; this mother who from my birth has breathed only for me; this adored mother whose displeasure I feared as that of heaven, and if I dare say it, yet more than heaven itself. For I thought of her much oftener than of God, and when I had some temptation to subdue or some passion to repress, it was always my mother that I fancied present. What would she say, if she knew what passes in me? What would be her confusion? What would be her grief? Such were the reflections that I opposed to myself, and my reason then resumed its empire, seconded by nature, who always did what she pleased with my heart. Those who, like me, have known this tender filial love, need not be told what was the sadness and despondency of my soul." Montaigne in his singular, but highly amusing and ingenious essays, places Epaminondas of Thebes, among the *three men* who were "more excellent than all the rest" of whom he had any knowledge; and the very first proof which he adduces of his excessive goodness is the declaration of Epaminondas, "that the greatest satisfaction he ever had in his whole life, was the pleasure he gave his father and mother by his victory at Leuctra."

The influence which a mother's care and a mother's love produces upon a girl, is much greater than that wrought on a boy. The girl is more constantly with her mother; she is taught to imitate and act like her; she is more constantly with the younger children of the family; her attentions, her kindnesses, her sympathies and her love, come in process of time to resemble those of the mother, much more than of the father. Hence it is fair to say, that all the effects wrought on the mother by the nursing, training, &c. of the infant, are produced in some degree on all her daughters.

Having thus pointed out the character of that love which a mother bears for her children, I will now proceed to show the effects which it produces on the character of the mother herself. Marmontel in his "*Lecons Sur la Morale*," pronounced "the heart of a good mother, to be the masterpiece of nature's works;" and Stewart, on the Active and Moral Powers, endorses the assertion,—and adds, "there is no form certainly, in which humanity appears so lovely, or presents so fair a copy of the Divine image after which it was made."

The tender offices of a mother, combined with that inferiority of strength which I have before noted, together with difference in physical organization, will no doubt contribute to increase the number and sensibility, if I may use the expression, of the chords of affection and sympathy. They will cultivate to a much greater extent, the finer and the lovelier feelings of our nature. They understand better and receive more readily those finer and more fugitive impressions which come under the description of sentiment. We become hackneyed by the rough and rude business of the world, our feelings become coarse and less delicate, and less minute. In consequence of their domestic life, "that reciprocation of social kindnesses which is only a recreation to men, is to women in some sense a business. It is their field duty, from which household cares are their repose. Men do not seek the intercourse of society as a friend to be cultivated, but merely throw themselves on its bosom to sleep." In the same manner, we shall find that woman possesses much more tact, and much nicer discernment of character than man. Perhaps in the rough storms of life, when the master passions are called into action, and mind is brought into conflict with mind, under the most powerful agitation, man then may be the best judge of character; for the tragedy has become too deep and dark for woman's penetration and experience. She is not so well acquainted with the deep feelings of the heart, when lashed into a tempest by the strife and conflicts of the political world. But of the fireside character, of those inequalities exhibited by the temper under all the manifold aggravations of social injury, she is decidedly the best judge, and knows best how to administer the proper remedies. Under the influence of sorrow and pain, we may often wear a countenance that will deceive man,—rarely one that will impose on woman, when she is interested in our fate. Every man will have ob-

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served occasionally how quickly a woman discerns the wound which she has involuntarily inflicted upon his feelings, and how soon and how tenderly she will repair the mischief; making him by the manner of reparation, not only forgive the injury, but admire her more than ever. With man it is but too often very different, and he must be asked for explanation before he is aware of the injury.

Woman, in all conditions, is a better comforter and a better nurse than man. She reads in the countenance with more facility all our little wants, and is ever ready to administer to them. Her sympathy is more alive, and her familiarity with the distresses around, make her more humane and compassionate than man. Mercy and mildness have always been her attributes; and the horrors and barbarities of war were never moderated, until chivalry and religion brought forward the mighty influence of woman to suppress them.

The following most beautiful and just eulogy of one of the most distinguished travellers which the world has ever produced, written without any view to publication, is so apposite to the views which have just been presented, that I will give it entire from Sparks's Life of Ledyard, with the exception of portions already quoted. "I have observed among all nations (says Ledyard,) that wherever found, they (women,) are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings. They do not hesitate like man to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenious, more liable to err than man, but in general, also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man, it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel with a double relish."*

Marmontel tells us that Madame de Tencin, one of the most distinguished and fashionable ladies at Paris, and one who possessed a deep and exquisite knowledge of men and women, advised him always to seek for friends among women, rather than among men. "For by means of women (said she,) you may do what you please with men; and these are either too dissipated or too much occupied with their own personal interest to attend to yours: whereas women think of your interest, be it only out of indolence. Mention this evening to a woman who is your friend, an affair that intimately concerns you; to-morrow at her spinning wheel, at her embroidery, you will find her occupied with you, torturing her fancy to invent some means of serving you. But be careful to be nothing more than the friend of her whom you think may be useful to you; for between lovers, where once there happens any cloud, dispute or rupture, all is lost. Be then assiduous to her, complaisant, gallant even, if you will, but nothing more. You understand me?"

So strongly does woman sympathize with the distress and suffering of those around her, that under peculiar circumstances, she sometimes is carried to perform acts of enterprise and heroism, which rival the achievements of the ages of chivalry. Under the impulse of highly excited feelings, she has sometimes forgotten her inferiority of strength, and the dangers to which she is exposed by collision with the rudeness and roughness of the out of door world. On such occasions, she has braved all the hardships and labors which have opposed her, has crossed mountains and rivers, and penetrated alone into Siberian deserts; or visited courts and camps, and importuned monarchs and generals, until she has accomplished her humane purposes. How interesting is Elizabeth to us, in the Exiles of Siberia, by Madame Cottin, when

* The author of "Leaves from my Log Book," relates the following incident which occurred while he was passing through a village near Rochefort in France, as a prisoner under a military escort. It affords so fine an illustration of the truth of Ledyard's eulogy on the sex, that I am induced to insert it in a note.

"I had obtained a fresh supply of canvass for my feet, which were much blistered and extremely sore; but this was soon worn out, and I suffered dreadfully. About noon, we halted in the market place of a small town bearing every mark of antiquity, (I think it was Melle,) to rest and refresh. To escape the sun, I took my seat on an old tea chest, standing in front of a Huckster's shop, and removed my tattered moccasins. Whilst doing this, an elderly woman came out of the shop accompanied by a young girl very prettily dressed, and "*pauvre garcon! pauvre prisonier!*" were uttered by both. The girl with tears in her eyes looked at my lacerated feet, and then without saying a word returned to the house. In a few moments afterwards she reappeared, but her finery had been taken off, and she carried a large bowl of warm water in her hands. In a moment the bowl was placed before me. She motioned me to put in my feet, which I did, and down she went upon her knees and washed them in the most tender manner. Oh what luxury was that half hour! The elder female brought me food, while the younger having performed her office, wrapt up my feet in soft linen, and then fitted on a pair of her mother's shoes." Well then might this grateful writer exclaim, in conclusion of this little narrative,

"Hail! woman hail! last formed in Eden's bowers,
Midst humming streams, and fragrance breathing flowers:
Thou art 'mid light and gloom, through good and ill,
Creation's glory, man's chief blessing still.

Thou calm'st our thoughts, as Halcyons calm the sea,
Sooth'st in distress, when servile minions flee;
And oh! without thy sun bright smiles below,
Life were a night, and earth a waste of woe."

Far, indeed, might this poor prisoner have journeyed without meeting in our sex, with such a kind, tender being, as the fair Evlalie.

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she determines to go alone from the heart of the Siberian desert, to beg the Emperor for the liberty of her exiled father; and how much more deeply interested do we become in this tale when we know that it is not only founded on fact, but that the real dangers and difficulties which Elizabeth encountered, were of such a character as to make Madame Cottin suppose that they would not be believed, if faithfully narrated. The deep and thrilling interest excited by the character of Jeannie Deans, in the Heart of Mid Lothian, is due in a great measure to her magnanimous and heroic resolution, taken under the influence of sisterly love, to make a journey on foot, unprotected and alone, from her father's mansion near Edinburg, to London, for the purpose of obtaining the pardon of her sister, and to the difficulties, dangers and hardships which she is represented as surmounting with unshaken fortitude. Mrs. Jameson in her Visits and Sketches, has given us a narrative of the adventures of Madamoiselle Ambos, equal to those of Elizabeth in the Exiles of Siberia, or to those of Jeannie Deans in the beautiful fiction of Sir Walter Scott.

This young lady formed the bold and daring project of visiting the court of Russia for the purpose of obtaining the pardon of her brother Henri Ambos, who was exiled to Siberia. She actually visited St. Petersburg alone,—obtained after a triumph over the most appalling difficulties, the pardon of her brother from the Emperor Nicholas,—and then under the impulse of those Divine feelings which can exist in woman's heart alone, she determined herself to be the bearer of the glad tidings which would restore a lost son to a broken hearted mother, and an affectionate sister. And the reader can scarce refrain from dropping a tear of sympathy, when she received for answer to the pardon which she had delivered to the commandant of the fortress, with a hand trembling with impatience, and joy almost too great to be borne, "Henri Ambos *is dead!*"—In order to estimate the heroism, the sublimity of such deeds, we must call to mind the relative positions of the sexes in society; we must recollect the weakness, the modesty, and above all the shrinking timidity of the female, before we can estimate the depth of that feeling which can conquer all the weaknesses of her nature, in the execution of her benevolent purposes.

"Ye who shall marvel," (says Byron in his very interesting description of the Maid of Saragossa,)

"Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in glory's fearful chase."

The sympathies, the feelings of woman on such occasions, impart a courage and fortitude which seem to be almost the inspiration of heaven itself; the rude uncourteous world, is awed into respect and admiration by the forbidding dignity of her demeanor, and the fearless determination with which she executes her resolves. When Mademoiselle Ambos was asked if she had ever met with insult, she said she had twice met "with wicked men"—but she felt no alarm, she knew how to protect herself; and as she said this, (says Mrs. Jameson,) her countenance assumed an expression which showed that it was not a mere boast.

Influence of Love.

I come now to the consideration of the character of the sexes in relation to a passion, which is one of the most universal, powerful and interesting, implanted in the human breast—the passion of love. A passion which has agitated alike, the philosopher and the poet, the nobleman and the peasant; which in the language of the Edinburg Review, "has filled the parsonage house with chubby children, and beats in the breast of the Baptist, animates the Arminian, melts the Unitarian maid, and stirs up the moody Methodist, to declare himself the ready victim of human love." My limits will not of course allow me to enter fully into a subject upon which so much has been written, and so much more has been felt. The sexes throughout the whole animated creation are determined towards each other by an instinct, and this is animal love. Under its operation but little preference is shown for individuals, except in those cases where the joint aid of male and female is necessary to the rearing of the offspring. There nature, ever consistent with herself, and with that harmonious design and beautiful adaptation observed throughout the universe, has established a temporary union among the sexes, similar to marriage in the human family. But this connexion seems to be determined more by the operation of mere instinct, than by reason, imagination, and the association of ideas. With man, love is no doubt founded on animal instinct; but then all the powers of the human mind, all the passions of the heart, all the affections and emotions; in fine, the whole moral and mental machinery of our nature are brought to bear on this instinct, to foster or stifle, to develope or exterminate it. By means of the mighty power of imagination, and the laws of association, such a complicated and magnificent fabric is reared, as occasionally to obscure and almost hide the instinct material which lies at the bottom. It is under the influences of these higher and more exalted powers of the mind, that this passion of our nature is directed towards one object alone, and that all the world is so readily forsaken for the possession of that one.

Most of our desires, although natural, are determined as to their particular direction by the operation of circumstances—take for example the de-

sire for society. There is no doubt that this is a natural instinctive desire; man is certainly a gregarious animal; he delights in intercourse with fellow-man; solitude is at war with the condition of his nature, and so strong is his desire for society, that if man be deprived of intercourse with man, he will make companions of brutes and reptiles themselves. Horses, dogs, cats, even spiders and rats, have become his very dear associates in his solitary condition. And yet, under the operation of reason, imagination, and the passions, together with that endless variety of character which we find in the human family, this desire is directed to particular persons and particular circles. We may shun the society of A and B—we may court that of C and D—and indeed, under the very severe pressure of calamity, when all our hopes and our darling schemes of ambition and aggrandizement are blasted forever, by the perfidious machinations and wily projects of those very individuals whom we had fondly called our friends, there is an almost irresistible tendency in the mind, at such a melancholy crisis, to indulge the gloomy feeling of misanthropy, and plunge into the depth of solitude, where we may escape the persecution and treachery of a dissembling world. Thus do we find circumstances controling, directing, and sometimes almost exterminating our natural passions and propensities.

Love in the human family is eminently under the control of circumstances. The original, natural passion implanted in the breast, may be compared to the common quantities in algebra—it belongs to all. Cupid cares not for creeds, nor occupations, nor professions; but the development of the passion, under the guidance of reason, association and imagination, assumes as many shapes as the dispositions and intellects of the myriads who compose the human family. In the civilized countries of Europe, and in our own, woman has been liberated from that state of servitude and debasement, to which either the condition of barbarism, or the laws of Mahommedanism had too long confined her. The institution of chivalry, and the diffusion of the humane spirit of christianity, have assigned her that station in society which makes her in the social circle the equal of man. She has been disenthralled from that jealousy which would quietly immure her within the walls of the Seraglio, and which, in attempting to preserve her chastity by constraint, prevents the development of mind, extinguishes the vigor and intensity of the affections, and really in the end, debauches the heart, whilst it guards the person. Under a system of free and equal intercourse among the sexes, love assumes a totally different form from that which exists in society where woman is not looked on as the equal of man. In the former case, she must be wooed and won; in the latter, she is bought and locked up. In the former case, she is allowed the free employment of all her faculties, and the full play of all her graces and accomplishments. In the latter, becoming the slave of man, and losing all those higher inducements to mental and moral excellence which freedom alone can foster, she degenerates into a mere being of ignorance and sensuality, going through the dull round of solely animal pleasures, unattended by that grace and refinement which throw so bright a lustre around the female character.

When freedom of intercourse exists among the sexes, what is called courtship, becomes a longer and more assiduous task to the gentlemen, than where such freedom does not exist. The heart of woman may be likened to the besieged and fortified castle. It must be regularly invested; slowly and cautiously, or boldly and daringly approached, according to circumstances. The whole science of social tactics must be studied, and a skilful application made to the heart which is to be won. Under these circumstances, when all the affections of a man's heart have really been concentrated upon one object, if he possess a keen sensibility and a highly wrought imagination, the period of his love and of his courtship, may be the most important of his whole life: like the fabled wand of the magician, it may but wave over the character, and change the whole inner man. Ardent and intense love is certainly the master passion of our nature, whilst it exists; but like all tyrants, it may reign but for a season; it is liable to dethronement. Whilst, however, it is enthroned, it conquers every other. Ambition, interest, patriotism, all have yielded during the hour of its ascendancy. Whilst this passion endures, it clusters around its object all the dearest associations and fondest recollections of our life. It is the spirit which has only to move over the chaos of our existence, and attract to itself all the elements of our nature. It enters the heart, and makes us brood over dreams of joy, and look with rapturous gaze and supplicating eye,

> "To the bright form of our idolatrous worship,
> Whose every gesture, motion, look or word—
> Like wonder-working secret alchymy,
> Changes each passing thought to visioned bliss."

It mixes itself with all our thoughts, our desires, our hopes and actions. It is the realization of the fable of the fish, which imparted its own beautiful color to every object that approached it. How often when we have stood amid the lone majesty of nature's works, "all heaven above" and earth beneath, with no eye gazing on us, save that of him *who doeth his will and ruleth in the armies of heaven*, have we felt this unseen spirit to move within us—to touch, as if with magic hand, all the springs of our moral sensibility, and waken up all the tender emotions of our soul, even with the prayer which we address to heaven. From this great temple of nature we cannot refrain from

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mingling the name of her whose beauty and loveliness have excited within us the sympathetic emotions of virtue and piety. This passion of love, when it is genuine, accompanies us wherever we go; it associates the beloved object with all our plans and schemes of ambition, and casts its own bright radiance over all the objects which surround us:

"It breathes forth in the song of joyous birds—
In the violet hues of the broad laughing heavens—
In sunlight—in the beams of radiant stars—
In gush of waters—in the evening breeze,
Making its nest amidst the parting boughs
Of murmuring trees—and oh! the most of all
In *her* sweet melting tones of tenderness,
The steadfast lustre of her gazing eye—
For all are nature's oracles, and teach
The heart to love."

Even the circle of friends by which we are surrounded, become associated in our imagination with the sole object of our affections; our tastes are often changed, our friendships altered, our very opinions and inclinations are sometimes revolutionized by the potent but silent sway of that being whose beauty and loveliness have placed us under this mysterious spell. Love like this, terminating in marriage, founded on reciprocity of affection, must be productive of the most exquisite and refined happiness which the frail condition of man will allow us in this world. It is such love as this which will quickly bring two heterogeneous beings to harmonize in temper and disposition. It is such as this which will tame down the ferocity of the tiger and triumph over the savage spirit of the hyena. Under its operation the corsair has been sometimes arrested in his bold career, the robber has been reformed, and the arm of the bloodthirsty villain has been withholden from an infliction of the deadly blow.

When, however, such love is unfortunate, and fails to win its object, there comes perhaps one of the heaviest blows to which mortality is subject; then does it become necessary to gather up the shattered resources of mind and body to withstand the storm which is overwhelming us with calamity. This is a period fraught with infinite danger even to the character of man. At such a time we seem suddenly arrested in our mid career by the cruel hand of misfortune. The bright, the delusive prospects which we beheld reflected in the mirror of hope, have suddenly disappeared from the mental vision. But a little while ago and we were like him who had wandered into the splendid repository of the works of art, illumined by the bright lamp whose radiant light was beautifully reflected from the thousand polished surfaces which glittered around; now we are like him in that same mazy hall, with his lamp extinguished and total darkness around.

The very sun of our moral and social existence seems suddenly struck from the heavens, and well may we in the agony of despair exclaim, "how stale, flat, and unprofitable" is this world to us now. When we wander abroad, how dismal is the prospect which lies before us. The sun, and the moon with her nightly train, seem to have lost that celestial spirit which a little while ago had made us gaze upon them in silent and pensive bliss. Our homes, our firesides, our friends have lost the charm which can neutralize woe; for a period the desire for fame and honor is lost, and the voice of ambition is silenced within.

"Look where he comes. In this embowered alcove
Stand close concealed and see a statue move;
Lips busy and eyes fixed, foot falling slow,
Arms hanging idly down, hands clasped below!
That tongue is silent now; that silent tongue
Could argue once, could jest or join the song—
Could give advice, could censure or commend,
Or charm the sorrows of a drooping friend.
Now neither healthy wilds, nor scenes as fair
As ever recompensed the peasant's care,
Nor gales that catch the scent of blooming groves
And waft it to the mourner, as he roves,
Can call up life into his faded eye,—
That passes all he sees unheeded by."

This period of agony which I have just described has often infused the gall of bitterness into the cup of life, turned benevolence into misanthropy, soured the temper, and destroyed the tranquillity of existence. When the shock has come after matrimonial engagement, which has been ended by woman's caprice, or the wily artifices of the mischief-making meddler, then the stroke is still more dreadful, and productive of effects still more marked in the character of the man; and oftentimes is the conduct of that being, who stands an anomaly in the eyes of the world, to be traced back to this cause. We have seen an individual mysteriously settle down in our vicinage, immure himself in his solitary mansion, shrink from the gaze of the world as from the dragon's visage, and live as though life were a burden which was to him insupportable. Pry into his history, and you will find, when you have traced it out, that it was the treachery of her upon whom he had lavished all the affections of his soul, which separated him from his original home and happiness. Look again—there is another being whose brilliant, but meteor like career, alarms the selfish statesman and puzzles the philosopher. To-day, listening senates are hanging on his words, and electrified by the magic of his soul-stirring eloquence. To-morrow, in the social circle, he displays those powers of fascination and attraction which fix the gaze of all on the play of his features, while the brilliancy of his fancy and the vivid corruscations of his wit and intellect, are delighting all around with his wonder-working speech.

At times he realizes the fable of Orpheus; he draws the very trees after him, melts the hearts of stone that are around him, and makes them forgive the wrongs which he has done—then his ren-

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son seems to be dethroned, the very demon of malice enters his heart; his shafts of calumny transfix alike friend and foe, and he traverses seas and continents almost like the deluded victim of knight errantry, impelled by a spirit which urges forward with irresistible impetuosity, whilst it seems to have lost its destination. The world stands amazed whilst this brilliant meteor is playing above the horizon. One ascribes his course to the waywardness of nature, and calls him a *lusus naturæ;* another traces his character to the diseases of the body; another tells you he was ambitious, and that all his schemes of promotion and self-aggrandizement were wrecked.

But go to him who has shared his confidence, and nursed him in the hours of his misfortune—to him who can best tell you his history, and he will tell you his was a heart with feelings as intense and pure, as ever were given to the heart of man; he will tell you that that heart poured forth the mighty stream of its affections upon another, and that his love, great as it was, was returned by that being,—when the spoiler came, and then came mystery, converting the very affections of the heart into the scorpions of the furies, and the garden of Eden into a place of torment, which deranged his faculties and destroyed the equilibrium of his mind; and that thus all those fitful moods which puzzle the world, may be traced back to disappointed love.

The effects which I have been describing as flowing from disappointed love, are certainly of an extreme character, happening only in the case of ardent temperaments, combined with a concurrence of circumstances which generate intense and all absorbing affection for the beloved object. In these cases, when all hope is entirely eradicated, there is certainly a tendency to peevishness, fretfulness, whim, suspicion and misanthropy; and against these consequences the individual ought always to be on his guard. He should not charge to the human race, or even to the whole sex, the vices which he thinks he sees in a single individual. This is a case in which kind friends, especially females, may do much to soothe and tranquillize the mind. Women alone seem to have enough of that deep discernment, nice tact, and generous sympathy, which can administer consolation to a wounded heart and calm the irritated feelings of blasted hope. In the great majority of cases however, the disappointed lover plunges into the business and scenes of active life, forms new associations and attachments, and quickly forgets his former love, without any permanent effect being produced on the character by mere disappointment. Man (says Dr. Cogan on the passions) rarely runs any serious risk from disappointment in love. "If he have not speedy recourse to the pistol or the rope, he will probably survive the agonies under which the softer sex will gradually pine and die."

I will now examine briefly, a few of the effects produced on the character of the male, during the period of courtship in society, organized as it is in this country and Europe,—and certainly one of the most marked effects, is the strengthening of vanity and the weakening of pride. As it is the province of man to woo and to win, his constant aim must be to render himself agreeable to the object of his affections. To gain her esteem, her approbation, *her love*, is the object of all his efforts. Now this is vanity. The proudest heart, the soul of sternest stuff, by the operation of this all subduing passion of love, is made to yield—to become a candidate for the praise of her whose affections he so much covets. In this condition we are all more or less like Petrarch, who declared that "she (Laura) was the motive and object of all his studies—that he coveted glory only as it might secure *her esteem*—that she alone had taught him to desire life, and to lift his thoughts towards heaven." In his "Conversations with St. Augustin," he even confesses that he was more ardent in his desire for the *Laurel Crown*, on account of its affinity to the name of Laura. Now, although this vanity seeks the approbation directly of but one, yet as she is regulated by the opinion of the world, we quickly find it necessary to gain the good opinion and esteem of those around us, in order, by their means, to win the approbation of the object of our affections. Hence, however proud the man, love and courtship will in the civilized countries of our globe soon infuse a degree of vanity, which will temper his overweening pride and make him more social, more loquacious, more attentive to all the little courtesies of life, and much more cheerful than he was before. In all the Mahommedan countries, where woman is bought and locked up, and the alternately sweet and painful solicitudes of love and courtship are never known—how proud, how taciturn, how forbidding, unsocial and grave, is the character of man! In France, where the influence of women is very great, how entirely opposite is his character; there, vanity is his predominant trait. Montesquieu, in his "Lettres Persannes," makes Usbeck say to Ibben, in a letter from Paris, on the characters of the French and Persians, "It must be allowed that the seraglio is better adapted for health than for pleasure. It is a dull uniform kind of life, where every thing turns upon subjection and duty; their very pleasures are grave, and their pastimes solemn; and they seldom taste them but as so many tokens of authority and dependence. The men in Persia are not so gay as the French; there is not that freedom of mind and that appearance of content which I meet with here in persons of all ranks and estates. It is still worse in Turkey, where there are families, in which from father to son, not one of them ever laughed from the foundation of the monarchy. Now these proud, taciturn, grave be-

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ings would at once be changed, by giving full freedom to the females, and rendering it necessary for each one to woo, to interest and to delight her whom he would make his wife."

In fact, we have never learned so well to know the unappreciable, the priceless value of a woman's heart, as when we have experienced the pains and the pleasures, the doubts and hopes, pertaining to the period of courtship. There have been instances of husbands losing all affection for their wives in the quietude of their possession, but who were suddenly roused to the most tormenting love, as soon as they saw that their cold and brutal indifference had destroyed that affection which they once possessed. Mrs. Jameson, in her very interesting description of the beauties of Charles 2d, tells us that Lady Chesterfield, the daughter of the Duke of Ormond, when first married to Lord Chesterfield, received from him in return for her own pure, warm and innocent affection, a negligent and frigid indifference, which astonished, pained and humiliated her. Finding however that all her tenderness was lavished in vain, mingled pique and disgust succeeded to her first affection and admiration: and in this condition she was suddenly taken by her husband to the Court of Charles the 2d, where, from a neglected wife, living in privacy and even in poverty, she suddenly became a reigning beauty. Lord Chesterfield, when he found his charming wife universally admired, was one of the first to sigh for her; and his passion rose to such a height, that casting aside the fear of ridicule, he endeavored to convince her by the most public attentions, that his feelings towards her were entirely changed. And let the result be a warning to all negligent husbands.—"Unfortunately," says Mrs. J., "it was now too late: the heart he had wounded, chilled and rejected, either could not, or would not be recalled; he found himself slighted in his turn, and treated with the most provoking and the most determined coldness."

The author of the "Journal of a Nobleman at the Congress of Vienna," has given us a still more interesting and striking illustration of the assertion which I have made, in the case of the Count and Countess of Pletenburg, whom he saw in the gay circles of Vienna during the period of the session of the Holy Alliance in that city. Pletenburg had married, without much courtship or difficulty, a young and beautiful woman, for the purpose of securing a fortune which had been left to him, on the condition that he married before he was twenty-five. He soon plunged into every kind of debauchery and dissipation, conceived the greatest disgust for his lovely and loving wife of sixteen—left her almost broken hearted, for the purpose of travelling in Europe, returned after some years, saw her, and saw that she had ceased to love him: then he loved in turn, and loved most violently and hopelessly. He is thus described by the author of the Journal just mentioned, who met with him at a party of the Countess Freck's in Vienna. "The poor man has become an object of ridicule by the servility of his devotion; always sighing, as at the age of eighteen, and, as jealous as a sexagenarian, he never moves from her side. He is ever taking up her gloves and her handkerchief, and pressing them to his bosom in public. But all this tends only to increase the aversion he has raised. Proscribed from the nuptial bed which he had so long disdained, he complains of this rigor in prose, and laments his fate in verse. In short, his enthusiasm has become so great, that if it continues for any length of time, his intellect must become affected by it." And thus is it that the disenthralment of woman will always cause her to be more respected and loved, and by her influence on man she will be sure to make him more agreeable, more social, less proud.

Besides this, virtuous love has a tendency to improve the morals of man, to increase his sympathies and call into play all his most tender feelings. This moral tendency of love in the male, arises partly from imitation of the virtues and character of her whom we love; but mostly from that exquisite, indescribable pleasure, which one in love feels, from the performance of those acts of kindness and virtue which excite the gratitude and esteem of the lady beloved. In this case his minute, tender and ever anticipating attentions to the female, have an effect on man similar to that which I have described as being produced on woman by the relation of mother and child.

> "How oft the thrillings of transported joy
> Have stolen on the heart, with life's warm tide,
> When *she* has deigned with approbating smile
> To pay the effort of the wish to please!
> How oft with sorrow's keen corroding pang
> We've seen displeasure cloud her beauteous face!
> As when the sun, obscured, would teach the world
> The value of his genial noontide smile."

I know of nothing so well calculated to soften the heart, to smooth down the asperities of character, to excite all the kindly, sympathetic and amiable feelings of our nature, as ardent affection for a virtuous and pious female. Mr. Randolph in his letters to a relation, has spoken with great force and propriety of this effect of virtuous love.

So far, I have been describing the nature of man's love, and the effects which it produces on his character. The love of woman however, is much more interesting, and if not more ardent, it is perhaps more devoted, more tender and more constant than that of man. "Man," says Irving, "is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the bustle and struggle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thoughts, and dominion over his fellow men.

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But a woman's whole life is the history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire—it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless,—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart." Madame de Stael tells us that love is but an episode in the history of man's life, but it is the serious business of a woman's. And a *man*, says Thomas, is more to a woman than a whole nation. Under these circumstances, when a woman's affections have been won, when, casting aside all passions, feelings, joys of earth, save for one alone, she settles down,

"With wings all folded and with silent tongue"—

to brood over dreams of felicity to be enjoyed with *him*—how overwhelming, how crushing must his treachery be, to her all confiding heart. Her bygone dreams of deep enthralling bliss are all a mockery. Her pride is wounded, her modesty is shocked. For a time she may still affect gaiety; she may travel the routine of apparent pleasure; but the worm is at the heart, and she sinks at last a martyr to her affections. Where one man falls a victim to love, there are perhaps at least ten women. No wonder then she should be more inveterate in her antipathies and animosities when she has once been wronged—when once deceived she rarely forgives.

Taught to conceal, the bursting heart desponds
Over its idol.
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet as real
Torture is theirs—what they inflict they feel.

But if the affections of a woman are once fixed on a man,—so absorbing, so overwhelming do they become, that she will forgive the stain which his conduct has inflicted on his own honor; she will forgive him for her own ruin; she will pardon every thing in fine, save the *loss of his love for her*. For this wrong, and for this alone, will she conceive the most bitter and deadly hatred and revenge. How admirably did Sir Walter Scott understand this trait in woman's love. When in the heart of Mid Lothian, Effie Deans is visited in prison by her sister, who makes mention of the being who had disgraced and ruined her, but who nevertheless loved her and was anxious to save her life, he makes Effie exclaim, in the overflowing and forgiving fulness of her affection, "O Jeannie, if ye would do good to me at this moment, tell me every word that he said, and whether he was sorry for poor Effie or no." A woman in this situation is sometimes like Antigone in the Œdipus—she may become fond of the *very misery* which she feels for *his* sake.

The constraint which is put upon the passion of love in woman, nurses and invigorates it. Fear and modesty mingle inquietude with her love, and double its force. The confession of her affection is of itself a mighty sacrifice; but a woman is then only the more tender for the great sacrifice which she has made. The more the confession has cost her, the more fondly does she love him to whom she has made it. "She attaches herself," says Thomas, "by her sacrifices. Virtuous, she enjoys her denials; guilty, she glories in the favors she bestows. Women therefore, when love is a passion, are more constant than men; but when it is only an appetite they are more libertine. For then they feel no more of those anxieties, those struggles, and that sweet shame which impressed the delicious sentiment so strongly on their hearts." With what facility a Ninon de l'Enclos and a Catherine of Russia would change their lovers, every body knows; theirs was more of an appetite than of an affection and sentiment, and where this is the case, woman's love is more fickle than man's; in every other instance it is more constant and faithful.

I have thought proper, in this dissertation, to speak of the effects produced upon the character of man during the period of courtship and love; and we have seen that the effects in his case are decidedly beneficial. I doubt whether the same may be asserted in all cases with regard to woman. The time which a woman passes between the period of her entrance into society and her marriage, is perhaps the most important and the most perilous of her career. Having led a previous life of retirement and comparative seclusion, unacquainted with the wiles and stratagems of the world—endowed almost always with a vivid imagination and warm feelings, she comes forth into society with buoyant hopes and an animating gaiety, which throw a charm over the whole face of nature, that conceals from view the snares and deceptions of the world. She may then fall a sacrifice to some artful deceiver, and suffer the pangs of disappointment, which I have just been describing.* Or she may acquire a love of conquest in the wars of Cupid—may become fascinated by the applauses and flattery of the world, until nothing but the incense of adulation can satisfy her perverted vanity. This period, is one, during which, a woman enjoys more fame, more worldly glory, than during any other of her life. It is not to be wondered at then, that she is so frequently seen suppressing her feelings and smothering her affections, in order that she may protract this period of her glory and

* "It is easier for an artful man who is not in love, (says Addison) to persuade his mistress he has a passion for her, and to succeed in his pursuit, than for one who loves with the greatest violence. True love has ten thousand grieffs, impatiences and resentments, that render a man unamiable in the eyes of the person whose affection he solicits: besides that, it sinks his figure, gives him fears, apprehensions and poorness of spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous, where he has a mind to recommend himself."

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reputation.* There is nothing more seducing, more captivating to the vanity and imagination of woman, than to see all hearts enchained, and rendering the willing homage of love and admiration to her graces and accomplishments. But she must beware, lest this delightful devotion implant in the heart a lust for applause and notoriety, at the sacrifice of all the more feminine and lovely virtues. And she must recollect too that the very pain of disappointment, which she is obliged to inflict and to witness from day to day, in her unfortunate lovers, is of itself calculated to weaken and obtund her feelings and sympathies, and to generate coldness and hardness of heart. Metaphysicians tell us that the active feelings are strengthened, but the passive are weakened by too frequent repetition—the frequent sight of beggary, of death, of pain and misery of every description, when it is beyond our power to administer relief, always tends to weaken our sympathy and harden the heart. Now there can be no pain,—no anguish more exquisite, than that which the disappointed lover feels in the melancholy hour of his rejection; and the woman, who witnesses such scenes too frequently, may at last lose the generous sympathies of her nature. Like the man of deep feelings and keen sensibility, who the historian informs us, was at first unwillingly dragged to the amphitheatre to witness the horrid, the revolting combats of the gladiators, she may at last by repetition so conquer the feelings of nature as even to experience a savage delight in the pain and suffering of human sacrifice and human woe.

Before leaving this topic, I beg leave to add one word of advice to the gay and fascinating belle, who is moving forward in her victorious career,—conquering all hearts before her,—until, like the Juan of Moliere, she may wish for other worlds, not for purposes of conquest, like Alexander, but to win the hearts of those that inhabit them. A lady in this situation ought always to be mindful of the great influence which she is exerting on those around her. Her lightest words are treasured up with the fondest zeal, her very defects are sometimes considered as surpassing beauties. A principle advocated by her, no matter how erroneous,—a doctrine advanced, no matter how false, is apt to make an impression, sometimes deep and indelible, on the susceptible hearts of her admirers. She should ever recollect that the cause of virtue and of piety is peculiarly hers; and when she is walking the golden round of her pleasures, shedding her influence on all who approach her, let her be conscious to herself of no word or deed which can injure the sacred cause of morality and religion. We all know the irresistible influence of association. A writer of antiquity said he would rather believe drunkenness no vice, than that Plato could have one. The stuttering of Aristotle and the wry neck of Alexander were admired on the same principle: and Des Cartes, the great philosopher, declared he had a partiality for persons who squinted; and he says "that in his endeavor to trace the cause of a taste so whimsical, he at last recollected, that, when a boy, he had been fond of a girl who had that blemish. I have rarely known a very devoted lover who did not love all the peculiarities and even oddities of his mistress. We are all like the Frenchman, whose mistress had a *twisted nose*, of which the lover used to say, "C'est au moins la plus belle irregularité du monde." Hence, for the very same reason that Dr. Johnson remarks, "if there is any writer whose genius can embellish impropriety, or whose authority can make error venerable, *his* works are the proper object of criticism,"—would I say, that if there be any being whose opinions and actions form the

"Glass
Wherein the noble youths do dress themselves,"

let such beings remember the nature and responsibility of their station, and manage well the *talents* which are committed to their charge. I shall for the present, pass over all consideration of the married state, with the sole remark, that in all ages and countries the women love more constantly and more devotedly in that state than the men, possessing a more exclusive and more engrossing affection, and that their errors and infidelity have generally been the result, not the cause, of those of the men. Hence, the more attentive, the more sedulously tender and kind the husband is, the more virtuous, affectionate and faithful the wife becomes. All over the world, the woman who marries from love, covets, beyond every thing else, the entire affections of her husband. He is all in all to her,—and it will be only his indifference and infidelity which will ever alienate her affections; then, in the spirit of chagrin and mortification, may she bewail her lot, in the language of Dryden:

"Cursed vassalage,
First idolized till love's hot fire be o'er,
Then slaves to those who courted us before."

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

DANCING, WALTZING, &c.

J'ai toujours cru que le *bon* n'était que le *beau* mis en action.—*Rousseau.*

Amid the various changes in the customs and fashions of society, the abolition of old, and the introduction of new modes, which an age prolific in intelligent and important improvement has effected, it is matter of surprise, that some of the engines of reform, some of the batteries of satire, have never been unmasked upon the crude and barbarous fashion of dancing. Start not, gentle reader, when I say *barbarous* fashion, for such dancing unquestionably is. Its very origin is barbarous. In a rude state, when the untutored savage is agitated by any strong emotion, as joy, patriotism, admiration, &c., his first impulse is to caper and skip about like a

* A lively French writer, says Mary Wolstonecraft, asks what business women turned of forty can have in this world.

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grasshopper. Among the records of the customs and manners of the most polished and civilized nations of antiquity, we seek in vain for the importance and admiration which attaches to this miscalled accomplishment at the present day. The Romans, perhaps the most accomplished and polite of the ancients, held the art in very low esteem. Indeed we find Cicero striving with all the force of his matchless eloquence, to vindicate his friend Muræna from the charge of being a dancer, preferred against him by Cato. So conscious is he of the weight of the imputation, that he makes it the subject of one branch of his defence, and, in a digression, recounts the brilliant services and devoted patriotism of his client's ancestors, to discountenance a charge affecting so seriously, the value and dignity of his character.

"Tempestivi convivii, amæni loci,
Multarum deliciarum, comes est extrema saltatio."

The Greeks, we are told, held the art of dancing in higher estimation, and it is said, considered graceful dancing one of the necessary constituents to the character of an accomplished gentleman; but the very word, and indeed the only one used by them to express the motion, ορχησις, signified *mimicry;* plainly intimating its derivation from the buffoons and jesters of the stage, and consequently it never could have had much popularity in their more refined and elegant circles. As a religious rite it was in use, it seems, among the ancient Jews, and in celebration of the worship of the heathen deities of Greece and Rome, we find it only practised in the orgies of Bacchus, a fact of itself sufficient to mark it as a lewd, licentious and vulgar pastime. It was a favorite amusement of the ancient Scythians, the Chinese, the Goths, the Vandals, the Persians, and other barbarous nations of antiquity, and is yet in practice among the modern French and Italians, who, first introducing it in theatrical amusements, and then having carried the art to great perfection, have now transplanted it to the fashionable circles of domestic society. But it is rather in reference to its effects upon the present constitution of society, and its awkward adaptation to the chastened simplicity of the republican character, that I propose to consider dancing, than in regard to its estimation among the ancients.

Excellence in *national* dances, *as such*, may deservedly be ranked among the highest efforts of skill and grace. We discover much elegance, certainly, in the easy and graceful evolutions of the Spanish waltz. There is a charming vivacity in the romping gaiety of the French gallopade; and even the oriental mazourka, is not devoid of a certain graceful beauty. But they derive their interest from the national and historical associations connected with them. We see the haughty Spaniard, proud indeed, but pliant, aptly pictured in the mysterious intricacy of the mazy waltz. The lively *gallop* presents to our mind at once, the reckless *nonchalance* and chivalrous gaiety of the Frenchman; and thus these dances come to us as faithful types of their national origin. But why may we not be content to witness this delineation of national characteristics upon our theatrical boards? Why should we take them from their appropriate sphere, and introduce them to the frivolous and undignified imitation of the polite and refined? I do not know a scene more faithfully descriptive of rude, boisterous, and unbecoming merriment, than an American ball room. Place your hands upon your ears, and look down the hall. You will see the most unmeaning grimaces—the most ridiculous contortions of body in one quarter—while another view presents to you the unwelcome picture of man, lordly man, fallen from his high estate, and going through the laborious operations of the dance, with the farcical solemnity of a monk, or the clownish rapture of a mountebank. People may say what they please, about those only opposing this capering vice, who cannot dance themselves. They may tell us, that Lord Byron wrote his fretful satire upon waltzing, because his lordship could not participate in that fashionable dance, owing to his *club foot.* They may preach, that the ignorant alone complain of those acplishments which they cannot attain themselves; that the dances in practice, from time immemorial, among our ancestors, were equally objectionable as those we now adopt and admire, which certain bold critics, going beyond their province, dare to denounce as dangerous innovations, savoring of foreign modes and manners, licentious and demoralizing. All this will not do, Mr. Editor. Dancing is dangerous, and *the waltz especially:* and a virtuous and intelligent community will unite, I feel assured, to frown these vicious amusements out of society, and consign them to the barbarous regions whence they were so irreverently introduced among us.

This mania for dancing, waltzing, &c., is the bane of every social circle. Do you go to pass the evening sociably with your friend, where you have a vague instinctive idea you will meet the pretty creature you passed in the street, on the Thursday previous—you will enter—your fondest anticipations are realized—you draw your chair towards her, and fall into a charming tete-a-tete, with the dear object for whom you already conceive a nascent passion—who has made you lose a whole week's sleep, break your mirror, tear your black silk *bonnet de nuit* into fragments, and kick your faithful *valet de chambre* down stairs, because your laundress has failed to impart the due degree of rigidity to your collar linen. Now you promise yourself a full indemnity for all the *contre-temps* of the past week—you are just arranging a most pleasant excursion with the lady the next afternoon, when, alas! the vanity of human hopes! an impertinent coxcomb, whose only merit consists in a well arranged dress and capacious whiskers, demands the honor of the lady's hand for the next waltz. Odious, detested waltz! You have too much taste to dance yourself: your *inamorata*, however, must yield to the unrelenting tyranny of fashion, and you are left in a posture of *amiable* abstraction, musing on the provoking scene enacting before you. To sit quietly and await the termination of the dance, might not be an unattainable effort of patience; but to see her partner's place supplied again and again—you take leave of hope and the company together, and pass the next week to the manifest infringement of your own peace of mind, and your aforesaid ill-fated valet's physical comforts.

Now, Mr. Messenger, I take you to be a sensible and discreet man, anxious for the purity of public taste, and ever vigilant to rid society of all nuisances; I doubt not, therefore, that I shall find in you, an able and willing coadjutor in the remedy I propose to apply, for the extirpation of this unspeakable annoyance; and I hope the undignified, graceless, dancing fraternity, aye, and *sisterhood* too, (for sorry am I to say, the ladies are the most *untiring* patrons of this capering vice,) will take

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the hint forthwith. I propose, through the "Messenger," to give to the public the result of my best labors to eradicate this odious practice from society. I know not if my efforts will ever receive their deserved reward. The public is an ungrateful master, and ever incredulous and uncourteous when you propose to reform him. It is not, however, the part of a philanthropist and reformer, to abate his efforts on that account. Immortality will be the price of success, and posterity will pay it. Had Columbus abandoned his attempts to explore the western main, because bigoted and ignorant monarchs would not accept the world he offered them, we might now have been the wretched subjects of some European despot instead of the countrymen of Washington, under a government of equal laws, and in a land of liberty.

On a visit a few evenings ago, to a maiden aunt, I was glad to find, that among the ladies assembled on the occasion, the utmost unanimity prevailed as to the importance and utility of the proposed reform. Miss Betsy Bloomever declared it would be one of the most extensively beneficial reformations which the world has witnessed, since the proscription of hoops, stays, and stomachers. Miss Debby Creaktone pronounced it a more important revolution than that achieved by Signorina Garcia, in the musical style of the American vocalists; and Miss Judith Knowell said, that in her estimation, (and she was a Protestant Episcopalian, she added,) Luther's reformation would sink to insignificance before it.

You can imagine my gratification, Mr. Messenger, at so numerous and so respectable an accession to my opinions; a fact upon which I could not forbear to felicitate myself, to Miss Sophronisba Grundy, adding, that I was confident my exertions would now be duly appreciated by an enlightened public, when it should be apprised, that I was aided in my labors by ladies, from whose *age* and *experience*, so much might be expected, when —— conceive my astonishment, the whole group rose upon me, with unanimous rage; and declared it was a positive insult—

"Age and experience indeed! humph! Call me *old* at thirty-five!" screamed Miss Deborah.

"And *me*, at forty—only five years more!" shouted Miss Betsy.

"And *I*," said Miss Judith, scornfully, "that will let you know, Sir, I shall not be thirty-five till the 29th day of June next."

"Impudence!" said Miss Primrose.

"Insult!" echoed Miss Grundy.

In short, I found it impossible, Mr. Messenger, to compose the troubled elements, thus innocently put in motion, and was forced to retire. All my attempts at expostulation and entreaty, being overborne and silenced by the volume of voice and clamor sent after me—my aunt even intimating to me, at the hall door, that I must not visit her house, unless I could better estimate the *feelings* of her friends, who certainly had much cause to complain of my wanton outrage upon them.

I was electrified—was astounded—and tossed on my pillow the whole night, vainly laboring to unravel the inexplicable problem. That ladies of such seeming propriety, should evince such passion at an allusion to that to which I considered them *alone* indebted, for any consequence they might have in the world, was more than my philosophy could estimate, or my ingenuity explain.

As some compensation, however, for the defection of these *young* ladies with delicate *feelings*, I am rejoiced to find that the sex can appreciate my exertions in the cause of elegance and refinement, and are determined to aid me in my patriotic labors. Last evening the penny post brought me the two following letters, on the subject of the great reformation of manners in which we are engaged; and as they strengthen my opinions with great force of argument, I am unwilling to suppress them, and beg leave you will give them at once to the dear public, whose welfare I have so much at heart. With the kind and very welcome invitation contained in the first, I shall certainly comply, and hope ere long, to give you the result of the deliberations of a body, from whose wisdom, (I will not say *age* or *experience*,) so much may be justly expected; and in the mean while, I am very faithfully, yours and the public's dear friend,

ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mr. Absolute:

I am secretary to the "Society of Young Ladies for the suppression of vulgar practices, and the promotion of elegance and gentility among young men," and am directed by a resolution of the Society, at its last meeting in Quality Hall, to convey to you the assurance of their hearty good will and ready co-operation, in your philanthropic efforts in the dancing reformation. Our society has long deplored the absence of some efficient and active measures for the suppression of a practice so derogatory to the dignified grandeur of the human form and character, and congratulate themselves and their co-laborers in the same cause, upon the highly important and gratifying results, which your beneficent zeal and energy promise. They have ever since the formation of their society, regarded the practice of dancing—of waltzing particularly, and especially in private circles—as seriously obstructive to that "*march* of mind," which is elsewhere effecting such important improvements in the domestic economy and wealth of nations; and hail with delighted enthusiasm the dawn of a brighter and better period, in our beloved country. An anti-dancing clause is found in the constitution of our society. Our members have all abandoned the custom very long ago; indeed, our president, among the oldest of our number, being nearly sixty years of age, says, that at the last dancing party she attended, she saw General Washington dance a minuet with her aunt Fanny. There was, she says, so much stately grace in that dance, that she would not object to seeing minuets danced always; but nothing *else*. We all agree in unanimous condemnation of the rapid, whirling, graceless waltzes, hops, gallops, and all those Frenchified follies, which are now, alas! by the depraved taste of the day, considered so fashionable.

Pray do not spare any pains to wipe off this dreadful stain upon our domestic customs and manners, and let not dancing be any longer urged against us as a national reproach. The next meeting of our society will be held on the afternoon of this day week, when I am directed to invite your attendance. Pray do not fail to come and give us your aid in working the speedy extirmination of this great vice from among us. And, in the meantime, wishing you perfect success in your virtuous labors, I remain your friend, in the sympathy which unites the advocates of a common cause.

CAROLINE CAMFIELD, *Secretary.*

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Mr. Absolute:

Hearing of your intended efforts, by a series of essays, and by forming societies throughout the country, to draw the public attention to the demoralizing tendency and intrinsic ungentility of dancing, I cannot forbear to wish you entire success, in a reformation fraught with the best interests of society.

I am a young lady of respectable connexions, of some reading, more property, and, unless my glass plays me false, of a person quite agreeable. With youth and these advantages, one would think I could get along very well among the patrons of dancing; but you must know I never could dance *fashionably*, and as no body dances otherwise, the consequence is, that I go to party after party, and never dance at all. Pa sent me to the dancing school almost a whole quarter, but I had hardly in that time learned more than the positions, when our master dislocated his ankle joint in teaching one of the scholars (a fat Dutch girl from the mountains,) the French gallopade, and since then, we have never got another one in our neighborhood. How much more sociable it is to pass the evening in agreeable conversation, in which all can participate, than by dancing, to gratify one part of the company at the expense of the other.

Lord Chesterfield, (whose letters I have sometimes read,) advises his son never to play on any musical instrument. It is an accomplishment, he says, of the necessitous or vulgar. If he wants to hear music, he directs him to send for a professed performer, and pay him for his services. Thus ought it be in regard to dancing. Confine it to the circus or theatre, and society will not be annoyed by the practice. Until this is done, rely upon it, Mr. Absolute, none of your disciples will do more to drive it from the polished circles of domestic society, than your obedient servant,

SALLY SOBERLY.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LION-IZING. A TALE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

——————all people went
Upon their ten toes in wild wonderment.
Bishop Hall's Satires.

I am—that is to say, I *was*, a great man. But I am neither the author of Junius, nor the man in the mask—for my name is Thomas Smith, and I was born somewhere in the city of Fum-Fudge. The first action of my life was the taking hold of my nose with both hands. My mother saw this and called me a genius. My father wept for joy, and bought me a treatise on Nosology. Before I was breeched I had not only mastered the treatise, but had collected into a common-place book all that is said on the subject, by Pliny, Aristotle, Alexander Ross, Minutius Felix, Hermanus Pictorius, Del Rio, Villarêt, Bartholinus, and Sir Thomas Browne.

I now began to feel my way in the science, and soon came to understand, that, provided a man had a nose sufficiently big, he might, by merely following it, arrive at a Lionship. But my attention was not confined to theories alone. Every morning I took a dram or two, and gave my proboscis a couple of pulls. When I came of age my father sent for me to his study.

'My son'—said he—'what is the chief end of your existence?'

'Father'—I said—'it is the study of Nosology.'

'And what, Thomas'—he continued—'is Nosology?'

'Sir'—I replied—'it is the Science of Noses.'

'And can you tell me'—he asked—'what is the meaning of a nose?'

'A nose, my father'—said I—'has been variously defined, by about a thousand different authors. It is now noon, or thereabouts. We shall therefore have time enough to get through with them all by midnight. To commence:—The nose, according to Bartholinus, is that protuberance, that bump, that excrescence, that'

———

'That will do Thomas'—said my father. 'I am positively thunderstruck at the extent of your information—I am, upon my soul. Come here! (and he took me by the arm.) Your education may be considered as finished, and it is high time you should scuffle for yourself—so—so—so (here he kicked me down stairs and out of the door,) so get out of my house, and God bless you!'

As I felt within me the divine *afflatus*, I considered this accident rather fortunate than otherwise, and determined to follow my nose. So I gave it a pull or two, and wrote a pamphlet on Nosology. All Fum-Fudge was in an uproar.

'Wonderful genius!'—said the Quarterly.

'Superb physiologist!'—said the New Monthly.

'Fine writer!'—said the Edinburg.

'Great man!'—said Blackwood.

'*Who* can he be?'—said Mrs. Bas-Bleu.

'*What* can he be?'—said big Miss Bas-Bleu.

'*Where* can he be?'—said little Miss Bas-Bleu.

But I paid them no manner of attention, and walked into the shop of an artist.

The Duchess of Bless-my-soul was sitting for her portrait. The Marchioness of So-and-so was holding the Duchess's poodle. The Earl of This-and-that was flirting with her salts, and His Royal Highness of Touch-me-not was standing behind her chair. I merely walked towards the artist, and held up my proboscis.

'O beautiful!'—sighed the Duchess of Bless-my-soul.

'O pretty!'—lisped the Marchioness of So-and-so.

'Horrible!'—groaned the Earl of This-and-that.

'Abominable!'—growled his Highness of Touch-me-not.

'What will you take for it?'—said the artist.

'A thousand pounds'—said I, sitting down.

'A thousand pounds?'—he inquired, turning the nose to the light.

'Precisely'—said I.

'Beautiful!'—said he, looking at the nose.

'A thousand pounds'—said I, twisting it to one side.

'Admirable!'—said he.

'A thousand pounds'—said I.

'You shall have them'—said he—'what a piece of Virtû!' So he paid me the money, and made a sketch of my nose. I took rooms in Jermyn street, sent his Majesty the ninety-ninth edition of the Nosology with a portrait of the author, and his Royal Highness of Touch-me-not invited me to dinner.

We were all Lions and *Recherchés*.

There was a Grand Turk from Stamboul. He said that the angels were horses, cocks, and bulls—that some-

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body in the sixth heaven had seventy thousand heads and seventy thousand tongues—and that the earth was held up by a sky-blue cow with four hundred horns.

There was Sir Positive Paradox. He said that all fools were philosophers, and all philosophers were fools.

There was a writer on Ethics. He talked of Fire, Unity, and Atoms—Bi-part, and Pre-existent soul—Affinity and Discord—Primitive Intelligence and Homoomeria.

There was Theologos Theology. He talked of Eusebius and Arianus—Heresy and the Council of Nice—Consubstantialism, Homousios, and Homouioisios.

There was Fricassée from the Rocher de Cancale. He mentioned Latour, Markbrunnen and Mareschino—Muriton of red tongue, and Cauliflowers with Velouté sauce—veal *à la* St. Menehoult, Marinade *à la* St. Florentin, and orange jellies *en mosaiques*.

There was Signor Tintontintino from Florence. He spoke of Cimabue, Arpino, Carpaccio, and Argostino—the gloom of Caravaggio—the amenity of Albano—the golden glories of Titian—the frows of Rubens, and the waggeries of Jan Steen.

There was the great Geologist Feltzpar. He talked of Hornblende, Mica-slate, Quartz, Schist, Schorl, and Pudding-stone.

There was the President of the Fum-Fudge University. He said that the moon was called Bendis in Thrace, Bubastis in Egypt, Dian in Rome, and Artemis in Greece.

There was Delphinus Polyglot. He told us what had become of the eighty-three lost tragedies of Æschylus—of the fifty-four orations of Isæus—of the three hundred and ninety-one speeches of Lysias—of the hundred and eighty treatises of Theophrastus—of the eighth book of the Conic Sections of Apollonius—of Pindar's Hymns and Dithyrambics, and the five and forty Tragedies of Homer Junior.

There was a modern Platonist. He quoted Porphyry, Iamblichus, Plotinus, Proclus, Hierocles, Maximus, Tyrius, and Syrianus.

There was a human-perfectibility man. He quoted Turgot, Price, Priestly, Condorcet, De Stael, and the "Ambitious Student in rather ill health."

There was myself. I talked of Pictorius, Del Rio, Alexander Ross, Minutius Felix, Bartholinus, Sir Thos. Browne, and the Science of Noses.

'Marvellous clever man!'—said his Highness.

'Superb!'—said the guests: and the next morning her Grace of Bless-my-soul paid me a visit.

'Will you go to Almacks, pretty creature?' she said.

'Certainly'—said I. 'Nose and all?'—she asked.

'Positively'—I replied.

'Here then is a card'—she said—'shall I say you will be there?'

'Dear Duchess! with all my heart.'

'Pshaw! no—but with all your nose?'

'Every bit of it, my life,'—said I. So I gave it a pull or two, and found myself at Almacks. The rooms were crowded to suffocation.

'He is coming!'—said somebody on the stair case.

'He is coming!'—said somebody farther up.

'He is coming!'—said somebody farther still.

'He is come!'—said the Duchess—'he is come, the little love!' And she caught me by both hands, and looked me in the nose.

'Ah joli!—said Mademoiselle Pas Seul.

'Dios guarda!'—said Don Stiletto.

'Diavolo!'—said Count Capricornuto.'

'Tousand Teufel!'—said Baron Bludenuff.

'Tweedle-dee——tweedle-dee——tweedle-dum!' said the orchestra.

'Ah joli!—Dios guarda!—Diavolo!—and Tousand Teufel!' repeated Mademoiselle Pas Seul, Don Stiletto, Count Capricornuto, and Baron Bludenuff. It was too bad—it was not to be borne. I grew angry.

'Sir!'—said I to the Baron—'you are a baboon.'

'Sir!'—replied he, after a pause,—'Donner and Blitzen!'

This was sufficient. The next morning I shot off his nose at six o'clock, and then called upon my friends.

'Bête!'—said the first.

'Fool!'—said the second.

'Ninny!'—said the third.

'Dolt!'—said the fourth.

'Noodle!'—said the fifth.

'Ass!'—said the sixth.

'Be off!'—said the seventh.

At all this I felt mortified, and called upon my father.

'Father'—I said—'what is the chief end of my existence!'

'My son'—he replied—'it is still the study of Nosology. But in hitting the Baron's nose you have overshot your mark. You have a fine nose it is true, but then Bludenuff has none. You are d——d, and he has become the Lion of the day. In Fum-Fudge great is a Lion with a proboscis, but greater by far is a Lion with no proboscis at all.'

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LIONEL GRANBY.

CHAP. I.

> What am I? how produced, and for what end?
> Whence drew I being? to what period tend?
>
> *Arbuthnot.*

My name is Lionel Granby. I was the second and youngest son of the Honorable Edmund Granby, a gentleman distinguished for his polished education and stately aristocracy. The earliest associations of my eventful life, steal from memory more of joyousness than of pain; and gathering in a gilded horizon of light around the darkness of my destiny, they whisper a consolation which despair cannot efface, nor misfortune obliterate.

Chalgrave, (an ominous name for a patrician family,) was the proud mansion of my ancestors. It was a huge and gnarled pile of Dutch brick, surrounded by a cumbrous wall of the same material. Situated on the western side of Chesapeake Bay, it frowned with stubborn misanthropy, on the mingled beauty which softened the silent landscape. It stood alone in the silence of its grandeur,—cold, fearful and noiseless. A broad and level plain swept round its base, dotted into life with the cottages of my father's numerous slaves. From them sprung the only voices which soothed the chilled solitude of the scene. Here, at all times might be heard the merry laugh, the jocund song, or the unalloyed mirth of alternate ease and idleness. One of those noble and beautiful rivers, which dally, as if it scorned to arise from an humble rivulet, with the bosom of the Chesapeake, gushed up its full waters fresh as in the

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morning of its creation. Much rude and incongruous taste disfigured the interior of Chalgrave. A dark and gloomy heaviness sate on the antique wainscotting, the massy sofas, and the blackened windows. From the dinner hall, the portraits of my ancestors looked down, as if in contempt on the degeneracy of modern times. Here was a cavalier, with flowing locks and iron-bound brow, who had lost his life in the memorable field of Naseby. Opposite to him, was the stiff and rigid portrait of a grave and thoughtful face. He was one of those inflexible and independent lawyers, whose moral courage had labored in the war of our revolution, and whose inflexible spirit had inspired successful resistance. Mothers with children in their arms; infants with toys, and belles with flowers and books, filled the wall alike with vermillion and smiles.

The number *seven* was curiously interwoven, in the circumstances of my birth. I was born on the seventh day of the seventh month, at seven o'clock, being the seventh of May. In our old family Bible, I find the record of my birth in my father's hand writing, followed with this fearful sentence. "Curse him not, oh God! with the ——— of our family." Amid the desolations of despair—the anguish of broken hearted affliction, and the contempt of the world, I turn to the gentle and joyous hours of my childhood, even as the "hart which panteth after the water brooks." My memory is my heart, and my affections hourly trace themselves on its index. My mother's dark and deep blue eye, even now beams over her wretched child, and I live alone in the regenerative charity of this blessed passion.

I have a faint and indistinct recollection of my father's death and burial. The solemn ceremony of his funeral, and the dull and harsh sound of the earth as it touched his coffin, deeply affected my youthful spirits. I cried bitterly in the arms of my old nurse, and wondered at my mother's chilled and tearless eye. My father was dead! He had been stern and imperious to me; and as my gratitude was no reasoning power, I soon laughed brightly again in the serious and melancholy face of my mother. My old nurse Ellen, had lived in the Granby family for three successive generations, and was addressed by the endearing epithet of "Mammy." Her grandson, a well formed and athletic youth, named Scipio, four years older than myself, had been given to me by my father, and I soon learned the deep and abiding fidelity of his affection. He was my friend, companion and slave; and I thank God! that the pride of dominion never insulted or degraded him. In his obedience, he was dignified; and in his devotion, ardent, generous and sincere. He taught me to ride the unbroken colt—to steer the frail periogue, and to fish with success for the active boneta. According to the custom in Virginia, he did no service but wait on his young master. Thus separated from the great mass of my father's slaves, he grew into manhood with a gentleness of character and a dignity of address which would have honored the proudest gentleman in the state.

My old uncle Charles, who was one of the happiest and most dignified specimens of the "decayed gentleman," had found a resting place for his adversity in the Chalgrave family. He had been a Colonel in the militia; and having on one occasion, performed with his whole regiment before an admiring *court yard*, the difficult and vexatious manœuvre of "the hollow square," he instantly resigned his commission; and under the shade of his laurels, he lamented the decay of military spirit, and the ignorance of the officers. The "hollow square," was the first mathematical figure I learned. Every thing in nature was pressed by my uncle into this fortified figure (as he called it,) of fortification. The trees, the flowers, the grass plats, backgammon men,—and the flies trained with honey, presented the solemn outline of my uncle's pride and learning. His peculiarities were few, and deeply tinctured with enthusiasm. As an antiquary alone, in the cause of Virginian history, he was bigoted, obstinate and credulous; and, considered as the first of books, "the Metamorphoses of Ovid, done into English by Mr. George Sandys, the company's treasurer." He contended that Clayton, the botanist, was greater in learning, than Linnæus; and, told with much indignation, the minutiæ of Clayton's quarrel with Gronovius, the Amsterdam printer. My uncle was experienced in the diseases of dogs and horses, and perfectly familiar with the technical jargon of the racing calendar. He had travelled in Europe, but would never mention the incidents of his tour, except to inform his auditory that the best saddles were made in London, and the finest pointers were bred at Padua. Yet my uncle had learning, taste and erudition, which he guarded, from every profane eye, with a repulsive and dogged obstinacy; and the few flashes which occasionally broke from him, glittered like the trembling rays which play around the edge of some sombre cloud. As an admirer of the fair, he was courteous, dreamy and fantastic, and would ever and anon, refer, for an evidence of his family gallantry, to the speech of one Sir Danvers Granby, who was a commissioner under Henry VIII, for dissolving the nunneries. When the nuns were shivering in the rude gaze of the populace, Sir Danvers, looked at them with tears in his eyes, exclaiming, "God bless you! I could marry you all, if I did not adore you!" This story my uncle told with a smile and a bow.

My gallant, gifted, and noble brother Frederick! how bright was the star which shone over thy boyhood! Alas! that its flickering light should only beam o'er thy pallid couch!—He was several years my senior, and had been sent to Europe for the purpose of acquiring a military education, but had returned at the age of nineteen with a broken and impaired constitution. He was studious, solitary and reserved; while the hectic flush of consumption, which irradiated his cheek, nerved alike the fortitude of his character, and awakened the sympathy of every eye. His heart was gentle, though his studies were severe—and he saved from the wreck which ambition ever makes of feeling, no jewel so rich as the untainted tenderness of his character. He had become a member of the bar; and I have often gazed on his high and marbled brow, as a living monument, on which destiny had inscribed its fiat of despair. Political life! that maddening turmoil of empty nothingness! was the goal on which he had fixed his dream of hope; and, though ill health prostrated him to the earth, his sunny smile breathed a freshness, and a gloom, as brilliant, and as melancholy as the tremulous twilight of an autumn sky. He cared naught for wealth, love or pleasure. Ambition was the demon which moved around him, in a track of its own desolation; and though

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beauty had lured him almost to the confines of matrimony, he could trample down the sympathies of his nature beneath its despotic rule.

My sister Lucy, was two years younger than myself; she was fair, delicate, and singularly beautiful. Her raven and luxuriant hair, fell in prodigal ringlets over a brow of Parian whiteness, giving that struggling halo of beauty which darkness throws around the solitude of the snow drift. She was deeply versed in the fashionable accomplishments of female education, and had added to them the acquirements of solid learning. The old library was the resort of her solitary hours; and as her light and sylph-like form, would flit through its darkened walls, fancy might easily personify her into Fame, hovering over the tomb of Genius.

The coachman, ostler, and dining room servants, are all important characters in the *dramatis personæ* of a Virginian household. With them I was a pet. The first, taught me to drive—the second, initiated me into the mysteries of Tree Hill and Broad Rock; while the third, corrected with severity, any breach of etiquette or violation of morals, inconsistent with his own or the Granby's dignity.

Such was the Granby family. Where are they now? The spider has woven her web, and the owl has built her nest in the crumbling walls of Chalgrave. The silent grave reads but one lesson—for the breeze which sighs over its dewy grass, tells me that *I* alone, am the last of that proud and gifted name. THETA.

DAGGER'S SPRINGS,

IN THE COUNTY OF BOTETOURT, VIRGINIA.

Among the numerous watering places in Virginia, our attention has been drawn to that which is named at the head of this notice, by several individuals who tested its virtues during the last season, and who speak highly of the situation and management of the Springs, and the efficacy of its waters. The mineral qualities of these Springs have been long known, and they have been resorted to for some years by persons living in their vicinity. But the character and circumstances of the original proprietor, a descendant of the early Dutch settlers of the country, prevented their improvement until within the last year or two. He had a full sense of the mineral treasure which enhanced the value of his property, and refused all offers from those who wished to purchase the site of the Springs; while he had not the means of bringing them into profitable use, by erecting buildings for the accommodation of visiters. Many individuals were, nevertheless, in the habit of drinking the waters of the Springs during the warm season, and of sojourning for a few days in the rude and imperfect dwellings which he had erected: and with the moderate income thus obtained from this mine of natural wealth, its sturdy proprietor seemed well satisfied. At his death, his successors disposed of the Springs and the adjacent lands to the present proprietors; and buildings were erected last year, on a limited scale, with every regard to the comfort of the traveller and the invalid. The consequences of a more liberal arrangement were immediately felt. The number of visiters last season exceeded the means of accommodation; and the managers have in the interim, made the most active exertions to meet the growing popularity of their establishment, having completed additional apartments, which will enable them to provide for the comfort of one hundred persons. The scenery in the vicinity of the Springs has been described to us in glowing colors, as combining every variety of the magnificent and the beautiful—and we have also been assured that the fare and attendance are worthy of all praise; so that we feel safe in recommending the enlarged establishment of the proprietors (Messrs. Dibrell and Watkins,) to the attention of travellers for health or pleasure.

Dagger's Springs are situated within easy distances from some of the most interesting towns in the Valley of Virginia—they are forty-five miles from the White Sulphur; twenty-two from Lexington; eighteen from Fincastle, and sixteen from Pattonsburg. The following letter from a distinguished physician, affords all necessary information as to the medicinal properties of the waters, and the management of the establishment:

Danville, April 28, 1835.

I visited Dagger's Spring on the 24th of last July, and on the next day proceeded to subject the water to a number of chemical tests. The experiments performed, though not as full and as satisfactory as I could have wished, were sufficient to demonstrate that the water possesses highly valuable properties, and sufficient also to make us somewhat acquainted with the nature of those properties. The most active mineral ingredients in the water are carbonated alkalies. In this it differs materially from the White and Salt Sulphur, and is more nearly assimilated in its qualities to the Red and Gray Sulphur. It is however more decidedly alkaline than either of those Springs. This peculiarity will ever recommend it to persons subject to acidities of the stomach, and to the other concomitants of dyspepsia; while the large quantity of hydrogen that it contains, will render it useful in all of those complaints for which sulphur water is usually prescribed.

The following experiment was performed with the view of ascertaining the quantity of gas contained in the water. Three measures of the water were placed in a retort, and the bulb of the retort plunged in water, heated to the temperature of 108 Fahrenheit. The gas, as it was extricated, was received over mercury, in a graduated measure. The result was, that the three measures of water yielded one measure of gas. This gas was subsequently tested, and found to consist of sulphureted hydrogen, azote, and atmospheric air—principally of the former.

The presence of iron is not detected by the usual tests; but the water, when treated with prussiate of potash, and subsequently with sulphuric acid, yields a blue precipitate, which is evidently prussiate of iron—the sulphuric acid having a stronger affinity for potash than the prussic acid, disengages the latter. The acid thus disengaged, unites with the iron in the water, and forms the prussiate of iron or prussian blue.

Although the water contains but about 36 grs. of mineral substances to the gallon,* it acts, under certain circumstances, with great promptness. Its effects upon the system are invigorating: it promotes digestion and improves the secretions generally; it strengthens without producing an undue excitement, and may therefore be used beneficially in some cases, to which the water of the White Sulphur, from its stimulating properties, would prove destructive.

I will only say in conclusion, that I was pleased with the manner in which the establishment appeared to be conducted, with the spirit of enterprise manifested, and the taste displayed in the plan of improvement, which was kindly exhibited to me. I met with no situation among the mountains susceptible of as great improvement as that selected for the buildings. It may be made a second Eden.

I am engaged in preparing a work for the press, in which this Spring will be more particularly noticed, and attention directed to objects of interest in the surrounding country. It would have

* The smaller of two springs at the Red Sulphur contains about 60 grs per gal. The larger, which is most used, does not contain but about 24 grs. per gal.

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been completed before this, but for the peculiarities of my situation, which allow me but little leisure for literary pursuits.

I was told of another spring belonging to the establishment, from which I was informed it was designed to supply the bathing house. From the account given of it, I have no doubt but that it is highly alkaline. I regret very much that it was not in my power to examine and test its properties.

THE RED SULPHUR SPRINGS.

We have received, and shall insert in the next No. of the Messenger, a continuation of the "*Visit to the Virginia Springs*," the first portion of which will be found in the preceding pages. The second part contains much valuable information, relating particularly to the Red Sulphur, which has recently risen into importance under the management of Mr. Burke, whose amiable and intelligent character is well known to the citizens of Richmond. As we consider it important, that the qualities of the healing waters which abound in this state, should be made known as extensively as possible, we anticipate the more ample information of our correspondent, by making the following extract from a circular just issued by the proprietor of the Red Sulphur Springs, (Mr. Burke):

"In that species of pulmonary disease attended by hemorrhages, unless the energies of life are completely exhausted, it never fails to afford relief. Sometimes, when the pulse beats 110 to 115, and the emaciated figure of the patient too plainly indicates the ravages made by repeated hemorrhages, and the unavailing efforts of physicians to arrest them, he comes to the Red Sulphur, drinks about four quarts of the water in twenty-four hours, lives upon plain farinaceous articles of diet, takes all the exercise his case will admit, and at the end of that brief period, his pulse falls to 80 or 85;—his spirits revive, he continues daily to improve, and almost invariably, to gain a pound in weight every day. At the expiration of fifteen days, he becomes renovated, and pours forth his gratitude, by extolling the virtues of the waters on every occasion. This is the usual action of the waters, but there are cases in which their advantages are not perceived for two or three weeks. Such is the exhilarating effect of confidence and hope, that he soon forgets his late deplorable condition, and becomes guilty of some unhappy imprudence that endangers his prospects.

"The luxuries of the table, or violent exercise, if indulged in, at this crisis, will cause incalculable mischief. In affections of the bronchia, this water, visited early, affords certain relief. In asthma, it is highly valuable. In the early stage of genuine phthisical consumption, it will arrest its progress; and, by repeating the visit annually, and using the utmost self-denial, life may be protracted for many years, and rendered comparatively comfortable; but in the later stages, it is vain to hope for relief from any earthly remedy; and it is therefore unwise to remove from the consolations and comforts of home, the unfortunate patient, whose approaching dissolution is apparent to all except himself and his nearest relatives.

"When the patient has alternate chills and fevers, copious night sweats, and a pulse at 120 or 130; moreover, when it becomes necessary to check diarrhœa by opiates, and to sustain his sinking strength by juleps, what rational hope can be afforded by any remedy whatever?

"In diseases of the liver, this water is highly efficacious. In dropsy, rheumatism, gravel, gout, dyspepsia, tic doloreux, and epilepsy, it has been used with advantage. In cutaneous diseases, it seldom fails to effect a cure."

From the same circular we learn, that the accommodations at the Red Sulphur have been much enlarged since the last season, and that provision has been made for the reception of two hundred and twenty visiters, with their servants and horses. The efficacy of the waters in cases of incipient consumption, renders this an important place of resort for a large class of invalids, who may be assured of finding in Mr. Burke, a humane and considerate entertainer.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Young Ladies Seminary, at Prince Edward Court House.

There is no subject which claims greater attention than the judicious education of females. It has justly been considered by some of the most eminent writers, of vast importance that the minds of the gentler sex should be cultivated and enlarged by every practicable means; that the *mothers* of an enlightened nation should be well prepared to train the mental faculties of their offspring; and that, as the earliest intellectual as well as physical nutriment is derived from the mother by the child, she should be fitted with care for her responsible and momentous duty. Much greater attention is now bestowed upon the culture of the female mind than formerly; and parents generally seem more impressed with the propriety of giving to their daughters a solid education. Accomplishments, which at one time seemed to make up the sum of their acquirements, are beginning to be considered as secondary to those studies which strengthen the intellect and store the mind with useful knowledge. We have no doubt that a change which carries such beneficial consequences into the bosom of every well-ordered family, will gain ground. The importance and the advantages of a thorough course of study for females, in the present enlightened state of society, are too obvious to need enforcement. The parts they have to act in this world's drama, require that their early years of freedom from care and anxiety, should be employed in preparation for the performance of the high duties of their after lives, with ease, with dignity and usefulness. The time has, we trust, arrived when the general cultivation of the female intellect will be deemed, (as it is) absolutely necessary for her happiness, and for the well-being of those whom providence may render dependent upon her guidance, her councils, or her affections—when she will be educated with a view to her becoming the companion, and not the plaything of the other sex. The importance of her position in

civilized society, and the vast influence of her benignant qualities, demand that she should be prepared to fill the one, and to exercise the other with dignity and effect.

Our attention has been called to this subject by the encomiums bestowed by many intelligent individuals, on the "YOUNG LADIES SEMINARY *at Prince Edward Court House, Va.*," which is conducted by Mr. E. Root, in the most satisfactory manner. This institution has been established about four years, and has met with great success, as is shown by the fact that it had upwards of one hundred pupils during the past year. It has been the object of its director to fix upon a thorough course of study, rigidly to be pursued, under the superintendence of the best teachers in the various departments; rendering solid study the main object of attention, but without neglecting those ornamental branches which embellish and refine the more important acquirements. Music and the French language are taught by proficients in each, and in fact every means is afforded at this seminary for giving young ladies a finished education. To build up an institution of this description, where every important branch of study is ably and faithfully imparted, is a work of no ordinary difficulty, as it is one of great public benefit: and Mr. Root and his assistants are deserving of public commendation for the manner in which this establishment is conducted, divested as we believe it to be of the faults too often found in such schools, and which have rendered the epithet "Boarding School Miss," almost a term of contempt. We can conscientiously recommend the Prince Edward Seminary, for its efficient *method* of instruction—not short and easy, but such as is best adapted to the developement and strengthening of the mental energies—for able and well qualified teachers—a discipline which combines kindness and gentleness with order and propriety—a careful attention to the manners and morals of the pupils—and moderate expense. Believing such to be the characteristics of Mr. Root's Seminary, we have deemed it our duty to call to it the public attention by these brief remarks.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I PROMESSI SPOSI, or the Betrothed Lovers; a Milanese Story of the Seventeenth Century: as translated for the Metropolitan, from the Italian of Alessandro Manzoni, by G. W. Featherstonhaugh. Washington: Stereotyped and published by Duff Green. 1834. 8vo. pp. 249.

The appearance of this work strongly reminds us of the introductory remarks with which the Edinburg Review, thirty years ago, prefaced its annunciation of Waverley. We would gladly appropriate them, were it fair to do so; but "honor among thieves!" Reviewers must not steal from Reviewers; and what is it but theft, when he who borrows, can never have anything worthy of acceptance to give in return?

We may, nevertheless, so far imitate "the grand Napoleon of the realms of criticism," as to congratulate our readers on the appearance of a work, which promises to be the commencement of a new style in novel writing. Since the days of Fielding, unimitated and inimitable—and of Smollett, between whose different productions there was scarce a family likeness, we have had a succession of *dynasties* reigning over the regions of romance. We have had the Ratcliffe dynasty, the Edgeworth dynasty, and the Scott dynasty; each, like the family of the Cæsars, passing from good to bad, and from bad to worse, until each has run out. Partial movements in the provinces have occasionally set up the standard of rival aspirants: but these have soon passed away. Heroines from the bogs, and heroes from the highlands of Scotland, or the Polish wilds, could not maintain their pretensions, though uniting in themselves all that is admirable both in the civilized and the savage character. Perhaps this was the reason. We like to read of things that may a little remind us of what we have seen in real life. Sir Charles Grandison in the Scottish Kilt, is a startling apparition.

The younger D'Israeli has indeed, occasionally flashed upon us the light of his capricious genius; but one of his caprices has been to disappoint the hope that he had raised. He has shown us what he could do, and that is all. Mr. Bulwer too, in a sort of freak of literary radicalism, has set up for himself. He scorned to add to the number of those who dress themselves in the cast-off habiliments of Scott; and study, as at a glass, to make themselves like him, as if ambitious to display their thefts. *He* learned the craft of plagiarism in the Spartan school, where *detection* was the only disgrace. He would not steal, not he, from any but "the poor man, who had nothing save one little ewe lamb, that lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter." He would imitate none but himself, and draw from no other models. His novels are all echoes of each other. There is hardly a page which might not be known for his, nor a favorite character which is not an exhibition of one of the phases of his *exquisite* self. The variety is between what he imagines himself to be, and what he imagines that he might have been, had he been a cavalier of the seventeenth century, or had circumstances made him a highwayman or a murderer. We are aware that he denies all this, and may be unconscious of it: but his identity can no more be mistaken than that of the one-eyed companion of Hogarth's "idle apprentice." We are aware too, that Mr. Bulwer is a member of a certain literary cabal, who aspire to direct the public taste, and bring all the influence of wealth and fashion and political connexion in aid of their pretensions. He is a sort of literary Jack Cade. "His mouth is the law." We know that the "amphitrion on l'on dire" is always the true amphitrion. But we never expect to travel as caterers for a public journal. We in the south do not do that sort of thing. We are not taught so to "raise the wind." We are not up to perpetual motion, nor to the art of making our living by taking our pleasure. We feel ourselves therefore under no obligation to admire Mr. Rogers's poems, though he be a banker—nor Mr. Bulwer's novels, nor himself, though he be a member of Parliament; nor though his female *doublure* Lady Blessington, "have the finest bust," and "the prettiest foot," and be "the finest woman in London." *We* do not put the names

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of our fine women in the newspapers. The business of female education with us, is not to qualify a woman to be the head of a literary *coterie*, nor to figure in the journal of a travelling coxcomb. We prepare her, as a wife, to make the home of a good and wise and great man, the happiest place to him on earth. We prepare her, as a mother, to form her son to walk in his father's steps, and in turn, to take his place among the good and wise and great. When we have done this, we have accomplished, if not *all*, at least *the best* that education can do. Her praise is found in the happiness of her husband, and in the virtues and honors of her sons. Her name is too sacred to be profaned by public breath. She is only seen by that dim doubtful light, which, like "the majesty of darkness," so much enhances true dignity. She finds her place by the side of the "Mother of the Gracchi," and of her whom an English poet, who well knew how to appreciate and how to praise female excellence, has simply designated as

"SIDNEY'S SISTER, PEMBROKE'S MOTHER."

We much fear, that after all this, the author of the work before us will have no reason to thank us for our praise. On the contrary, there may be danger of involving him in the displeasure, which we may draw upon ourselves from that same cabal, which has its members on both sides of the Atlantic. "Ca me; Ca thee," is the order of the day. If half the praise be due, which is lavished on the works that daily issue from the press, we may live to see the writings which instructed and delighted our youth, laid on the same shelf with Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus. Men can no more read every thing than they can eat every thing; and the *petits plats*, that are handed round hot-and-hot, leave us no room to do honor to the roast beef of old England, nor to the savory Virginia ham. But these are the food by which the thews and sinews of manhood are best nourished. They at once exercise and help digestion. Dyspepsia was not of their day. It came in with *French Gastronomy*. Are we mistaken in thinking, that we see symptoms of a sort of intellectual dyspepsia, arising from the incessant exhibition of the *bon bons* and *kickshaws* of the press?

Well! here is something that will stick by the ribs; a work of which we would try to give a sort of outline, but that it cannot be abridged. The machinery of the story is not intricate, but each part is necessary to the rest. To leave anything out is to tell nothing.

It might be too much to say that this novel is, in every sense of the word, original. The writer is obviously familiar with English literature, and seems to have taken at least one hint from Sir Walter Scott. The use made by that writer of the records and traditions of times gone by, has suggested this hint. It naturally occurred to Manzoni, a native of Italy, that much of the same sort of material was to be found among the archives of the petty Italian states, now blotted from the map of Europe. It is obvious that the collisions of small states, though less interesting to the politician than those of mighty nations, must afford more occasion for a display of individual character, and the exercise of those passions which give romance its highest interest. But what is known of the great and good men who nobly acted their parts in these scenes, when the very theatre of their acts is crushed and buried beneath the rubbish of revolution? To drag them from beneath the ruins, and permit the world to dwell for a moment on the contemplation of their virtues is a pious and praiseworthy task. It is sad to think how the short lapse of two centuries can disappoint the hope that cheered the last moments of the patriot and the hero. "For his country he lived, for his country he died;" his country was all to him; but his country has perished, and his name has perished with it. With the civil wars of England we are all familiar; and our hearts have glowed, and our tears have fallen, in contemplating the virtues and the sufferings of those who acted in those scenes; but, if we may credit the traditions imbodied in this book, a contemporary history of the Italian Republics would display characters yet more worthy of our admiration and our sympathy. The Cardinal Borromeo is an historical character. The writer obviously means to paint him as he was; and the annals of mankind may be searched in vain for a more glorious example of the purity, the enthusiasm, and the inspiration of virtue.

We might suspect that something of a zeal for the honor of the Romish Church had mingled itself in the rich coloring of this picture. But Manzoni was as much alive, as Luther himself, to the abuses of that church. In an episode, which will be found at page fifty-eight, he discloses some, of the precise character of which we were not hitherto aware. We knew that something was wrong, but what that something might be, was never certainly known. The author has unveiled the mystery. He has withdrawn a curtain, behind which we had never been permitted to look. We had guessed, and we had read the guesses of others; but we never knew precisely what was there. The moral coercion, more cruel than bodily torture, by which a poor girl, the victim of the heartless pride of her parents, without command, without even persuasion, (for both it seems are forbidden) is driven to the cloister, that her brother may have more ample means to uphold his hereditary honors; this was a thing inscrutable and inconceivable to us. In reading such works as Mrs. Sherwood's Nun, we feel that we are dealing with conjectures. We turn to the scene exhibited in this work, and we *know* it to be real life. We would gladly grace our pages with it. It would probably be read with more interest than any thing we can say; but it is before the public, and we have no right to discharge our debts to our readers, by giving them what is theirs already. We will only pray their indulgence so far as to offer a short extract, as a specimen of the writer's power. It is a picture of some of the horrors of the plague, as it raged in Milan in the year 1628. It may serve to show us that the pestilence, which lately stooped upon us, was in comparison, an angel of mercy.

The cars spoken of in the following extract, are those in which the uncoffined bodies of the dead were borne to a common receptacle, "naked for the most part, some badly wrapped up in dirty rags, heaped up and folded together like a knot of serpents." The "monalti" were men who, having had the plague, were considered exempt from future danger, and were employed to bury the dead.

"A lady came from the threshold of one of the houses, whose aspect announced youth advanced, but not yet passed away. Her beauty was obscured, but

not obliterated, by distress and mortal languor; that sort of beauty, at once majestic and soft, which is so conspicuous in the Lombard race. She walked with pain, but did not stagger; her eyes shed no tears, but bore marks of having done so abundantly. There was, in her grief, a something inexpressibly quiet and deep, betokening a soul imbued and filled with it. But it was not her own appearance alone, that in the midst of so much wretchedness, marked her especially for commiseration, and awakened in her favor a feeling now deadened and worn out in all hearts. She bore in her arms a girl about nine years old,—dead, but dressed in a white frock of spotless purity, with her hair divided in front, as if her own hands had adorned her for a feast, long promised as the reward of her goodness. She held her, seated on one of her arms, with her breast upon the lady's breast; and she might have been thought to be alive, but that her young white hand hung heavy and lifeless on one side, like wax-work, and her head lay upon her mother's shoulder, with an air of abandonment heavier than that of sleep. Her mother! If the resemblance had not proclaimed the relation, the distress of the survivor announced it too plainly.

"A coarse monalti drew near the lady, and silently offered to relieve her from her burthen, but with an air of unwonted respect and involuntary hesitancy. But she, with an action betokening neither disgust nor scorn, drew back, and said, 'No; do not touch her now; I must lay her on that car myself; take this.' She opened her hand, showed a purse, and dropped it into his. She then continued: 'Promise me not to take a thread from her, and to suffer no other to do so, and to put her in the ground just as she is.'

"The monalti placed his hand on his breast, and then with an obsequious zeal, rather like one subdued by a new and strange emotion, than as if prompted by the unexpected gift, he busied himself to make room on the car for the little corpse. The lady placed her there, as on a bed, laid her straight, kissed her cold brow, spread over her a white sheet, and then spoke for the last time. 'Adieu, Cecilia! Rest in peace! This evening we meet again, to part no more. Pray for us, my child, and I will pray for thee, and for the rest. You,' added she to the monalti, 'when you pass again at vespers, will come and take me too, and not me alone.'

"Having said this, she re-entered the house, and presently appeared at the window, holding in her arms a still younger darling, alive, but with the marks of death on its face. She stood, as if contemplating the unworthy obsequies of the first, until the car moved, and while it remained in sight, and then she disappeared. What remained, but to lay her only surviving babe upon the bed, place herself by her side, and die with her; even as the stately blossom, with the bud beside it on its stem, falls before the scythe that levels all the plants in the meadow."

There is a power in this to which we do not scruple to give great praise. We regret to say that the translation has many faults. We lament it the more, because they are obviously faults of haste. The translator, we fear, was hungry; a misfortune with which we know how to sympathize. The style is, for the most part, Italian, in English words, but Italian still. This is a great fault. In some instances it would be unpardonable. In this instance, perhaps, it is more than compensated by a kindred excellence. In a work like this, abounding in the untranslatable phrases of popular dialogue, it gives a quaint raciness which is not unacceptable. It does more. Such translations *of such works*, would soon make the English ear familiar with Italian idioms, which once naturalized, would enrich the language. It is already thus incalculably enriched by the poetry of Burns and the novels of Scott. A familiarity with Shakspeare, (which is not the English of the present day,) preserves a store of wealth which would else be lost. The strength of a language is in the number and variety of its idiomatic phrases. These are forms of speech which use has rendered familiar, and emancipated from the crippling restraint of regular grammar. They enable the speaker to be brief, without being obscure. His meaning, eliptically expressed, is distinctly and precisely understood. Should any other work of Manzoni fall into the hands of Mr. Featherstonhaugh, we hope he may have time to correct those inaccuracies of which he is doubtless sensible; but we trust he will not consider his popular Italian idioms as among his faults. Smollett, in his translation of Don Quixotte, through extreme fastidiousness, threw away an opportunity of doubling the force of the English language.

This work comes to us as the harbinger of glad tidings to the reading world. Here is a book, equal in matter to any two of Cooper's novels, and executed at least as well, which we receive at the moderate price of forty-two cents! It forms one number of the Washington Library, published monthly, at five dollars per annum. At this rate, a literary gourmand, however greedy, may hope to satisfy his appetite for books, without starving his children. The author has our praise, and the translator and publisher have our thanks.

HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON; A Tale of the Tory Ascendency. By the Author of 'Swallow Barn.' Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

We have not yet forgotten, nor is it likely we shall very soon forget, the rich simplicity of diction—the manliness of tone—the admirable traits of Virginian manners, and the striking pictures of still life, to be found in Swallow Barn. The spirit of imitation was, however, visible in that book, and, in a great measure, overclouded its rare excellence. This is by no means the case with Mr. Kennedy's new novel. If ever volumes were entitled to be called original—these are so entitled. We have read them from beginning to end with the greatest attention, and feel very little afraid of hazarding our critical reputation, when we assert that they will place Mr. Kennedy at once in the very first rank of American novelists.

Horse-Shoe Robinson (be not alarmed at the title, gentle reader!) is a tale, or more properly a succession of stirring incidents relating to the time of the Tory Ascendency in South Carolina, during the Revolution. It is well known that throughout the whole war this state evinced more disaffection to the confederated government than any other of the Union, with the exception perhaps of the neighboring state of Georgia, where the residents on the Savannah river, being nearly allied

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to the Carolinians in their habits and general occupations, were actuated, more or less, by the same political opinions. But we will here let the author speak for himself. "Such might be said to be the more popular sentiment of the state at the time of its subjugation by Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis. To this common feeling there were many brilliant exceptions, and the more brilliant because they stood, as it were, apart from the preponderating mass of public judgment. * * * * There were heroes of this mould in South Carolina, who entered with the best spirit of chivalry into the national quarrel, and brought to it hearts as bold, minds as vigorous, and arms as strong, as ever in any clime worked out a nation's redemption. These men refused submission to their conquerors, and endured exile, chains, and prison, rather than the yoke. Some few, still undiscouraged by the portents of the times, retreated into secret places, gathered their few patriot neighbors together, and contrived to keep in awe the soldier government that now professed to sway the land. They lived on the scant aliment furnished in the woods, slept in the tangled brakes and secret places of the fen, exacted contributions from the adherents of the crown, and, by rapid movements of their woodland cavalry, and brave blows, accomplished more than thrice their numbers would have done in ordinary warfare. * * * In such encounters or *frays*, as they might rather be called, from the smallness of the numbers concerned, and the hand to hand mode of fighting which they exhibited, Marion, Sumpter, Horry, Pickens, and many others had won a fame, that, in a nation of legendary or poetical associations, would have been reduplicated through a thousand channels of immortal verse. But alas! we have no ballads! and many men who as well deserve to be remembered as Percy or Douglas, as Adam Bell or Clym of the Clough, have sunk down without even a couplet epitaph upon the rude stone, that, in some unfenced and unreverenced grave yard, still marks the lap of earth whereon their heads were laid. * * * * *

"One feature that belonged to this unhappy state of things in Carolina was the division of families. Kindred were arrayed against each other in deadly feuds, and not unfrequently brother took up arms against brother, and sons against their sires. A prevailing spirit of treachery and distrust marked the times. Strangers did not know how far they might trust to the rites of hospitality, and many a man laid his head upon his pillow, uncertain whether his fellow lodger might not invade him in the secret watches of the night, and murder him in his slumbers. All went armed, and many slept with pistols or daggers under their pillows. There are tales told of men being summoned to their doors or windows at midnight by the blaze of their farm yards, to which the incendiary torch had been applied, and shot down, in the light of the conflagration, by a concealed hand. Families were obliged to betake themselves to the shelter of the thickets and swamps, when their own homesteads were dangerous places. The enemy wore no colors, and was not to be distinguished from friends either by outward guise or speech. Nothing could be more revolting than to see the symbols of peace thus misleading the confident into the toils of war—nor is it possible to imagine a state of society characterized by a more frightful insecurity."

It will here be seen at a glance that the novelist has been peculiarly fortunate in the choice of an epoch, a scene and a subject. We sincerely think that he has done them all the fullest justice, and has worked out, with these and with other materials, a book of no ordinary character. We do not wish to attempt any analysis of the story itself—or that connecting chain which unites into one proper whole the varied events of the novel. We feel that in so doing, we should, in some measure, mar the interest by anticipation; a grievous sin too often indulged in by reviewers, and against which, should we ever be so lucky as to write a book, we would protest with all our hearts. But we may be allowed a word or two. The principal character in the novel, upon whom the chief interest of the story turns, and who, in accordance with the right usage of novel writing, should be considered the hero, and should have given a title to the book, is Brevet Major Arthur Butler of the continental army, to whose acquaintance we are first introduced about two o'clock in the afternoon of a day towards the end of July, 1780. But Mr. K. has ventured, at his own peril, to set at defiance the common ideas of propriety in this important matter, and, not having the fear of the critic before his eyes, has thought it better to call his work by the name of a very singular personage, whom all readers will agree in pronouncing worthy of the honor thus conferred upon him. The writer has also made another innovation. He has begun at the beginning. We all know this to be an unusual method of procedure. It has been too, for some time past, the custom, to delay as long as possible the main interest of a novel—no doubt with the very laudable intention of making it the more intense when it does at length arrive. Now for our own parts we can see little difference in being amused with the beginning or with the end of a book, but have a decided preference for those rare volumes which are so lucky as to amuse us throughout. And such a book is the one before us. We enter *at once* into the spirit and meaning of the author—we are introduced *at once* to the prominent characters—and we go with them *at once*, heart and hand, in the various and spirit-stirring adventures which befall them.

Horse-Shoe Robinson, who derives his nick-name of Horse-Shoe (his proper *prænomen* being Galbraith)—from the two-fold circumstance of being a blacksmith, and of living in a little nook of land hemmed in by a semi-circular bend of water, is fully entitled to the character of "an original." He is the life and soul of the drama—the bone and sinew of the book—its very breath—its every thing which gives it strength, substance, and vitality. Never was there a rarer fellow—a more laughable blacksmith—a more gallant Sancho. He is a very prince at an ambuscade, and a very devil at a fight. He is a better edition of Robin Hood—quite as sagacious—not half so much of a coxcomb—and infinitely more moral. In short, he is the man of all others we should like to have riding by our side in any very hazardous expedition.

We think Mr. K. has been particularly successful in the delineation of his female characters; and this is saying a great deal at a time when, from some unaccountable cause, almost every attempt of the kind has turned out a failure. Mildred Lindsay, in her confiding love, in her filial reverence, in her heroic espousal

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of the revolutionary cause, not because she approved it, but because it was her lover's, is an admirable and—need we say more?—a truly *feminine* portrait. Then the ardent, the eager, the simple-minded, the generous and the devoted Mary Musgrove! Most sincerely did we envy John Ramsay, the treasure of so pure and so exalted an affection!

With the exception of now and then a careless, or inadvertent expression, such for instance, as the word *venturesome* instead of *adventurous*, no fault whatever can be found with Mr. Kennedy's style. It varies gracefully and readily with the nature of his subject, never sinking, even in the low comedy of some parts of the book, into the insipid or the vulgar; and often, very often rising into the energetic and sublime. Its general character, as indeed the general character of all that we have seen from the same pen, is a certain unpretending simplicity, nervous, forcible, and altogether devoid of affectation. This is a style of writing above all others to be desired, and above all others difficult of attainment. Nor is it to be supposed that by simplicity we imply a rejection of ornament, or of a proper use of those advantages afforded by metaphorical illustration. A style professing to disclaim such advantages would be anything but simple—if indeed we might not be tempted to think it very silly. We have called the style of Mr. K. a style simple and forcible, and we have no hesitation in calling it, at the same time, richly figurative and poetical. We have opened the pages at random for an illustration of our meaning, and have no difficulty in finding one precisely suited to our purpose. Let us turn to vol. i. page 112.—"The path of invasion is ever a difficult road when it leads against a united people. You mistake both the disposition and the means of these republicans. They have bold partizans in the field, and eloquent leaders in their senates. The nature of the strife sorts well with their quick and earnest tempers; and by this man's play of war we breed up soldiers who delight in the game. Rebellion has long since marched beyond the middle ground, and has no thought of retreat. What was at first the mere overflow of popular passion has been hardened into principle—*like a fiery stream of lava which first rolls in a flood, and then turns into stone.*"

While we are upon the subject of style, we might as well say a word or two in regard to *punctuation*. It seems to us that the volumes before us are singularly deficient in this respect—and yet we noticed no fault of this nature in Swallow Barn. How can we reconcile these matters? Whom are we to blame in this particular, the author, or the printer? It cannot be said that the point is one of no importance—it is of very great importance. A slovenly punctuation will mar, in a greater or less degree, the brightest paragraph ever penned; and we are certain that those who have paid the most attention to this matter, will not think us hypercritical in what we say. A too frequent use of the *dash* is the besetting sin of the volumes now before us It is lugged in upon all occasions, and invariably introduced where it has no business whatever. Even the end of a sentence is not sacred from its intrusion. Now there is no portion of a printer's fount, which can, if properly disposed, give more of strength and energy to a sentence than this same *dash;* and, for this very reason, there is none which can more effectually, if improperly arranged, disturb and distort the meaning of every thing with which it comes in contact. But not to speak of such disturbance or distortion, a fine taste will intuitively avoid, even in trifles, all that is unnecessary or superfluous, and bring nothing into use without an object or an end. We do not wish to dwell upon this thing, or to make it of more consequence than necessary. We will merely adduce an example of the punctuation to which we have alluded. Vide page 138, vol. i. "Will no lapse of time wear away this abhorred image from your memory?—Are you madly bent on bringing down misery on your head?—I do not speak of my own suffering.—Will you forever nurse a hopeless attachment for a man whom, it must be apparent to yourself, you can never meet again?—Whom, if the perils of the field, the avenging bullet of some loyal subject, do not bring him merited punishment,—the halter may reward, or, in his most fortunate destiny, disgrace, poverty, and shame pursue:—Are you forever to love that man?"—

Would not the above paragraph read equally as well thus: "Will no lapse of time wear away this abhorred image from your memory? Are you madly bent on bringing down misery on your head? I do not speak of my own suffering. Will you forever nurse a hopeless attachment for a man whom, it must be apparent to yourself, you can never meet again—whom, if the perils of the field, the avenging bullet of some loyal subject, do not bring him merited punishment, the halter may reward, or, in his more fortunate destiny, disgrace, poverty and shame pursue? Are you forever to love that man?"

The second of Mr. K's volumes is, from a naturally increasing interest taken in the fortunes of the leading characters, by far the most exciting. But we can confidently recommend them both to the lovers of the forcible, the adventurous, the stirring, and the picturesque. They will not be disappointed. A high tone of morality, healthy and masculine, breathes throughout the book, and a rigid—perhaps a too scrupulously rigid poetical justice is dealt out to the great and little villains of the story—the Tyrrells, the Wat Adairs, the Currys, and the Habershams of the drama. In conclusion, we prophecy that Horse-Shoe Robinson will be eagerly read by all classes of people, and cannot fail to place Mr. Kennedy in a high rank among the writers of this or of any other country. We regret that the late period of receiving his book will not allow us to take that extended notice of it which we could desire.

JOURNAL—By FRANCES ANNE BUTLER. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. [Presented to the Editor of the Messenger, by Mr. C. Hall.]

Perhaps no book has, for many years, been looked for, long previous to its publication, with such intense curiosity, as this record of Miss Fanny Kemble's observations and opinions of men and women, manners and customs, in the United States. We say Miss Fanny Kemble's opinions—for while bearing that name, most of those opinions were formed. Under that name she was hailed in this country, as the inheritress of the genius of Mrs. Siddons, whose fame is connected in the minds of Americans with all that is noble, and majestic, and powerful in the dramatic art. Under that name she received the admiration of thousands, was made a sharer of the hospitality of many of the most

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distinguished citizens of the country—and received a homage to which nothing but the highest genius, and the purest moral worth could have entitled her. It is not therefore as Mrs. Frances Anne Butler, the wife of an American citizen, that we look upon her in her character of authoress—but as the favorite actress, applauded to the echo, surfeited with flattery, and loaded with pecuniary rewards.* It is impossible to consider this book in any other than a personal point of view. Its very form forbids our separating the author from the work—the opinions and sentiments, from the individual who utters them. The idea of both exist in an indivisible amalgamation. Nor we fear, will it be possible for nine-tenths of her readers to weigh a single expression of Fanny Kemble the authoress, unmingled with the idea of Fanny Kemble the actress, the star—the "observed of all observers." Hence this Journal will have an effect probably far beyond the anticipations of its writer. It will not only be looked upon as the test of Mrs. Butler's ability as an author; but it will, whether justly or not, convey to the thousands who have already perused, and the tens of thousands who will hereafter peruse it, a picture of her character and dispositions. The picture may, and doubtless will be an exaggerated one—few *pictures* are otherwise; but still it will be received as true, because the outlines have been traced by the original herself. We are sorry to say that the "counterfeit resemblance" of the fair authoress, presented by her book, displays many harsh and ill-favored lineaments, and the traces of passions which we could wish did not disfigure its many noble and magnanimous features. Mrs. Butler cannot claim for herself the immunity which she awards with great justice to poetical writers, of a distinction between their *real* and their *written* sentiments.* If this book contains as we suppose, the faithful transcripts of her daily observations and opinions, revised long after they were penned, and thus exhibiting her true, unexaggerated impressions, by them must she be judged—and in passing judgment upon her work, a candid critic will find much, very much, to admire and approve, and much also to censure and condemn.

We have read Mrs. Butler's work with untiring interest—indeed the vivacity of its style, the frequent occurrence of beautiful descriptions, of just and forcible observations, and many sound views of the condition of society in this country—the numerous characteristic anecdotes, and some most discriminating criticisms of actors and acting, must stamp her work as one of no ordinary merit. And these attractions in a great measure neutralize, although they cannot redeem, her innumerable faults of language, her sturdy prejudices, her hasty opinions, and her ungenerous sarcasms—These abound in the Journal, and yet it is more than probable that her censorious spirit has to a great extent been suppressed, as almost every page is studded with asterisks, indicating, we may presume, that her sins of hasty censure have been greatly diminished to the public eye, by the saving grace of omission.

The defects of the work are not confined to the exhibition of prejudices and the expression of unjust opinions: the style and language is often coarse, we might say vulgar; and her more impassioned exclamations are often characterized by a vehemence which is very like *profanity*, an offence that would not be tolerated in a writer of the other sex. We cite a few, from among the many passages which we have noted, as specimens of undignified, unfeminine and unscholarlike phraseology: The word "*dawdled*" seems a great favorite with Mrs. Butler—as, for instance: "Rose at eight, *dawdled* about," &c. vol. i. p. 18. "Rose at

* We are far from wishing to convey the idea that a popular actor of real merit is in any way placed under obligation, (especially such an obligation as would render it improper or ungrateful for him to speak with freedom of the communities of which his audiences formed parts,) by the pecuniary benefits received from the public for the exhibition of his talents. Mrs. Butler has, we think, settled that question in her book; and it will be better for both the audiences and the actors, whenever differences arise between them, to consider each other on the footing of equality, which she points out as the equitable and common-sense relation of the two parties. Nothing can be more rational than the following:

"It may not be amiss here to say one word with regard to the *gratitude* which audiences in some parts of the world claim from actors, and about which I have lately heard a most alarming out-cry. Do actors generally exercise their profession to please themselves and gratify their own especial delight in self-exhibition? Is that profession in its highest walks one of small physical exertion and fatigue, (I say nothing of mental exertion) and in its lower paths is it one of much gain, glory, or ease? Do audiences, on the other hand, use to come in crowds to play-houses to see indifferent performers? and when there do they out of pure charity and good-will, bestow their applause as well as their money upon tiresome performers?—I will answer these points as far as regards myself, and therein express the gratitude which I feel towards the frequenters of theatres. I individually disliked my profession, and had neither pride nor pleasure in the exercise of it. I exercised it as a matter of necessity, to earn my bread,—and verily it was in the sweat of my brow. The parts which fell to my lot were of a most laborious nature, and occasioned sometimes violent mental excitement, always immense physical exertion, and sometimes both. In those humbler walks of my profession, from whose wearisomeness I was exempted by my sudden favor with the public, I have seen, though not known, the most painful drudgery,—the most constant fatigue,—the most sad contrast between real cares and feigned merriments,—the most anxious penurious and laborious existence imaginable. For the part of my question which regarded the audiences, I have only to say, that I never knew, saw, heard or read of any set of people who went to a play-house to see what they did not like; this being the case it never occurred to me that our houses were full but as a necessary consequence of our own attraction, or that we were applauded, but as the result of our own exertions. I was glad the houses were full, because I was earning my livelihood, and wanted the money; and I was glad the people applauded us, because it is pleasant to please, and human vanity will find some sweetness in praise, even when reason weighs its worth most justly." Vol. ii. pp. 109-110.

* "Moore talks about Byron's writing with the same pen full of ink, 'Adieu, adieu, my native land,' and 'Hurra, Hodgson, we are going.' It proves nothing, except what I firmly believe, that we must not look for the real feelings of writers in their works—or rather that what they give us, and what we take for heart feeling, is head weaving—a species of emotion engendered somewhere betwixt the bosom and the brain, and bearing the same proportion of resemblance to reality that a picture does—that is—like feeling, but not feeling—like sadness, but not sadness—like what it appears, but not indeed that very thing: and the greater a man's power of thus producing *sham realities*, the greater his qualification for being a poet." *Journal*, vol. i. pp. 21-22.

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half past eight, *dawdled* about as usual," p. 21. "Came up and *dawdled* upon deck," p. 47. "Came home, *daudled* about my room," p. 97.—And in numberless other instances this word is used, apparently, to signify loitering or dallying, spelled indiscriminately dawdled, or daudled. Indeed so much does our fair authoress seem to have been addicted to the habit which the word implies—be it what it may—that in the second volume she speaks of having "dressed for once without *dawdling*," as an uncommon occurrence. She is also fond of the word "gulp," and uses it in strange combinations, as—"My dear father, who was a little elated, made me sing to him, which I greatly *gulped* at," p. 61. "I *gulped*, sat down, and was measured," (for a pair of shoes,) p. 103—"on the edge of a precipice, several hundred feet down into the valley: it made me *gulp* to look at it," &c.

At page 97, she tells us, that "when the gentlemen joined us they were all more or less 'how come'd you so indeed?'" and shortly after, "they all went away in good time, and we came to bed:

——————————————To bed—to sleep—
To sleep!—perchance to be bitten! aye—there's the scratch:
And in that sleep of our's what bugs may come,
Must give us pause."

She thus describes the motions of persons on ship-board, in rough weather: "Rushing hither and thither in all directions but the one they purpose going, and making as many angles, fetches, and ridiculous deviations from the point they aim at, as if the *devil had tied a string to their legs*, and jerked it every now and then in spite." p. 18.

At page 99: "Supped, lay down on the floor in absolute *meltiness away*, and then came to bed." "When I went on, I was all but tumbling down at the sight of my Jaffier, who looked like the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, with the addition of some *devilish* red slashes along his thighs and arms," p. 107. "Away *walloped* the four horses," &c. p. 131. "How they did *wallop* and shamble about," &c. p. 149. "Now I'll go to bed; my cough's enough to kill a *horse*," p. 153. "Heaven bless the world, for a *conglomerated amalgamation* of fools," p. 190. "He talked an amazing quantity of *thickish* philosophy, and moral and sentimental *potter*." In truth, "*potter*" and "*pottering*," seem to be favorites equally with *daudling*, and she as frequently makes use of them. For instance, "He sat down, and *pottered* a little," p. 58. They "took snuff, eat cakes, and *pottered* a deal," p. 182. "After dinner *pottered* about clothes," &c. p. 220. "Sat stitching and *pottering* an infinity," p. 230—and many other varieties of the same word. But of the infinite number of literary novelties of this sort, it would be impossible, within the limits we have prescribed to ourselves, to give more than a few specimens. We will take two or three more at random: "My feet got so perished with the cold, that I didn't know what to do," p. 230. "He was most exceedingly odd and *dauldrumish*. I think he was a little '*how come'd you so indeed*.'" p. 195; "yesterday began like May, with flowers and sun-shine, it ended like December, with the *sulks*, and a fit of crying. The former were furnished me by my friends and Heaven, the latter by myself and the *d—l*." p. 198. "At six o'clock, D—— roused me; and *grumpily* enough I arose." *Ib.* "At one o'clock, came home, having danced myself fairly off my legs." p. 227.

Such blemishes as these, apparently uniting the slang of the boarding school and the green room, deform the work of Mrs. Butler, and are much to be lamented, because they may have the effect of blinding the hasty, prejudiced or fastidious reader, to the many beauties which are to be found in its pages. Indeed the work has already encountered the severest criticisms from the newspaper press, imbittered by the many censorious remarks of Mrs. B. upon the manners and institutions of the country; her severe, and in many instances just strictures upon the state of society in the cities in which she sojourned; and the supercilious sneers which she has uttered against the editorial fraternity, "the press gang," as she uncourteously denominates that numerous and powerful body. The censures of her book, are doubtless, in the main, well deserved; but in their excess, the merits which the "Journal" unquestionably possesses in great abundance and of a high order, have in many cases been passed by unheeded by her indignant critics. And here we cannot refrain from the utterance of a remark which has frequently occurred to us, and which is brought forcibly to mind by the reception which Mrs. Butler's criticisms upon America have met with: we think that too much sensitiveness is felt by our countrymen, at the unfavorable opinions expressed by foreigners, in regard to our social, political, and moral condition—and that the press, as the organ of public sentiment, is prone to work itself into a superfluous frenzy of indignation, at what are generally considered "foreign libels" upon us. To be indignant at gross misrepresentations of our country, is an exhibition of patriotism in one of its most laudable forms. But the sentiment may be carried too far, and may blind us to evils and deficiencies in our condition, when pointed out by a foreigner, which it would be well for us rather to consider with a view to their amendment. It may so far blunt our sense of the justice of the maxim "*fas est, ab hoste doceri*," as to induce us to entertain jealousy and aversion for the most judicious suggestions, if offered by others than our own countrymen. Entertaining these views, we have read Mrs. Butler's work, with a disposition to judge of it impartially; and while we have perceived many instances of captious complaints in regard to matters of trifling importance in themselves; and frequently a disposition to build up general censures upon partial, individual causes of disgust, displeasure or disappointment—we feel bound to say, that, taking the work as a whole, we do not think a deliberate disposition to misrepresent, or a desire to depreciate us, can be discovered in it. The strictures upon our modes of living, our social relations, &c. are often unworthy the writer. She complains for instance, that "the things (at the hotel in New York,) were put on the table in a slovenly, outlandish fashion; fish, soup, and meat, at once, and puddings, and tarts, and cheese, at another once; no finger glasses, and a patched table cloth—in short, a want of that style and neatness which is found in every hotel in England. The waiters too, remind us of the half-savage highland lads, that used to torment us under that denomination in Glasgow—only that they were wild Irish instead of Scotch." vol. i. p. 49.

Frequently too, she complains of the audiences before

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whom she performed, with occasional reproofs of their ungracious conduct in not sufficiently applauding her father or herself: She says, of the first appearance of the former at the Park Theatre:

"When he came on they gave him what every body here calls an immense reception; but they should see our London audience get up, and wave hats and handkerchiefs, and shout welcome as they used to do to us. The tears were in my eyes, and all I could say was, "they might as well get up, I think." Vol. i. p. 93.--And on another occasion: "The people were stupid to a degree to be sure; poor things, it was very hot. Indeed I scarcely understood how they should be amused with the School for Scandal; for though the dramatic situations are so exquisite, yet the wit is far above the generality of even our own audiences, and the tone and manners altogether are so thoroughly English, that I should think it must be for the most part incomprehensible to the good people here,"—p. 110.

At the Philadelphia audiences, she grumbles as follows:

"The audiences here, are without exception, the most disagreeable I ever played to. Not a single hand did they give the balcony scene, or my father's scene with the friar; they are literally immoveable. They applauded vehemently at the end of my draught scene, and a great deal at the end of the play; but they are nevertheless intolerably dull, and it is all but impossible to act to them,"—p. 157.

Of the ladies of this country, she seems to have formed a low estimate in many respects, and to look upon them generally with no little contempt. Of those in New York, she says: "The women dress very much, and very much like French women gone mad; they all of them seem to me to walk horribly ill, as if they wore tight shoes."--And again: "The women here, like those in most warm climates, ripen very early, and decay proportionably soon. They are, generally speaking, pretty, with good complexions, and an air of freshness and brilliancy, but this I am told is very evanescent; and whereas, in England, a woman is in the full bloom of health and beauty, from twenty to five and thirty; here, they scarce reach the first period without being faded, and looking old. They marry very young, and this is another reason why age comes prematurely upon them. There was a fair young thing at dinner to-day, who did not look above seventeen, and she was a wife. As for their figures, like those of the French women, they are too well dressed for one to judge exactly what they are really like: they are, for the most part, short and slight, with remarkably pretty feet and ancles; but there's too much pelerine and petticoat, and "de quoi" of every sort to guess any thing more,"--p. 88.

This is a delicate subject, and one on which we should be averse to enter the lists with Mrs. Butler, prejudiced as she most probably is. But some of her observations on the mode of nurturing females, strike us as exhibiting good sense: In the following note to the above, we apprehend there is much truth:

"The climate of this country is made the scape-goat upon which all the ill looks, and ill health of the ladies is laid; but while they are brought up as effeminately as they are, take as little exercise, live in rooms heated like ovens during the winter, and marry as early as they do; it will appear evident, that many causes combine with an extremely variable climate, to sallow their complexions, and destroy their constitutions."

We are sorry to be forced to say, that there is also much sound sense and unwelcome truth in her remarks upon the situation of married females in our fashionable circles generally, (although the picture is overwrought and is more peculiarly applicable to northern females,) which we quote from Vol. i. p. 160.

"The dignified and graceful influence which married women among us exercise over the tone of manners, uniting the duties of home to the charms of social life; and bearing, at once, like the orange tree the fair fruits of maturity with the blossoms of their spring, is utterly unknown here. Married women are either house-drudges and nursery-maids, or, if they appear in society, comparative cyphers; and the retiring, modest youthful bearing, which among us distinguishes girls of fifteen or sixteen is equally unknown. Society is entirely led by chits, who in England would be sitting behind a pinafore; the consequence is, that it has neither the elegance, refinement, nor the propriety which belong to ours; but is a noisy, racketty, vulgar congregation of flirting boys and girls, alike without style and decorum."

This view of manners is drawn from the society of the cities of New York and Philadelphia;—appended to the above extract, is a note, entering more into the details of her impressions regarding their fashionable circles, which we give entire:

"When we arrived in America, we brought letters of introduction to several persons in New York; many were civil enough to call upon us, we were invited out to sundry parties, and were introduced into what is there called the first society. I do not wish to enter into any description of it, but will only say, that I was most disagreeably astonished; and had it been my fate to have passed through the country as rapidly as most travellers do, I should have carried away a very unfavorable impression of the *best* society of New York. Fortunately, however, for me, my visits were repeated and my stay prolonged: and in the course of time I became acquainted with many individuals whose manners and acquirements were of a high order, and from whose intercourse I derived the greatest gratification. But they generally did me the favor to visit me, and I still could not imagine how it happened that I never met them at the parties to which I was invited, and in the circles where I visited. I soon discovered that they formed a society among themselves, where all those qualities which I had looked for among the self-styled *best*, were to be found. When I name Miss Sedgewick, Halleck, Irving, Bryant, Paulding and some of less fame, but whose acquirements rendered their companionship delightful indeed, amongst whom I felt proud and happy to find several of my own name; it will no longer appear singular that they should feel too well satisfied with the resources of their own society, either to mingle in that of the vulgar *fashionables*, or seek with avidity the acquaintance of every stranger that arrives in New York. It is not to be wondered at, that foreigners have spoken as they have, of what is termed fashionable society here, or have condemned, with unqualified censure, the manners and tone prevailing in it; their condemnations are true and just as regards what they see: nor perhaps, would they be much inclined to moderate them, when they found that persons possessing every quality that can render intercourse between rational creatures desirable, were held in light esteem, and neglected, as either bores, blues, or dowdies, by those so infinitely their inferiors in every worthy accomplishment. The same separation, or if anything a still stronger one, subsists in Philadelphia, between the self-styled fashionables, and the real good society. The distinction there, is really of a nature perfectly ludicrous; a friend of mine was describing to me a family whose manners were unexceptionable, and whose mental accomplishments were of a high order; upon my expressing some surprise that I had never met with them, my informant replied, "Oh, no, they are not received

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by the Chestnut street set." If I were called upon to define that society in New York and Philadelphia, which ranks (by right of self-arrogation,) as first and best; I should say it is a purely dancing society, where a fiddle is indispensable to keep its members awake; and where their brains and tongues seem, by common consent, to feel that they had much better give up the care of mutual entertainment to the feet of the parties assembled, and they judge well. Now, I beg leave clearly to be understood, there is another, and a far more desirable circle; but it is not the one into which strangers find their way generally. To an Englishman, this *fashionable* society presents, indeed, a pitiful sample of lofty pretensions without adequate foundation. Here is a constant endeavor to imitate those states of European society, which have for their basis the feudal spirit of the early ages; and which are rendered venerable by their rank, powerful by their wealth, and refined, and in some degree respectable, by great and general mental cultivation. Of Boston I have not spoken. The society there, is of an infinitely superior order. A very general degree of information, and a much greater simplicity of manners render it infinitely more agreeable,"—pp. 161-2.

As few matters, worldly or spiritual, escaped the observation of our authoress, it is not wonderful that her pen was occasionally dipped in the political cauldron. But as her ideas are in most instances tinged with her own national prejudices, we shall not dwell upon them longer than to say that she sees already a decided aristocratic tendency among us, and to quote the following summary of her opinion as to the permanence of our institutions and government:—"I believe in my heart that a republic is the noblest, highest, and purest form of government; but I believe that according to the present disposition of human creatures, 'tis a mere beau ideal, totally incapable of realization. What the world may be fit for six hundred years hence, I cannot exactly perceive—but in the mean time, 'tis my conviction that America will be a monarchy before I am a skeleton." p. 56. If argument with a lady on such a subject could be reconciled to the precepts of gallantry, it would certainly be unprofitable where the causes of her belief are so vaguely stated. And we think she has furnished the best argument against herself in her frequent comparisons of the condition of the mass of the people of this country to that of the laboring class in England, in which she constantly decides in favor of America. It will scarcely be argued that a people enjoying such blessings as she ascribes to the condition of the mass of American citizens, could easily be induced to change their government, and yield up a certain good for a doubtful improvement—far less that they would willingly submit to a form of government which they look upon as particularly odious. The following passage shows what are her views of the condition of the laboring classes among us:

"I never was so forcibly struck with the prosperity and happiness of the lower orders of society in this country, as yesterday returning from Hoboken. The walks along the river and through the woods, the steamers crossing from the city, were absolutely thronged with a cheerful, well-dressed population abroad, merely for the purpose of pleasure and exercise. Journeymen, laborers, handicraftsmen, tradespeople, with their families, bearing all in their dress and looks evident signs of well-being and contentment, were all flocking from their confined avocations, into the pure air, the bright sunshine, and beautiful shade of this lovely place. I do not know any spectacle which could give a foreigner, especially an Englishman, a better illustration of that peculiar excellence of the American government—the freedom and happiness of the lower classes. Neither is it to be said that this was a holiday, or an occasion of peculiar festivity—it was a common week-day—such as our miserable manufacturing population spends from sun-rise to sun-down, in confined, incessant, unhealthy toil—to earn, at its conclusion, the inadequate reward of health and happiness so wasted—the contrast struck me forcibly—it rejoiced my heart; it surely was an object of contemplation, that any one who had a heart must have rejoiced in."

We had intended to make several additional extracts from what we think the better portions of the Journal, such as would exhibit the authoress in her most favorable light. But we have "*daudled*" so long on the way, that those extracts must be brief, and will probably fail to do the justice we proposed to the fair writer. As however, we have not selected the *worst* of the passages from those which we deemed it our duty to censure, we may be forgiven, if we should fail to quote the *best* of those which exhibit her good sense and ability as a writer.

Of the fate of the aborigines of this country, she says:

"The chasing, enslaving, and destroying creatures, whose existence, however inferior, is as justly theirs, as that of the most refined European is his; who for the most part, too, receive their enemies with open-handed hospitality, until taught treachery by being betrayed, and cruelty by fear; the driving the child of the soil off it, or, what is fifty times worse, chaining him to till it; all the various forms of desolation which have ever followed the landing of civilized men upon uncivilized shores; in short, the theory and practice of discovery and conquest, as recorded in all history, is a very singular and painful subject of contemplation.

"'Tis true, that cultivation and civilization, the arts and sciences that render life useful, the knowledge that ennobles, the adornments that refine existence, above all, the religion that is its most sacred trust and dear reward, all these, like pure sunshine and healthful airs following a hurricane, succeed the devastation of the invader; but the sufferings of those who are swept away are not the less, and though I believe that good alone is God's result, it seems a fearful proof of the evil wherewith this earth is cursed, that good cannot progress but over such a path. No one, beholding the prosperous and promising state of this fine country, could wish it again untenanted of its enterprising and industrious possessors; yet even while looking with admiration at all they have achieved, with expectation amounting to certainty to all that they will yet accomplish; 'tis difficult to refrain from bestowing some thoughts of pity and of sadness upon those, whose homes have been overturned, whose language has past away, and whose feet are daily driven further from those territories of which they were once sole and sovereign lords. How strange it is to think, that less than one hundred years ago, these shores, resounding with the voice of populous cities—these waters, laden with the commerce of the wide world, were silent wildernesses, where sprang and fell the forest leaves, where ebbed and flowed the ocean tides from day to day, and from year to year in uninterrupted stillness; where the great sun, who looked on the vast empires of the east, its mouldering kingdoms, its lordly palaces, its ancient temples, its swarming cities, came and looked down upon the still dwelling of utter loneliness, where nature sat enthroned in everlasting beauty, undisturbed by the far off din of worlds "beyond the flood."

There is eloquence and good feeling in the following:

"In beholding this fine young giant of a world, with all its magnificent capabilities for greatness, I think every Englishman must feel unmingled regret at the

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unjust and unwise course of policy which alienated such a child from the parent government. But, at the same time, it is impossible to avoid seeing that some other course must, ere long, have led to the same result, even if England had pursued a more maternal course of conduct towards America. No one, beholding this enormous country, stretching from ocean to ocean, watered with ten thousand glorious rivers, combining every variety of climate and soil; therefore, every variety of produce and population; possessing within itself every resource that other nations are forced either to buy abroad, or to create substitutes for at home; no one, seeing the internal wealth of America, the abundant fertility of the earth's surface, the riches heaped below it, the unparalleled facilities for the intercourse of men, and the interchange of their possessions throughout its vast extent, can for an instant indulge the thought that such a country was ever destined to be an appendage to any other in the world, or that any chain of circumstances whatever, could have long maintained in dependance a people furnished with every means of freedom and greatness. But far from regretting that America has thrown off her allegiance, and regarding her as a rebellious subject, and irreverent child; England will surely, ere long, learn to look upon this country as the inheritor of her glory; the younger England, destined to perpetuate the language, the memory, the virtues of the noble land from which she is descended. Loving and honoring my country, as I do, I cannot look upon America with any feeling of hostility. I do not only hear the voice of England in the language of this people, but I recognize in all their best qualities, their industry, their honesty, their sturdy independence of spirit, the very witnesses of their origin, they are English; no other people in the world would have licked us as they did; nor any other people in the world, built upon the ground they won, so sound, and strong, and fair an edifice.

"With regard to what I have said in the beginning of this note, of the many reasons which combined to render this country independent of all others; I think they in some measure tell against the probability of its long remaining at unity with itself. Such numerous and clashing interests; such strong and opposite individuality of character between the northern and southern states; above all, such enormous extent of country; seem rationally to present many points of insecurity; many probabilities of separations and breakings asunder; but all this lies far on, and I leave it to those who have good eyes for a distance." Vol. i. pp. 187–8.

From her description of a voyage up the Hudson river, which is one of the most beautiful portions of the work, we can give but two brief passages:

"We passed the light-house of Stoney Point, now the peaceful occupant of the territory, where the blood in English veins was poured out by English hands, during the struggle between old established tyranny and the infant liberties of this giant world. Over all and each, the blessed sky bent its blue arch, resplendently clear and bright, while far away the distant summits of the highlands rose one above another, shutting in the world, and almost appearing as though each bend of the river must find us locked in their shadowy circle, without means of onward progress." Vol. i. p. 207.

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"Where are the poets of this land? Why such a world should bring forth men with minds and souls larger and stronger than any that ever dwelt in mortal flesh. Where are the poets of this land? They should be giants, too; Homers and Miltons, and Goethes and Dantes, and Shakspeares. Have these glorious scenes poured no inspirings into hearts worthy to behold and praise their beauty? Is there none to come here and worship among these hills and waters, till his heart burns within him, and the hymn of inspiration flows from his lips, and rises to the sky? Is there not one among the sons of such a soil to send forth its praises to the universe, to throw new glory round the mountains, new beauty over the waves? is inanimate nature, alone, here "telling the glories of God?" Oh, surely, surely, there will come a time when this lovely land will be vocal with the sound of song, when every close-locked valley, and waving wood, rifted rock and flowing stream shall have their praise. Yet 'tis strange how marvellously unpoetical these people are! How swallowed up in life and its daily realities, wants, and cares; how full of toil and thrift, and money-getting labor. Even the heathen Dutch, among us the very antipodes of all poetry, have found names such as the Donder Berg for the hills, whilst the Americans christen them Butter Hill, the Crow's Nest, and *such like*. Perhaps some hundred years hence, when wealth has been amassed by individuals, and the face of society begins to grow chequered, as in the old lands of Europe, when the whole mass of population shall no longer go running along the level road of toil and profit, when inequalities of rank shall exist, and the rich man shall be able to pay for the luxury of poetry, and the poor man who makes verses, no longer be asked, "Why don't you cast up accounts?" when all this comes to pass, as *perhaps* some day it may, America will have poets. It seems strange to me that men such as the early settlers in Massachusetts, the Puritan founders of New England, the "Pilgrim Fathers," should not have had amongst them some men, or at least man, in whose mind the stern and enduring courage, the fervent, enthusiastic piety, the unbending love of liberty, which animated them all, become the inspiration to poetic thought, and the suggestion of poetical utterance. They should have had a Milton or a Klopstock amongst them. Yet after all, they had excitement of another sort, and moreover, the difficulties, and dangers, and distresses of a fate of unparalleled hardship, to engross all the energies of their minds; and I am half inclined to believe that poetry is but a hothouse growth." Vol. i. pp. 212–13.

Our friends, *Oliver Oldschool* and *Anthony Absolute*, will be pleased to observe that Mrs. Butler abjures the *Waltz*, and agrees with them in objecting to its tendency:

"Dr. ——— called, and gave me a sermon about waltzing. As it was perfectly good sense, to which I could reply nothing whatever, in the shape of objection, I promised him never to waltz again, except with a woman, or my brother. * * * *

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After all, 'tis not fitting that a man should put his arm round one's waist, whether one belongs to any one but one's self or not. 'Tis much against what I have always thought most sacred,—the dignity of a woman in her own eyes, and those of others. I like Dr. ——— most exceedingly. He spoke every way to my feelings of what was right to-day. After saying that he felt convinced from conversations which he had heard amongst men, that waltzing was immoral in its tendency, he added, 'I am married, and have been in love, and cannot imagine any thing more destructive of the deep and devoted respect which love is calculated to excite in every honorable man's heart, not only for the individual object of his affection, but for her whole sex, than to see any and every impertinent coxcomb in a ball room, come up to her, and, without remorse or hesitation, clasp her waist, imprison her hand, and absolutely whirl her round in his arms.' So spake the Doctor; and my sense of propriety, and conviction of right, bore testimony to the truth of his saying. So, farewell, sweet German Waltz! next to hock, the most intoxicating growth of the Rheinland. I shall never keep time to your pleasant measure again!—no matter; after all, anything is better than to be lightly spoken of, and to deserve such mention." Vol. i. pp. 227–28.

Mrs. Butler seems to have no great love of the dramatic *art*—that is, the art of stage performance. Se-

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veral pages in the second volume are devoted to this subject, (pp. 59, 60 and 61) in which she argues with great force in support of the position, that acting is "the very lowest of the arts." Like all her criticisms of subjects connected with the stage, it is an admirable passage; but it is too long for quotation. A shorter one conveys the same idea, in eloquent language:

"I acted like a wretch, of course; how could I do otherwise? Oh, Juliet! vision of the south! rose of the garden of the earth! was this the glorious hymn that Shakspeare hallowed to your praise? was this the mingled strain of Love's sweet going forth, and Death's dark victory, over which my heart and soul have been poured out in wonder and ecstacy?—How I do loathe the stage! these wretched, tawdry, glittering rags, flung over the breathing forms of ideal loveliness; these miserable, poor, and pitiful substitutes for the glories with which poetry has invested her magnificent and fair creations—the glories with which our imagination reflects them back again. What a mass of wretched mumming mimickry acting is. Pasteboard and paint, for the thick breathing orange groves of the south; green silk and oiled parchment, for the solemn splendor of her noon of night; wooden platforms and canvass curtains, for the solid marble balconies, and rich dark draperies of Juliet's sleeping chamber, that shrine of love and beauty; rouge, for the startled life-blood in the cheek of that young passionate woman; an actress, a mimicker, a sham creature, me, in fact, or any other one, for that loveliest and most wonderful conception, in which all that is true in nature, and all that is exquisite in fancy, are moulded into a living form. To *act* this! to *act* Romeo and Juliet!—horror! horror! how I do loathe my most impotent and unpoetical craft!" Vol. ii. pp. 16–17.

In another and sadder strain, there are many beautiful portions, from which we can only select the following—and with this our extracts must end:

"'Tis strange, that Messenger Bird threw more than a passing gloom over me. If the dead do indeed behold those whom they have loved, with loving eyes and fond remembrance, do not the sorrows, the weariness, the toiling, the despairing of those dear ones rise even into the abodes of peace, and wring the souls of those who thence look down upon the earth, and see the wo and anguish suffered here? Or, if they do not feel,—if, freed from this mortal coil, they forget all they have suffered, all that we yet endure, oh! then what four-fold trash is human love! what vain and miserable straws are all the deep, the dear, the grasping affections twined in our hearts' fibres,—mingled with our blood!—how poor are all things—how beggarly is life. Oh, to think that while we yet are bowed in agony and mourning over the dead,—while our bereaved hearts are aching, and our straining eyes looking to that heaven, beyond which we think they yet may hear our cries, they yet may see our anguish, the dead, the loved, the mourned, nor see, nor hear; or if they do, look down with cold and careless gaze upon the love that lifts our very souls in desperate yearning towards them." Vol. ii. pp. 54–55.

We have thus endeavored to give our readers an idea of this very remarkable book—a task of no little difficulty from its variable features, its mixture of sense and silliness, of prejudice and liberality—almost every page bearing a distinct and peculiar character. There are many things which have elicited censure, on which we have not laid any stress, and among these are the frequent exhibitions of attachment to her native country, and preference of its people, its customs, its laws, &c. to those of America. We cannot find fault with her for so noble and so natural a sentiment, even though it should lead her to depreciate and underrate us. Besides, she acknowledges the blindness of her partiality to England, and speaks of it with great candor, as a national characteristic:

"How we English folks do cling to our own habits, our own views, our own things, our own people; how in spite of all our wanderings and scatterings over the whole face of the earth, like so many Jews, we never lose our distinct and national individuality; nor fail to lay hold of one another's skirts, to laugh at and depreciate all that differs from that country, which we delight in forsaking for any and all others." Vol. i. p. 90.

The chief fault of the work will be found in the dictatorial manner of the writer. A female, and a young one too, cannot speak with the self-confidence which marks this book, without jarring somewhat upon American notions of the retiring delicacy of the female character. But the early induction of Mrs. B. upon the stage, has evidently given her a precocious self-dependence and a habit of forming her own opinions. There is perhaps no situation in which human vanity is so powerfully excited, as that of the favorite actor. The directness of the applause which greets his successful efforts is most intoxicating, and mingles so much admiration of the performer with delight at the performance, that he or she, whose vanity should resist its fascinations, must be a stoic indeed.* The effects of this personal homage, added to the advantages

* This position has been beautifully illustrated by some modern English writer, but by whom we have forgotten. Mrs. Butler is fully aware of the intoxicating nature of the applause bestowed on actors, and speaks most sensibly on the subject, although she is probably unconscious of its full effects upon her own feelings, and manner of thinking and writing.

"Excitement," says she, "is reciprocal between the performer and the audience; he creates it in them, and receives it back again from them: and in that last scene in Fazio, half the effect that I produce is derived from the applause which I receive, the very noise and tumult of which tends to heighten the nervous energy which the scene itself begets."

The idea is farther carried out in the following striking passage:

"The evanescent nature of his triumph, however an actor may deplore it, is in fact but an instance of the broad moral justice by which all things are so evenly balanced. If he can hope for no fame beyond mere mention, when once his own generation passes away, at least his power, and his glory, and his reign is in his own person, and during his own life. There is scarcely to be conceived a popularity for the moment more intoxicating than that of a great actor in his day, so much of it becomes mixed up with the individual himself. The poet, the painter, and the sculptor, enchant us through their works; and with very, very few exceptions, their works, and not their very persons are the objects of admiration and applause; it is to their minds we are beholden; and though a certain degree of curiosity and popularity necessarily wait even upon their bodily presence, it is faint compared with that which is bestowed upon the actor; and for good reasons—he is himself his work. His voice, his eyes, his gestures, are his art, and admiration of it cannot be separated from admiration for him. This renders the ephemeral glory which he earns so vivid, and in some measure may be supposed to compensate for its short duration. The great of the earth, whose fame has arisen like the shining of the sun, have often toiled through their whole lives in comparative obscurity, through the narrow and dark paths of existence. Their reward was never given to their hands here,—it is but just their glory should be lasting. Vol. ii. pp. 61–62.

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of her birth, and her really masculine intellect, are apparent in Mrs. B's Journal. But she also displays some fine feminine traits, which the flatteries of delighted audiences, the admiration of ambitious fashionables, and the consciousness of being the chief Lion of the day, could not destroy. Her sympathy for a sick lady, lodging in the same house in Philadelphia, is frequently and delicately expressed; and various other incidents shew that kindness and generosity are among her prominent qualities. Many pages are devoted to the subject of religion, and as appears from them, she was attentive to the performance of her devotions: Yet we cannot but think her religion as displayed in this book, more a sentiment than a principle; rather the imbodying of a poetical fancy, than that pervading feeling of the heart which enters into and characterizes the actions of those who feel its influence.—In conclusion, we will repeat what we have said before, that there is much to admire and much to condemn in this work—enough of the former to render it one of the most attractive (as it is one of the most original) that has recently issued from the press; and in censuring its faults it will be but justice to bear in mind a sentiment of Mrs. B.; "After all, if people generally did but know the difficulty of doing well, they would be less damnatory upon those who do ill." p. 114, vol. i.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

In presenting the ninth number of the Messenger to our readers, we take occasion to make some brief references to its contents. Besides contributions from old friends, to whom we have been formerly indebted, it contains *seven* prose articles from new correspondents, some of whom are entirely unknown to us, all of whom are welcome to our pages.

Of the sixth number of *Sketches of the History of Tripoli*, it is only necessary to say that it is worthy of and sustains the character of the preceding numbers. The same may be said of the "*Letters of a Sister*," in which the vivacity that has elicited so much praise of the former numbers, is not diminished.

The descriptions of Virginia scenery, in the article on "*The House Mountain*," and the "*Visit to the Virginia Springs*," are highly attractive. The former is remarkable for its graphic delineations and glowing imagery—the latter abounds with useful information, conveyed in an attractive style; and its writer describes the scenes he visited with great clearness.

The third number upon the "*Fine Arts*," is an admirable article. The writer warms as he progresses with his subject.

We would particularly recommend the article on the "*National Importance of Mineral Possessions*," &c. The application of general truths to our own peculiar situation, is made with much force in that article.

Our stranger correspondent, *Anthony Absolute*, has very delicately satirized the opposers of the amusement of dancing. His style is evidently modelled after that of some of the numbers of the Spectator, and he is uncommonly happy in keeping up a vein of quiet humor throughout. His grave irony is highly amusing.

The writer of an article on "*Recent American Novels*," seems to us to have expressed some opinions hastily, and to estimate the merits of some of our native writers incorrectly. He has surely overlooked the author of *Calavar*, in classing the successors of Cooper and Irving, as "dwarfish," and their efforts as "puny." He was not in fault in passing over the author of "*Horse-Shoe Robinson*," as that work had not appeared when his article was penned; and *Swallow Barn* does not rank as a novel. We believe that Mr. Kennedy and Dr. Bird will prove themselves worthy successors to Cooper and Irving (so far as the latter may be considered a novel writer,) when the mantles shall fall from their shoulders—nor will Mr. Sims, the author of Guy Rivers and the Yemassie, (either of which, we apprehend, are superior to the Insurgents,) be far behind. The reviewer seems to us rather inconsistent in his allusions to Cooper, Irving, Paulding and Miss Sedgewick: But we have not room to particularize. With regard to the two former, the opinions of a *Young Scotchman*, in the interesting letter which we publish in this number, are worthy of attention. We are happy to say, that extracts from his "*Letters on the United States*," will be continued in the Messenger. We doubt not they will be read with avidity.

"*Lion-izing*," by Mr. Poe, is an inimitable piece of wit and satire: and the man must be far gone in a melancholic humor, whose risibility is not moved by this tale. Although the scene of the story is laid in the foreign city of "*Fum Fudge*," the disposition which it satirizes is often displayed in the cities of this country—even in our own community; and will probably still continue to exist, unless Mrs. Butler's Journal should have disgusted the fashionable world with *Lions*.

The prominent article for this month, we have not yet alluded to; it is the "*Dissertation on the Characteristic Differences between the Sexes; the Influence of Woman*," *&c.*—a subject of great and abiding interest, treated in a masterly manner. The comprehensive views taken by the writer, of the whole subject; the copiousness of his illustrations, and the happy manner in which they are brought to sustain his various positions, are striking features in this able article. We think we incur no risk in expressing the belief, that this Dissertation when completed, will be the most perfect essay on the subject, in the whole range of English literature.

"*The Grave of Forgotten Genius*," and "*Lionel Granby*," will have their attractions, we doubt not, for many of our readers. The writer of the latter possesses powers of description of no mean order. He paints objects and characters skilfully, though at times his style is somewhat overloaded with words. We shall receive his future chapters with pleasure.

The poetical contributions for this number are generally excellent. We are constrained to forbear any particular notice of them, by the briefness of the space which we have to occupy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The humorous strictures on modern fashions, by our friend "*Oliver Oldschool*," did not reach us in time for insertion in the present number; he will appear in our next. We have received two tales from "an inexperienced girl of sixteen," entitled "*Lucy Carlton*" and "*The Sanfords*," which, although they exhibit considerable talent, are very deficient in incident. The sketch-

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ing of character is mostly good, but the author fails to make effectual use of the materials which she brings together. We shall insert "The Sanfords" in our next, as the best of the two. The story entitled "*Remorse*," is inadmissible. The narrative presents some dramatic scenes and situations, of which the writer has but partially availed himself; but defects of language form the principal objection to his story. In answer to *Octavian's* inquiry, we must say that his lines are by no means equal to those from his pen formerly inserted in the Messenger. And as it would be impossible to publish all the contributions received, unless the Messenger were twice its size, we are constrained to leave out some which are even passable. "*English Poetry*, Chap. II," and further extracts from the *MSS. of D. D. Mitchell*, will appear in the next No. "*The Curse of the Betrayed One*" possesses considerable merit, but is deformed by faults of metre, easily amendable. With the author's consent we will make a few corrections in his poem, and insert it in our next number. We will exercise the same pruning prerogative upon the tale of "*The Reclaimed.*" The poetical contributions of Mrs. Emma Willard, of Troy, are welcome, and will appear as early as possible; also some beautiful effusions of a deceased lady of Matthews county, Virginia. "*Extracts from the Autobiography of Pertinax Placid*, Chap. I," will have an early insertion.

In addressing the numerous correspondents whose favors have not yet appeared in our numbers, we avail ourselves of the opportunity to make a few general remarks, which are due both to ourselves and to those who write for the Messenger.

Although our poetical contributions have in general met with high approbation, and though many effusions which we have had the honor to present to the public, have received the just praise due to the lofty promptings of the muse—we have noticed some strictures upon certain articles which we had considered it our duty to insert in that department. We do not purpose to defend all our poetical contributions from censure. It is far from us to claim for them the merit of uniform excellence. But we wish to show our readers, that to look for such uniformity in the contents of a work like ours, would be unreasonable, and to inform them of the principle upon which our selections are made from the mass of materials placed before us.

It must be held in mind that the Messenger is a new enterprise, in a section of country where such a work has never before been sustained for any considerable length of time—that one of its leading objects is to draw forth and encourage literary talent, and to build up in the south a literature distinct and separate from that which shines in the legal forum or the arena of politics. In order to carry into effect this object, (which we think laudable in itself,) it is necessary that we should display a greater degree of forbearance with inexperienced aspirants to literary honors, than would be expected from a discriminating editor, placed in other circumstances. Had we merely the task before us to amuse our readers, it would not be difficult to select from other sources the materials for our work, and abandoning all editorial responsibility, render the contents of our pages unexceptionable, by a choice of the best productions from other publications. But would this course fulfil the great object of the Messenger?—would it compensate our readers for the suppression of the many noble productions which we have already presented to them—works which, although in a minor form, we trust those who have perused them "would not willingly let die?" The duty we have assumed, is to foster the productions of native writers—to awaken, especially in the south, a literary spirit, an ambition to excel in the cultivation of polite learning—and to give our humble aid in stimulating the ambition of our youth, by offering a fit repository for the offspring of taste and genius. Whether we collect and place on permanent record the fugitive productions of men already known to fame in other walks, or bring forward to public applause the first efforts of youthful talent, we equally fulfil the main object of our labors, by exciting the admiration and awakening the ambition of others, possessing latent powers perhaps unknown to themselves, until struck forth by a natural and praiseworthy emulation.

In the performance of the duty which this object enjoins upon us, there are many sources of perplexity of which our readers can scarcely be aware. Our judgment in regard to the numerous contributions which we receive from all quarters, leans, as it ought, to "mercy's side." The exhibition of ability, although qualified by many faults of conception or manner, claims our attention and favor. We look to the future; and if in the most faulty production we find promise of improving excellence, or redeeming traits which counterbalance the writer's errors, we think it our duty to afford him an opportunity and stimulus for improvement. For these reasons articles are not seldom inserted in the Messenger, which exhibit defects of conception and style, which it is no part of our duty to amend, but which we believe to be counterbalanced by beauties or merits indicating that their authors are capable of better things.

One complaint that we have to make of our contributors, regards the carelessness with which they write; for this want of correctness, mostly verbal it is true, but frequently extending to the sense, rendered obscure by faulty construction of language, imposes upon the editor the constant task of revision, and the responsibility of correcting manuscripts at his own discretion. The labor we do not grudge; but it should be performed by the writers themselves; and we cannot too strenuously urge upon our friends greater care than in many instances they have thus far bestowed upon the finishing of their articles. Their own careful revision would no doubt lead to the more perfect amendment of inaccuracies than could be made by an editor, who in most instances cannot be supposed to share the full views of the writer on the matters in hand. Our own relief from the labor of revision is a secondary consideration, and one which we should not urge; but by relieving us from much of that labor, the writers would greatly increase the value of their contributions.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

Among the numerous articles for which room could not be found in the present number, are, reviews of Lee's Napoleon, Bancroft's History of the United States, Sparks's Washington Correspondence, The Infidel, a novel, by Doctor Bird, and a notice of the excellent Inaugural Address of President Vethake, of Washington College.

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. I.] RICHMOND, JUNE 1835. [No. 10.

T. W. WHITE, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR. FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

The contents of the present number of the Messenger will be found various and entertaining, many of them possessing uncommon merit. They are, like those of the last preceding number, entirely original.

The continuation of the *Manuscripts of D. D. Mitchell*, is highly acceptable. The description of a Storm on the Prairies is told with much vigor, and will compare favorably with a similar scene in Mr. Hoffman's excellent itinerary of a Winter in the West.

Nos. XV and XVI of the "*Letters of a Sister*" are delightful. The vivacity and elegance of the style, and the feminine grace which breathes through the whole correspondence, are peculiarly observable in these numbers.

The 2d and 3d chapters of "*Lionel Granby*" exhibit an improvement on the first. But we think the writer has chosen a bad model, since he displays sufficient ability to render his writings interesting without imitation. Perhaps unconsciously, he has fallen into what may be denominated the *Bulwerian* style, one which pleases less than almost any other in the hands of an imitator, as like that of Byron it is essentially an egotistical style.

Our reforming friend, "*Oliver Oldschool*," has hit off with great force some of the fashionable assemblages of the present day. Without entertaining a zeal in the reproval of these extravagancies, quite commensurate with his own, we are fully aware of the justness of his strictures upon those modern customs which banish *social* intercourse from what are intended for social parties, and burthen the enjoyment of pleasure with so many qualifications as to make it little better than *pain*.

The story of "*The Sanfords*" is the production of a young girl; and if the reader should not find in it the skill of riper years, or the deep interest of more stirring fictions—still, we trust he will agree with us in the opinion, that it is highly creditable to the talents of a young lady of sixteen and promises better things, when experience and observation shall have stored her mind with incidents, and taught her the art of using them with effect.

"*English Poetry, Chap. II*," is highly meritorious. We scarcely supposed that so trite a subject could have been rendered so attractive. Our correspondent has evidently studied his subject with great care, and, which is better, *con amore*. He does not follow in the beaten track, but has the boldness to differ from many former critics; and there is a freshness and originality in his remarks which cannot fail of being admired by the classical reader.

Mr. Poe's story of "*Hans Phaall*," will add much to his reputation as an imaginative writer. In these *ballooning* days, when every "puny whipster" is willing to risk his neck in an attempt to "leave dull earth behind him," and when we hear so much of the benefits which science is to derive from the art of ærostation, a journey to the moon may not be considered a matter of mere moonshine. Mr. Poe's scientific Dutch bellows-mender is certainly a prodigy, and the more to be admired, as he performs impossibilities, and details them with a minuteness so much like truth, that they seem quite probable. Indeed the *cause* of his great enterprise is in admirable harmony with the exploits which it encourages him to perform. There are thousands who, to escape the pertinacity of uncivil creditors, would be tempted to a flight as perilous as that of Hans Phaall. Mr. Poe's story is a long one, but it will appear short to the reader, whom it bears along with irresistible interest, through a region of which, of all others, we know least, but which his fancy has invested with peculiar charms. We trust that a future missive from the lunar voyager will give us a narrative of his adventures in the orb that he has been the first to explore.

"*The Sale*" is one of Nugator's best sketches, and will be recognized as true to the life, by those who best know the scenes and circumstances described. The characters of the Hoe-Cake ridger and his steed are admirably drawn.

Among our Reviews, those upon *Bancroft's History of the United States*, and the *Writings of General Washington*, are from the gifted pen of the reviewer of the orations of Messrs. Adams and Everett. The former displays much research, and contains some highly interesting details of our early history. The latter is the most eloquent tribute to the character of Washington that has ever met our eye. It is not our custom to notice our reviews; but it would have been indelicate in us to assume for a moment, even indirectly, the authorship of two articles of such transcendent merit.

The Poetical department in the present number is well supplied. "*The Daughter's Lullaby*," a parody of Mrs. Hemans's Sunset Tree, but a *parody* only in the form of the verse, is a perfect gem. The *Lines on Lafayette*, by Mrs. Willard, possess much merit. "*The Old Parish Church*," will be read with feeling by the Virginia *antiquarian*—if such a being exist among us. The stanzas to "*Estelle*," and the lines which follow, were formerly addressed to us under the signature of *Fra Diavolo*, and were not inserted, because accompanied by another poem which the late editor deemed objectionable. The author has requested us to suppress the latter, and has permitted the publication of those pieces to which no exception was taken by our predecessor, who was fully impressed with the spirit of true poetry which characterizes these productions. The scene from the unpublished drama, entitled "*Arnold and Andre*," will be read with uncommon interest. The author is not unknown to fame, and in this fragment of a work, which he informs us it is his intention to complete, he has given earnest of the merit which it will possess as a whole. The description of the battle of Princeton (the only occasion as we believe, in which Washington drew his sword during the whole war,) is powerfully described by the Old Officer, as also the great influence which the father of our liberties possessed and exercised over the minds and actions of his followers. It is with great pleasure we announce the writer of this admirable scene, as one from whom future contributions to the Messenger may be anticipated.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A STORM ON THE PRAIRIES.

[From the Manuscripts of D. D. Mitchell, Esquire.]

I left the Fort early in the morning of the 28th December, accompanied as usual by my Spaniard and a few Canadian servants. The season thus far had been uncommonly fine, not a spot of snow was visible on the prairies, and, as we passed along, the Elk, Antelope, and Fox, were seen in various directions reposing with all that lazy listlessness which the warm suns of March and April never fail to produce upon both man and beast. There was in fact nothing to remind us of the presence of winter, except the barren nakedness of nature, and the long range of the rocky mountains whose snowy peaks glittered in the sun, and whose hoary summits stretching far to the north and south, were undistinguishable from the white vapory clouds which floated around them. Towards evening, however, a fresh gale sprung up from the north, and a very sensible change in the temperature was experienced. We drew our Buffalo robes closer around us, and jogged on, talking and laughing away the time, inattentive to the signs of the storm which was rapidly gathering. A few flakes of snow began to descend, and the sun became suddenly obscured. We were now sensible that a snow storm of unusual violence was fast approaching, and we laid whip to our horses, in the hope of reaching the shelter afforded by a spot of timbered ground, about eight miles distant. The tempest however had already burst upon us in all its fury; large snow-flakes came whirling and eddying about our heads, which were caught up by the wind before they could fall to the earth;—darkness and confusion increased every moment, and in half an hour it was impossible to see ten paces before us. Our horses now became blind and ungovernable, some dashing away with their riders across the prairies, heedless of what direction they took, and others taking a firm and immoveable position with their heads opposite to the wind and refusing to stir an inch. Of course, all of us became soon separated. It was of no use to call out to each other, for our voices were drowned in the roar of the tempest, and could not be heard twenty steps. In this emergency I dismounted from my steed, and leaving him to his fate, endeavored to keep myself warm by vigorous exercise. Blinded and chilled by the wind and snow, I stumbled forward, groping my way in darkness, and regardless of the route which I took. At length, having proceeded some distance, I tumbled headlong into a deep ravine filled with snow, from which, with all my efforts, enfeebled as I was by fatigue, I was unable to extricate myself. After some rest and many unavailing trials, I at length crawled out, and perceiving at some little distance a kind of shelter formed by an overhanging rock, I immediately sought it, and wrapping my cloak and blanket around me, sat down in no enviable mood, contemplating my forlorn and apparently hopeless condition. After remaining in the ravine about two hours, the fury of the storm subsided, when on making a careful examination I discovered a place in the bank which was of comparatively easy ascent, and accordingly succeeded in gaining the level prairies. I looked around for my unfortunate companions, but no vestige of them was to be seen. The snow lay piled up in ridges several feet high, and the wind though considerably abated, continued to throw its light particles into such dense masses or clouds as to intercept the view beyond a short distance. There was a kind of hillock or mound in the prairie, about a half mile off, to which I directed my steps in the hope that from its summit I might make some discovery, and I was not disappointed. I thought that I saw a few hundred yards distant, the whole of my party collected together, and I instantly turned to join them. Guess my astonishment, however, when in lieu of my unfortunate comrades, I recognized my horse standing all benumbed and shivering with cold, in company with a few old buffalo bulls. I approached very near before they saw me, but on reaching out my hand to seize my horse's bridle, the buffaloes took to flight, and whether it was that my horse being a regular hunter, followed them from habit, or clung to them in the present instance as companions in misfortune, I do not know,—but so it was that he scampered off with the rest, and by his ill timed desertion greatly aggravated my distress. I was now thirty miles from home,—the night was fast approaching and the weather intensely cold. What was I to do? If I lay in the open prairie, without the means of kindling a fire, I knew that the snow would at once be my winding sheet and grave: the thought too of my companions, and their uncertain fate, added poignancy to my reflections.

After a few moments of melancholy musing, I determined to pursue my horse, and if he could not be reclaimed to shoot him on the spot, in order that I might recover such articles as he carried on his back, and which might aid me in repelling the cold. I followed for nearly a mile, the horse and buffalo still walking off before me, when my patience being entirely exhausted, I took deliberate aim and fired. The ball however fell short of its mark, the buffaloes ran off at full speed, and my horse, greatly to my surprise, instead of following the bad example of flight, suddenly pricked up his ears and looked inquiringly around. Whether it was that he knew the report of my gun, which had so often brought down the buffalo, when mounted on his back, or that he really took compassion on my desolate situation and repented his ungrateful conduct, it is of course impossible to tell, but so it was that he turned round and hastened to meet me at a brisk trot. When he approached very near, he stopped and seemed irresolute, but having reloaded my gun I was resolved that he should not again escape. I made towards him as warily as possible, when making a sudden spring I seized the bridle, and in a few moments was safely seated on his back.

A moment before I could have exclaimed with the ill-fated Richard, "a horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" but now that I had reclaimed my own, I found my situation but little alleviated. The sun had already sunk far behind the mountains, and the wind, which blew directly from the north, came with such intense bitterness that in spite of my clothing and robe, it seemed to penetrate my very vitals. I gazed round on the boundless prairie, in the hope of descrying some timbered spot which should serve as a place of refuge, but all was one dreary waste. Nothing was to be seen but a broad expanse of plain, undulated by ridges of snow—and nothing heard but the hollow and mournful gusts which swept over the desolate scene and sounded like a fune-

ral dirge. My apprehensions were gloomy enough, and losing all confidence in my own half-bewildered reason, I threw the reins on the neck of my horse, and giving him the whip, surrendered the choice of the route to his own better instinct. The sagacious brute seemed conscious of his new responsibility, and as if to atone for his unkind treatment after the storm, he gave a loud neigh, and then sprung off at a sweeping gallop which he continued for an hour and a half. It was now completely dark, and I was so thoroughly benumbed with cold, that I could scarcely retain my seat. I felt indeed like one lingering on the very brink of despair, when my horse suddenly gave another loud neigh which was instantly returned. He sprang forward with renewed life and spirit, and in a moment after, upon reaching the top of some rising ground, a large fire sent up its cheerful blaze to my view; and to my utter surprise as well as delight, I beheld my companions who were so recently dispersed by the storm, comfortably seated around it. With a loud shout of congratulation I hurried down the hill and joined them. A sailor who has been wrecked at sea, and who after buffeting the stormy billows until nature is exhausted, is at length cast on shore by some friendly wave, never felt a more thrilling sensation of pleasure or thankfulness, than I did at that moment. In the fulness of my heart I most fervently thanked heaven for its protection; then seizing my horse around the neck, I tenderly embraced him, and poured forth my gratitude and forgiveness to his unconscious ear. Many no doubt would be disposed to smile at this seeming folly; but let them reflect that when the spirit has been raised from the lowest depths of despair to the highest summit of hope and enjoyment—the man must be cold indeed who does not evince some extravagance in feeling or conduct, as in the case of the poor man, whose fortunes are suddenly made by a prize in the lottery, some excuse may be given for a few irrational freaks and absurd eccentricities. Like all excessive joy, however, mine was but temporary—or at least not unalloyed, for I soon discovered that one of my men was missing, having been separated from his companions during the storm, and not since seen or heard of.

With the aid of a large fire, a sufficient number of blankets, and a bottle of old Jamaica, we contrived to pass the night in tolerable comfort, notwithstanding the cold, which was tremendous. Early next morning, we proceeded to scour the prairie in search of our lost companion. We searched until late in the evening—but all our efforts were vain, and we returned once more to the camp. The unfortunate man had doubtless fallen a victim to the fury of the storm,—for we never heard of him more. His body probably lay wrapped in its snowy shroud until spring, when at last it was revealed to the eager eyes of ravenous birds and beasts. Death is in any shape appalling; and his near approach will for a moment shake the stoutest heart. It will even blanch the cheek of the hero, surrounded by the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." What then must be the situation of him who is overtaken by the violence of the wintry storm, and sinks, exhausted by cold and weariness, on the trackless prairie. For the last time he hears the night wind, as it chants his funeral dirge,—whilst the mournful howl of the starving wolf, or the scream of the ill-omened raven, as he circles in the air, and watches the last vital spark as it vanishes—disturbs the dying moments of the victim!

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LETTERS FROM A SISTER.

LETTER FIFTEENTH.

Foundling Hospital—Hotel Carnavalet—Count de Ségur.

PARIS, ———.

This morning, dear Jane, we visited the Foundling Hospital. Being told we should go there very early to behold the emptying of the baskets in which the babes are deposited at the gate during the night, we hastened there ere seven o'clock; but we had been misinformed, and were disappointed in our wishes. The infants are carried there at all hours; none however were received during our visit. We were conducted through the numerous wards, and saw many forsaken little creatures—a distressing sight, indeed! Then to behold the sufferings of such as were diseased! Some of them lying on hard beds, with a bright light from opposite windows torturing their eyes, which were generally inflamed from being thus exposed. Some of the nurses too, were exceedingly rough. For instance, in an apartment attached to the sick wards, four or five women were occupied in *dosing* and feeding several babes—one of them asked another who stood by a table, to hand her a spoon; instead of handing it, she threw it, and so carelessly, that the poor child received a blow on the cheek. I could have boxed the vixen! Each infant is swathed, and wears on its wrist a piece of pewter, telling the hour, the day of the month, and the year of its reception at the hospital; this enables a parent who may desire to reclaim a child, to find it. About six thousand children are annually received here, and frequently as many as twenty in the course of a day. A considerable number are sent into the country to be nursed, and during our stay, a half a dozen carts drove off, filled with peasant women and their helpless charges. The destiny of these we thought enviable, when compared with that of those who remained. At two years of age, the children are removed to another hospital, and there instructed until old enough to be put to some trade.

After breakfast, we visited a place of a more pleasing description; this was the Hotel de Carnavalet, formerly the residence of Madame de Sévigné. It is now inhabited by a Monsieur de P——, an eminent engineer, with whom we have become acquainted, and who kindly invited us there, to see the very chamber and cabinet occupied by that lady, when she penned those charming letters to the Countess de Grignan. The window of the cabinet overlooks a small garden, in which is a flourishing yew tree, that was planted by Madame de Sévigné herself. As I viewed it, and thought of her who reared it, Lord Byron's beautiful lines on the cypress came forcibly to my mind.

> "Dark tree! still sad when other's grief is fled,
> The only constant mourner o'er the dead."

The charming old Count de Ségur has returned to town, and we have paid him our respects at his residence in the Rue Duphot. He was here yesterday, and invited us to dine with him *en famille* to-day; we are going, and I shall close my letter with an account of the party, when we come back. At present I must abandon the writing desk for the toilet table.

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Eleven at night. We reached home a half an hour since, and having changed my dress for a robe de chambre, behold me quite at my ease, and again in possession of the pen. We spent our hours delightfully at the Count's! On alighting there, we were for some minutes sole tenants of the parlor, and thus had an opportunity of examining a beautiful portrait that decorates the wall of the room, and which we afterwards learned, is that of the late Countess de Ségur. It was painted during her youth, and if the resemblance be a good one, she must have been a lovely creature! Our observations were interrupted by the entrance of the Count from his library, adjoining the parlor—and our circle was soon increased by the addition of several French gentlemen, to whom he introduced us, but I quite forget their names. One of them had recently been in Greece, and described a horrible scene of carnage he witnessed there. In the evening the Count had many visiters, this being the time he prefers his friends to call on him. Among those who came in, was the authoress of "Adèle de Senange," that interesting novel we read together last winter. You may depend I heard the name of Madame de S—— announced with great satisfaction. She entered, and we beheld a plain looking woman, apparently about fifty years old. Then there was Monsieur de Marbois, who wrote the history of Louisiana, one of the United States; and Count Philip de Ségur, author of the "Russian Campaign," who is considered the ablest military historian of the age. I am now so sleepy I can write no more, so bid you, in the name of all of us, a fond adieu.

LEONTINE.

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LETTER SIXTEENTH.

Saint Denis—Montmorency—the Rendezvous—the Hermitage—Enghien—Mass at the Tuileries' Chapel—the Bourbons.

PARIS, ——.

Dear Jane:—

Marcella Erisford has arrived, accompanied by her father, who returns to Soissons to-morrow. He has been residing there eleven months, in order to settle some business, relative to a legacy left him by an intimate friend; in the spring he expects to re-embark for Philadelphia, his native city. He resembles his sister, Mrs. Danville, and appears equally amiable and desirous of contributing to the happiness of those around him. We shall sincerely regret his departure. Marcella is quite a beauty, with her glowing cheeks, hazel eyes and pearly teeth, although her features are by no means regular. She is less lively than Leonora, but just as intelligent and accomplished; so you see I have two delightful companions to console me (if it were *possible*) for your absence. Our brother Edgar is, I think, desperately smitten with Marcella; certes, when she is by, he has neither eyes or ears for any body or anything else.

Now for our peregrinations. The weather being remarkably fine on Tuesday, and the carriages at the door by nine o'clock, according to order, we proceeded to Montmorency and the Abbey of St. Denis. Oh, how your pensive spirit will luxuriate in wandering through the solemn aisles and caverns of this "hoary pile," among the sepulchres of its mighty dead! You are aware that during the revolution, this asylum of deceased royalty, was invaded by a barbarous populace, who dragged the corpses from their graves, loaded them with indignities, and cast them into ditches and other places of filth. It is related that the corpse of the brave Louis XIV, when thus profaned, raised its arm, as if to strike the miscreant who dared the deed, while that of the good Henri Quatre (which was found uninjured by time) smiled benignantly on his ungrateful subjects! The tombs have since been restored by Napoleon, who intended for himself and his descendants the vault which is appropriated to the Bourbons. It is secured by two massive bronze gates, which he had made to close upon his own ashes, that now repose under a simple stone on the barren island of St. Helena! So changes the glory of this world and its mighty ones! The Abbey of Saint Denis was originally a plain chapel, erected by a pious and wealthy lady named Catulla, to shelter the remains of that martyr (St. Denis) and his companions, after their execution. The generosity and care of various monarchs, have transformed the humble chapel into the present majestic cathedral. The relics of St. Denis are enclosed in a splendid shrine, the gift of Louis XVIII; and the sumptuous altar in front of this, with its enormous gold candlesticks, was given to the church by Bonaparte, after his marriage with the Empress Marie Louise, on which occasion it was first erected in the Louvre, where the ceremony was performed. In the side aisles of St. Denis, are several superb monuments, in memory of Francis I, Henry II, and Henry III, and their queens. The antique sepulchres of Dagobert, and his spouse Nantilde, are near the door, and that of Dagobert most curiously carved. In one of the vaults we saw the stone coffin of King Pepin; it is open and empty, and when struck upon the side, sounds like metal. Near the mausoleum of Francis I, stands the mimic bier of Louis XVIII, canopied and richly decorated with funereal ornaments. It will remain until succeeded by that of Charles X, for such is the custom of France. What gave rise to it I know not; but we may reasonably suppose that it was intended, like the monitor of Philip of Macedon, to remind the reigning monarch of his mortality.

At Montmorency we had fine sport riding about on donkeys to the different points of view that merit notice for their beauty. The little animal upon which Mr. Erisford rode, was at first extremely refractory, and the trouble he had to force it along excited our mirth; then my saddle girth broke, and this was another source of merriment. After riding over the valley, we alighted at the hunting seat of the unhappy father of the murdered Duke d'Enghien, the present prince of Condé, who is said to be yet overwhelmed with affliction at the untimely and cruel end of his noble son. The place is called the "Rendezvous;" it is shady and pleasant—the house a plain stone building: we did not enter it, but partook of some cool milk beneath the trees, in front of the door. We purchased it of the game keeper and his wife, who reside there. Retracing our path, (and the little donkeys, I assure you, trotted *back* much faster than they *went*,) we stopped at the Hermitage. This is the most interesting object to be seen at Montmorency, and indeed the chief attraction to that spot—although circumstances induced us to defer our visit to it till the last. It is a quarter of a mile from the village, and was the residence of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and afterwards of Andrew Gretry, the musical composer,

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whose family still occupy it. They are so obliging as to allow strangers to visit this rural retreat of those celebrated men, and have arranged in a small apartment, various articles that were owned and used by them, and that are consequently interesting to the spectator; for instance, the bedstead and table of Rousseau; the cup and saucer of Gretry; his comb and spectacles, and the antique little spinet upon which he tried his compositions. A flower garden adjoins the mansion, and there we saw a rose bush that was planted by Jean Jacques, and the stone bench upon which he used to sit while writing his "Héloise." From the bay tree that shades it, I procured a leaf for your herbarium. A rivulet meanders through the garden, and empties into a small lake, near which is the bust of Gretry, supported by a column, with an inscription in gilt letters. Rousseau's bust occupies a niche in the wall, and is covered with a glass to protect it from the pencils of scribblers, which have disfigured it considerably. Bidding adieu to the Hermitage, we returned to the "White Horse," an excellent inn we had selected in the town, and having recruited ourselves with a hearty dinner, resumed our seats upon the donkeys, and repaired to the village of d'Enghien, (a mile distant,) to see its neat and commodious sulphur baths, and the pretty lake of St. Gratien, on the border of which it stands. In the centre of the water is a restaurant, to which, if you choose, you are conveyed in a boat; but it was so late, that our parents would not consent to make this aquatic excursion, and we therefore returned to Montmorency, and thence to Paris. A bright moon lighted us home, where we arrived about eleven o'clock, pleased with our day's adventures, and so sleepy we could scarcely reach our chambers without falling into a slumber on the way. On Sunday Mr. Dorval brought us six tickets of admission to the Chapel of the Tuileries, where high mass is performed every Sabbath while the king is in the city. Not a moment was to be lost, so we hastened to array ourselves for the occasion, as full dress is required if you sit in the gallery with the royal family, and our billets were such as to admit us there. Marcella, Leonora and myself had just purchased new bonnets, and these we wore. Their's are of straw colored crape, ornamented with blond and bunches of lilacs, and are very becoming; mine is of pink, and decorated with blond and white hyacynths. Our party, consisting of Mamma, Papa, Edgar, and our three ladyships, was soon ready and at the palace. The chapel was crowded, but we found no difficulty in obtaining seats—for on presenting our tickets, the captain of the guards handed us to them, and the throng yielded to him without hesitation. The music was very fine, and we had a close view of the Bourbons and their suite. They were sumptuously clad, and the King and Duke and Duchess of Angoulême seemed very devout. The Duchess has a most melancholy expression of countenance, owing perhaps to the sad vicissitudes of her youth. Neither she, her spouse or uncle are popular. The Duchess de Berri is exceedingly so, and is considered one of the most charitable ladies in the kingdom. She is extremely fair, has light hair and a pleasing face. She is not sufficiently dignified, I think, and is a terrible fidget; during service she was continually adjusting her tucker, necklace, or sleeve. It is reported, that when the omnibuses, or circulating carriages of the boulevards were first introduced, she made a bet with the king that she would ride in one of them, and actually did so, in disguise! I am summoned to the parlor to receive visiters—so kiss my hand to you.

LEONTINE.

P. S. Our guests proved to be General and Mr. George Washington Lafayette. They came to take leave of us ere their departure for La Grange. The Chamber of Deputies having dissolved, they go to the country to-morrow, where the rest of the family have already established themselves. We have been so pressingly invited to pay them a visit, that we have determined to do so, and anticipate great pleasure and gratification from spending a day or two in the midst of this charming and highly respected family. Again adieu.

L.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MY DAUGHTER'S LULLABY.

Tune—"The Sunset Tree."

Come! Come! Come!
Come to thy Mother's breast!
The day begins to close:
And the bright, but fading west
Invites thee to repose.
The frolic and the fun
Of thy childish sports are o'er:
But, with to-morrow's sun,
To be renewed once more.

Come! Come! Come!
Come to thy Mother's breast!
The day begins to close:
And the bright, but fading west
Invites thee to repose.

Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!
Sweet on thy Mother's knee!
To con thine evening prayer,
To him who watches thee
With a Father's tender care.
For parents and for friends
Then breathe thy simple vow;
And when life's evening ends,
Be innocent as now.

Come! Come! Come!
Come to thy Mother's breast!
The day begins to close:
And the darkening of the west
Invites thee to repose.

Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!
Sleep till the morning beams!
My song is in thine ear,
To mingle with thy dreams,
And to tell thee I am near.
Bright be thy dreams, my child!
Bright as thy waking eyes,
As the morning beaming mild,
Or the hope that never dies.

Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!
Sleep on thy Mother's breast!
Thine eyes begin to close;
And she that loves thee best
Has lulled thee to repose.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Troy, June, 1835.

Mr. White,—The very polite invitation received in yours of February 11th, (the more valuable because it in part originates with Mr. R.) to contribute to your well conducted, entertaining and instructive periodical, would have been sooner answered, but that I was desirous to write something specially intended for the Messenger. But owing to my having a work (Universal History in Perspective) now in the press, the manuscript of which is not yet quite finished, I am obliged to devote every leisure moment in that direction. Unwilling, however, not to respond to the Virginian politeness which dictated your letter, I have sent you, from my port-folio, some little poems which have not been published.

The Messenger, as I have learned from some of our gentlemen who frequent the reading room, is highly spoken of here. Accept my grateful acknowledgment of your favor, in sending it to me.

Respectfully, yours, EMMA WILLARD.

OCEAN HYMN.

Written on board the Sully, on a return voyage from France, July, 1831.

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,
Father, protect me while I sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou my God hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine;
Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath
Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death,
In ocean-cave, still safe with thee,
The germ of immortality,
And sweet and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

—

The following was written soon after the intelligence of Lafayette's death reached this country. At the public examination of the young ladies under my charge, they appeared in mourning, on the last day, August 5th, on account of the death of our country's father, and also on that of the death of two of their former school companions. At the close of the school exercises, the little poem in blank verse, was read by one of their number, and the dirge, with a plaintive accompaniment on the harp and piano, was sung. It may be thought strange that I should venture to produce this, when the performances of such eminent men as Messrs. Everett and Adams are before the public.* But the incidents of the life of Lafayette are so well known, that it appears to me only necessary to give to memory the key-note and excite her to use her own powers; and to this end a poetic diction gives to the writer some advantages, as it admits of greater condensation of narrative, of thought, and feeling.

* This was prepared for the Messenger before the number was received containing the critique on those publications.

LAFAYETTE.

On Seine's fair banks, amidst Parisian towers,
Gather a multitude! Slowly they come,
And mournfully. The very children weep;
And the stern soldier hath his sun-burnt face
Wet with unwonted tears. And see! From forth
The portals of a venerable church,
The mourners following, and the pall upborne
By white-haired ancients of the sorrowing land,
A coffin issues. Needless task, to tell
Whose pallid lineaments—whose clay-cold form
They bear to his long rest. France hath but one
So loved, so honored; nay, the world itself
Hath not another.
Who shall fill his place?
Who now, when suffering justice pleads, will hear?
And when humanity with fettered hands
Uplifted cries, who now will nerve the arm?
Who break the silken bands of pleasure, spurn
Ancestral pride, the pomp of courts, and sweet
Domestic love, and bare his bosom in
The generous strife?
Let us recall his acts
And teach them to our sons. Perchance the spark
Extinct, rekindling in some youthful heart,
The hero's spirit, will return to bless.
Who treads Columbia's soil, but knows his blood
Hath mingled with it, freely shed for us.
For injur'd France, impoverish'd and oppress'd,
In freedom's sacred cause, he next stood forth,
And despotism closed her long career.
But wild misrule uprose; and murder's arm
Was bared to strike. Lafayette interposed;—
Chief of a distant armed host, he wrote
And bade the legislative band beware!
Then Jacobinic tigers growled, muttering
A Cæsar! Slay him! At an army's head
He dictates to the Senate! Hush! he comes—
Alone, unarmed, save with the sword of truth,
And beards the monsters in their very den.
They quail, and freedom's sons arouse.
Then thou, poor sufferer, Louis had not died,
Nor hapless Antoinette, thy beauteous neck
Had never fed the greedy guillotine,
Nor yet had Olmutz' dreary dungeon held
That noble man, had ye but trusted him.
O'er the broad page of history, there comes
A meteor glare. Napoleon rises!
Other lights grow dim, or fade away;
But plagues are scattered from the burning trail—
Lafayette's star, tho' hid, moves on unquenched;
O'er fair La Grange it shines with beauteous ray,
And fosters in its beams domestic joy.
The comet sinks beneath Helena's rocks;
The star remains, undimmed, a guide to France.
But hath Columbia no gratitude?
She woos her brave deliverer to her arms!
Again he rides the wave; not now, as once,
The banner'd eagle droops the pensive wing,
But proudly fluttering, o'er his favorite's head
Bears high the starry crest.
He comes! resounds
Along Manhattan's strand and o'er her waves;
The city is unpeopled, thronged the shore,
Gay pennons wave, and cannon roar; men shout,

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LIONEL GRANBY.

CHAP. II.

For scarcely entering on my prime of age,
Grief marked me for her own.
[*Camoens, by Lord Strangford.*

My education had been superintended exclusively by my mother. Under her intelligent control I had mastered the common rudiments of learning, and had acquired, from my intellectual association with her, a taste for poetry and light philosophy. I read every thing with an earnestness which knew no satiety. In my fifteenth year, my mind was a rude mass of incongruous erudition; possessing learning without accuracy, and information without wisdom. My character derived a rudeness from the unbroken solitude of my studies, taking, like the insect of the forest, the hue of the leaf on which it lived and banqueted. The "Book of Martyrs," awakened into melancholy the sympathies of my heart, and lashed into bitterness the fierce intolerance of my passions. I was religious only in the vengeance of persecution! How often have I felt, beneath the prayers of my mother, the gentleness of a hallowed contrition stealing over my proud heart. Alas! that this contagious sympathy should leave no impression; for I would return to my favorite feast of blood, and arise from its enjoyment a tyrant and a bigot.

The day on which I was sent to school, is deeply marked on my memory. The preparations for my departure, the advice of my mother, the remonstrances of my nurse, and the tears of Scipio, were the gloomy heralds of my utter desolation of heart. Our slaves, as I passed them in the chariot, left their work and ran to bless me. Many of them bade me farewell with struggling emotion, while several of the old ones told me to be of stout heart, and never forget that I was a Granby. I sobbed aloud in the fulness of my heart, when I gave them my hand. The sternness of manhood has never blushed for those tears.

My teacher was a native of Scotland, and officiated as the minister to the parish in which he resided. Like most scholars, he could turn to the example of Socrates for resignation under the rule of the shrillest of all Xantippes. It was the principal weapon he used in his marital patience, but with that success which always made him doubt his own victory. He was a curious compound of pedantry, simplicity, and erudition. His existence was a verb, and his whole life was a dull routine of plain theology and pompous verbosity. He was under many ties of gratitude to our family, and my arrival was greeted by him with demonstrations of pleasure and affection.

I was now almost alone in the world. The silken luxury, the aristocratic pride, and the unsubdued temper in which I had been bred, utterly disqualified me for the democracy in which I was placed. In the solitude of my pride I turned to the resources of study, and by a severity of character I chilled into cold contempt the incipient friendship of many a noble and ingenuous heart. I made but one friend, and to him I clung with affectionate enthusiasm. To Arthur Ludwell I disclosed the secret feelings and desires of my nature. He could reprove me without inflicting pain, and excite me to labor without flattery. His heart was the chosen citadel of every virtue under heaven, and he was wont to bear the whirlwind of my passions without a murmur of resentment. On one occasion I had treated him with excessive rudeness. He bore my pride with his accustomed fortitude; and that night, after I had retired to bed, he entered my room, and thinking me asleep, he bent over my face and wept like a child. Could I ask a keener reproach? Could I demand a better proof of the purity and delicacy of his affection?

In this school there was a student named Pilton, the only son of one who had been many years before my birth, an overseer on the plantation of my father, and who had amassed, by economy and industry, a large fortune. He was a rude, vulgar, and unfeeling boy, with a harsh countenance and coarsely built frame. His hair was a dingy red, and his frame uncouth and repulsive; yet he possessed a genius which could grasp every difficulty, and an intellect which could master the asperities of every science. I hated him with a vindictive and uncompromising energy. I did not envy him, for I could not so far disgrace the dignity of that passion (the cousin-german of school-boy emulation) as to extend its malevolence to such a being. My feelings towards him, were disgust and unalterable contempt. He was frank without liberality, and candid without honor. Deceit flung its patched mantle over the chronic vice of his character, and duplicity ruled a heart in which nature had thrown neither fire, delicacy, nor elevation. From the influence of his mind he had attached to himself a considerable party of the timid, irresolute, and indolent; yet he shrunk from the merciless venom of my scorn. Though a coward he could display the courage of necessity, and would sometimes retort my sarcasms with severity and firmness. Shortly before our separation, we had quarrelled with implacable fierceness. I called him a coward, and an ill-bred vagrant. He replied to my attack in these words, which ever in after-life, writhed around my memory in a cold and scorpion-like embrace:

"Mr. Granby! I know the history of your proud family. You are seventeen years of age. Do you not dread the mystery of that number, which made your grandfather a premature dotard? Beware! I am revenged. You will live a lunatic and die a driveller."

I was silent under this fearful curse. The narrative of my grandfather's precocious youth and imbecile adolescence, his lofty chivalry and stubborn pride, which I had often drank from the garrulity of my nurse, was borne before me in a full and freshening tide. I controlled my struggling passions, and quitted my adversary humbled more by the agony of my own feelings, than excited by the bitterness of his retort. This scene constituted an era in the history of my hate. Revenge hourly lashed itself into frenzy; and amid the bustle of the day and the solitude of the night, I never ceased from the pursuit of an opportunity to gratify the deeply seated passion of my heart. I never forgave him! I banqueted on that merciless revenge, which dripping in a steady and uniform course through the recesses of my heart, formed a cold and impenetrable stalactite of withering malignity. It was a treasured, honored, and hoarded hate which planted itself firmly in my bosom, and which eagerly longed for its time of fruition. Even now, when time has worn down the fierceness of my life and softened into resignation the frown of destiny,

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this passion blooms on, with more freshness and constancy than the mistletoe which scatters its wild luxuriance around the blasted and ruined oak.

The period now approached when I was to quit school. I had never returned home, but the pains of absence had been alleviated by the monthly visits of Scipio, always laden with letters of reproof from my mother, love from Lucy, ambition from my brother, and scraps of Horace and quaint gallantries from my uncle. I had learned rapidly and accurately, mastering the spirit and elegance of the Latin language, and acquiring that measure of Greek literature which enables the Virginian scholar to play the pedant on it for one year, and authorises him to forget it in two.

Arthur Ludwell had promised to accompany me home; and in a short time the Chalgrave chariot, with its massy doors, conceited driver, tangled harness and gazing postilion, brought the glad tidings of my return to the home of my fathers. I quitted school without regret, for there I had spent some of the most miserable hours of my existence. With how much delusive philosophy do we dwell on the vapid pleasures of our school-boy days! and when tired of the poor farce of cheating ourselves into a little happiness, we labor to coax ourselves into tenderness by invoking the remembrance of some shadowy and negative dream. Our cares, vexations and disappointments, as men, make us envy the apparent tranquillity of the boy, while we forget that youth, though a smaller circumference of mortality, has yet the same centre of passion, hope and disappointment. In the spring-time of life we are full of elastic anticipation; and over the brilliant horizon which it creates, each cloud drifts rapidly by and none sojourns to darken the brilliant outline. We fondly believe that all beyond is a candid and generous world, eager to applaud our genius or reciprocate our sympathies. How soon is this gossamer fabric crushed beneath the rugged grasp of reality, and how truly do we find that anticipation is folly, and retrospection an utter foolishness of heart.

On a laughing morning in spring I quitted school for home, with all my buoyant feelings of filial and fraternal love chastised into wretchedness by the curse of Pilton.

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CHAP. III.

Even the pine forests in which he rambled in boyhood, are still hallowed in his recollection.—*Farmer's Register.*

There is a bright and glowing loveliness in the climate of Virginia. Its sudden vicissitudes, like the smiles of the coquette, bring with them all the excitements of pleasing variety, and we half forget its momentary frowns in the constancy of its brightness. Spring dallies away all its freshness and gentleness among the hills, the flowers and the forests of Virginia; at this season of the year the cloudless sky, the exhilarating luxury of the noontide sun, the dark yet bright green of her woods and meadows, and the busy hum of animated nature, steal over the heart with a holy and impassioned sympathy. Habit, with all its deadening attritions, cannot wear off that admiration and rapture with which we revel in the softness of a Virginian day. Italy's burning sky awakens into ecstacy the sluggish native of England, and he breathes in polished verse the brilliancy of that clime which stands in bold relief against the gloomy fogs of his own sea-girt isle. We catch the delusive truth which poetry whispers, and forget that the climate of Italy is saddened, even in its brightness, by a tedious monotony which falls on the sated appetite. It is a spirit without animation, and burns on with the steadiness and glare of a sepulchral lamp. In Virginia it is diversified by endless and varied blushes of gentleness and beauty. The laziest cloud seems to roll away in voluptuous ether. The breeze murmurs through the forest, and lingers there to gather all its swelling fragrance. Every thing is redolent of that freshness of nature which fancy would invoke for the bridal of the earth and sky.

> "And all the scene in short, sky, earth and sea
> Breathes like a bright-eyed face—that laughs out openly."

It was in this beautiful season of the year that, on turning an angle of the forest, the Chalgrave plantation with its stately mansion, extensive champaign and numerous cottages, broke upon our anxious view. The last rays of the setting sun poured their struggling light over the broad bosom of the Chesapeake, which reflected in trembling obscurity the shadowy outline of the forest, hill and plain. One bound from the chariot, placed me in my mother's arms. She was dignified even in her tenderness; and disengaging herself from me with a kiss, she left me to the affectionate salutation of Lucy, the warm greeting of Frederick, and the smiles of my uncle. A scuffle now ensued among the negroes who should be the first to grasp my extended hand; for in the fulness of my joy, I had offered this simple politeness with more of feeling than generally characterizes this striking indication of the well-bred Virginian. My old nurse sobbed, and laughed aloud in the rapture of her pleasure; the ostler commenced a tedious history of the pedigree, form, and swiftness of every colt on the estate; while the dining room servant told me that he was (Je-oh) delighted I had not learned to chew tobacco or wear striped pantaloons. For every salutation I gave, I received a compliment remarkable for its wildness of metaphor and for the affection which accompanied it. "Mass Lionel (said one) is a true Diomed, every inch of him." "He is born like the eagle, (cried another) a gentleman, and a man of spirit." "He is prettier (exclaimed a third) than all Miss Lucy's flowers!" I laughed outright at their odd and curious courtesy, and dismissing them with a promise that I would visit the aged and infirm in the morning, I lingered at the door, listening to their light and frolic laugh, which mingled and lost itself in the murmuring breeze which was now dancing over the Chesapeake.

And this was slavery! That heart must be torpid—that sensibility obtuse, which could experience such a display of unbought affection, without emotion. This devotion disarms slavery of half its gorgons dire, and leaves us the gratifying consolation, that its abstract vice is softened into gentleness by the humanity of its practice. Laws are not always the truest indications of the moral tone of society. They are the heartless creations of policy, necessity and faction, and take their pride of place from the darkest passions of human nature. Power and obedience are the necessary components of their being; penalty and punishment the active spirit of their existence. Fully armed, they spring into the conflict of virtue and depravity, and bear an iron front, independent of season, time and

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circumstance. Policy may rivet their fetters, yet they fall inoperative and harmless beneath the silent force of that gigantic lever of society—public opinion. Slavery, considered with reference to the laws of Virginia, is a state of penalty, degradation and suffering. Viewed in relation to its practical existence, it is a condition of ease, tranquillity and protection. There is no misery where there is no complaint; no wretchedness where all is peace; and if happiness arise from comparative situation, the Virginian slave eminently enjoys it. He is far removed from the starvation and nakedness of European pauperism. He is a being who invites kindness by acknowledging gratitude; who excites humanity by the noiseless virtue of his life; and who awakens protection by the constancy of his fidelity. The master feels the pride of protection expanding into a chivalry of defence; the slave, in confiding in it, makes no other offering than that of fidelity. These blended feelings invigorate and form the strength and harmony of social life, and eloquently argue to us the truth of that simple maxim, that there can be no fear where all is confidence—no treachery where there is no oppression. The Virginian slave becomes a member of the family in which he was born, and what mutation soever of fortune attend him, his heart is never recreant to the scenes of his childhood. Proud in the prosperity of his "*family*," yet never faithless in its adversity, he is the living chronicler of its rise and elevation, and cannot—will not, believe that it can fall. He is the greatest aristocrat on earth; and the surest avenue to his friendship, is made by that vanity which induces him to believe that the family in which he was *raised*, is noble, prosperous and proud. Quick to perceive vulgarity, and constant in his hatred of it, he wears his pride gracefully, and his dignity with calm tranquillity. Public opinion will suffer no master to use him inhumanly. Undisturbed by the cares and vexations attendant on the support of a family, he is clothed with comfort, and has enough of finery to be a Sunday exquisite; and though he be degraded in the order of society, he feels and believes himself to be an important link in the chain of life. Claudian's beautiful lines convey no paradox when applied to the slavery of Virginia:

> "*Nunquam gratior, extat libertas*
> *Quam sub pio rege.*"

Home, with all its endearments of early association and present enjoyment, was now within my eager embrace, and my affections poured out their suppressed enthusiasm, in the expanded circle of tranquil rapture, even as a bold stream which gushes up to the full fountain which gave it life. This was *home!*—that ideal abstraction which takes the deepened hue of reality, and which leaps into existence, independent of all control. Strange, powerful, unconquerable passion! It asks no aid from the sternness of reason; it demands no support from the habits or pursuits of life. The heart is its chosen dwelling place; and around this hallowed altar, memory invokes her active drama, and fancy scatters its opiate dreams. It burns on amid the eternal snows of the poles, and glows with unextinguishable ardor under the sunny skies of the equator. It breathes its soft melody to the slumbers of the child—stimulates the energy of virtue—nerves the arm of courage—chequers with light the gloom of despair—invigorates the hope of the exile—chastens into patriotism the wild riot of ambition—and while it is the first passion of our nature, it is the last vital fragment in the wreck of mortality.

The history of one day at Chalgrave, was the history of the year. Its portals were ever open to the neighbor and stranger, and a constant throng of company, attracted by its easy hospitality, rendered it gay, social and animated. Each morning the old bell summoned the household to prayers, which by their simplicity, awakened religious awe, without melancholy, and excited humble piety, without fanaticism. Breakfast was a feast, where the mongrel compound of dinner and supper appeared like the relics of a banquet for giants. Earth, sky and sea produced their tributary luxuries; and we were left not to wonder at its extravagance, but at that generous hospitality which found its honor in profusion. This important hour, so useful in dividing the day, having passed, the old chariot was regularly wheeled to the door; ponies for the ladies, blooded horses for the gentlemen, and colts for the boys, were brought out, and the whole household prepared for a ride. Any route would suffice—any highway would be agreeable; but the ride was as necessary to a Virginian's existence, as sedentary grumbling is to an Englishman's. He is then happy—for early and unbroken habit has made him for one half of his life a perfect centaur. On horseback he experiences no solitude, and in its exhilarating exercise, he can forget his much loved politics. The excursion being finished, the company to please their own feelings as much as the pride of their host, would gather around the stables, and for hours critically examine, and earnestly dispute the merits and points of every blooded colt. Dinner was the feast of a caravan. At its close, my mother would retire, followed by the ladies—and at the door she would make a curious old fashioned court'sy, which my uncle, graceful as he was, uniformly returned by a bow, equally aboriginal and grotesque. The pure wine of Madeira now sparkled on the board, and awoke flashes of wit from the indolent, and started from its dream of torpor that spirit-stirring eloquence which sleeps in the intellectual quiescence of the Virginian character. Festivity was never prolonged to debauch, and a firm step carried the gentlemen into the parlor, where the ladies, chess and newspapers, beguiled the lethargy of time.

Arthur Ludwell had resolved to pursue his studies at the College of William and Mary, and his determinations had influenced my mother to send me to the same institution. In a few days I was summoned into the library, where my mother and Frederick were prepared to persuade me into the scheme,—she by the resistless weapon of maternal tenderness, and he by the deceitful logic of ambition. I heard with patience their advice and flattery; and first learned to dread, from an intimation of my brother, that fiend-like spectre, which in the guise of a chancery suit, greets the rising opulence of every family in Virginia—lends a hue of melancholy to its prosperity, and never quits its iron grasp, until it shriek a requiem over the utter ruin and despair of its victim.

"You are affluent," said Frederick, "but whether we gain or lose one chancery suit, it is highly probable that you may yet be forced to engage in some profession which

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can ensure an honorable support. Can you object to the practice of law? It is a profession full of profit and honor—the highway to intellectual distinction and political advancement. Enter then diligently on its study, and how rude soever may be its details, you will quickly find that its pursuit will imperceptibly fashion your mind into a passionate love for its wisdom and philosophy. Look on it as a jealous coquette; give it all your attention or none; and success will be as honorable to your genius as it is gratifying to your pride."

"Go! my dear boy," said my uncle, who now entered the room, "for we all belong to William and Mary—it is the cradle of our genius, and the nurse of our chivalry. I care naught about your profession, but for God's sake, learn something about the mystery of this fatal chancery."

I might have been stubborn! My indolence reeled under the fear of this dark suit, and I instantly resolved to propitiate the demon by becoming a priest in his temple.

THETA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A VISIT TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS,

During the Summer of 1834.

NO. II.

SALT AND RED SULPHUR.

Having engaged a seat in the best line, I took a last look at the beauties of the White Sulphur, and soon found myself rolling away for the Salt. The morning was dark and cloudy, with occasional showers, and having shut up our splendid coach, we were left to our own reveries except when disturbed by an occasional "long yarn" from an ex-gentleman of the box, narrating his adventures among the mountains of North Carolina, or ever and anon by the nasal melody from the olfactory organs of some fellow traveller, who had resigned himself into the arms of Morpheus. Our whole company, however, seemed to partake somewhat of the gloom which the aspect of the day was calculated to inspire, whilst our driver, on the contrary, with all imaginable glee, took advantage of the smooth turnpike and a noble team, to whirl us at a jehu rate over the first part of our journey. The joys of a good road and rapid travelling, were, however, very soon terminated, for our way left the turnpike and led us for several miles up the rough, stony bed of a creek, and over long and rugged hills, much to the annoyance of one or more fair fellow passengers. The day began to brighten as we approached Union, the seat of justice of Monroe county, and a neat village, containing a wealthy and intelligent population. Most of the country, after leaving the White Sulphur, had been wild and uncultivated, although it had the appearance of natural fertility; but now some of the large grazing farms, for which this section of Virginia is so celebrated, spread out their clovered fields in rich luxuriance before us. The general aspect of this region is that of a newly settled country; most of the farm houses, even of men of wealth, being the log tenements erected in the rude style of the frontier settlements. Occasionally, however, there are handsome edifices, built in accordance with a more modern and refined taste. Large numbers of cattle are annually taken from this and the adjoining counties, to the northern markets. The natural growth of grass, found even in the forests, offers great facilities for amassing fortunes by speculations of this description.—After arriving at Union, there remained but three miles of our journey before us; and having taken leave of the worst of the rocks and hills, we forgot the unpleasantness of the morning, in the enjoyment of the beautiful scenery, and the fine, clear day, with which we were blessed, as we drew near the Salt Sulphur. On our right lay a continued range of mountains, upon one of the spurs of which could be seen the residence of a gentleman of South Carolina, who has erected a showy summer retreat upon this airy peak, which commands a view of the springs, the village of Union, and the adjoining country. On our left, was pointed out as we passed, amongst other attractions, the "royal oak," an immense and most noble tree, to which Mr. Jefferson has given this title in his "Notes on Virginia." The valley of the Sweet Sulphur opened to our view as we approached, but its beauties were forgotten, as through its further extremity we caught a glimpse of our place of destination, and especially as we soon plunged through the "creek," and into the gate at the Salt Sulphur.

A stranger who takes the White Sulphur, as a specimen, as to external appearance, of the other springs, would be disappointed, when, after the first glance, he gets a full view of the Salt Sulphur. Nature has not been so lavish of her gifts as at the White Sulphur, and art has as yet added but little to its outward charms. The Salt Sulphur is situated in a ravine, between two small mountains. One of these, slopes very gradually, and upon its side at the distance of some two hundred paces from the base, a row of cottages has been erected. Parallel with these, at the base of the hill, is a similar range, both fronting the level in the valley. Then on the same ascent, and in the direction of the gate, through which you enter upon the spring's premises, is a small hollow square, the farther side of which is connected with the range at the base of the hill, and runs up the acclivity at right angles to that range. Most of these buildings are constructed, according to the early fashion of the country, of hewn logs: many of them have piazza's, and all are close and comfortable. We understand that the proprietors will soon erect ranges of two-story stone buildings in their stead. The hotel is a noble building; the main body of the edifice is near two hundred feet in length, the entire lower floor of which is used as a dining room. A double piazza extends along the whole front, and the upper story is occupied as a dancing

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saloon, lodging rooms, &c. At right angles to this building, at the western extremity, and facing the long ranges on the opposite side of the level, are a few framed cottages, and a two-story stone building, affording very comfortable and pleasant accommodations. The spring, which is some hundred paces higher up the ravine, is protected by a temple somewhat similar to that at the White Sulphur, from the floor of which flights of cut stone steps lead down to the reservoir. The reservoir is a square of about two feet, and is also constructed of hewn sand-stone.

At the White Sulphur, the fairest prospects greet the visiter at his arrival, and every succeeding day of his sojourn only serves to make disclosures, such as mar the first impressions. At the Salt Sulphur, on the contrary, first appearances are rather unpropitious, but there is every thing to gain; we know of no more delightful place in the southern country for spending the sultry months of summer. Indeed we believe, that several families from the Carolinas, and one or more from the north, are accustomed to establish themselves here for the whole season. The proprietors are intelligent gentlemen, and more thoroughly skilled in the art of accommodating, than any men I have ever seen. Their table, which is so justly celebrated, is perhaps the finest in this country. The great danger, however, from this source, is, lest the refined luxuries of the culinary department, should destroy the medicinal effects of the waters. Every attention which could reasonably be required at such an establishment, is here received. All the arrangements are made with the most perfect system. During the last season, the visiters, generally, were of the very first order, and there was a smaller proportion of low characters than was to be found at perhaps any of the other springs. There was also much sociability and true Virginia feeling.

In the evenings, a fine band sent its notes over the still valley, and the more gay portion of the company passed the hours in the ball room. Among the visiters at this place also, was the Rev. Dr. Johns, of Baltimore, and other eminent ministers, and those disposed to enjoy the more abiding pleasures of religion, met, with the close of every day, and were led in their devotions by these men of God. On the Sabbath, too, there were always interesting and appropriate services.

The proprietors have provided for the visiters means of amusement and recreation, which serve to give a zest to the hours which sometimes hang heavily at these watering places, at the same time that they afford a substitute for those pernicious games which are so frequently resorted to in weary moments. Many of the younger visiters gratify their taste for horsemanship, by taking excursions along the wild and romantic roads, which wind through the country, on the fine Virginia steeds, which are found in this region.

The Salt Sulphur water has been particularly efficacious in affections of the stomach. It possesses most of the active, without the stimulating properties of the White Sulphur. On this account the Salt Sulphur water would probably be a more suitable preparative, in pulmonary cases, for those waters which act more directly upon the respiratory system. Indeed, some instances are mentioned where the use of this water alone has effected the cure of individuals subject to hemorrhage from the lungs. With an occasional use of the blue pill, its effect upon the liver is also very pleasant, although not so beneficial as the White Sulphur water. With dyspeptics, in addition to its other action, it has the peculiar property of neutralizing by its alkaline matter, the distressing acidity, to which they are subject. Cold and tepid sulphuretted baths, can be obtained at any time, so that the patient can have the combined effects of the external and internal action of the water upon his system at the same time.

At the distance of less than a mile, in the direction of Union, there is another spring called the Sweet Sulphur, which is also the property of the proprietors of the Salt Sulphur. This spring was a place of considerable resort, until the Salt Sulphur was discovered and improved: no separate accommodations are now provided, but it can be conveniently used by visiters at the Salt Sulphur. It is said to possess less sulphuretted hydrogen, and greater tonic properties than the latter spring.

We must now bid adieu to the Salt Sulphur, leaving with it our best wishes. The enterprising proprietors are continuing their improvements, so that this spring will, in every point of view, soon merit the praise of being the most inviting resort among the mountains.

RED SULPHUR.

After taking a lunch, we sat off early in the afternoon, with a crowded stage, for the Red Sulphur, seventeen miles west of the Salt. Our road wound by a very circuitous route, to the summit of the small mountain, in the rear of the Salt Sulphur. On our left, as we ascended, the mountain's side became quite precipitous, and at the base and immediately beneath us, lay the valley of the springs—its green lawn and white cottages presenting a most interesting and beautiful scene. This is one of the favorite strolling spots of visiters, since the view which it affords of the springs and the adjoining country, fully compensates for the labor of climbing the mountain. We believe, however, that most of our company would have preferred a situation on *terra firma*, to that which they occupied in the stage coach, which ever and anon, as it slowly grated over the rough and rocky way, gave fearful symptoms of carrying us down the dizzy steep which we had gained.

A great part of the road between the Salt and Red Sulphur, leads over long hills and continuous

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ridges, out of the sides of which it has been in many places cut, in order to obtain the proper inclination. From some reason, most probably a scarcity of funds, the road is so narrow as to render it often dangerous, and entirely unsuitable for so public a thoroughfare. The reflections of the traveller, as he dashes down these narrow descents, are by no means pleasant. He involuntarily transfers himself to the upper side of the stage, as he gets a glimpse from the window, of the deep ravine, along the verge of which he is rolling at so furious a rate. The anticipation too, as well as the actual fact, of meeting other vehicles in these passes, is not at all agreeable. The driver of the coach, however, obviates, as far as possible, the difficulty from this source, by sounding his horn as he approaches and travels through these narrow parts of the road. Perhaps, however, we are conveying rather too unfavorable an impression of the way between the Salt and Red Sulphur. If, however, the traveller wishes to avoid all unpleasant reflections on account of his personal safety, it may be as well for him to adopt one of the expedients of the hero of "Sleepy Hollow," as he trod its gloomy paths, amidst the tortures of a fertile imagination, and shut his eyes, at least, if the presence of fellow passengers will not admit of one's raising his voice in a consolitary *solo*. We can, however, present to our readers, the prospect of a resource, which will be a more satisfactory expedient than this. Arrangements were making during the last summer, for the immediate construction of a turnpike over this ground; then the trip would present many attractions. The country is wild and generally uncultivated, and often delightfully romantic. About half way between the two springs, we saw the wreck of the family carriage of a gentleman from South Carolina. This accident, however, was not, at least, the *immediate* consequence of the roughness of the road; for it occurred on a perfect level, and on, perhaps, the smoothest part of the whole way. Carriages constructed for the Carolina sands, are badly adapted to the mountains of Virginia.

Our driver quickened his speed as the distance before us diminished, and we reached the Red Sulphur just after night had drawn his sombre curtains around the silent hills. Our first impressions of this spring, were very favorable: the effect was exceedingly imposing. On our arrival the whole establishment had been lighted up, and from every range of buildings, streams of light were pouring across the area. The large hotel presents at any time a beautiful appearance. The whole building has a light and airy piazza connected with each story, and on the flank of the edifice most conspicuous on approaching the spring, the upper floor is open and surrounded by a balustrade. The first story of this building contains a large dining room, connected with which is a drawing and reading room. When we approached, these piazzas were all lighted up, and from the doors and windows of the halls and apartments of the hotel, the chandeliers were pouring forth their brilliant streams. Two long and handsomely set tables, were visible through the doors of the dining room, and every thing had the aspect of comfort and even of luxury. The lower piazza was thronged with cheerful groups of visiters, eagerly awaiting the arrival of our coach, which on that evening was rather behind its usual time.

For the last hour our meditations had been excited only by the gloom and wildness of the dark mountain hollows, and the song of the frogs from the neighboring creeks, or the cry of the screech owl as the rattling of our coach echoed through his dark domains. In the midst of the pensive reveries incident upon such circumstances, the buildings of the Red Sulphur burst upon us in all their brilliancy. The scene of light, and life, and bustle, came over us like enchantment. The valley before us presented a picture of brightness and refinement, whilst on each side the venerable peaks of the Alleghany rose in all their wildness, and spoke to our hearts in silent sublimity, as we discerned their rugged outline against the evening sky. One might have found it almost difficult to convince himself, that he was not taking for reality the romantic visions of his sleeping hours. This impression is not diminished by the winding of the post horn from the "western stage," as it rattles over the crags of the mountain above, or by the plaintive notes of "Home, sweet home," wafted from the band stationed in the drawing room.

The Red Sulphur has recently been purchased by Mr. Burke, an intelligent and enterprising gentleman, who has already given to the place an almost entirely new aspect. Many of the old houses have been removed—a large and beautiful building, in addition to the hotel, has been constructed, and most of the log cabins have been exchanged for neat white cottages. The irregularity occasioned by the projection of the mountain spurs, has prevented the arrangement of the buildings in the order calculated to produce the most pleasant effect. The Red Sulphur is completely enclosed by mountains, except a narrow space by which you enter the circumscribed valley. On each side they rise almost perpendicularly to a considerable height. One of these, we understand, the proprietor intends laying out with terraced walks, so that you can with ease ascend to the summit, and enjoy the extensive prospect. The buildings are erected close under the base of the mountains. The intermediate area will be set in green sward, with gravelled walks and shrubbery. The temple at the spring is very similar to those at the White and Salt Sulphur. There are, however, two springs, and two separate and beautiful reservoirs. One of these is about four, and the other about two

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feet square. They are constructed of white marble, which agrees beautifully with the lilac and peach blossom sediment, and the clear limpid water of the springs.

The Red Sulphur, though but lately improved for the comfortable accommodation of visiters, has been for some years known as a place of considerable resort by pulmonary patients. The company bears much more the aspect of sickness, than that at the other springs. Their death-like countenances can be seen on every hand; and the deep hollow cough, which is heard almost incessantly, has at first a tendency to affect the sympathies and to throw an air of melancholy over the feelings. Many in the last stages of consumption, are taken to the Red Sulphur as the final resort, and many, during almost every season, find their long, last home, among the hills near the Red Sulphur. The funeral of Gen. Alston, of South Carolina, was attended on the day of our arrival, and another individual soon followed him to the tomb. The Red Sulphur is well calculated to remind a reflecting man of his mortality.

Many cases are also mentioned of astonishing cures, which have been effected by the use of these waters. Their properties are singular, and apparently contradictory. They deplete and strengthen the system at the same time: they reduce the quantity of blood, and still act with all the power of a tonic. The most peculiar property, however, is that which effects an almost immediate reduction of the pulse. Instances are known where the pulsations have been reduced from one hundred and twenty to eighty in the space of twenty-four hours. The effect of these waters, is at first apparently unfavorable. They frequently, and perhaps generally occasion a feverish excitement, and an unpleasant sensation of fulness throughout the whole system. I have been informed, however, by those who attribute the renovation of their constitutions to the Red Sulphur, that this excitement ceases after perhaps ten days or two weeks, and often much earlier, and then, if at all, unless the ravages of disease have been excessive, they begin to produce the desired effect. I met with a gentleman, in returning from the Red Sulphur, who had been pronounced past recovery by the most eminent physicians in this country, from a chronic affection of the lungs, but who, at the time I saw him, was enjoying excellent health, and as he believed, was entirely free from any pulmonary symptoms. He attributed his restoration solely to a residence during several seasons at the Red Sulphur.

We must, however, in closing this brief notice of the Red Sulphur, record some complaints against that establishment. We do it, however, with a spirit very far from that of reproach. Our object is rather the comfort of the public, and the more extensive encouragement of the gentlemanly proprietor. The great defect at the Red Sulphur arises principally from the want of system. The irregularity in the arrangements is exceedingly unpleasant to the visiters, and especially to those who are invalids. There is also a great want of proper attention, on the part of those who have charge of the establishment, and particularly from the servants. We must also express the same opinion of the manager of the Red Sulphur, which we have advanced in relation to the person who holds the same office at the White Sulphur. He may be admirably adapted for some other situation, but, in our opinion, he is not suited for that which he now occupies. Both of these gentlemen have certainly seen enough of the world to know, that something more substantial than promises, is necessary to satisfy the wants of men. We again affirm, that we have spoken nothing in ill will, either toward the White or Red Sulphur, nor to the gentlemen to whom we have alluded. Our remarks have reference to them only as *managers* of extensive public establishments, and not as private men.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Conversation Parties, Soirees and Squeezes.

Mr. White,—If I may be permitted to imitate in *my* exordium, the happy brevity of the time-saving merchant in auditing *his* letters, I will begin by expressing the hope, that "my last of —— date has been received and contents duly noted." The excuse for following it up so speedily with another, is not so easily found. Indeed I know of none, unless you will accept as such the old plea—"in for a penny, in for a pound." Even this implies a less risk of censure than I fear my rashness may very possibly bring upon me. Methinks I already hear some of your younger readers demand—"what the deuce has such an old croaker as this impertinent Oliver Oldschool to do with the inroads that *we*, his juniors and therefore his betters, may choose to make on any or all of those antiquated manners, customs and fashions which seem to be the gods of his idolatry? Age, which stamps their value upon wine and ardent spirits, is precisely *that very thing* which renders fashion of no value at all. In *this*, novelty and unexpectedness are our *grand*, and often our sole desiderata; and for *their* attainment, we want neither grey headed matrons, nor grey bearded old men to advise *us*. What they call *their experience!* (of which they are so fond of boasting,) if listened to at all, serves only to cramp and to trammel *our youthful inventions*. Therefore, to all such we say:—Ladies and Gentlemen, both hands and tongues off, if you please; "*laissez nous faire*—let us alone."

The bare expectation of any such flouting, you will probably say, should keep me silent, if I was a man of only a moderate degree of prudence. But like many other obstinate people, my inclination to persist seems to augment inversely to my chances of success. Maugre then the danger and forlornness of my undertaking, I must go on. But before I come to the main purpose of the present letter, pray have patience with me, while I offer a few more remarks in anticipation of another

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still more serious charge, which I expect will be made against me. I must make them too, with the perfect recollection of the maxim, that "he who begins to plead before he is accused, knows himself to be guilty."—True, however, as this may be in general, *my case*, I hope, will be excepted, after you hear me. The charge to which I allude is,—the odious one of being a *Cynic*. With *you*, sir, I am very sure my bare denial would suffice; but you have many readers who know nothing of me. In deference to *them* therefore, I feel bound to offer some stronger proof of my innocence; if that which is of a negative character (and it is all I can adduce,) will be accepted. Be it known then, to all whom it may concern, that I, Oliver Oldschool, have always denied, and do hereby deny, the truth of the most important, prominent and offensive of all the cynical dogmas, which is,—that "*men are nothing but monkeys without tails!*" and furthermore, that I hold myself bound and always ready to make battle in this behalf, "*pugnis at calcibus, unguibus et rostro:*" and all this too, notwithstanding the following most startling and humiliating resemblances which have been traced by the true Cynics between the two species. For instance—"Man" (say they) "is a biped"—so is a monkey; at least so nearly one, that his anterior legs serve him admirably well for arms, and accordingly it is still a mooted point, a much vexed question among naturalists which to call them, *arms* or *legs*. Man generally walks erect, although sometimes, when *top-heavy*, he moves quadruped fashion. The monkey, at least the kind called the ourang outang only reverses the practice, by going more frequently on his two certain and his two quasi legs, than on the two first alone. Man has a facial angle by which those curious, prying fellows, called craniologists, measure the degree of his intelligence and infer the nature of his dispositions. Monkeys also have this angle, often so nearly the same, (mathematically speaking,) with that which we discern in many of our race, that few things are more common than to hear the exclamation "such a one has a monkey face." Lastly, man is most decidedly and conspicuously *an imitative animal*, so is a monkey, and in a degree so very striking, that there is scarcely an outward movement, action, or gesture of ours which his mimetic talents do not enable him to take off to the life. This is especially true of all those peculiar airs indicative of self-complacency and vanity which mark these two races of animals in contradistinction to all others,* and may be termed an idiosyncracy of intellect. The coxcomb's ineffable smile of fascination; the witling's pert and sudden smirk of self-conceit; the vain pedant's awkward cachination at his own ill-timed, out-of-place strokes of classic humor; the despicable miser's self-gratulating chuckle at inordinate gain; the *great man's* gracious grin to his supposed inferiors, and the *little man's* side-shaking, obstreperous laugh at the abortive joke of some superior from whom he is courting favors; all these and more, your true monkey can enact with such perfect verisimilitude, that if properly dressed for the occasion, he might pass off for the real man in each case, instead of his counterfeit, without the least danger of detection. *His mimickry*, in addition to its fidelity, has this other remarkable circumstance about it, that in applying it, he seems to have no particular choice of objects, but imitates all external actions alike, whether they be praiseworthy or the reverse. Man, on the contrary, in the exercise of *his* imitative propensities, shows too often a stronger inclination for the bad than the good—for the faulty than the commendable—for the fantastical and the ridiculous rather than the becoming. In nothing is this more remarkable, than in the greedy, ever restless perseverance with which he seeks foreign fashions and customs, and the reckless pertinacity, under all possible discouragements, with which he strives to imitate and adopt them. Of this assertion I have already endeavored to furnish you with some proofs, which to *me at least* appeared irrefutable. But I will now attempt to supply a few more. These also shall consist of remarks on certain foreign fashions, which may be said to be still under the process of naturalization, having proved so entirely uncongenial to our principles, habits and opinions, as not yet to be firmly established. They may, therefore, be considered as still within the reach of that exterminating power—public opinion.

At the head of these fashions or customs, pre-eminent above the rest, we find the Conversation Party, the *Soiree*, and the Squeeze. The first is admitted to be an emigré from Italy, although the term is here anglicised; the second is from France, and the third from —— nobody knows where, unless from our mother country Great Britain; for Johnson gives both a Saxon and a Welsh etymology to it, both meaning *to press* or *crush between two bodies;* which meaning their American derivative (much to its honor,) has most faithfully preserved.

The conversation party would naturally be deemed by one not in the secret, a party particularly formed for the pleasures of conversation; for imparting and receiving agreeable thoughts; for blending amusement with oral instruction; in a word, for such a voluntary and talented reciprocation of ideas as would improve the taste, gratify the feelings, and heighten the mental enjoyment of all the parties concerned. *Is it this or any thing that bears the slightest resemblance to it?* I ask an answer from any individual who has ever been at one of them, no matter with how much care it might have been selected. To these parties, such as they really are, I have no intention here to object. All I wish or aim at now, is, to have them called by their right names, as every thing ought to be, if we really desire to confine language to its proper use, which is, to make ourselves, at all times, clearly understood. But in styling these things *Conversation Parties*, before persons who had never been at them, we should practice the grossest deception. For instead of such an assemblage as the current meaning of the term would lead them to expect, and might induce them to seek, they would soon find themselves surrounded by a Babel-like con-

* Goldsmith is the only natural historian, I believe, who has urged the claim of the goose to a participation in this enviable human quality, vanity. In his "Animated Nature" he has the following remark in his natural history of the goose, of which I can give only the substance, not having the volume before me. Speaking of the action commonly called "the strutting of the gander," he says: that in *this situation*, there is probably no animal on the face of the earth more important in the eyes of another, than a gander in the eyes of a goose!! Verily, I think, (with due submission) he is mistaken; for a fully whiskered, well mustached beau, with all his bristly honors thick upon him, is to a belle, as far above the gander in the estimation of a goose, as imagination can possibly conceive.

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fusion of tongues, where all sorts of odds and ends of unconnected exclamations and eliptical sentences are uttered simultaneously, and in the highest vocal key, by every member of the company—*the mutes only* excepted. Why *they* should ever frequent such uncongenial spots, is more, I believe, than any one can tell. But certain it is that some of them will always be found there, although as much out of place as the Alumni of the Deaf and Dumb Asylums would be in Congress Hall, attempting to take a debating part in that *other* Tower of Babel, as John Randolph, with his customary felicity of conception, used to call it.

Of the *Soirée*, I may truly assert that it is an exotic, still so uncongenial, so illy suited to our people, and even to their organs of speech, that not one in a thousand has learned so much as to pronounce its name correctly. Some, even of those who are so far Frenchified as to have been to France, and consequently to interlard their mother tongue with unintelligible French phrases, by way of authenticating the extent of their travels, call it "*Swar-ree;*" as if it were a place where all the attendants were to have oaths of some sort or other administered to them, so as to entitle them to be designated *Sware-rees*. Others again, in a more sportsman-like manner, pronounce it *So-ree*, which (as Mr. Jefferson has told us,) is the true Indian appellative for the Rallus, or water-rail. Such orthoepists, we may suppose, if asked where they had been, on returning from a party of the kind, might well answer, in the Virginia sportsman's dialect, "we have been *so-russ-in;*" for this twistification of the term from its original meaning would be nothing comparable to many that have been made by etymologists of the highest reputation. For instance, all Virginia sportsmen, living near fresh water marshes, know well, that at *so-russ-in parties*, (as they universally call them,) the great object is *to kill and eat fat birds*. But a principal object of a *soirée* party being *to catch and use* what may well be figuratively called *fat birds*, the substitution of the term "*so-russ-in party*" for a "*soirée party*" is amply justified upon all etymological principles. I therefore take the liberty of strongly recommending it, unless our *soirée*-giving gentry would suspend their operations long enough, at least to learn from some native French teacher how to invite a French gentleman to their parties, in language that he himself would understand; since to ask him to a swàr-ree or sò-rée would be quite unintelligible.

To gratify the curious I have consulted a friend as to the literal meaning of the French word "*soirée*," (being no French scholar myself,) and find that the term, like thousands of others in all languages, has been pressed from its original signification into its present service, by a sort of metonymy, as the rhetoricians call it; and instead of being applied to designate that portion of the twenty-four hours which we call *evening*, is now used to express the receiving of short evening visits on any named day, by one's friends and acquaintance. This, according to one of Leontine's letters, published in your February number, seems to be the French fashion. But we Southerners of these United States, either from ignorance or design, have so innovated upon the foreign practice, that it would puzzle a much more experienced man than myself in such matters, to explain what is to be understood, in Virginia parlance, by *swar-ree* or *so-ree*, or whatever other barbarous pronunciation they choose to give the French word. I can only say, that I myself have seen a few thus variously called, each of which proved a kind of olla podrida or dish of all sorts; fish, flesh and fowl in *one* place; a non-descript, desultory kind of dancing in *another;* all talking-and-no-listening politicians battling in *a third;* and card playing, drinking and uproarious mirth in *a fourth part* of the general assemblage, wherein were gathered together, as many as could be, of all sizes and sorts of persons, "ring-streaked, speckled and spotted" to the full, as much as Laban's flocks themselves. Take notice, good Mr. Editor, that I am not now daring to *censure*, but only to *describe*, as well as I can, what my own eyes have beheld. I am not now "telling tales out of school;" for my school going days furnished me with no such secrets, however "the march of mind" may have since disclosed them to other tyroes in the pursuit of education.

The *Squeeze* I shall endeavor more particularly to describe; since my reminiscences, although "few and far between," are still so vivid, that I can venture to delineate them without fear of their suffering, at least from forgetfulness. It is true that I cannot say, as Æneas did to queen Dido, of *his* sufferings at and after the siege of Troy—"quorum pars *magna* fui;" as one or two experiments quite sufficed for me; but I can truly apply the same line to myself, could I only substitute the word *patiens* for "*magna*," without too much offence against the measure of the poetry, and I could then give in my experience, as the Trojan hero did, in perfect sincerity and good faith.

Know then, sir, that in the year and month ——, and on a certain night, I was seduced by curiosity—that fell destroyer of our race—to go, for the first time, to a party called a Squeeze, in the city of Washington, denominated by some "the Grand City of O," after the capital in Cunningham's amusing fiction of "*The World without Souls.*" Being accompanied by one of the initiated, my debut was readily made as others made theirs. Without material obstruction we were ushered through the passage by the escorting valet; but when we reached the door of the principal pressing and crushing room, *hic labor, hoc opus est!* here commenced that series of efforts and struggles which was not soon to end, as I afterwards found, to the no small detriment of various parts of my body and limbs. Through this door also, my entrance was at last effected; for what obstacle may not perseverance overcome? A strong effort of my own in the van, and the unsolicited aid in the rear of those who, like myself, wished to see all that was to be seen, very soon protruded me "*in medias res*," which I beg leave to render in idiomatic English—"up to the hub" in the business. Not many minutes however elapsed, before the pressing and crushing became so intense as to excite an earnest desire for a change both of place and posture. Accordingly I bent my course towards another room, having understood there were several prepared for *the accommodation!* (strange misnomer, thought I,) of the company. This joint removal of body and limbs, which I had a particular fancy should not be disunited, having kept company with each other from my birth, I found toilsome and oppressive in no ordinary degree. For the instant I began to move I was met by a strong counter-current composed of a compact mass of my co-squeezers and

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squeezees—many of whom were of such "breadth and heft" as would verily have done great honor to a Massachusett's cattle show of the highest grade, had the subjects only been quadrupeds instead of bipeds, and in equal condition for market.

A forcible entry having been made into another room, I found myself standing within a few inches of a strange but very lovely young lady. She also was standing, apparently to execute *her* part of a cotillion, within a circle which the united pushing and shoving of the eight operatives required for the dance, had not been vigorous enough to enlarge beyond a diameter of some six or seven feet. Being compelled to stand immediately behind her, my eyes naturally fell upon her shoulders, which the dominant fashion then required to be literally half naked. With equal pain and wonderment I observed, that by some invisible machinery, the circulation of the blood was so checked on the visible side of the shoulder strap, as to give a livid appearance to the contiguous skin; while the opposite edges of the *scapulæ* (I would not for the world, in such a case, say *shoulder-blades*,) were forced as near touching as they could be without dislocation. *This*, thought I to myself, must surely be a fashion invented by some bright etherial genius, regardless of bodily suffering, for a squeeze; since its adaptation to *that* object could not admit of a doubt—an adaptation, by the way, more complete, beyond comparison, than the present much admired, although evidently incompatible fashion of the bishop sleeves.* True, there seemed to be no small loss in shoulder comfort; but the manifest gain in bodily compression, that grand desideratum in a squeeze, to which all else must be sacrificed, appeared far to overbalance it, since according to the best off-hand calculation I could make, ten bodies with their appendant limbs thus prepared, could readily be wedged into a space which before would suffice only for nine, dressed after any previous fashion. But what is there too arduous, too great, for the matchless genius of our fair countrywomen, when stimulated by an adequate cause, and exercised upon a suitable subject!!

Although I felt much for the poor girls thus trussed, thus cross-hobbled, I resolved to wait a few moments to witness the "*modus operandi*" of this exhilarating dance, which, judging by all the methods that I had ever seen, required for its performance a circle at least three times as large as the one then before me. I knew too, enough of the prevalent fashion of dancing cotillions to be aware, that its most stylish mode then consisted in a kind of alert vigorous movement, which was most truly but somewhat coarsely called, "kicking out." This, it was manifest, could not *there* be executed according to the law "in that case made and provided," without imminent danger to the anterior tibiæ of the legs—in vulgar parlance, the "shin-bones" of the parties concerned. It was therefore with much apprehension of the danger, at least to "the woman kind," that I awaited the incipient gesticulations of this cotillion party. My fears were soon relieved, by perceiving that the *operatives* had substituted, with admirable ingenuity, a kind of lackadaisical slipping, sliding, flat-footed motion, which completely guarded them from the danger I had most ignorantly and unnecessarily anticipated. To be sure it no more resembled the lively animating exercise, called *dancing* in my boyish days, than the dreamy motions of the somnambulist do the elastic springs of the wide awake tight rope dancer. But it possessed the rare merit of perfectly adapted means to ends, and I could ask no more; for Harlequin himself could hardly have done better under similar duresse. By the way, Mr. Editor, I have been told that this somnambulizing motion has now become the very "tip-top" of the mode in all kinds of dancing,—the waltz and the horse-galloping dances only excepted. In this change the arbiters and reformers of our fashions seem to have displayed much more wisdom than we usually find exerted in matters of the kind, since it is the all levelling political principle carried out into our social amusements; for it places the active and the clumsy on a footing (if you will pardon a pun,) of perfect equality, the smooth and even tenor of which is never disturbed; unless when some credulous sexagenarian is over-persuaded to perpetrate the folly of turning out to dance among a party of girls and boys. *They* make a laughing stock of him, while *he*, in the sincerity of his heart, and with all the fast perishing vigor of his limbs, *caricatures* (for he can do nothing more,) the athletic cuts and shuffles of the by-gone century, to which nothing could possibly do anything like justice but an uncommon degree both of youthful vigor and activity. That you, sir, who are quite too young to have any personal knowledge of these important matters, may be sure that I do not exaggerate in making this last assertion, it will suffice to inform you, that the most celebrated steps of that time,—steps, which if perfectly executed, always stampt the performers as first rate dancers—were styled, in the metaphorical language of those merry making days, "forked lightning" and "chicken flutter" for the gentlemen, and "heel and toe" and "cross-shuffle" for the ladies. The first I confess, was rather "a far-fetched metaphor," to say the least of it; but the other three appellations were as perfectly appropriate as could well be conceived. It might also be truly affirmed of all, that there was nothing in any of them, in the slightest degree indecorous, as in the waltz and gallopade; for it seemed not then to have been imagined that *dancing* could be perverted to any such purpose as the excitation of highly culpable sentiments.

If you will pardon this digression, sir, in consideration that old men will be garrulous and prosing, I will now squeeze you back from the dancing-room to the one first entered, and with somewhat less difficulty, I hope, than I myself encountered.

There I was immediately attracted by a conspicuous gathering of *heads*; of bodies I could see none, except those in juxtaposition. It was drawn together, as I conjectured, by something rather beyond the common spectacles of the night. Being determined to have my share of the sight, I forced my way near enough to behold, in the midst of a circle not much larger than a hogshead hoop, a tall young lady, elegantly dressed, (that is as far as perfect conformity to the fashion could

* Most, if not all of our fair countrywomen, have vainly supposed *this* to be quite a modern fashion; but that it is nothing more than an old one revived, and as ancient as the days of the Prophet Ezekiel, when it was all the rage, is indisputably proved by the 18th verse of his 13th chapter. There, the good old man, in all the bitterness of his heart, exclaims—"Wo! *to the women that sew pillows to all arm holes*, and make kerchiefs upon the head of every structure, to hunt souls!!"

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make her so) and quite a good figure, but too much "drawn" (as the racers say) in the waist. And what, think you, was her employment? Why—attitudinizing and thumping away most theatrically upon a tambourine! This was the finishing stroke—the finale of my squeeze-going days, or rather *nights;* and I hastened to squeeze myself *out*, with much more alacrity than I had squeezed myself *in*—marvelling all the way as I rode home with my equally surfeited companion, at the frequency with which we call actual and severe toils, *pleasures;* and at the innumerable contrivances to which the devotees of the latter resort intentionally, as we must presume, to gain, but in reality to mar, their object. Of these contrivances I had just swallowed my first and last dose, as I then designed it to be, of the one called *a Squeeze;* a contrivance which seemed to me altogether matchless in its unsuitability of means to ends; that is, if it was really designed for *a party of pleasure!* for after one or two hours most diligent search, I had utterly failed in finding a single spot, where even *one* individual could either *sit*, *stand* or *walk*, with the slightest degree of convenience or comfort!!

To give you a still better idea of the supreme folly justly attributable to such plain country folks as myself, for venturing into places so entirely unsuitable to us, I will conclude this long epistle by relating a real incident once told to me by a gentleman who had it from the sufferer himself.

Some years ago a kind of "Hickory Quaker," (as he called himself,) but whose real name it is needless to mention, found his way, "par hazard," from one of the middle States to Congress. Being thus ranked among the honorables of the land, it was not long before he received an invitation to a *Squeeze*. His intense curiosity to see something of which he could not, from the name, form the slightest conception, got the better of his prudence, and he very rashly determined to go; although, as he afterwards confessed, in relating his mishaps, not without many misgivings which he with difficulty suppressed. On consulting one or two of his friends, who were already initiated into all the mysteries of squeezes, as to the proper time to go, the only information given was, "*be sure not to be the first of the company.*" This injunction relieved him of much of his apprehension, being very confident of his power to fulfil it. His confidence however, proved too overweening, for having waited and waited until his usual bed hour at home, the sudden fear seized him of erring in the contrary extreme, and finding the party broken up. Under this impression he hurried off, in his best Quaker dress, as fast as his *legs* could carry him, for taking *a hack* was out of the question. Having soon arrived, he knocked loudly at the door with his knuckles, not being yet cognizant of the bell-bolt contrivance,—demanding, at the same time, in his customary way, "who keeps the house?" The opening of the door immediately followed, and he was about to enter; but the finely dressed servant whom he mistook for the master of the house, manifesting, not only much surprise, but some strong symptoms of resistance, friend Ephraim (as I beg leave to call him,) deemed it best to say—"I have some particular business with the lady, who sent for me herself." This at once proved an "*open sesame*," and in he marched, putting as bold a face on the matter as he could, and anxiously hoping to find, in a few minutes, some friends to keep him in countenance. But alas! it is not in man that liveth, to form hopes which shall not be disappointed; for upon being ushered into the lady's presence, he found her, to his utter astonishment, entirely alone, and looking at him as a perfect stranger; and well she might, having never cast eyes on him before. This most unexpected occurrence, this jumping, as it were, out of the frying-pan into the fire, so utterly confounded him, that he was very near taking to his heels with all possible speed, and escaping by the way he came, if he could find no shorter exit. Luckily however, he bethought him of producing his credentials for admission, which he had most fortunately slipped into his pocket, being yet ignorant of the fashion of leaving it in his room, as if through carelessness, but in reality to display the extent of his honors, so far as these depend upon the number of one's visiting acquaintance. The exhibition of his ticket instantly put matters to rights; the lady's countenance brightened up with smiles ineffable; he was overwhelmed with apologies for not knowing him, although greatly did he marvel how she should; and so much pleasure and happiness was expressed at his having honored her party by his presence, that he began to ask himself, with infinite self-complacency, whether there might not *really be*, as he had heard when a boy, such a thing as "*love at first sight.*" The repetition however, of nearly the identical expressions to every gentleman who afterwards entered, brought to his mind the mortifying conviction, either that the boyish tale was false, or that his hostess must be in love with every gentleman of the company, which he at once pronounced impossible.

Until more company arrived, our quaker friend found himself in a sad predicament; for having no plausible excuse for escape, and deeming himself bound, at least to try to entertain the lady with some kind of conversation, he sat many minutes pondering over the few topics on which he thought himself able to converse, but finding none that exactly pleased him, he at length resolved to hazard something about cabbages, and peas, and poultry; shrewdly imagining that such matters would be more amusing, as well as instructive to her, than any contained in his "knowledge box." Great was his pleasure and wonderment to find her perfectly at home as to all these mysteries; so much so, indeed, that he could hardly suppress the exclamation, "Oh! that *my* old woman knew half as much." All things, however, must have an end, although friend Ephraim began to fear that the tête à tête between the lady and himself never would; and when their chat was fast dying away, like the flickering blaze in the nearly empty socket of a candlestick, suddenly the doors were thrown open, and in rushed pellmell, such a mixed multitude, as struck him with speechless astonishment. Very soon (as he himself described the scene,) he had to abandon his seat; and according to his notions of politeness, was every moment making room, first for one stranger and then for another, without having time so much as casually to shake the hand of an acquaintance, before they were thrust apart. Thus elbowed, and shoved, and bumped about on every side, and not knowing how to keep out of every body's way, which seemed a physical impossibility, he found himself, at last, most unexpectedly squeezed into the midst of a party altogether of ladies, whose united voices raised such an unintelli-

gible din, as brought to his recollection what he had read in his Bible, about the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel. Resolutely bent, however, upon "seeing the show out," he determined to persevere. But, at the same time, having the accommodation of others much at heart, he resolved to try a yet unessayed position, by way of making himself as small as possible. This was to thrust his hands behind him, the first moment space enough was given for the purpose; at the same time straightening his arms as much as practicable, and grasping one wrist with the other hand, to secure their union. He had but a few seconds for self-congratulation upon so ingenious a device, before some sudden, undesigned impetus in front, forced him back, so that his hand was pressed against something hard. Of this he involuntarily took hold, but without turning his head; that indeed being impracticable. He mistook this hard article (as he afterwards found to his cost,) for the end of a narrow shingle, although for the life of him he could not imagine why, or how it got there, as he had seen nothing like building going on about the premises. Scarcely, however, had he taken hold of it, before it was forcibly jerked from his grasp, and his hands were once more disengaged. His conjectures as to what it could possibly be, were still puzzling his brain, when a fierce Pendragon sort of a fellow, whiskered and mustached to the very tip of his nose, forced his way to him through the dense mass by which he was surrounded, and in a very authoritative, menacing tone, told him that Mrs. ——— desired to see him. He obeyed the mandate as speedily as possible, but in mortal dread and astonishment as to the cause of it. The moment he reached his hostess, she demanded, with a look of indescribable indignation, "how he dared to insult a lady in her house?" Thunderstruck, as it were, at the accusation, for a few moments he was deprived of speech. But at length recovering the use of his tongue, he averred and protested, and affirmed, that he was utterly unconscious of having committed any such outrage; an outrage which he was altogether incapable of perpetrating. This so far appeased the lady's wrath, as to produce an awkward and embarrassing explanation on both sides, by which it was discovered, that the supposed shingle end had been, in reality, the projecting end of a lady's corset bone, unluckily squeezed out of place, in the general pressing and crushing of the crowd. The conference ended in the lady's being satisfied, and in our worthy quaker resolving from the very bottom of his heart, never again to trust himself in any place under the sun, be the temptation what it might, wherein he could not find a safe place, even for his hands!

OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE SANFORDS.

"Some wild desire, some sad mistake has cast
Severe remorse and sorrow for the past;
Some former fault shall present solace curb,
Or fair occasion lost, his peace disturb;
Some fatal chance has ruined every scheme,
And proved his brightest prospect all a dream."

About the year 18—, there lived in a populous neighborhood, in the state of Virginia, a lady and gentleman named Sanford. They possessed considerable wealth, which was to be inherited by their only son, whom they called Hugh. The life of this worthy couple, was as quiet and easy as an unruffled stream, save when some slight differences of opinion would occasionally arise, respecting the management of Hugh. But one point on which they always agreed, was, that he should never be thwarted in any wish of his heart.

At the time our story commences, Hugh Sanford was twenty, and had just left college. Whether he ever distinguished himself there, I have not been able to ascertain. However, I know with certainty, that he was by nature gifted with good sense, and he had many fine qualities of the heart. I know not whether the reader will think so, from the sketch I am about to write, but he must bear in mind, that Hugh's natural disposition was so warped by continual indulgence, that not until the fever of youth had subsided, was it truly developed.

A large party had been invited to spend several days at Mr. Sanford's, and his wife had promised them a little dance. We shall pass over the preparations which were made for the party, and which, in the country, always produce so much bustle and excitement; we will even say nothing of the more important business, (to the girls at least) of the *toilette;* but shall follow them all to the drawing room, which was brilliantly lighted.

Among the girls, Mary Linden, was the most commanding; her splendid dress and jewelry, gave her quite a *magnificent* air. She was the daughter of a *rich* widower. Ellen Lorval (the only child of a *poor* lawyer,) was also much admired. Her light muslin dress and simple wreath of wild flowers were peculiarly becoming.

"My dear Hugh," said Mrs. Sanford, "I wish to speak with you a moment before the dancing commences. Does not Mary look beautiful? Do go and engage her as your partner immediately."

"Not so fast mother," said he smiling.

"My son," said she, "I love Mary as my daughter: could I but think that she would be one to me." She looked at him intently, but he appeared not to understand her meaning, and turning the conversation, he went to join a group of young men.

The scene changes. The enlivening sound of the violin is heard; the couples are beginning to take their places on the floor, when Hugh, to the dismay of his parents, is seen leading out Ellen Lorval. Mary Linden is surrounded by beaux, and it seems has capriciously given her fair hand to the least deserving of them, a would-be-wit, whose whole conversation consists of long words and jests, which have been in print for ages. The party went off well, and all seemed to enjoy themselves, except some few unfortunate *wall-flowers*, for whom, however, Mrs. Sanford procured partners towards the close of the evening.

Hugh would probably never again have thought of his attentions to Ellen, had not his mother kept

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him *in custody* the next morning, while she spoke *her* mind on the subject. She represented to him "the folly of falling in love with her, when Mary Linden was in the house;" and she even went so far as to say, that "there would be a *great impropriety* in his falling in love with Ellen."

Hugh was greatly astonished at hearing all this, for the idea of falling in love had never entered his imagination. He was sorry to see his mother pained, but since she had put such notions into his head, he could not but see, that if he could be so fortunate as to fall in love, and meet with opposition, it would give a peculiar zest to the monotony of his country life. So he stalked off to the drawing room, and *began* to think Ellen very interesting. The few succeeding days were passed as they usually are by a large party in the country. They read, talked, rode and played at battledoor; but at length the guests departed, and Mr. and Mrs. Sanford returned to the enjoyment of their usual tranquillity; but Hugh did not feel quite at his ease, as he was conscious that he had pained his parents, not so much by his attentions to Ellen, as by failing to fall in love with Mary Linden. Weeks passed on;—Hugh continued to meet Ellen at all the dinners and parties in the neighborhood, and to pay her attention. Mr. and Mrs. Sanford had seen all their hopes respecting Mary Linden laid low, and they had fretted themselves into ill humor about Ellen: a calm was now ensuing, they began to look on the bright side of things, and even to fancy that Ellen was to be their future daughter.

"My son," said Mr. Sanford, "I wish you to consult your own happiness in every thing. You love Ellen; you have now the consent of your parents to address her."

"Really father, I——." He stammered out something that was unintelligible.

"Say no more, I see you are embarrassed."

"Hear me father——."

"Not a word more at present; good bye."

There is an old saying, that "competition is the life of trade," and I think it is no less true, that "opposition is the life of love," or of something that is frequently mistaken for it by *greenhorns*, and very young ladies just from school. Now that all opposition was at an end, Hugh was somewhat surprised to find himself entirely OUT of love with Ellen; and indeed, he shrewdly suspected he had never been IN love with her. The gentle girl had seemed pleased with the attentions of the handsome Hugh Sanford, though she acted with the most perfect delicacy, nor have I ever found out whether she imagined him to be serious. I am sorry to say, that the utmost partiality cannot throw a veil over the conduct of Hugh in this instance; and many will say that he does not deserve the title of a *hero*. "Pshaw!" says a little girl, "I thought all heroes were perfect!" And so they are, in English novels, but not in Old Virginia!

Mrs. Sanford had a widowed sister living in the southern part of the state. Her name was Harrington, and she was the mother of two daughters, who were dashing belles and beauties. Thither Hugh now went, to pay a visit. On a bright evening, he came in sight of his aunt's dwelling. It was situated on a smooth green hill, which gradually sloped to the river * * * * *, which was not very wide here. A tiny canoe was presently visible in the middle of the stream, and much to his surprise he perceived in it a single female figure. "Can that be one of my cousins?" said he; "what mad freak could induce her to go alone?" But, when he arrived at the house, he found both of his cousins and his aunt sitting together. They received him cordially, and while he was answering their inquiries, a light step was heard in the passage, and an eager voice exclaimed: "Oh, Mrs. Harrington, my pigeon flew away from me to the other bank, and I was so much afraid of losing it, that I went over for it by myself." The speaker entered the room, holding the bird triumphantly in her hand; but perceiving a stranger, she was retreating, when Mrs. Harrington recalled her, and she was introduced to Hugh by the appellation of Amy Larone. She was bright as a sunbeam, and beautiful as the roses of spring. Her hazel eyes were large; a delicate carnation bloomed on her cheek, and her brown hair was parted over her smooth brow, and gracefully twisted at the back of her head. She was below the middle size, and the plainest suit of mourning was neatly fitted on her slender shape. Hugh's interest was strongly excited by the air of mystery with which he fancied she was surrounded, and he seized the first opportunity to inquire who she was. Her simple story was soon told. She was nearly sixteen, and was the orphan child of poor and obscure, though honest parents. Her mother died when she was four years old, and she was left to the care of her father, an illiterate, although well-meaning man, who had no idea that education was at all necessary: if he could see his daughter neatly dressed, and hear the neighbors say how beautiful she was, he cared for nothing more. Her beauty and modesty were talked of by rich and poor. Her father had not been dead more than seven or eight months; and Mrs. Harrington pitying her forlorn condition, had taken her to her house. Maria and Theresa Harrington were kind to her, and were anxious to repair somewhat the total neglect of the education of the warm hearted Amy. She was grateful, but as her taste for study had not been formed in childhood, it was with reluctance that she now attempted the *drudgery* of learning, and, so far as concerned herself, she wished that the makers of books had never existed.

She seemed, however, to possess an instinctive

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knowledge of what was right and proper to be said or done, even on occasions that were perfectly novel to her; and when a subject was started of which she was ignorant, she acted *wisely*, and said *nothing;* or if in the course of conversation a few errors were committed by her, her transcendent beauty was sufficient to atone for all. True, her beauty was not of the spiritual kind, "the rapt soul *beaming* in the eyes;" but it was just such as is always admired by enthusiastic young men.

Company came in, and Hugh obtaining a seat near Amy, entered into conversation with her, in which to do her justice, she supported her part quite well. He rallied her upon her excursion after her truant bird. She replied—"It was the last thing my father ever gave me, and I love it for his sake."

Several weeks had been passed by Hugh at his aunt's, and he had become deeply interested in the orphan. Amy appeared dejected, and very rarely joined the family party in the sitting room. This conduct only strengthened Hugh's interest. He was now really in love—"fairly caught," as the young ladies express it. Walking out one evening by himself, he encountered Amy unexpectedly, and a gleam of joy lighted up his handsome features.

"Miss Larone," said he, "why have you deserted us; the time has been too, too long since we met."

"Three days, sir," said Amy, slightly smiling.

"I can hardly believe it possible," said he, "for it seems almost as many months to me."

Amy assumed a look of coldness, and said she did not understand him; but her countenance betrayed that she did.

They walked on in silence to the bank of the river, and Hugh looking on the beautiful stream and its romantic banks, said, "Could I but think that you would walk here after I am gone, and think of me—Amy, I will confess that from the first moment I saw you, I felt the strongest interest in you. Nay more, that I do now love you most ardently. Will you give me your heart?" She remained silent and agitated, and at length tears came to her relief. "Oh, why do you weep? Say to me Amy, that I may at least hope you love me!" She raised her mild tearful eyes, and that glance betrayed that her heart was his.—"Now, heaven bless you Amy, let us record our vows, and you will be my bride ere long." "Mr. Sanford," she said, "'tis true that I love you, but yet I can never be yours. Your parents would never receive me as their daughter." "Hush Amy," said he, "my parents love me too well to withhold their consent." Struggling with her emotion, she said, "There are other weighty reasons why I cannot be your wife. No, no, it cannot be." "Amy, you distract me; whatever those reasons are, they *shall* be overcome." She shook her head, and darted off from him ere he was aware of her determination. Hugh was bewildered; but he resolved to seek another interview with Amy. The next day he entreated her as a last favor, to walk with him. So *reasonable* a request could not be refused. He told her that unless she changed her determination, on the morrow he would depart, whither he neither knew or cared. Her *compassion* was so much excited, that before their return to the house, she had permitted him to hope. He told her he would set off directly for his home, and that he would return in a few weeks,—adding that he would write to her immediately. It was not until after much entreaty, that she consented to receive his letters; but when he requested her to *answer* them, her agitation knew no bounds. Poor Amy!

The next day he took leave of all; and ere long, a letter fraught with expressions of the most tender regard, was handed to Amy. *She did not answer it.* Another soon followed, gently chiding her for her silence. After this, *all were answered.* Mrs. Harrington and Maria *were in arms about the match.* His parents yielded a reluctant consent; and at the appointed time they were married. Hugh wrote to his mother to apprize her of it, and to appoint a time for their arrival at the home of his childhood—he now thought himself perfectly happy. The *honey-moon* was nearly past, when, one day as he was gazing with rapture on the loveliness of his young bride, Mrs. Harrington entered, saying, "Here is a letter directed to 'Mrs. Hugh Sanford,' from my sister, I think." She handed Amy the letter, with a look of peculiar significance. Amy broke the seal mechanically, blushed deeply, and bent her eyes on the ground.—"Amy," said Hugh, "why do you not read my mother's letter?" She sank down, and could only say, "Forgive me—oh, forgive me!" "For what, dearest? You that never in thought or word offended. Look up, Amy," said he, smiling, "you have no need of forgiveness." "Oh, you do not know; I —" She could scarce articulate; but at length came the terrible confession, that she could scarcely read, and *could not write!*

We have mentioned the total neglect of her education, and the "*weighty* reasons" which she told Hugh would prevent her from marrying him. All is now explained. But how, you may ask, did she manage to answer his letters, when she was unable to write? She made Theresa Harrington her confidant; and *she*, without thinking of the consequences, answered them in Amy's name. The deception was cruel; but Amy's conduct is not entirely without some palliation. Her love of Hugh, and the shame of her ignorance, combated fiercely in her bosom; and *she did refuse him—partly.*

Hugh had first been won by her beauty and her destitute condition; her refusal of his offered hand

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had only added fuel to the flame. Absence, "making the heart grow fonder," and the letters he received, all conspired to blind him. Sincerely was he to be pitied, for he possessed many fine qualities, and was nobly disinterested. The veil was now removed from his eyes, and the dream of love was fast deserting him, like shadows of the morning, when the bright sunlight rises o'er the hills. They went to his parents. We shall pass over the various mortifications which Hugh had to endure. Amy idolized her husband, and he was too kind-hearted to be proof against her fondness. He exerted himself day after day to instruct her, but I do not believe she went much beyond learning to read and write legibly. His parents lived only a few years after these events, and his beautiful wife was attacked about four years after they were married with a slight cough, which was soon followed by that bright flush, which is too frequently the harbinger of death. A southern climate, and every possible means were resorted to, for her restoration to health, but in vain! Her last prayers were offered up for her husband, and a daughter then two years old. Hugh never married again. He continued to live at the family mansion, occupied almost entirely with the education of Eva. When she was ten years of age, she was sent to New York to school. Her life has been attended with circumstances which are not without romance. Should any curiosity be felt on the subject, I may at a future time give a sketch of the life of Eva Sanford.

Years have passed since these events transpired, and the once young and handsome Hugh Sanford is now an old man. His appearance is very much changed, and his faults and foibles have been lost in his progress through life, or have become softened by the hand of time. Certain it is, he is now a very estimable man, and is looked up to with reverence both in public and private life. A.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A Scene from "Arnold and Andre,"

An unpublished Drama, by the author of "Herbert Barclay," and translator of Schiller's "Don Carlos."

Act I. *Scene* 2. New York, towards the end of the summer of 1780.

Sir Henry Clinton. Colonel Robinson. An Old British Officer.

Sir H. Clinton. Rebellion's tatter'd banner droops at last,
Wanting the breath of stirring confidence.
Discord, twin-brother to defeat, now lifts
Within the Congress walls her grating voice—
Fit sound for rebel ears—and in their camp,
Lean want breeds discontent and mutiny:
The while o'er our embattled squadrons waves
High-crested victory, and flaps her wings,
Fanning the fire of native valor. Soon
Shall peace revisit this oppressed land,
So long bestrid by war, whose iron heel
With her own life-blood madly stains her sides.

Robinson. Our arms' success upon the southern shore,—
Whose thirsty sands are saturate with streams
From rebel wounds,—and the discomfiture
Of new-born hopes of aid from fickle France,
Brought on by Rodney's timely coming, have
Ev'n to the stoutest hearts struck black dismay.

Old Officer. Cast down they may be, but despair's unknown
To their determin'd spirits. Washington's
The same as when in seventy-six he pass'd
The Delaware, and in a darker hour
Than this is, rallied his dishearten'd troops,
And by a stroke of generalship, as shrewd
As bold, back turn'd the tide of victory.

Robinson. But years of fruitless warfare, sucking up
Alike the people's blood and substance, weigh
Upon th' exhausted land, like heaped debts
Of failed enterprise, that clog the step
Of action.

Old Officer. Deem ye not the spirit dull'd,
Which first impell'd this people to take arms
And brave our mighty power; nor yet the hope
Extinct which has their roused energies
Upheld against such fearful odds. The blood
They've shed, is blood of martyrs—precious oil—
Rich fuel to the flame that's boldly lit
On Freedom's altar, and whose dear perfume,
Upward ascending, is by heroes snuff'd,
Strength'ning the soul of patriotic love
With ireful vengeance.

Sir H. Clinton. Whence, my vet'ran Colonel,
Comes it, that you, whose scarred body bears
The outward proofs of inward loyalty,
Do entertain for rebels such regard?

Old Officer. Custom of war has not so steel'd my heart,
But that its pulse will beat in admiration
Of noble deeds, ev'n though by foemen done.
Nor does my sworn allegiance to my king
Forbid all sympathy with men, who fight—
And fight too with a valiantness which naught
But conscious justice could inspire—for rights
Inherited from British ancestors.

Sir H. Clinton. Their yet unconquer'd souls, and the stern front
They have so long oppos'd in equal strife
To our war-practis'd soldiery, attest
Their valor: and for us to stint the meed
Of praise for gallant bearing in the field,
Were self-disparagement, seeing that still
They hold at bay our far-outnumb'ring host.
But for the justice of their cause,—the wrong,
Skill'd to bedeck itself in garb of right,
Oft cheats the conscience broad credulity,
And thus will vice, with virtue's armature
Engirt, fight often unabash'd. Unloose
The spurs, wherewith desire of change, the pride
Of will, hot blood of restless uncurb'd youth
Wanting a distant parent's discipline,
And bold ambition of aspiring chiefs,
Do prick them on to this unnatural war;
And then, how tam'd would be their fiery mettle,
Heated alone by patriotic warmth.

Old Officer. My General, I know this people well.

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And all the virtues which Old England claims,
As the foundations of her happiness
And greatness,—such as reverence of law
And custom, prudence, female chastity,
And with them, independence, fortitude,
Courage and sturdiness of purpose,—have
Been here transplanted from their native soil,
And flourish undegenerate. From these,—
Sources exhaustible but with the life
That feeds them,—their severe intents take birth,
And draw the lusty sustenance to mould
The limbs and body of their own fulfilment,
So that performance lag not after purpose.
They are our countrymen. They are, as well
In manly resolution as in blood,
The children of our fathers. Washington
Doth know no other language than the one
We speak: and never did an English tongue
Give voice unto a larger, wiser mind.
You'll task your judgment vainly to point out
Through all this desp'rate conflict, in his plans
A flaw, or fault in execution. He
In spirit is unconquerable, as
In genius perfect. Side by side I fought
With him in that disastrous enterprise,
Where brave young Braddock fell; and there I mark'd
The vet'ran's skill contend for mastery
With youthful courage in his wondrous deeds.
Well might the bloody Indian warrior pause,
Amid his massacre confounded, and
His baffled rifle's aim, till then unerring,
Turn from "that tall young man," and deem in awe
That the Great Spirit hover'd over him;
For he, of all our mounted officers,
Alone came out unscath'd from that dread carnage,
To guard our shatter'd army's swift retreat.
For years did his majestic form hold place
Upon my mind, stampt in that perilous hour,
In th' image of a strong-arm'd friend, until
I met him next, as a resistless foe.
'Twas at the fight near Princeton. In quick march,
Victorious o'er his van, onward we press'd;
When, moving with firm pace, led by the Chief
Himself, the central force encounter'd us.
One moment paus'd th' opposing hosts—and then
The rattling volley hid the death it bore:
Another—and the sudden cloud, uproll'd,
Display'd, midway between the adverse lines,
His drawn sword gleaming high, the Chief—as though
That crash of deadly music, and the burst
Of sulphurous vapor, had from out the earth
Summon'd the God of war. Doubly exposed
He stood unharm'd. Like eagles tempest-borne
Rush'd to his side his men; and had our souls
And arms with two-fold strength been braced, we yet
Had not withstood that onset. Thus does he
Keep ever with occasion even step,—
Now, warily before our eager speed
Retreating, tempting us with battle's promise
Only to toil us with a vain pursuit—
Now, wheeling rapidly about our flanks,
Startling our ears with sudden peal of war,
And fronting in the thickest of the fight
The common soldier's death, stirring the blood
Of faintest hearts to deeds of bravery
By his great presence,—and his every act,
Of heady onslaught as of backward march,
From thoughtful judgment first infer'd.

ROBINSON. If that
You do report him truly, and your words
Be not the wings to float a brain-born vision,
But are true heralds who deliver that
Which will in corporal doings be avouch'd,
Then was this man born to command. And shall
Ingrate revolt be justified by fate,
And Britain's side bleed with the rending off
Of this vast member; they will find it so,
Who seek to gain a greater liberty
Than does befit man's passion-guided state.
Jove's bird as soon shall quail his cloud-wet plumage,
Sinking his sinewy wafture to the flight
Of common pinions,—or the silent tide
Break its mysterious law at the wind's bidding,
Remitting for a day its mighty flood
Upon this shore,—as that, one recogniz'd
To have all kingly qualities, shall not
Assert his natural supremacy,
And weaker men submit to his full sway.
Power does grow unto the palm that wields it.
The necks that bend to make ambition's seat,
Must still uphold its overtopping weight,
Or, moving, be crush'd under it.

OLD OFFICER. And heads
That quit the roof of shelt'ring peace, and bare them
To war's fierce lightning for a principle,
Do crown the limbs of men, each one a rock
Baffling with loftiness ambition's step,
Whose ladder is servility. Were they
Susceptible of usurpation's sway,
This conflict had not been; and then the world
Had miss'd a Washington, whose greatness is
Of greatness born. Him have they rais'd because
Of his great worth; and he has headed them
For that they knew to value him. Had he
Been less, then they had pass'd him by; and had
Their souls lack'd nobleness, his tow'ring trunk,
Scanted of genial sap, had fail'd to reach
Its proper altitude. No smiling time
Is this for hypocritical ambition
To cheat men's minds with virtue's counterfeit.
What made him Washington, makes him the chief
Of this vast league,—and that's integrity,
The which his noble qualities enlinks
In one great arch, to bear the sudden weight
Of a new cause, and, strength'ning ever, hold
Compact 'gainst time's all-whelming step.

SIR H. CLINTON. What now
You speak, you'll be reminded of, belike,
Ere many weeks are past. And well I know,
Your arm will not be backward, if there's need,
To prove your own words' falsity. Meanwhile,
Hold you in readiness for sudden march.

[*Exit Old Officer.*]

ROBINSON. A better soldier than a prophet.

SIR H. CLINTON. Yet,
Scarce does his liberal extolment stretch
Beyond its object's merits; for, were he
Not rooted in his compeers' confidence,
And in his generalship unmatched, this league
Had long since crumbled from within, and o'er

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Its sever'd bands our arms had quickly triumph'd.
In all his mighty spirit's ordinant,
The while his warriors, rang'd in council round him,
Listen to plans of learned generalship.
Within the Congress is his voiceless will
Potential as the wisest senator's.
Ever between their reeling cause and us,
Comes his stern brow to awe fell Ruin's spirit.
'Tis a grand game he plays, and, by my soul,
Worthy the game and player is the stake.
A fair broad continent is't for a kingdom:
If he can win't, he's welcome to't.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

ENGLISH POETRY.

CHAP. II.

I have heard it remarked, that the study of our early poets was like a journey through a country of rich groves and pleasant gardens. There surely *is* something pleasing in the study of old poetry. A ripeness of feeling meets us on the yellow and stained page, which, gradually mingling with the legitimate feelings of our own hearts, "makes us to glow with a rich fervor."

But this pleasure, like all other exquisite pleasures, is rather of the inexpressible kind. To impart it, condensation is necessary: and to condense it, is like bottling fragrance, or gathering foam into a beaker.

The reader may therefore prepare himself for nothing more than a straight forward story—broken in upon at intervals, by such rambling episodes of "remark" as I may think suitable.

I. Geoffry Chaucer, the poet

> "That made first to dystylle and rayne
> The gold dewe dropys of speche and eloquence,
> Into our tunge thrugh his excellence."*

has ever stood first among the writers who have drunk at "the well of English undefiled."† He has been called the father of English verse, and properly. He travelled several times into the countries of the south, and, as great minds are seldom idle ones, we might infer, without the proof which exists in so many shapes, that he became a pupil to the Italian masters.

He was a student, and returned to England laden with the fruits of his study. It was his fate to come between the scholars of that and preceding ages, who worked their religious and scientific instructions into *heavy* Latin metre, and the court minions, who sang to their mistresses and patrons in Norman French, and lay a solid foundation out of the scattered fragments of real English poetry. With little fancy, less imagination, and the little of the first clipped, by his matter-of-fact employment as *wool inspector*, he has succeeded in story-telling better than any of his successors. In a tale, the more vivid the picture drawn, the more interesting the tale. To be minute and particular in description, is to beget a vivid picture: and this is the secret of Chaucer's popularity. He writes as if he were taking an inventory of, rather than describing, things around him. Ages after, when this same talent for descending skilfully into particulars, was used in the description of natural scenery and of the workings of the human breast, it gave Spenser's Pastorals, and the tragedies of Shakspeare and poor Shelly, a beauty which in the first two, men have long ago learned to appreciate, and which in the course of time, will place the last on the seat to which he is entitled. The whole secret of Chaucer's charm is, as I have said, particularity. If he had used this talent in describing the many workings of the human heart, he would probably have failed—for no man can describe that of which he is ignorant.* If he had turned his attention to pastoral poetry, he *might* have succeeded; and indeed, in the descriptions of nature scattered throughout his various poems, he has succeeded admirably. But something more is wanting than this power of description, in the song of a shepherd. From his wild and unrestrained life among the hills of a legendary country—surrounded as he is, by "kids and lambs, and blithe birds," we not only look for minuteness of description, but affecting plaintiveness and imaginative imbodyings. This last is one great aid to Spenser's pastoral poetry. But I am anticipating my subject.

Chaucer was the founder of a style which after poets have often attempted to imitate. Dryden and Pope have paraphrased his works; and Keates tells us that he is too weak to do other than "stammer where Dan Chaucer sung." The Canterbury tales were modelled after, and for the most part copied from the Decameron of Boccacio. The prologue to these is the most perfect thing of its kind extant. His satires are strong, and chiefly aimed against the enemies of Wickliffe, and his patron John of Lancaster. Chaucer was a philosopher too—a great one for his age. His treatise on the Astrolabe, intended for the benefit of his son, manifests more information than we would look for in the reign of Edward III. His satires against the opponents of Wickliffe are rather political than religious. In religious matters he seems to have possessed a praiseworthy spirit of toleration—a quality unknown for ages after to the "agents elect" of a peace-loving Christ.† Altogether, Chaucer was a wonderful man, and certainly, for his time, a poet as "parfite" and as "gentil" as his own knight.‡ His Canterbury tales are his *great* works: they gave a tone to English poetry. In these days, when all literature has lost its freshness, it would be a pleasant thing if we could

> "Call up him that left half told
> The story of Cambuscan bold,
> Of Camball and of Algarsife,
> And who had Canacè to wife,

---

* Lydgate.

† The term "well of English undefiled," was applied to Chaucer by Spenser, because he arranged and settled the language—stripping it of many barbarisms and foreign incumbrances. I am aware that he introduced as many foreign words as he cast out; but the rejected were corrupt fragments of the Norman French, which yet (though soft compared with the Saxon,) bore in part a mark of its parentage; and the selections made for the purpose of replacing them, were from the *Langue D'Oc*—the most beautifully musical of all tongues. He consequently did not *defile* the English language.

* Chaucer has the reputation of being a great "painter of characters;" but he excels in describing manner, bearing, dress, &c.—not in picturing the workings of the "human heart."

† It is in a letter to his son, where he is remarking upon the merits of the different sects that we find this odd similitude—"There are many roads leading to Rome." He was not narrow brained enough to believe that there was but one.

‡ "He was a veray parfite gentil knight."—*Prol. Can. Tales.*

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That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartan king did ride."*

I should like to believe in the Pythagorean doctrine, if only for the pleasant consciousness that old Geoffry Chaucer had left his spirit behind him. He died on the 25th of October, (the same day of the same month on which died King Alfred,) in the year 1400; and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where for a long time these words were upon his tomb:

"Galfridus Chaucer, vates et fama poesis
Maternæ hac sacra sum tumulatis humo."

II. Before passing on to the celebrated poets of the time of Henry VIII, I will make a few remarks upon the ancient ballad of "Chevy Chase."

Little or nothing more than the name of the author of this fine old heroic ballad, is at present known. Dr. Percy's conjecture with regard to the date of its composition, may or may not be correct. But I will assume it as an accurate one. The manuscript copy belonging to the Harleian Library, has the name of Richard Sheale attached to it. Sheale perhaps lived in the reign of Henry VI, and as probably was from the north country. He may indeed have been a minstrel in the Percy family; but this is mere conjecture. In reference to some of the characteristics of this ballad, it strikes me that Sir Philip Sidney's remark, in his "Apology for Poetry," is in very bad taste. After regretting that so fine and stirring an old song should be "apparelled in the dust and cobwebb of that uncivill age," he asks, "what would it not work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?" Dr. Percy speaks of the song as one "recommended to the most refined, and endeared to the most simple reader, by genuine strokes of nature and artless passion." Are gorgeous eloquence and nature fit comates? Would the natural and manly simplicity, for which the greatest works of man are so renowned, be well exchanged for the diffuse and ornate style of a Grecian lyric poet? I think not. As for this old ballad's roughness, I think *that* rather a merit. Bating some uncouthness, I think the language really better, much better adapted to the subject than our own more polished diction might be possibly. Dr. Johnson, in a paper of the Rambler, treats of the adaptation of sound to meaning; and quotes many examples illustrating his ground, from Greek, Latin and English poetry. He certainly is correct to a certain extent, if not wholly, and I will apply his rules to the present case.

"Through the hunt and battle, the author's style is fiery and severe, with the exception of a stanza or more, in which Percy and Douglass rest upon their swords, and after the manner of Homer's heroes, applaud each the other's gallantry. The poet in this place, seems to pause in the same graceful rest which he has given his heroes. But the battle renews; and his metre *personates* its stormy vigor. At last the minstrel sinks from his high place into the hollows of grief; for the 'weeping widows' are before us, with 'birch and hazel biers,' carrying the dead men to their burial. And then with what skill does he shake off individual tenderness, and proclaim the 'national regret!'"

All in all—beauty on beauty—Chevy Chase has never been matched, and does much better "unapparelled in the gorgeous eloquence of a Pindar." Truly, the obscure author of this one ballad stands alone—the father of English heroic poetry.

"Res gestæ, regumque, ducumque, et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possent numero monstravit Homerus."

But he has attained excellence, without following the path which Homer "has shown;" and without using Homer's "numbers," has sung a great song.

III. Next on the list of those poets to whom the English language and English literature are indebted, stand Wyatt and Surrey. With regard to the first, I will hardly say more than that he was an Anacreon compared with his contemporaries. Rather gentle in his genius, he wrote love verses intuitively, and added in no slight degree to the melody of the language.

But Surrey added more. His love for the fair haired Lady Geraldine sent him "knight-erranting" among the romances and romantic grounds of Italy; and he is said to have been so well acquainted with the Tuscan tongue, and so well read in Italian authors, as to be a marvel, even in the days when Venice was the Paris of young English noblemen, and the Appenines their Switzerland. It may be as well to quote a few lines from Surrey's poems, as he has the reputation of having introduced much of the southern softness into English verse.

"*Lines writ by Henry Howard Lord Surrey—being a complaynt that hys Ladie, after she knew of hys love, kept her face always hydden from hym.*

"I never sawe my ladie laye apart
Her cornet blacke, in colde, nor yet in heate,
Sith first she knew my griefe was growen so greate,
(Whyche other fansies dryveth from my harte,
That to myself, I do the thought reserve,—
The which, unwares, did wound my woful breat;)
But on her face, mine eies mote never rest:
Yet synce I knew I dyd her love and serve,
Her golden tresses—cladd allway with blacke,
Her smyling lookes, that had thus evermore,
And that restraynes which I desire so sore:
So doth this cornet governe me alacke!
In sommer sunne, in winter's breathe, a frost
Wherebye the lyghte of her fayre lookes I lost."

The reader will recognize this as a paraphrase, or indeed almost literal version of one of Petrarch's *canzoni*. He may, if curious enough, amuse himself by studying it with the original, not for the purpose of detecting the very visible theft, but for comparing a specimen of English verse, while not nearly escaped from its rudeness, with the Tuscan of perhaps the most musical of all bards.

The sonnet, so frequently used by Surrey, and after him by Shakspeare and nearly every other English poet, was (according to Sir W. Jones,) introduced from Arabia into Italy: thence, with other stanzaic structures into England by Chaucer, who in one of his visits to the south, is reported to have met Petrarch and made his friendship, in Genoa. Surrey was doubtless the most skilful sonnet-weaver of his day, and though too fond of the inversion, for which Milton is so much blamed, for the most part pleases both ear and understanding. His end was an unfortunate one. Henry VIII added the poet lover to the list of those whom tyranny brought to the scaffold. He was beheaded in the year 1500.

* Milton's Il Penseroso, in allusion to the Squire's tale in Chaucer.

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IV. Sir Philip Sidney was famous throughout all Europe for his intellectual and personal accomplishments. He was spoken of as a candidate for the throne of Poland on the death of Sigismond Augustus, but Elizabeth was unwilling to lose the "prime jewel of all England," and retained him at the English court. It is more than probable that he would have been defeated; for the claim of a Duke of Anjou, pleaded by so wily an advocate as Montluc, "the happy embassador," would have been more than strong enough to vanquish that of an honest, open-minded British gentleman.

The character of Sir Philip Sidney was without reproach. Not unlike Lord Surrey in his renown, he was yet more a hero than his illustrious precursor. Lord Surrey was an accomplished and illustrious patrician, the first of his age; but Sidney was a refinement upon nobility. He was like the abstract and essence of romantic fiction, having the courage (but not the barbarity) of the *preux chevaliers* of ancient time--their unwearied patience—their tender and stainless attachment. He was a hero of chivalry, without the grossness and frailty of the flesh. He lived beloved and admired, and died universally and deservedly lamented. He is the last of those who have passed into a marvel; and he is now remembered almost as the ideal personification of a true knight.

Sir Philip Sidney's poetry was not without the faults of his time. It abounds with conceits and strained similes, and the versification is occasionally cramped. Nevertheless, many of his sonnets contain beautiful images and deep sentiment, (such as the 31, 82, 84, and others,) though a little impoverished by this alloy. But Sidney's reputation was won upon crimson fields, as well as upon poetic mountains. He wooed Bellona, as well as the Muses; and his last great act, when dying at Zutphen, is of itself enough to justify the high admiration of his countrymen *

V. Edmond Spenser—Dryden's "father," and Southey's "dear master"—the poet who "threw a rainbow across the heaven of poetry," was born in London. He found, at the age of eighteen or thereabout, that a cousin whom he loved would not receive his suit, and went into Cumberland, where, to pour out his sorrow, he wrote the most mournful portions of the "Shepherd's Calendar." He was for some time Secretary in Ireland,† under Lord Grey de Wilton, where his Fairy Queen was conceived and partly written; and died A. D. 1598, aged forty-five years.

Spenser and the other "fathers" of the English schools of poetry should rather be called "masters of ceremonies," for they certainly did not *beget* their different orders of composition. Italy was the cradle of these orders, not England. I will however adopt the first and common title, and call Spenser father of the English allegorical and pastoral poetry. And on these I will say a few words before I proceed to his more striking excellencies.

The ancients were particularly fond of allegory. A field as vast as could be desired was here opened for their poets. The whole heathen mythology was a splendid allegory. Virgil's Æneid may be called an allegory. As Eneas conducted the remnant of his countrymen from the Trojan ruins to a new settlement in Italy, so Augustus, from the ruins of the aristocracy, modelled a completely new government. I have not leisure to pursue the parallel. Homer has in the Odyssey many allegorical fables; as for instance those of Circe and Calypso. In imitation of these, Virgil introduced his Dido. Going farther on we find the love of allegory increasing in Italy. Ariosto's Alcina and the Armida of Tasso are "copies from the copy" of Virgil; and coming on English ground we find Spenser stealing from Tasso. As for the kinds of poetry in which allegory should be used—In an epic, persons of the "imaginary life," such as Virgil's

> "*Strife* that shakes
> Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes,"

and Spenser's "gnawing JEALOUSY sitting alone and biting his bitter lips"—should by no means enter into the action of the poem. Virgil knew this and made them nothing more than "*gate posts to his entrance into Hades.*"* The introduction of allegorical personages into the drama is unpardonable. Even in ages when men were laid open by superstition to the insinuating beauty of allegory; when the ignorant imagined every rock to be the pent-house of some spirit; when the timid walked abroad in fear and trembling, and when in consequence of this feeling allegorical paintings even of a wild sort seemed natural and agreeable to truth, its introduction into the drama met with but little applause. Æschylus has often been criticised severely for his frequent errors of this sort; one of which is his introduction of STRENGTH, as a character who assists Vulcan in binding Prometheus to his rock.

Though excluded from epic and dramatic poetry, it may be used with great aptness in poems of a descriptive nature. We thus find that pastoral poetry often admits of an allegorical vein. Spenser knew this, and has given us a happy instance in that eclogue of his Shepherd's Calendar, in which he represents the union of the rivers Briqoq and Mulla. He has still happier instances in *Æcloga tertia* and in *Æcloga quinta.*

Spenser likewise acted as master of ceremonies to pastoral poetry in its introduction to English literature. The great father of this order was Theocritus. His follower was Virgil, who combined very skilfully the *merum rus* of the Idyllia with his own courtly grace. Tasso in his Aminta imitated Virgil, and was in turn imitated by a host of contemporary and subsequent poets among his countrymen. Without copying Tasso in this as in other things, Spenser became the head of English pastoral poetry, and has never yet been excelled.

* Vid. article "*Poetry,*" in No. LXXXIII of Edin. Review, April 1825.

† If I mistake not, Edmund Burke spent a portion of his boyhood within sight of the garden where Spenser composed much of his Fairy Queen. What better spot could there be for the education of genius? This life, among scenes constantly exciting associations of the most poetical and refined nature, may have assisted in giving Burke's mind the poetic coloring for which it was so remarkable.

* All lavish embellishment—such as Tasso's description of the bower of bliss, in his "Jerusalem," which the reader will find transplanted into the second book of Spenser's Fairy Queen—should likewise be excluded from the epic. This species of poem—the grandest of *all* species—should be superior to such embellishment.

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Mr. Pope's remarks in the preface to his pastorals are evidently correct. "The simplest states of life and feeling best suit this style of poetry." Spenser's early pastorals, written

> "amongst the cooly shade
> Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore,"

are minute and beautiful pictures of the country and of country life. Indeed, one of his poems may be likened to a country scene. Here are musical brooks; there old woods cloaked in ornamental foliage; here a succession of bold thoughts shaped into a chain of tall hills; there the low vale of quiet unobtrusive beauty—all this, too, mellowed by the gawsy twilight of love. Such are Spenser's early pictures, but after mingling with the world, and losing his primitive simplicity of temper, the elegance and refinement which gave such a charm to the "Fairy Queen," spoiled his rural poetry. It was no longer a picture of nature: his plant was a hot house one: his fruit had the *hortus siccus* flavor: his nightingales were caged, and sang from an embayed window. This difference may be seen by comparing "Colin come home again" with its predecessors.

But the Fairy Queen is his wonderful work. The elegant and sometimes magnificent beauty of that lay, where the "great bard"

> "In sage and solemn tunes hath sung
> Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
> Of forests and enchantments drear,
> Where more is meant than meets the ear"—

has elevated his name to the high place which it fills with such brilliancy. Every poetic palate will relish "the grapes of hidden meaning so abundant under the vine-leaves of his exquisite allegory."

On the whole, as for Spenser as a *natural* poet, all unite in pronouncing him imaginative, bold, and even witty: as an artist, or *educated* poet, skilful, elegant, and full. His language is, for the most part, rich and expressive; his verse (remarkably various in arrangement) could scarcely be more melodious and pleasing. I will close this portion of my remarks with a quotation, the source of which I forget, but which I find pencilled upon the margin of my Chaucer.

"Spenser and Chaucer, instead of being forced into death by their antiquated language, will, by their use of it, perpetuate its remembrance. The ancient English is their servant. They are not and never will be its victims."

VI. These are biographical times. A moiety of centuries ago, not even a Shakspeare could find a biographer willing to follow the windings of his career. We know nothing more of him *certainly* than that he remained on the Avon with his wife Anne Hatheway—his senior by eight years—and three children, the last two of which were twins—until ambition led him to London. That there his plays were written; and his evenings spent with Ned Alleyne, Ben Jonson, Marlow and others, in drinking canary wine, and in "tilting in the lists of literary controversie." We have little knowledge of their pleasant discussions—

> "words—
> Spoke in the mermaid"—

but in such a company, wit and humor must have been gods of the entertainment. We are told that in table debate, "Jonson was like a great Spanish gallion, and Shakspeare an English man of war. Master Jonson was built far higher in learning; solid but slow in his performances. Shakspeare lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention." We can easily fancy the plethoric Ben writhing and chafing under the quickness of his adversary's attacks.

Within the last twenty years Shakspeare has become popular with the German critics—the best perhaps of the age. The critical mania has been imparted to the English, and I have observed lately in the English Magazines several articles pretty much in the German tone. One writer, for example, is engaged in building up a "life" of the poet from rather strange *materiel*—his sonnets. This idea was started by Schlegel, I believe—and is certainly a happy one: for all authors have sorrows, and at times must seek relief by giving them utterance. Indeed the works of an author's leisure moments are usually all of one piece—all of the same tone—all harping upon the one black thread in his fortune. Shakspeare asks in one of his sonnets—

> "Why write I still all one, ever the same,
> And keep invention in a noted weed
> That every word doth almost tell my name
> Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
> O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
> And you and love are still my argument."

This brooding and inward looking is a common habit.* Chatterton, Kirk White, and Dermody, have dissected their very hearts. Byron lives in his vagrant "Childe," and bating some most disgusting affectation in his Corsair—Lara—Giaour. Shelley groans with his Prometheus—breathes in his Laon—and draws his own image with the life of his Helen.† This may have been the case with Shakspeare. Giving free scope to his heart's inmost workings, he has given posterity, in his sonnets, a record of feeling so expressed as to render it easy to build upon it a fabric of fact—a true and accurate 'life.'

His sonnets, as they now stand, are hardly intelligible, but when placed in proper order, tell one unbroken story. We learn, *interalia*, that Shakspeare had a *male* friend whom he loved most dearly: that this friend "broke a two-fold truth"—and the question is, in what manner. Searching farther we gain the clew, and find that the poet had imbodied his vision of poetic loveliness—his *Iris en air*—in one, whom in the midst of his dream of purity and beauty unearthly, he found "as black as hell and as dark as night." That friend wins her to his arms, and this is where he is "led to riot" and to break a "two-fold truth." The poet finally discovers her wretched nature and asks—

> "Why should my heart think that a several plot
> Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?"

Then pauses in the midst of the deeply affecting por-

* Bulwer says in the Disowned, that his *effort* is, at all times, to "avoid a self-picture in his writings." The very fact that an *effort* must be made, proves the existence of this yearning egotism. In writings never intended for the world's eye there is no drawback to the inclination, and it is followed. Shakspeare's sonnets were not "writ for the world."

† This self-identity is not so visible in the tragedies of Byron and Shelley, for the simple reason, perhaps, that these are more the works of art—more the creatures of the brain than heart—abound more in skill than feeling.

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traiture of self-feeling, to whisper the exquisite self-excuse: "How could

Love's eye be true
That is so vexed with watching and with tears."

Perhaps self-portraiture might be even detected in his plays. Goethe's comprehension of the incomprehensible Hamlet, (viz. That with a great and philosophic mind he was too shrinking and sensitive for the execution of his high resolves—in a word, that like a porcelain jar attempting to enfold the roots of an oak, until shattered in the attempt, his shrinking nature tottered under the pressure of a purpose too mighty,) may have been a picture of Shakspeare's self: violent ambition acting upon the poet's fine nature, as other passions did upon that of Hamlet.

I have occupied so much space with that part of Shakspeare's history little known, that it has given me an excuse for shunning the beaten track altogether. I will however quote Dryden's eulogy, as it is short and famous for its pith.*

"He was the man who of all modern and perhaps all ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clinches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

"Quantum lenta solent inter viberna cupressi."

VII. Of Ben Jonson I will hardly say much. His "learning and heavy-headedness" would scarcely render him the 'rare Ben' that he once was, in this age of *learned professors* and *profound scholars*.

His learning gave him an undue admiration of Aristotle, and in his plays he has followed the Grecian model too closely. Unity of time and place is particularly inculcated in the rules of the Grecian schools; and in France this had long been strictly observed. It was made matter of minute inquiry in tragedy, whether such and such transactions could be gone through while a talkative hero ranted so many verses. Or, in comedy, whether an unfortunate shepherdess could go through the *Juno Lucina fer opem* ceremony, while a lewd city clerk stood by, and made so many studied surmises—*sotto voce*. Unless unity of time and place was observed in a drama, these 'line and rule Greekling Franks' damned it. The consequence was that one plot—one method—Aristotle's *το ηυθος*—was worked upon by successive dramatists, too timid to 'blanch the beaten track,' until it was threadbare. These fetters which Shakspeare snapped, Jonson hugged.

Old Ben, as he was called, was once young, but the history of his youth is rather cloudy. It seems probable, however, that the accounts delivered us by his contemporaries, are true, notwithstanding Mr. Gifford's sweeping denial. Following them, we learn, that Ben's step-father was a bricklayer; that Ben himself "served at the trade," until he left it from weariness, and joined a company of strolling players: that he enlisted and went with the English army into Flanders, where he "killed his man, and bore off the spoils." His prime and after life were spent in literary pursuits.

Old Ben was a quarrelsome, peevish companion; his body that of a bloated giant; his face filthy, with a scorbutic affection, or, as Decker quaintly says, "a face par-boiled, punched full of eyelet holes, like the cover of a warming pan." His literary quarrels with Decker, Marston, and other "men of London," eventuated in a surly retreat on the part of Jonson. He was driven from comedy to Tragedy, and we find him closing one of his poetic defences with the consoling reflection, that

"There's something come into my thought,
That must and shall be sung, high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof."

But the poet "died of sack," and lies in Westminster with a plain slab above him, on which are these words:

"O RARE BEN JONSON!"

VIII. I pass with reluctance over the contemporaries of Spenser and Shakspeare; contemporaries who aided in gaining for the Elizabethan age the title of "*Augustan*."* I will not, however, leave this ground, without quoting a few verses, imitated from the Italian of Petrarch, by Elizabeth herself. The lines begin a little poem, composed by the queen, "upon Mount Zeur's departure."† They are not wanting in music:

"I grieve, yet dare not shew my discontent;
I love, and yet am forst to seem to hate;
I doe, yet dare not say I ever meant;
I seeme starke mute, but inwardly do prate;
I am, and not; I freeze and yet am burned,
Since from myself my other self I turned."

Passing on, we find "the melancholy Cowley." Cowley has ever been a favorite with lovers; for love maddens men, and madness will always find pleasant aliment in the metaphysical and metaphorical love verses of this unnatural poet. The following is a loose paraphrase of one of Anacreon's wine songs; so loose that

* Dryden lauds the "commixture of comedy and tragedy," of which Shakspeare has been so often guilty. This always seemed to me unhappy. The "tragi-comic feeling" is at best an April day matter—a fit of the hystericks—neither downright weeping, nor hearty laughter. Or, yielding that sorrow is deeply impressed on the mind by the melancholy pictures of the one portion, will a sudden transition to merriment wipe it away? Dryden says, "why should we imagine the soul of man more heavy than his senses? Does not the eye pass from an unpleasant object to a pleasant in a very moment?" Receiving this sophistry as genuine wisdom, it follows of course, that all actual grief is transient. I would it were so. There would *then* be no need for the fountain of Lethe or the poppies of Ennor. One does not forget the fall of the sod when his *eye* turns from the newly covered grave to the glitter and glare of life.

The mixture certainly is unhappy. Perhaps, as Coleridge has surmised, it was the fruit of a proud carelessness. The poet, in the hour of composition, feels that he has just written successfully. He is elated and runs riot for awhile heedless, or, it may be, scarcely conscious of what he writes. On this principle we may account for a prodigious deal of extravagance, otherwise unaccountable.

* It was for wit that the reign of Augustus was celebrated. The age preceding, was that of strength. The Elizabethan age combined these.

† Ashmol. muss. MSS. p .142.

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we may as well style it original, and adduce it as a specimen not only of Cowley's strange conceits, but also of all the poetry in England, or rather at the court of the King, during the reign of Charles II.* The sample is a happy one.

"DRINKING.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck from the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself, (which one would think,
Should have but little need of drink,)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun, (and one would guess
By his drunken, fiery face no less,)
Drinks up the sea; and when he's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun:
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round;
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high;
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?"

The question in the last line, is easily answered. If in no other way, by the ridiculous death of Polycrates' minion, the immortal Anacreon, who lost his mortality through the agency of an ingrate grape stone.

IX. To praise such men as Shakspeare and Milton, is like praising Hercules. However, I am not one of those who think it idle to cry out "O deare moon, O choyce stars!" when we look upon these in their loveliness. And, leaving this question of the utility or inutility of panegyric, to be discussed elsewhere, I will continue *pari passu* upon the same track which I have hitherto pursued.—Of,

"A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as chaos; as the bloom
Of blowing Eden, fair; as heaven, sublime,"

Milton was fully equal to the vast labor, at his daring in undertaking which, his friend old Andrew Marvel so marvelled. Like Amphion, he sung of the wonders of creation; of Gods and immortal essences. His Satan is a magnificent creation; a personification of all gloom and all grandeur. Vast strength, angelic fashioning, revenge that nothing can soothe, endurance that never shrinks, the intellect of heaven and the pride of earth, ambition immeasurably high, and a courage which quails not even before God, go to constitute a creation essentially *ideal*. Satan is not like Macbeth or Lear, real in himself, literally true, and only lifted into poetry by circumstance: but he is altogether moulded in a dream of the imagination. Heaven, and earth, and hell, are explored for gifts to make him eminent and peerless. He is compounded of all; and at last stands up before us, with the starry grandeur of darkness upon his forehead, but having the passions of clay within his heart, and his home and foundation in the depths below. It is thus gleaning, as it were, from every element, and compounding them all in one grand design, which constitutes the poetry of the character. Perhaps Ariel and Caliban are as purely ideal, as the hero of Milton, and approach as nearly to him as any other fiction; but the latter is incontestably a grander formation, and a mightier agent, and moves through the perplexities of his career, with a power that defies competition. And these are his comrades of Pandemonium: Moloch, who changed the pleasant valley of Hinnom into black Gehenna; Belial, the "manna tongued," than whom "a fairer person lost not heaven; Azaziel, Chemos, Peor, and the wonderful Astarte;

"*To whose bright image, nightly by the moon,*
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs."

Rimmon, too—he so dreaded by the "men of Abbana and Pharphar;" and the wily Mammon,

"*The least erected spirit that fell*
From heaven. * * *
* * * * *admiring more*
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Then aught divine or holy else enjoyed;
A vision beatific."

These, all these, are splendid creations of the human intellect; and how rich and poetic is his account of Mulsiber, who "dropt from the zenith like *a falling star.*" Of this description it has been written, that "music and poetry run clasped together down a stream of divine verse." But it is most in his Satan, that Milton's way becomes the "*terribile via*" of Michael Angelo, which no one before or since has been able to tread.

Comparisons have been instituted between Milton and Dante; but however excellent the Florentine may be, he had not the grasp, nor the soaring power of the English poet. The images of Dante, pass by like the phantasma on a wall, clear indeed, and picturesque; but although true, in a great measure to fact, wanting in reality. They have complexion and shape, but not flesh or blood. Milton's earthly creatures have the flush of living beauty upon them, and shew the changes of human infirmity. They inhale the odors of the garden of Paradise, and wander at will over lawns and flowers: they listen to God; they talk to angels; they love, and are tempted, and fall! and with all this there is a living principle about them, and (although Milton's faculty was by no means generally dramatic,) they are brought before the reader, and made, not the shadows of what once existed, but present probable truths. His fiercer creations possess the grandeur of dreams, but they have vitality within them also, and in character and substance are as solid as the rock.*

His "Il Pensoroso," L'Allegro, and many of his sonnets, are enriched by an antique vein. "Barbaric pearl and gold," crusted with age, mingle with the airy and twinkling gems of his fancy. His spirit was, at times, idle, dreaming, and voluptuous. He sometimes seems as though he had slumbered through summer evenings in caves or forests, by solitary streams, or by the murmuring ocean.

Dr. Blair's parallel between Homer and Milton, throws more light upon the true character of Milton's mind, so far as sublimity is concerned, than anything I have seen. "Homer's (sublimity) is generally accompanied with fire and impetuosity; Milton's possesses

* Cowley died in 1667, too early to have thoroughly imbibed the peculiarities of the "poets of the restoration," if he had remained in England before. But this was not the case; he was secretary to the Earl of St. Albans, in Paris, during the Protectorature, and there acquired these peculiarities.

* Vide art. "*Poetry*," No. 83, Edin. Rev. April, 1825. This article is another proof how difficult a matter it is to write *of* poetry, without becoming poetical.

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more of a calm and amazing grandeur. Homer warms and hurries us along; Milton fixes us in a state of astonishment and elevation. Homer's sublimity appears most in the description of actions; Milton's in that of wonderful and stupendous objects." I would further apply a remark which I have seen in the "table talk" of Coleridge, the poet, upon the sublimity of Schiller, and that of Shakspeare. "Both are sublime, but Homer's is the *material* sublime."

These remarks are confined to his sublimity; but beauty, tender beauty, was on the catalogue of his excellencies. I heard a lady once liken Milton's mind to a sea shell. The wildest and most terrible blasts, the gentlest and most honeyed breathings issue from the same secret depths.

Milton has many singularities. One which, Addison I believe, praises, is a habit of repeating in the answer the words of the question. Take for example, these lines in Comus:

> "Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
> Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
> I did not err: there does a sable cloud
> Turn forth her silver lining on the night."*

He was also a pedant; but pedantry should only call forth censure, when coupled with weakness. He used inversion to excess; about the propriety of which no two critics agree. And any other faults than these excusable ones, it would be difficult to discover.

In his Sampson Agonistes, he manifested great solidity and power: in his Lycidas, the most exquisitely pathetic elegance; in his Comus, a fine wandering philosophy. All these qualities were united in his Paradise Lost, and (in not so great a degree, however,) in the "Paradise Regained."

As a man, John Milton has been accused of time-serving. The truth of this charge is rather problematical. Milton was no more a time-server, so far at least as I am able to discover, than *any* timid old man living in his troubled age, would have been, from fear. Terror led him into acts assuredly mean; but that terror should be his excuse; it overruled a natural soundness and rectitude of heart. However, meanness it was, and the reason that he has had his fame injured, is a simple one. A beautiful thing, when at all tainted, is more disgusting than if a greater taint were upon one less beautiful.

> "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

X. Butler,† the comic satirist, was well drugged with the burlesque sentiments and humorous conceits so prevalent in the reign of Charles the second.

Hudibras is well known as a rough satire, but few, even of those familiar with that poem, I presume, ever thought of giving Butler credit for the refinement of thought and style so frequently entwined about masses of obscurity and ridiculous vulgarity. These silver threads are often visible to the searching eye, and lead the student to believe, that had the satirist not fallen into the vein, since his day called Hudibrastic, he would have taken fair place among the followers of Wyat.

Butler was, in his intercourse with the world, dull and unmoved, wholly wanting in the rich humor for which his writings are so famous. King Charles could scarcely be persuaded, that a man, to all appearances, so stupid, could be the author of so much written wit.

XI. Waller is the next of those who produced any, the least improvement in English literature; and he, indeed, rather should be called a versifier than a poet; for there is assuredly none of the divine afflatus about him. He wrote *prose* in metre, and metre too of great polish. He has been celebrated for the music of his numbers, and, as usual, accused of borrowing from the well-head of all melodious versification—the Italian schools. Tasso, translated by old Fairfax, was his model.

XII. And now John Dryden starts up in my path, at first a Polyphemus blinded by ill taste, and although a giant, never aiming his blows aright—afterward a clear sighted and skilful Longinus. His taste became pure with age, and before his death, he had become an admirable critic.* In translation, satire and lyric poetry, he was unrivalled until the coming of Pope. Indeed in the last, he has never been rivalled. Satire is, perhaps, the only species of poetry into which logic may be happily introduced. In every other, it straightens and curbs the genius. If this be true, the Anglo-latins before the time of Surrey, made a great mistake in their choice of subjects. The heavy and operose reasoning with which their metrical folios on the trinity &c. abound, would have been of assistance in satire. Dryden's logical talent rendered his great political satire "Absolom and Achitophel," the best perhaps of his works. His McFlecnoe was thought inimitable, until Pope made it the model of his Dunciad, and drew a picture better than the original.

In one night, Dryden began and completed the great-

* The reader will remember a beautiful instance of this in "Alroy," a work brimful of genius.

† I will quote here a paragraph upon the "effect (of the restoration) on national literature and national feeling." "The restoration of Charles the second was fatal to poetry. That prince brought with him a long train of wits; and large bands of exiled courtiers flocked round him, who knew the points of a ruff, and were connoisseurs in silk stockings and Flanders lace; but of English literature they were utterly ignorant. Adversity had taught them nothing, except hatred for their countrymen at home, and contempt for their taste in all things. French fashions, French literature, French morals, prevailed; and the wholesome examples of conjugal love and social integrity, were fast melting away and disappearing before the dazzling influence of a vicious court. The time of the English exiles had been employed in patching their broken fortunes and rendering themselves agreeable to their French patrons. Had they been reduced simply to banishment, and left to ponder on the past, it is possible that they might have taken a lesson from misfortune, which would have strengthened the relaxed state of their moral constitution, and awakened them to the high gratification derivable from the works of intellect alone. But they had no example, and little motive. Their King was utterly without any character, and the French did not require any sterling accomplishments to admit them to the full benefits of their society. They were, however, compelled to turn their wit to present account, and so they contented themselves with paying court to their hosts, with emulating their gallantry, with play, and other such ordinary palliatives, as offer themselves most readily to the unhappy. If our exiles ever thought seriously, it was how they might circumvent old Noll and his Roundheads, not how they might endure philosophically, or qualify themselves for prosperity again. Under all circumstances, it was scarcely possible to avoid adopting the tone and manners of the people with whom they lived. They *did* adopt them, and the literature of the age of Charles the second, may be considered as one consequence of the exile of the Stuarts."

* Of twenty-seven plays written by Dryden, nineteen were in rhyme. These nineteen were his earliest works—and the very fact that they are in rhyme, proves a want of taste. The remaining eight were written later when his taste had ripened.

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est ode in the English language. The ode to St. Cecilia stands an unrivalled example of lyric excellence. The ode by Pope with the same title, that by Addison sung on the same day, fall far short of it, as do Cowley's famous paraphrases from Pindar. Indeed, Campbell's Last Man is the only lyric poem in the language at all akin in merit to that of Dryden.

Pindar full of the spirit of his age, committed no extravagance in the opinion of those who heard him at the Olympic games. But being regarded as the father of lyric poetry, his wildness was imitated in after ages, when that spirit was departed. This led to a great many extravagant absurdities in Italy and in England. Poets made Pindar their master and forgot Horace. The odes of the fifteenth century are scarcely intelligible; and how those who preach simplicity, and complain that Shelly's obscurity renders his poetry a sealed book, can, as I have sometimes heard them do—applaud Cowley for the beauty of his Pindarics is rather wonderful. In this unnatural state the ode fell into Dryden's hands, and he new-modelled it with strange felicity.

As a translator, Dryden shunned the latitude of those who, like Cowley, paraphrased instead of translating, and at the same time avoided the opposite evil. His translations are sufficiently accurate to convey the original author's meaning, and sufficiently polished to please an ear not too fastidious. He has fallen into error by carrying out what he calls his principle of adaptation too far. It was his opinion that "translation should be adapted to the present." For example, that the sailors of Virgil should speak the sea phrases of modern times, in order to make the description seem natural to the modern reader. This principle he carried on shore too, and many laughable instances of its application are to be found in his version of the Æneid. He translates—

> "Læva tibi tellus, et longo læva petantur
> Æquora circuitu: dextrum fuge et littas"—
> "Tack to the larboard and stand off to sea
> Veer starboard sea and land."

A direction which Scott suspects would have been unintelligible not only to Palinurus, but to the best pilot in the British navy.

He often too gives precedence in the arrangement of his verse to the name that should be deferred, as in this line,

> "The angels, *God*, the virgin and the saints, &c."

which as Mr. Ezekiel Sanford wittily enough observes, reminds one of the clown, who in giving an account of his hunt, begins with—"the dog and I, and dad." In describing the appeal of the vagabond Trojans, he falls into an odd blunder. We find

> "Diamond buckles sparkling in their shoes."

A new version this, of *Pulchra Sicyona!* However, this is *descending into the cobbler's criticism on the painting of Apelles.* Cibber in his parallel between Dryden and Pope yields to the first greater genius, to the latter more elegance—and the remark seems a just one. But I must leave this ground, haunted as it is with the genius of "glorious John Dryden."

Dryden was hard and haughty in appearance. He had a deep thick brow—a wide forehead, rather full at the temples. His mouth was spoiled by wrinkles which gave him a too determined and stern appearance. He died leaving two sons by Lady Elizabeth Howard, both of whom manifested talent, and became scholars and gentlemen of reputation.

XIII. The poets between Dryden and Pope, did little toward the advancement of English poetry. Although many of these were men of no mean capability, and met with merited honor in their day, their excellencies are not great enough to entitle them to a prominent place in a paper whose limits enforce *selection.* It is perhaps better for them that they are not admitted, as my applause even might, like paint on the brush of a bad artist, injure rather than assist. Let them pass then:—the odd and witty Prior; the melodious and animated Lansdown; the pointed Congreve; the elaborate and particular Addison; the penetrating Rowe; the easy and sweet Parnell—one and every one.

Alexander Pope, of a family at whose head was the Earl of Downe, lived fifty-five years, during the greater part of which time he was a distinguished contributor to his country's literature in pastoral, lyric and didactic poetry—and most of all in satire and translation. In noticing Cibber's parallel, I have already touched upon Pope's peculiar excellence—elegance.

It was said by Warburton in the early part of that strange career which ended in a steady friendship for Pope, that "Dryden borrowed from the ancients through want of leisure; Pope from *want of genius,*" and on this latter, the enemies of the abused poet have harped severely. One prominent argument which they adduce is the seeming difficulty with which he wrote! "His polish," say they, "is but the labored polish of a common hand. There are none of the sudden and strong outbreaks of great genius. He piles his thoughts with the labor of an ant building its hill." They shew his manuscript, lined and interlined, corrected and re-corrected, until no eye can detect the real reading, and forget that Isocrates was engaged nine years on one short panegyric. It would strike me that Pope's numerous corrections evinced fertility of mind. That the constant aim toward excellence, was but the yearning of great genius after perfection. This yearning did not display itself in Dryden, to whom belonged even greater genius, for the simple reason that he had no leisure for it. *He* was Old Jacob Tonson's hack, and depended on his writings for subsistence, while Pope was the receiver of annuities which rendered him wholly independent. As a didactic writer, Pope stands conspicuous among the philosophic poets, not only of England, but of the world. Neither Virgil nor Lucretius can in this, boast superiority. And Akenside, Armstrong, and even Boileau, fall far beneath. I have remarked, that logic suited no order of poetry, except the satirical: I do not contradict myself here. Lucretius pleases us with his bold and original conceptions, no matter how faulty they are. Virgil, by the poetic elegance which he throws upon his disjointed philosophy. And Pope is the more pleasing for his want of method. Virgil's mode of reasoning is the most orderly and best arranged of the three, and consequently his didactic poems resemble more the Anglo-Latin treatises of the twelfth and following centuries, than those of the others do. In brief, sprightly carelessness of restraint, and *want of method,* render Pope's "Essay on Criticism," and the "De rerum natura" of Lucretius more agreeable to the

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reader than the best of Virgil's Georgics. In satire, Pope was superior to Dryden, chiefly I presume, in consequence of the latter's want of leisure to perfect the reasoning which enters so importantly into that species of composition. As a translator, he was unhappy in his choice of authors. Virgil would have suited his style of genius far better than Homer. His anglicized Greek lines wear too much frippery of dress. A happy mean yet remains to be filled, between the extreme polish of Pope's Homer, and the naked abruptness of both Chapman and Cowper. There was a degree of hypocrisy in Pope's mode of publishing his letters which should be censured. (Vide Quarrels of Authors.)

Pope perfected the music and elegance of the English verse. Drawn out of chaos by old Chaucer; softened by Spenser; twisted into pliancy by Surrey; subtilized by Cowley; smoothed by Waller; strongly and beautifully modelled by Dryden;—it still wanted the finishing touch, and this, Pope gave. But he was more than an accomplished linguist. A skilful satirist, a touching eulogist, a philosophic tutor, and in fine, in spite of bodily infirmities, a good and amiable man,* his life was like the passage of a health-infusing river through the sands of the earth. Useful to all within reach of its influence; when the stream curdled in its bed, the loss was deeply felt. And although the poet's works remain among us, it is only as the cedar and palm remain upon the banks of the once living stream. "So good a man was he, his presence doubled their beauty."† L. L.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

HANS PHAALL—A TALE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

By late accounts from Rotterdam that city seems to be in a singularly high state of philosophical excitement. Indeed phenomena have there occurred of a nature so completely unexpected, so entirely novel, so utterly at variance with pre-conceived opinions, as to leave no doubt on my mind that long ere this all Europe is in an uproar, all Physics in a ferment, all Dynamics and Astronomy together by the ears.

It appears that on the —— day of ——, (I am not positive about the date) a vast crowd of people, for purposes not specifically mentioned, were assembled in the great square of the Exchange in the goodly and well-conditioned city of Rotterdam. The day was warm—unusually so for the season—there was hardly a breath of air stirring, and the multitude were in no bad humor at being now and then besprinkled with friendly showers of momentary duration. These occasionally fell from large white masses of cloud which chequered in a fitful manner the blue vault of the firmament. Nevertheless about noon a slight but remarkable agitation became apparent in the assembly; the clattering of ten thousand tongues succeeded; and in an instant afterwards ten thousand faces were upturned towards the heavens, ten thousand pipes descended simultaneously from the corners of ten thousand mouths, and a shout which could be compared to nothing but the roaring of Niagara resounded long, loud, and furiously, through all the environs of Rotterdam.

The origin of this hubbub soon became sufficiently evident. From behind the huge bulk of one of those sharply-defined masses of cloud already mentioned, was seen slowly to emerge into an open area of blue space, a queer, heterogeneous, but apparently solid body or substance, so oddly shaped, so *outré* in appearance, so whimsically put together, as not to be in any manner comprehended, and never to be sufficiently admired by the host of sturdy burghers who stood open-mouthed and thunderstruck below. What could it be? In the name of all the vrows and devils in Rotterdam, what could it possibly portend? No one knew—no one could imagine—no one, not even the burgomaster Mynheer Superbus Von Underduk, had the slightest clue by which to unravel the mystery: so, as nothing more reasonable could be done, every one to a man replaced his pipe carefully in the left corner of his mouth, and, cocking up his right eye towards the phenomenon, puffed, paused, waddled about, and grunted significantly—then waddled back, grunted, paused, and finally—puffed again.

In the meantime, however, lower and still lower towards the goodly city, came the object of so much curiosity, and the cause of so much smoke. In a very few minutes it arrived near enough to be accurately discerned. It appeared to be—yes! it *was* undoubtedly a species of balloon: but surely no *such* balloon had ever been seen in Rotterdam before. For who, let me ask, ever heard of a balloon entirely manufactured of dirty newspapers? No man in Holland certainly—yet here under the very noses of the people, or rather, so to speak, at some distance *above* their noses, was the identical thing in question, and composed, I have it on the best authority, of the precise material which no one had ever known to be used for a similar purpose. It was too bad—it was not to be borne: it was an insult—an egregious insult to the good sense of the burghers of Rotterdam. As to the shape of the phenomenon it was even still more reprehensible, being little or nothing better than a huge foolscap turned upside down. And this similitude was by no means lessened, when, upon nearer inspection, there was perceived a large tassel depending from its apex, and around the upper rim or base of the cone a circle of little instruments, resembling sheep-bells, which kept up a continual tinkling to the tune of Betty Martin. But still worse. Suspended by blue ribbands to the end of this fantastic machine, there hung by way of car an enormous drab beaver hat, with a brim superlatively broad, and a hemispherical crown with a black band and a silver buckle. It is, however, somewhat remarkable, that many citizens of Rotterdam swore to having seen the same hat repeatedly before; and indeed the whole assembly seemed to regard it with

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* I have been particular in noticing Pope's goodness of heart, because the devotees of Addison have spoken of him as "twisted in body and mind—as peevish as he was deformed."

† Surgeons and critics love new subjects, and the latter have so raked up from the dunghills of the forgotten past, poets (God save the mark!) innumerable. To mention in this paper the names of one half would be bringing sad company to old Chaucer and his great successors; however, the other half is made up of no mean names. *Lydgate, James I*, of Scotland, *Skelton, Gawin, Douglass*, Lord *Rochford*, Lord *Vaux, Gascoigne, Marlowe, Churchyard, Tuberville, Sir Walter Raleigh, Silvester*, (translator of Du Bartal,) *Fairfax, Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Carew, Quarles, Drummond, Lovelace*, (the cavalier and lover of Althea,) *Herrick, Marvel, Cotton, Walton, Lee, Shadwell*, and one or two others, I have passed over with regret.

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eyes of familiarity, while the vrow Grettel Phaall, upon sight of it, uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise, and declared it to be the identical hat of her good man himself. Now this was a circumstance the more to be observed, as Phaall, with three companions, had actually disappeared from Rotterdam about five years before, in a very sudden and unaccountable manner, and up to the date of this narrative all attempts had failed of obtaining any intelligence concerning them whatsoever. To be sure, some bones which were thought to be human, and mixed up with a quantity of odd-looking rubbish, had been lately discovered in a retired situation to the east of Rotterdam; and some people went so far as to imagine that in this spot a foul murder had been committed, and that the sufferers were in all probability Hans Phaall and his associates. But to return.

The balloon, for such no doubt it was, had now descended to within a hundred feet of the earth, allowing the crowd below a sufficiently distinct view of the person of its occupant. This was in truth a very droll little somebody. He could not have been more than two feet in height—but this altitude, little as it was, would have been enough to destroy his equilibrium, and tilt him over the edge of his tiny car, but for the intervention of a circular rim reaching as high as the breast, and rigged on to the cords of the balloon. The body of the little man was more than proportionally broad, giving to his entire figure a rotundity highly grotesque. His feet, of course, could not be seen at all, although a horny substance of suspicious nature was occasionally protruded through a rent in the bottom of the car, or, to speak more properly, in the top of the hat. His hands were enormously large. His hair was extremely gray, and collected into a cue behind. His nose was prodigiously long, crooked and inflammatory—his eyes full, brilliant, and acute—his chin and cheeks, although wrinkled with age, were broad, puffy, and double—but of ears of any kind or character, there was not a semblance to be discovered upon any portion of his head. This odd little gentleman was dressed in a loose surtout of sky-blue satin, with tight breeches to match, fastened with silver buckles at the knees. His vest was of some bright yellow material; a white taffety cap was set jauntily on one side of his head; and, to complete his equipment, a blood red silk handkerchief enveloped his throat, and fell down, in a dainty manner, upon his bosom in a fantastic bow-knot of super-eminent dimensions.

Having descended, as I said before, to about one hundred feet from the surface of the earth, the little old gentleman was suddenly seized with a fit of trepidation, and appeared altogether disinclined to make any nearer approach to *terra firma*. Throwing out, therefore, a quantity of sand from a canvass bag, which he lifted with great difficulty, he became stationary in an instant. He then proceeded, in a hurried and agitated manner, to extract from a side pocket of his surtout a large morocco pocket-book. This he poised suspiciously in his hand—then eyed it with an air of extreme surprise, and was evidently astonished at its weight. He at length opened it, and, drawing therefrom a huge letter sealed with red sealing-wax, and tied carefully with red tape, let it fall precisely at the feet of the burgomaster Superbus Von Underduk. His Excellency stooped to take it up. But the aeronaut, still greatly discomposed, and having apparently no farther business to detain him in Rotterdam, began at this moment to make busy preparations for departure; and, it being necessary to discharge a portion of ballast to enable him to re-ascend, the half dozen bags of sand which he threw out, one after another, without taking the trouble to empty their contents, tumbled every one of them, most unfortunately, upon the back of the burgomaster, and rolled him over and over no less than one and twenty times, in the face of every man in Rotterdam. It is not to be supposed, however, that the great Underduk suffered this impertinence on the part of the little old man to pass off with impunity. It is said, on the contrary, that, during the period of each and every one of his one and twenty circumvolutions, he emitted no less than one and twenty distinct and furious whiffs from his pipe, to which he held fast the whole time with all his might, and to which he intends holding fast until the day of his death.

In the meantime the balloon arose like a lark, and, soaring far away above the city, at length drifted quietly behind a cloud similar to that from which it had so oddly emerged, and was thus lost forever to the wondering eyes of the good citizens of Rotterdam. All attention was now directed to the letter, whose descent and the consequences attending thereupon had proved so fatally subversive of both person and personal dignity, to his Excellency the illustrious burgomaster Mynheer Superbus Von Underduk. That functionary, however, had not failed, during his circumgyratory movement, to bestow a thought upon the important object of securing the packet in question, which was seen, upon inspection, to have fallen into the most proper hands, being actually directed to himself and Professor Rub-a-dub, in their official capacities of President and Vice-President of the Rotterdam College of Astronomy. It was accordingly opened by those dignitaries upon the spot, and found to contain the following extraordinary and indeed very serious communication.

To their Excellencies Von Underduk and Rub-a-dub, President, and Vice-President of the States' College of Astronomers in the city of Rotterdam.

Your Excellencies may perhaps be able to remember an humble artizan by name Hans Phaall, and by occupation a mender of bellows, who, with three others, disappeared from Rotterdam, about five years ago, in a manner which must have been considered by all parties at once sudden, and extremely unaccountable. If, however, it so please your Excellencies, I, the writer of this communication, am the identical Hans Phaall himself. It is well known to most of my fellow citizens, that for the period of forty years, I continued to occupy the little square brick building at the head of the alley called Sauerkraut, and in which I resided at the time of my disappearance. My ancestors have also resided therein time out of mind, they, as well as myself, steadily following the respectable and indeed lucrative profession of mending of bellows. For, to speak the truth, until of late years that the heads of all the people have been set agog with the troubles and politics, no better business than my own could an honest citizen of Rotterdam either desire or deserve. Credit was good, employment was never wanting, and on all hands there was no lack of either money or good will. But, as I was saying, we soon began to feel the terrible effects

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of liberty, and long speeches, and radicalism, and all that sort of thing. People who were formerly the very best customers in the world had now not a moment of time to think of us at all. They had, so they said, as much as they could do to read about the revolutions, and keep up with the march of intellect, and the spirit of the age. If a fire wanted fanning it could readily be fanned with a newspaper; and, as the government grew weaker, I have no doubt that leather and iron acquired durability in proportion, for in a very short time there was not a pair of bellows in all Rotterdam that ever stood in need of a stitch or required the assistance of a hammer. This was a state of things not to be endured. I soon grew as poor as a rat, and, having a wife and children to provide for, my burdens at length became intolerable, and I spent hour after hour in reflecting upon the speediest and most convenient method of putting an end to my life. Duns, in the meantime left me little leisure for contemplation. My house was literally besieged from morning till night, so that I began to rave, and foam, and fret like a caged tiger against the bars of his enclosure. There were three fellows in particular, who worried me beyond endurance, keeping watch continually about my door, and threatening me with the utmost severity of the law. Upon these three I internally vowed the bitterest revenge, if ever I should be so happy as to get them within my clutches, and I believe nothing in the world but the pleasure of this anticipation prevented me from putting my plan of suicide into immediate execution, by blowing my brains out with a blunderbuss. I thought it best, however, to dissemble my wrath, and to treat them with promises and fair words, until, by some good turn of fate, an opportunity of vengeance should be afforded me.

One day, having given my creditors the slip, and feeling more than usually dejected, I continued for a long time to wander about the most obscure streets without any object whatever, until at length I chanced to stumble against the corner of a bookseller's stall. Seeing a chair close at hand, for the use of customers, I threw myself doggedly into it, and hardly knowing why, opened the pages of the first volume which came within my reach. It proved to be a small pamphlet treatise on Speculative Astronomy, written either by Professor Encke of Berlin, or by a Frenchman of somewhat similar name. I had some little tincture of information on matters of this nature, and soon became more and more absorbed in the contents of the book, reading it actually through twice before I awoke, as it were, to a recollection of what was passing around me. By this time it began to grow dark, and I directed my steps towards home. But the treatise had made an indelible impression on my mind, and as I sauntered along the dusky streets, I revolved carefully over in my memory the wild and sometimes unintelligible reasonings of the writer. There were some particular passages which affected my imagination in a powerful and extraordinary manner. The longer I meditated upon these, the more intense grew the interest which had been excited within me. The limited nature of my education in general, and more especially my ignorance on subjects connected with Natural Philosophy, so far from rendering me diffident of my own ability to comprehend what I had read, or inducing me to mistrust the many vague notions which had arisen in consequence, merely served as a farther stimulus to imagination; and I was vain enough, or perhaps reasonable enough, to doubt whether those crude ideas which, arising in ill-regulated minds, have all the appearance, may not often in effect possess also the force—the reality—and other inherent properties of instinct or intuition: and whether, to proceed a step farther, profundity itself might not, in matters of a purely speculative nature, be detected as a legitimate source of falsity and error. In other words, I believed, and still do believe, that truth is frequently, of its own essence, superficial, and that, in many cases, the depth lies more in the abysses where we seek her, than in the actual situations wherein she may be found. Nature herself seemed to afford me corroboration of these ideas. In the contemplation of the heavenly bodies it struck me very forcibly that I could not distinguish a star with nearly as much precision, when I gazed upon it with earnest, direct and undeviating attention, as when I suffered my eye only to glance in its vicinity alone. I was not, of course, at that time aware that this apparent paradox was occasioned by the centre of the visual area being less susceptible of feeble impressions of light than the exterior portions of the retina. This knowledge, and some of another kind, came afterwards in the course of an eventful period of five years, during which I have dropped the prejudices of my former humble situation in life, and forgotten the bellows-mender in far different occupations. But at the epoch of which I speak, the analogy which the casual observation of a star offered to the conclusions I had already drawn, struck me with the force of positive confirmation, and I then finally made up my mind to the course which I afterwards pursued.

It was late when I reached home, and I went immediately to bed. My mind, however, was too much occupied to sleep, and I lay the whole night buried in meditation. Arising early in the morning, and contriving again to escape the vigilance of my creditors, I repaired eagerly to the bookseller's stall, and laid out what little ready money I possessed, in the purchase of some volumes of Mechanics and Practical Astronomy. Having arrived at home safely with these, I devoted every spare moment to their perusal, and soon made such proficiency in studies of this nature as I thought sufficient for the execution of my plan. In the intervals of this period I made every endeavor to conciliate the three creditors who had given me so much annoyance. In this I finally succeeded—partly by selling enough of my household furniture to satisfy a moiety of their claim, and partly by a promise of paying the balance upon completion of a little project which I told them I had in view, and for assistance in which I solicited their services. By these means—for they were ignorant men—I found little difficulty in gaining them over to my purpose.

Matters being thus arranged, I contrived, by the aid of my wife, and with the greatest secrecy and caution, to dispose of what property I had remaining, and to borrow, in small sums, under various pretences, and without paying any attention to my future means of repayment, no inconsiderable quantity of ready money. With the means thus accruing I proceeded to purchase at intervals, cambric muslin, very fine, in pieces of twelve yards each—twine—a lot of the varnish of

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caoutchouc—a large and deep basket of wicker-work, made to order—and several other articles necessary in the construction and equipment of a balloon of extraordinary dimensions. This I directed my wife to make up as soon as possible, and gave her all requisite information as to the particular method of proceeding. In the meantime I worked up the twine into a net-work of sufficient dimensions, rigged it with a hoop and the necessary cords, bought a quadrant, a compass, a spy-glass, a common barometer with some important modifications, and two astronomical instruments not so generally known. I then took opportunities of conveying by night, to a retired situation east of Rotterdam, five iron-bound casks, to contain about fifty gallons each, and one of a larger size—six tinned ware tubes, three inches in diameter, properly shaped, and ten feet in length—a quantity of *a particular metallic substance or semi-metal* which I shall not name—and a dozen demi-johns of *a very common acid.* The gas to be formed from these latter materials is a gas never yet generated by any other person than myself—or at least never applied to any similar purpose. The secret I would make no difficulty in disclosing, but that it of right belongs to a citizen of Nantz in France, by whom it was conditionally communicated to myself. The same individual submitted to me, without being at all aware of my intentions, a method of constructing balloons from the membrane of a certain animal, through which substance any escape of gas was nearly an impossibility. I found it however altogether too expensive, and was not sure, upon the whole, whether cambric muslin with a coating of gum caoutchouc was not equally as good. I mention this circumstance, because I think it probable that hereafter the individual in question may attempt a balloon ascension with the novel gas and material, I have spoken of, and I do not wish to deprive him of the honor of a very singular invention.

On the spot which I intended each of the smaller casks to occupy respectively during the inflation of the balloon, I privately dug a hole two feet deep—the holes forming in this manner a circle of twenty-five feet in diameter. In the centre of this circle, being the station designed for the large cask, I also dug a hole three feet in depth. In each of the five smaller holes, I deposited a canister containing fifty pounds, and in the larger one a keg holding one hundred and fifty pounds of cannon powder. These—the keg and the canisters—I connected in a proper manner with covered trains; and having let into one of the canisters the end of about four feet of slow-match, I covered up the hole, and placed the cask over it, leaving the other end of the match protruding about an inch, and barely visible beyond the cask. I then filled up the remaining holes, and placed the barrels over them in their destined situation.

Besides the articles above enumerated, I conveyed to the depôt, and there secreted one of M. Grimm's improvements upon the apparatus for condensation of the atmospheric air. I found this machine, however, to require considerable alteration before it could be adapted to the purposes to which I intended making it applicable. But with severe labor, and unremitting perseverance, I at length met with entire success in all my preparations. My balloon was soon completed. It would contain more than forty thousand cubic feet of gas; would take me up, I calculated, easily with all my implements, and, if I managed rightly with one hundred and seventy-five pounds of ballast into the bargain. It had received three coats of varnish, and I found the cambric muslin to answer all the purposes of silk itself—quite as strong and a good deal less expensive.

Every thing being now ready, I exacted from my wife an oath of secrecy in relation to all my actions from the day of my first visit to the bookseller's stall, and, promising, on my part, to return as soon as circumstances would admit, I gave her all the money I had left, and bade her farewell. Indeed I had little fear on her account. She was what people call a notable woman, and could manage matters in the world without my assistance. I believe, to tell the truth, she always looked upon me as an idle body, a mere make-weight, good for nothing but building castles in the air, and was rather glad to get rid of me. It was a dark night when I bade her good bye, and, taking with me, as *aids-de-camp*, the three creditors who had given me so much trouble, we carried the balloon, with the car and accoutrements, by a roundabout way, to the station where the other articles were deposited. We there found them all unmolested, and I proceeded immediately to business.

It was the first of April. The night, as I said before, was dark—there was not a star to be seen, and a drizzling rain falling at intervals rendered us very uncomfortable. But my chief anxiety was concerning my balloon, which in spite of the varnish with which it was defended, began to grow rather heavy with the moisture: my powder also was liable to damage. I therefore kept my three duns working with great diligence, pounding down ice around the central cask, and stirring the acid in the others. They did not cease, however, importuning me with questions as to what I intended to do with all this apparatus, and expressed much dissatisfaction at the terrible labor I made them undergo. They could not perceive, so they said, what good was likely to result from their getting wet to the skin merely to take a part in such horrible incantations. I began to get uneasy, and worked away with all my might—for I verily believe the idiots supposed that I had entered into a compact with the devil, and that, in short, what I was now doing was nothing better than it should be. I was, therefore, in great fear of their leaving me altogether. I contrived, however, to pacify them by promises of immediate payment as soon as I could bring the present business to a termination. To these speeches they gave of course their own interpretation—fancying, no doubt, that at all events I should come into possession of vast quantities of ready money; and provided I paid them all I owed, and a trifle more, in consideration of their services, I dare say they cared very little what became of either my soul or my carcase.

In about four hours and a half I found the balloon sufficiently inflated. I attached the car therefore, and put all my implements in it—not forgetting the condensing apparatus, a copious supply of water, and a large quantity of provisions, such as pemmican, in which much nutriment is contained in comparatively little bulk. I also secured in the car a pair of pigeons and a cat. It was now nearly day-break, and I thought

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it high time to take my departure. Dropping a lighted cigar on the ground, as if by accident, I took the opportunity, in stooping to pick it up, of igniting privately the piece of slow match, whose end, as I said before, protruded a very little beyond the lower rim of one of the smaller casks. This manœuvre was totally unperceived on the part of the three duns, and, jumping into the car, I immediately cut the single cord which held me to the earth, and was pleased to find that I shot upwards, rapidly carrying with all ease one hundred and seventy-five pounds of leaden ballast, and able to have carried up as many more.

Scarcely, however, had I attained the height of fifty yards, when, roaring and rumbling up after me in the most horrible and tumultuous manner, came so dense a hurricane of fire, and smoke, and sulphur, and legs and arms, and gravel, and burning wood, and blazing metal, that my very heart sunk within me, and I fell down in the bottom of the car, trembling with unmitigated terror. Indeed I now perceived that I had entirely overdone the business, and that the main consequences of the shock were yet to be experienced. Accordingly, in less than a second, I felt all the blood in my body rushing to my temples, and, immediately thereupon, a concussion, which I shall never forget, burst abruptly through the night, and seemed to rip the very firmament asunder. When I afterwards had time for reflection, I did not fail to attribute the extreme violence of the explosion, as regarded myself, to its proper cause—my situation directly above it, and in the exact line of its greatest power. But at the time I thought only of preserving my life. The balloon at first collapsed—then furiously expanded—then whirled round and round with horrible velocity—and finally, reeling and staggering like a drunken man, hurled me with great force over the rim of the car, and left me dangling, at a terrific height, with my head downwards, and my face outwards from the balloon, by a piece of slender cord about three feet in length, which hung accidentally through a crevice near the bottom of the wicker-work, and in which, as I fell, my left foot became most providentially entangled. It is impossible—utterly impossible—to form any adequate idea of the horror of my situation. I gasped convulsively for breath—a shudder resembling a fit of the ague agitated every nerve and muscle in my frame—I felt my eyes starting from their sockets—a horrible nausea overwhelmed me—my brain reeled—and I fainted away.

How long I remained in this state, it is impossible to say. It must, however, have been no inconsiderable time, for when, at length, I partially recovered the sense of existence, I found the day breaking, and the balloon at a prodigious height over a wilderness of ocean, and not a trace of land to be discovered far and wide within the limits of the vast horizon. My sensations, however, upon thus recovering, were by no means so rife with agony as might have been anticipated. Indeed there was much of incipient madness in the calm survey which I began to take of my situation. I drew up to my eyes each of my hands, one after the other, and wondered what occurrence could have given rise to the swelling of the veins, and the horrible blackness of the finger nails. I afterwards carefully examined my head, shaking it repeatedly, and feeling it with minute attention, until I succeeded in satisfying myself that it was not—as I had more than half suspected—larger than my balloon. Then, in a knowing manner, I felt in both my breeches pockets, and missing therefrom a set of tablets and a tooth-pick case, I endeavored to account for their disappearance, and, not being able to do so, felt inexpressibly chagrined. It now occurred to me that I suffered great uneasiness in the joint of my left ankle, and a dim consciousness of my situation began to glimmer through my mind. But, strange to say! I was neither astonished nor horror-stricken. If I felt any emotion at all, it was a kind of chuckling satisfaction at the cleverness I was about to display in extricating myself from this dilemma; and I never, for a moment, looked upon my ultimate safety as a question susceptible of doubt. For a few minutes I remained wrapped in the profoundest meditation. I have a distinct recollection of frequently compressing my lips, putting my fore-finger to the side of my nose, and making use of other gesticulations and grimaces common to men who, at ease in their arm-chairs, meditate upon matters of intricacy or importance. Having, as I thought, sufficiently collected my ideas, I now, with great caution and deliberation, put my hands behind my back, and unfastened the large iron buckle which belonged to the waistband of my inexpressibles. This buckle had three teeth, which, being somewhat rusty, turned with great difficulty upon their axis. I brought them however, after some trouble, at right angles to the body of the buckle, and was glad to find them remain firm in that position. Holding the instrument thus obtained, within my teeth, I now proceeded to untie the knot of my cravat. I had to rest several times before I could accomplish this manœuvre—but it was at length accomplished. To one end of the cravat I then made fast the buckle, and the other end I tied, for greater security, tightly around my wrist. Drawing now, my body upwards, with a prodigious exertion of muscular force, I succeeded, at the very first trial, in throwing the buckle over the car, and entangling it, as I had anticipated, in the circular rim of the wicker-work.

My body was now inclined towards the side of the car, at an angle of about forty-five degrees—but it must not be understood that I was therefore only forty-five degrees below the perpendicular. So far from it, I still lay nearly level with the plane of the horizon—for the change of situation which I had acquired, had forced the bottom of the car considerably outwards from my position, which was accordingly one of the most imminent and dangerous peril. It should be remembered, however, that when I fell, in the first instance, from the car, if I had fallen with my face turned towards the balloon, instead of turned outwardly from it as it actually was—or if, in the second place, the cord by which I was suspended had chanced to hang over the upper edge, instead of through a crevice near the bottom of the car,—I say it may readily be conceived that, in either of these supposed cases, I should have been unable to accomplish even as much as I had now accomplished, and the wonderful adventures of Hans Phaall would have been utterly lost to posterity. I had therefore every reason to be grateful—although, in point of fact, I was still too stupid to be anything at all, and hung for, I suppose, a quarter of an hour, in that extraordinary manner, without making the slightest farther exertion whatsoever, and in a singularly tranquil state of idiotic enjoyment. But

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this feeling did not fail to die rapidly away, and thereunto succeeded horror, and dismay, and a chilling sense of utter helplessness and ruin. In fact, the blood so long accumulating in the vessels of my head and throat, and which had hitherto buoyed up my spirits with madness and delirium, had now begun to retire within their proper channels, and the distinctness which was thus added to my perception of the danger, merely served to deprive me of the self-possession and courage to encounter it. But this weakness was, luckily for me, of no very long duration. In good time came to my rescue the spirit of despair, and amid horrible curses and convulsive struggles, I jerked my way bodily upwards, till at length, clutching with a vice-like grip the long-desired rim, I writhed my person over it, and fell headlong and shuddering within the car. It was not until sometime afterwards that I recovered myself sufficiently to attend to the ordinary cares of the balloon. I then, however, examined it with attention, and found it, to my great relief, uninjured. My implements were all safe, and I had fortunately lost neither ballast nor provisions. Indeed, I had so well secured them in their places, that such an accident was entirely out of the question. Looking at my watch, I found it six o'clock. I was still rapidly ascending, and my barometer showed a present altitude of three and three quarter miles. Immediately beneath me in the ocean, lay a small black object, slightly oblong in shape, seemingly about the size, and in every way bearing a great resemblance to one of those childish toys called a domino. Bringing my spy-glass to bear upon it, I plainly discerned it to be a British ninety-four gun ship, close-hauled, and pitching heavily in the sea with her head to the W. S. W. Besides this ship, I saw nothing but the ocean and the sky, and the sun, which had long arisen.

It is now high time that I should explain to your Excellencies the object of my perilous voyage. Your Excellencies will bear in mind, that distressed circumstances in Rotterdam, had at length driven me to the resolution of committing suicide. It was not, however, that to life itself I had any positive disgust—but that I was harassed beyond endurance by the adventitious miseries attending my situation. In this state of mind—wishing to live, yet wearied with life—the treatise at the stall of the bookseller opened a resource to my imagination. I then finally made up my mind. I determined to depart, yet live—to leave the world, yet continue to exist—in short, to drop enigmas, I resolved, let what would ensue, to force a passage, if I could—to the moon. Now, lest I should be supposed more of a madman than I actually am, I will detail, as well as I am able, the considerations which led me to believe that an achievement of this nature, although without doubt difficult, and incontestably full of danger, was not absolutely, to a bold spirit, beyond the confines of the possible.

The moon's actual distance from the earth was the first thing to be attended to. Now the mean or average interval between the *centres* of the two planets is 59.9643 of the earth's equatorial radii, or only about 237000 miles. I say the mean or average interval. But it must be borne in mind, that the form of the moon's orbit being an ellipse of eccentricity, amounting to no less than 0.05484 of the major semi-axis of the ellipse itself, and the earth's centre being situated in its focus, if I could, in any manner, contrive to meet the moon, as it were, in its perigee, the above-mentioned distance would be materially diminished. But to say nothing, at present, of this possibility, it was very certain, that at all events, from the 237000 miles I should have to deduct the radius of the earth, say 4000, and the radius of the moon, say 1080, in all 5080, leaving an actual interval to be traversed, under average circumstances, of 231920 miles. Now this, I reflected, was no very extraordinary distance. Travelling on land has been repeatedly accomplished at the rate of thirty miles per hour, and indeed a much greater speed may be anticipated. But even at this velocity, it would take me no more than 322 days to reach the surface of the moon. There were, however, many particulars inducing me to believe that my average rate of travelling might possibly very much exceed that of thirty miles per hour, and, as these considerations did not fail to make a deep impression upon my mind, I will mention them more fully hereafter.

The next point to be regarded, was a matter of far greater importance. From indications afforded by the barometer, we find that, in ascensions from the surface of the earth, we have, at the height of 1000 feet, left below us, about one-thirtieth of the entire mass of atmospheric air—that at 10600, we have ascended through nearly one third—and that at 18000, which is not far from the elevation of Cotopaxi, we have surmounted one half of the material, or, at all events, one half the *ponderable* body of air incumbent upon our globe. It is also calculated, that at an altitude not exceeding the hundredth part of the earth's diameter—that is, not exceeding eighty miles—the rarefaction would be so excessive, that animal life could, in no manner, be sustained, and moreover, that the most delicate means we possess of ascertaining the presence of the atmosphere, would be inadequate to assure us of its existence. But I did not fail to perceive that these latter calculations are founded altogether on our experimental knowledge of the properties of air, and the mechanical laws regulating its dilation and compression in what may be called, comparatively speaking, *the immediate vicinity* of the earth itself; and, at the same time, it is taken for granted, that animal life is, and must be, essentially *incapable of modification* at any given unattainable distance from the surface. Now all such reasoning, and from such data, must of course be simply analogical. The greatest height ever reached by man, was that of 25000 feet, attained in the aeronautic expedition of Messieurs Gay-Lussac and Biot. This is a moderate altitude, even when compared with the eighty miles in question; and I could not help thinking that the subject admitted room for doubt, and great latitude for speculation.

But, in point of fact, an ascension being made to any stated altitude, the ponderable quantity of air surmounted in any *farther* ascension, is by no means in proportion to the additional height ascended, (as may be plainly seen from what has been stated before) but in a ratio constantly decreasing. It is therefore evident that, ascend as high as we may, we cannot, literally speaking, arrive at a limit beyond which no atmosphere is to be found. It *must exist*, I argued, it *may* exist in a state of infinite rarefaction.

On the other hand, I was aware that arguments have

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not been wanting to prove the existence of a real and definite limit to the atmosphere, beyond which there is absolutely no air whatsoever. But a circumstance which has been left out of view by those who contend for such a limit, seemed to me, although no positive refutation of their creed, still a point worthy very serious investigation. On comparing the intervals between the successive arrivals of Encke's comet at its perihelion, after giving credit, in the most exact manner, for all the disturbances or perturbations due to the attractions of the planets, it appears that the periods are gradually diminishing—that is to say—the major axis of the comet's ellipse is growing shorter, in a slow but perfectly regular decrease. Now this is precisely what ought to be the case, if we suppose a resistance experienced by the comet from an extremely *rare etherial medium* pervading the regions of its orbit. For it is evident that such a medium must, in retarding its velocity, increase its centripetal, by weakening its centrifugal force. In other words, the sun's attraction would be constantly attaining greater power, and the comet would be drawn nearer at every revolution. Indeed, there is no other way of accounting for the variation in question. But again. The real diameter of the same comet's nebulosity, is observed to contract rapidly as it approaches the sun, and dilate with equal rapidity in its departure towards its aphelion. Was I not justifiable in supposing, with M. Valz, that this apparent condensation of volume has its origin in the compression of the same etherial medium I have spoken of before, and which is only denser in proportion to its solar vicinity? The lenticular-shaped phenomenon, also, called the zodiacal light, was a matter worthy of attention. This radiance, so apparent in the tropics, and which cannot be mistaken for any meteoric lustre, extends from the horizon obliquely upwards, and follows generally the direction of the sun's equator. It appeared to me evidently, in the nature of a rare atmosphere extending from the sun outwards, beyond the orbit of Venus at least, and I believed indefinitely farther. Indeed, this medium I could not suppose confined to the path of the comet's ellipse, or the immediate neighborhood of the sun. It was easy, on the contrary, to imagine it pervading the entire regions of our planetary system, condensed into what we call atmosphere at the planets themselves, and in some of them modified by considerations, so to speak, purely geological.

Having adopted this view of the subject, I had little farther hesitation. Granting that on my passage I should meet with atmosphere *essentially* the same as at the surface of the earth, I conceived that, by means of the very ingenious apparatus of M. Grimm, I should readily be enabled to condense it in sufficient quantities for the purpose of respiration. This would remove the chief obstacle in a journey to the moon. I had indeed spent some money and great labor in adapting the apparatus to the purposes intended, and I confidently looked forward to its successful application, if I could manage to complete the voyage within any reasonable period. This brings me back to the *rate* at which it might be possible to travel.

It is true that balloons, in the first stage of their ascensions from the earth, are known to rise with a velocity comparatively moderate. Now the power of elevation lies altogether in the superior lightness of the gas in the balloon, compared with the atmospheric air; and, at first sight, it does not appear probable that, as the balloon acquires altitude, and consequently arrives successively in atmospheric strata of densities rapidly diminishing—I say it does not appear at all reasonable that, in this its progress upwards, the original velocity should be accelerated. On the other hand, I was not aware that, in any recorded ascension, a diminution was apparent in the absolute rate of ascent—although such should have been the case, if on account of nothing else, on account of the escape of gas through balloons ill-constructed, and varnished with no better material than the ordinary varnish. It seemed, therefore, that the effect of such an escape was only sufficient to counterbalance the effect of some accelerating power. I now considered, that provided in my passage I found the medium I had imagined, and provided it should prove to be actually and *essentially* what we denominate atmospheric air, it could make comparatively little difference at what extreme state of rarefaction I should discover it—that is to say, in regard to my power of ascending—for the gas in the balloon would not only be itself subject to a rarefaction partially similar, but, *being what it was*, would still, at all events, continue specifically lighter than any compound whatever of mere nitrogen and oxygen. In the meantime the force of gravitation would be constantly diminishing, in proportion to the squares of the distances, and thus, with a velocity prodigiously accelerating, I should at length arrive in those distant regions where the power of the earth's attractions would be superseded by the moon's. In accordance with these ideas, I did not think it worth while to encumber myself with more provisions than would be sufficient for a period of forty days.

There was still, however, another difficulty which occasioned me some little disquietude. It has been observed, that in all balloon ascensions to any considerable height, besides the pain attending respiration, great uneasiness is invariably experienced about the head and body, often accompanied with bleeding at the nose, and other symptoms of an alarming kind, and growing more and more inconvenient in proportion to the altitude attained. This was a reflection of a nature somewhat startling. Was it not probable that these symptoms would increase indefinitely, or at least until terminated by death itself? I finally thought not. Their origin was to be looked for in the progressive removal of the *customary* atmospheric pressure upon the surface of the body, and consequent distension of the superficial blood-vessels—not in any positive disorganization of the animal system, as in the case of difficulty in breathing, where the atmospheric density is *chemically insufficient* for the purpose of a due renovation of blood in a ventricle of the heart. Unless for default of this renovation, I could see no reason, therefore, why life could not be sustained even in a *vacuum*—for the expansion and compression of chest, commonly called breathing, is action purely muscular, and the *cause*, not the *effect*, of respiration. In a word, I conceived that, as the body should become habituated to the want of atmospheric pressure, these sensations of pain would gradually diminish, and to endure them while they continued, I relied strongly upon the iron hardihood of my constitution.

Thus, it may please your Excellencies, I have detail-

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ed some, though by no means all the considerations which led me to form the project of a lunar voyage. I shall now proceed to lay before you, the result of an attempt so apparently audacious in conception, and, at all events, so utterly unparalleled in the annals of human kind.

Having attained the altitude before mentioned, that is to say, three miles and three quarters, I threw out from the car a quantity of feathers, and found that I still ascended with sufficient rapidity—there was, therefore, no necessity for discharging any ballast. I was glad of this, for I wished to retain with me as much weight as I could carry, for reasons which will be explained in the sequel. I as yet suffered no bodily inconvenience, breathing with great freedom, and feeling no pain whatever in the head. The cat was lying very demurely upon my coat, which I had taken off, and eyeing the pigeons with an air of *non chalance*. These latter being tied by the leg, to prevent their escape, were busily employed in picking up some grains of rice scattered for them in the bottom of the car.

At twenty minutes past six o'clock, the barometer showed an elevation of 26,400 feet, or five miles to a fraction. The prospect seemed unbounded. Indeed, it is very easily calculated by means of spherical geometry, what a great extent of the earth's area I beheld. The convex surface of any segment of a sphere is, to the entire surface of the sphere itself, as the versed sine of the segment is to the diameter of the sphere. Now in my case, the versed sine—that is to say, the *thickness* of the segment beneath me, was about equal to my elevation, or the elevation of the point of sight above the surface. "As five miles, then, to eight thousand," would express the proportion of the earth's area seen by me. In other words, I beheld as much as a sixteen-hundredth part of the whole surface of the globe. The sea appeared unruffled as a mirror, although, by means of the spy-glass, I could perceive it to be in a state of violent agitation. The ship was no longer visible, having drifted away, apparently, to the eastward. I now began to experience, at intervals, severe pain in the head, especially about the ears—still, however, breathing with tolerable freedom. The cat and pigeons seemed to suffer no inconvenience whatsoever.

At twenty minutes before seven, the balloon entered within a long series of dense cloud, which put me to great trouble, by damaging my condensing apparatus, and wetting me to the skin. This was, to be sure, a singular *rencontre*, for I had not believed it possible that a cloud of this nature could be sustained at so great an elevation. I thought it best, however, to throw out two five pound pieces of ballast, reserving still a weight of one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Upon so doing, I soon rose above the difficulty, and perceived immediately, that I had obtained a great increase in my rate of ascent. In a few seconds after my leaving the cloud, a flash of vivid lightning shot from one end of it to the other, and caused it to kindle up, throughout its vast extent, like a mass of ignited and glowing charcoal. This, it must be remembered, was in the broad light of day. No fancy may picture the sublimity which might have been exhibited by a similar phenomenon taking place amid the darkness of the night. Hell itself might then have found a fitting image. Even as it was, my hair stood on end, while I gazed afar down within the yawning abysses, letting imagination descend, as it were, and stalk about in the strange vaulted halls, and ruddy gulfs, and red ghastly chasms of the hideous, and unfathomable fire. I had indeed made a narrow escape. Had the balloon remained a very short while longer within the cloud—that is to say—had not the inconvenience of getting wet determined me to discharge the ballast, inevitable ruin would have been the consequence. Such perils, although little considered, are perhaps the greatest which must be encountered in balloons. I had by this time, however, attained too great an elevation to be any longer uneasy on this head.

I was now rising rapidly, and by seven o'clock the barometer indicated an altitude of no less than nine miles and a half. I began to find great difficulty in drawing my breath. My head too was excessively painful; and, having felt for some time a moisture about my cheeks, I at length discovered it to be blood, which was oozing quite fast from the drums of my ears. My eyes, also, gave me great uneasiness. Upon passing the hand over them they seemed to have protruded from their sockets in no inconsiderable degree, and all objects in the car, and even the balloon itself, appeared distorted to my vision. These symptoms were more than I had expected, and occasioned me some alarm. At this juncture, very imprudently and without consideration, I threw out from the car three five pound pieces of ballast. The accelerated rate of ascent thus obtained carried me too rapidly, and without sufficient gradation, into a highly rarefied stratum of the atmosphere, and the result had nearly proved fatal to my expedition and to myself. I was suddenly seized with a spasm which lasted for better than five minutes, and even when this, in a measure, ceased, I could catch my breath only at long intervals, and in a gasping manner—bleeding all the while copiously at the nose and ears, and even slightly at the eyes. The pigeons appeared distressed in the extreme, and struggled to escape; while the cat mewed piteously, and, with her tongue hanging out of her mouth, staggered to and fro in the car as if under the influence of poison. I now too late discovered the great rashness I had been guilty of in discharging the ballast, and my agitation was excessive. I anticipated nothing less than death, and death in a few minutes. The physical suffering I underwent contributed also to render me nearly incapable of making any exertion for the preservation of my life. I had, indeed, little power of reflection left, and the violence of the pain in my head seemed to be greatly on the increase. Thus I found that my senses would shortly give way altogether, and I had already clutched one of the valve ropes with the view of attempting a descent, when the recollection of the trick I had played the three creditors, and the inevitable consequences to myself, should I return to Rotterdam, operated to deter me for the moment. I lay down in the bottom of the car, and endeavored to collect my faculties. In this I so far succeeded as to determine upon the experiment of losing blood. Having no lancet, however, I was constrained to perform the operation in the best manner I was able, and finally succeeded in opening a vein in my right arm, with the blade of my penknife. The blood had hardly commenced flowing when I experienced a sensible relief, and by the time I had lost about half a moderate basin full, most of the worst symptoms

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had abandoned me entirely. I nevertheless did not think it expedient to attempt getting on my feet immediately; but, having tied up my arm as well as I could, I lay still for about a quarter of an hour. At the end of this time I arose, and found myself freer from absolute *pain* of any kind than I had been during the last hour and a quarter of my ascension. The difficulty of breathing, however, was diminished in a very slight degree, and I found that it would soon be positively necessary to make use of my condenser. In the meantime looking towards the cat, who was again snugly stowed away upon my coat, I discovered, to my infinite surprise, that she had taken the opportunity of my indisposition to bring into light a litter of three little kittens. This was an addition to the number of passengers on my part altogether unexpected; but I was pleased at the occurrence. It would afford me a chance of bringing to a kind of test the truth of a surmise, which, more than anything else, had influenced me in attempting this ascension. I had imagined that the *habitual* endurance of the atmospheric pressure at the surface of the earth was the cause, or nearly so, of the pain attending animal existence at a distance above the surface. Should the kittens be found to suffer uneasiness *in an equal degree with their mother*, I must consider my theory in fault, but a failure to do so I should look upon as a strong confirmation of my idea.

By eight o'clock I had actually attained an elevation of seventeen miles above the surface of the earth. Thus it seemed to me evident that my rate of ascent was not only on the increase, but that the progression would have been apparent in a slight degree even had I not discharged the ballast which I did. The pains in my head and ears returned, at intervals, with violence, and I still continued to bleed occasionally at the nose: but, upon the whole, I suffered much less than might have been expected. I breathed, however, at every moment, with more and more difficulty, and each inhalation was attended with a troublesome spasmodic action of the chest. I now unpacked the condensing apparatus, and got it ready for immediate use. The view of the earth, at this period of my ascension, was beautiful indeed. To the westward, the northward, and the southward, as far as I could see, lay a boundless sheet of apparently unruffled ocean, which every moment gained a deeper and a deeper tint of blue, and began already to assume a slight appearance of convexity. At a vast distance to the eastward, although perfectly discernible, extended the islands of Great Britain, the entire Atlantic coasts of France and Spain, with a small portion of the northern part of the continent of Africa. Of individual edifices not a trace could be discovered, and the proudest cities of mankind had utterly faded away from the face of the earth. From the rock of Gibraltar, now dwindled into a dim speck, the dark Mediterranean sea, dotted with shining islands as the heaven is dotted with stars, spread itself out to the eastward as far as my vision extended, until its entire mass of waters seemed at length to tumble headlong over the abyss of the horizon, and I found myself listening on tiptoe for the echoes of the mighty cataract.

The pigeons about this time seeming to undergo much suffering, I determined upon giving them their liberty. I first untied one of them—a beautiful gray-mottled pigeon—and placed him upon the rim of the wicker-work. He appeared extremely uneasy, looking anxiously around him, fluttering his wings, and making a loud cooing noise—but could not be persuaded to trust himself from off the car. I took him up at last, and threw him to about half a dozen yards from the balloon. He made, however, no attempt to descend as I had expected, but struggled with great vehemence to get back, uttering at the same time very shrill and piercing cries. He at length succeeded in regaining his former station on the rim—but had hardly done so when his head dropped upon his breast, and he fell dead within the car. The other one did not prove so unfortunate. To prevent his following the example of his companion, and accomplishing a return, I threw him downwards with all my force, and was pleased to find him continue his descent, with great velocity, making use of his wings with ease, and in a perfectly natural manner. In a very short time he was out of sight, and I have no doubt he reached home in safety. Puss, who seemed in a great measure recovered from her illness, now made a hearty meal of the dead bird, and then went to sleep with much apparent satisfaction. Her kittens were quite lively, and so far evinced not the slightest sign of any uneasiness whatever.

At a quarter past eight, being able no longer to draw breath at all without the most intolerable pain, I proceeded, forthwith, to adjust around the car the apparatus belonging to the condenser. This apparatus will require some little explanation, and your Excellencies will please to bear in mind that my object, in the first place, was to surround myself and car entirely with a barricade against the highly rarefied atmosphere in which I was existing—with the intention of introducing within this barricade, by means of my condenser, a quantity of this same atmosphere sufficiently condensed for the purposes of respiration. With this object in view I had prepared a very strong, perfectly air-tight, but flexible gum-elastic bag. In this bag, which was of sufficient dimensions, the entire car was in a manner placed. That is to say, it (the bag) was drawn over the whole bottom of the car—up its sides—and so on, along the outside of the ropes, to the upper rim or hoop where the net-work is attached. Having pulled the bag up in this way, and formed a complete enclosure on all sides, and at bottom, it was now necessary to fasten up its top or mouth, by passing its material over the hoop of the net-work—in other words between the net-work and the hoop. But if the net-work was separated from the hoop to admit this passage, what was to sustain the car in the meantime? Now the net-work was not permanently fastened to the hoop, but attached by a series of running loops or nooses. I therefore undid only a few of these loops at one time, leaving the car suspended by the remainder. Having thus inserted a portion of the cloth forming the upper part of the bag, I re-fastened the loops—not to the hoop, for that would have been impossible, since the cloth now intervened,—but to a series of large buttons, affixed to the cloth itself, about three feet below the mouth of the bag—the intervals between the buttons having been made to correspond to the intervals between the loops. This done, a few more of the loops were unfastened from the rim, a farther portion of the cloth introduced, and the disengaged loops then connected with their proper buttons. In this way it was possible to insert the whole upper part of

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the bag between the net-work and the hoop. It is evident that the hoop would now drop down within the car, while the whole weight of the car itself, with all its contents, would be held up merely by the strength of the buttons. This, at first sight, would seem an inadequate dependence, but it was by no means so, for the buttons were not only very strong in themselves, but so close together that a very slight portion of the whole weight was supported by any one of them. Indeed had the car and contents been three times heavier than they were, I should not have been at all uneasy. I now raised up the hoop again within the covering of gum-elastic, and propped it at nearly its former height by means of three light poles prepared for the occasion. This was done, of course, to keep the bag distended at the top, and to preserve the lower part of the net-work in its proper situation. All that now remained was to fasten up the mouth of the enclosure; and this was readily accomplished by gathering the folds of the material together, and twisting them up very tightly on the inside by means of a kind of stationary tourniquet.

In the sides of the covering thus adjusted round the car, had been inserted three circular panes of thick but clear glass, through which I could see without difficulty around me in every horizontal direction. In that portion of the cloth forming the bottom, was likewise a fourth window, of the same kind, and corresponding with a small aperture in the floor of the car itself. This enabled me to see perpendicularly down, but having found it impossible to place any similar contrivance overhead, on account of the peculiar manner of closing up the opening there, and the consequent wrinkles in the cloth, I could expect to see no objects situated directly in my zenith. This, of course, was a matter of little consequence—for, had I even been able to place a window at top, the balloon itself would have prevented my making any use of it.

About a foot below one of the side windows was a circular opening eight inches in diameter, and fitted with a brass rim adapted in its inner edge to the windings of a screw. In this rim was screwed the large tube of the condenser, the body of the machine being, of course, within the chamber of gum-elastic. Through this tube a quantity of the rare atmosphere circumjacent being drawn by means of a vacuum created in the body of the machine, was thence discharged in a state of condensation to mingle with the thin air already in the chamber. This operation, being repeated several times, at length filled the chamber with atmosphere proper for all the purposes of respiration. But in so confined a space it would in a short time necessarily become foul, and unfit for use from frequent contact with the lungs. It was then ejected by a small valve at the bottom of the car—the dense air readily sinking into the thinner atmosphere below. To avoid the inconvenience of making a total *vacuum* at any moment within the chamber this purification was never accomplished all at once, but in a gradual manner,—the valve being opened only for a few seconds, then closed again, until one or two strokes from the pump of the condenser had supplied the place of the atmosphere ejected. For the sake of experiment I had put the cat and kittens in a small basket, and suspended it outside the car to a button at the bottom, close by the valve, through which I could feed them at any moment when necessary. I did this at some little risk, and before closing the mouth of the chamber, by reaching under the car with one of the poles before-mentioned to which a hook had been attached.

By the time I had fully completed these arrangements and filled the chamber as explained, it wanted only ten minutes of nine o'clock. During the whole period of my being thus employed I endured the most terrible distress from difficulty of respiration, and bitterly did I repent the negligence, or rather fool-hardiness, of which I had been guilty in putting off to the very last moment a matter of so much importance. But having at length accomplished it, I soon began to reap the benefit of my invention. Once again I breathed with perfect freedom and ease—and indeed why should I not? I was also agreeably surprised to find myself, in a great measure, relieved from the violent pains which had hitherto tormented me. A slight headach, accompanied with a sensation of fulness or distension about the wrists, the ancles, and the throat, was nearly all of which I had now to complain. Thus it seemed evident that a greater part of the uneasiness attending the removal of atmospheric pressure had actually *worn off*, as I had expected, and that much of the pain endured for the last two hours should have been attributed altogether to the effects of a deficient respiration.

At twenty minutes before nine o'clock--that is to say—a short time prior to my closing up the mouth of the chamber, the mercury attained its limit, or ran down, in the barometer, which, as I mentioned before, was one of an extended construction. It then indicated an altitude on my part of 132000 feet, or five and twenty miles, and I consequently surveyed at that time an extent of the earth's area amounting to no less than the three-hundred-and-twentieth part of its entire superficies. At nine o'clock I had again entirely lost sight of land to the eastward, but not before I became fully aware that the balloon was drifting rapidly to the N. N. W. The convexity of the ocean beneath me was very evident indeed—although my view was often interrupted by the masses of cloud which floated to and fro. I observed now that even the lightest vapors never rose to more than ten miles above the level of the sea.

At half past nine I tried the experiment of throwing out a handful of feathers through the valve. They did not float as I had expected—but dropped down perpendicularly, like a bullet, *en masse*, and with the greatest velocity—being out of sight in a very few seconds. I did not at first know what to make of this extraordinary phenomenon: not being able to believe that my rate of ascent had, of a sudden, met with so prodigious an acceleration. But it soon occurred to me that the atmosphere was now far too rare to sustain even the feathers--that they actually fell, as they appeared to do, with great rapidity--and that I had been surprised by the united velocities of their descent and my own elevation.

By ten o'clock I found that I had very little to occupy my immediate attention. Affairs went on swimmingly, and I believed the balloon to be going upwards with a speed increasing momentarily, although I had no longer any means of ascertaining the progression of the increase. I suffered no pain or uneasiness of any kind, and enjoyed better spirits than I had at any period

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since my departure from Rotterdam, busying myself now in examining the state of my various apparatus, and now in regenerating the atmosphere within the chamber. This latter point I determined to attend to at regular intervals of forty minutes, more on account of the preservation of my health, than from so frequent a renovation being absolutely necessary. In the meanwhile I could not help making anticipations. Fancy revelled in the wild and dreamy regions of the moon. Imagination, feeling herself for once unshackled, roamed at will among the ever-changing wonders of a shadowy and unstable land. Now there were hoary and time-honored forests, and craggy precipices, and waterfalls tumbling with a loud noise into abysses without a bottom. Then I came suddenly into still noon-day solitudes where no wind of heaven ever intruded, and where vast meadows of poppies, and slender, lily-looking flowers spread themselves out a weary distance, all silent and motionless forever. Then again I journeyed far down away into another country where it was all one dim and vague lake, with a boundary-line of clouds. And out of this melancholy water arose a forest of tall eastern trees, like a wilderness of dreams. And I bore in mind that the shadows of the trees which fell upon the lake remained not on the surface where they fell—but sunk slowly and steadily down, and commingled with the waves, while from the trunks of the trees other shadows were continually coming out, and taking the place of their brothers thus entombed. "This then," I said thoughtfully, "is the very reason why the waters of this lake grow blacker with age, and more melancholy as the hours run on." But fancies such as these were not the sole possessors of my brain. Horrors of a nature most stern and most appaling would too frequently obtrude themselves upon my mind, and shake the innermost depths of my soul with the bare supposition of their possibility. Yet I would not suffer my thoughts for any length of time to dwell upon these latter speculations, rightly judging the real and palpable dangers of the voyage sufficient for my undivided attention.

At five o'clock P. M. being engaged in regenerating the atmosphere within the chamber, I took that opportunity of observing the cat and kittens through the valve. The cat herself appeared to suffer again very much, and I had no hesitation in attributing her uneasiness chiefly to a difficulty in breathing—but my experiment with the kittens had resulted very strangely. I had expected of course to see them betray a sense of pain, although in a less degree than their mother; and this would have been sufficient to confirm my opinion concerning the habitual endurance of atmospheric pressure. But I was not prepared to find them, upon close examination, evidently enjoying a high degree of health, breathing with the greatest ease and perfect regularity, and evincing not the slightest sign of any uneasiness whatever. I could only account for all this by extending my theory, and supposing that the highly rarefied atmosphere around might perhaps not be, as I had taken for granted, chemically insufficient for the purposes of life, and that a person born in such a medium might possibly be unaware of any inconvenience attending its inhalation, while, upon removal to the denser strata near the earth, he might endure tortures of a similar nature to those I had so lately experienced. It has since been to me a matter of deep regret that an awkward accident at this time occasioned me the loss of my little family of cats, and deprived me of the insight into this matter which a continued experiment might have afforded. In passing my hand through the valve with a cup of water for the old puss, the sleeve of my shirt became entangled in the loop which sustained the basket, and thus, in a moment, loosened it from the button. Had the whole actually vanished into air it could not have shot from my sight in a more abrupt and instantaneous manner. Positively there could not have intervened the tenth part of a second between the disengagement of the basket and its absolute and total disappearance with all that it contained. My good wishes followed it to the earth, but, of course, I had no hope that either cat or kittens would ever live to tell the tale of their misfortune.

At six o'clock I perceived a great portion of the earth's visible area to the eastward involved in thick shadow, which continued to advance with great rapidity until, at five minutes before seven, the whole surface in view was enveloped in the darkness of night. It was not, however, until long after this time that the rays of the setting sun ceased to illumine the balloon; and this circumstance, although of course fully anticipated, did not fail to give me an infinite deal of pleasure. It was evident that, in the morning, I should behold the rising luminary many hours at least before the citizens of Rotterdam, in spite of their situation so much farther to the eastward, and thus, day after day, in proportion to the height ascended, would I enjoy the light of the sun for a longer and a longer period. I now determined to keep a journal of my passage, reckoning the days from one to twenty-four hours continuously, without taking into consideration the intervals of darkness.

At ten o'clock, feeling sleepy, I determined to lie down for the rest of the night—but here a difficulty presented itself, which, obvious as it may appear, had totally escaped my attention up to the very moment of which I am now speaking. If I went to sleep as I proposed, how could the atmosphere in the chamber be regenerated in the interim? To breathe it for more than an hour, at the farthest, would be a matter of impossibility; or if even this term could be extended to an hour and a quarter, the most ruinous consequences might ensue. The consideration of this dilemma gave me no little disquietude, and it will hardly be believed that, after the dangers I had undergone, I should look upon this business in so serious a light, as to give up all hope of accomplishing my ultimate design, and finally make up my mind to the necessity of a descent. But this hesitation was only momentary. I reflected that man is the veriest slave of custom--and that many points in the routine of his existence are deemed *essentially* important, which are only so *at all* by his having rendered them habitual. It was very certain that I could not do without sleep—but I might easily bring myself to feel no inconvenience from being awakened at regular intervals of an hour during the whole period of my repose. It would require but five minutes at most, to regenerate the atmosphere in the fullest manner, and the only real difficulty was to contrive a method of arousing myself at the proper moment for so doing. But this was a question which I am willing to confess, occasioned me no little trouble in its solution.

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To be sure, I had heard of the student who, to prevent his falling asleep over his books, held in one hand a ball of copper, the din of whose descent into a basin of the same metal on the floor beside his chair, served effectually to startle him up, if, at any moment, he should be overcome with drowsiness. My own case, however, was very different indeed, and left me no room for any similar idea—for I did not wish to keep awake, but to be aroused from slumber at regular intervals of time. I at length hit upon the following expedient, which, simple as it may seem, was hailed by me, at the moment of discovery, as an invention fully equal to that of the telescope, the steam-engine, or the art of printing itself.

It is necessary to premise that the balloon, at the elevation now attained, continued its course upwards with an even and undeviating ascent, and the car consequently followed with a steadiness so perfect that it would have been impossible to detect in it the slightest vacillation whatever. This circumstance favored me greatly in the project I now determined to adopt. My supply of water had been put on board in kegs containing five gallons each, and ranged very securely around the interior of the car. I unfastened one of these—took two ropes, and tied them tightly across the rim of the wicker-work from one side to the other, placing them about a foot apart and parallel, so as to form a kind of shelf, upon which I placed the keg and steadied it in a horizontal position. About eight inches immediately below these ropes, and four feet from the bottom of the car, I fastened another shelf—but made of thin plank, being the only similar piece of wood I had. Upon this latter shelf, and exactly beneath one of the rims of the keg a small earthen pitcher was deposited. I now bored a hole in the end of the keg over the pitcher, and fitted in a plug of soft wood, cut in a tapering or conical shape. This plug I pushed in or pulled out, as might happen, until, after a few experiments it arrived at that exact degree of tightness, at which the water oozing from the hole, and falling into the pitcher below, should fill the latter to the brim in the period of sixty minutes. This, of course, was a matter briefly and easily ascertained by noticing the proportion of the pitcher filled in any given time. Having arranged all this, the rest of the plan is obvious. My bed was so contrived upon the floor of the car, as to bring my head, in lying down, immediately below the mouth of the pitcher. It was evident, that, at the expiration of an hour, the pitcher, getting full, would be forced to run over, and to run over at the mouth, which was somewhat lower than the rim. It was also evident that the water, thus falling from a height of better than four feet, could not do otherwise than fall upon my face, and that the sure consequence would be, to waken me up instantaneously, even from the soundest slumber in the world.

It was fully eleven by the time I had completed these arrangements, and I immediately betook myself to bed with full confidence in the efficiency of my invention. Nor in this matter was I disappointed. Punctually every sixty minutes was I aroused by my trusty chronometer, when, having emptied the pitcher into the bung-hole of the keg, and performed the duties of the condenser, I retired again to bed. These regular interruptions to my slumber caused me even less discomfort than I had anticipated, and when I finally arose for the day it was seven o'clock, and the sun had attained many degrees above the line of my horizon.

April 3d. I found the balloon at an immense height indeed, and the earth's apparent convexity increased in a material degree. Below me in the ocean lay a cluster of black specks, which undoubtedly were islands. Far away to the northward I perceived a thin, white, and exceedingly brilliant line or streak on the edge of the horizon, and I had no hesitation in supposing it to be the southern disk of the ices of the Polar sea. My curiosity was greatly excited, for I had hopes of passing on much farther to the north, and might possibly, at some period, find myself placed directly above the Pole itself. I now lamented that my great elevation would, in this case, prevent my taking as accurate a survey as I could wish. Much however might be ascertained. Nothing else of an extraordinary nature occurred during the day. My apparatus all continued in good order, and the balloon still ascended without any perceptible vacillation. The cold was intense, and obliged me to wrap up closely in an overcoat. When darkness came over the earth, I betook myself to bed, although it was for many hours afterwards broad daylight all around my immediate situation. The water-clock was punctual in its duty, and I slept until next morning soundly—with the exception of the periodical interruption.

April 4th. Arose in good health and spirits, and was astonished at the singular change which had taken place in the appearance of the sea. It had lost, in a great measure, the deep tint of blue it had hitherto worn, being now of a grayish white, and of a lustre dazzling to the eye. The islands were no longer visible—whether they had passed down the horizon to the southeast, or whether my increasing elevation had left them out of sight, it is impossible to say. I was inclined however, to the latter opinion. The rim of ice to the northward, was growing more and more apparent. Cold by no means so intense. Nothing of importance occurred, and I passed the day in reading—having taken care to supply myself with books.

April 5th. Beheld the singular phenomenon of the sun rising while nearly the whole visible surface of the earth continued to be involved in darkness. In time, however, the light spread itself over all, and I again saw the line of ice to the northward. It was now very distinct and appeared of a much darker hue than the waters of the ocean. I was evidently approaching it, and with great rapidity. Fancied I could again distinguish a strip of land to the eastward—and one also to the westward—but could not be certain. Weather moderate. Nothing of any consequence happened during the day. Went early to bed.

April 6th. Was surprised at finding the rim of ice at a very moderate distance, and an immense field of the same material stretching away off to the horizon in the north. It was evident that if the balloon held its present course, it would soon arrive above the Frozen Ocean, and I had now little doubt of ultimately seeing the Pole. During the whole of the day I continued to near the ice. Towards night the limits of my horizon very suddenly and materially increased, owing undoubtedly to the earth's form being that of an oblate spheroid, and my arriving above the flattened regions

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in the vicinity of the Arctic circle. When darkness at length overtook me I went to bed in great anxiety, fearing to pass over the object of so much curiosity when I should have no opportunity of observing it.

April 7th. Arose early, and, to my great joy, at length beheld what there could be no hesitation in supposing the northern Pole itself. It was there, beyond a doubt, and immediately beneath my feet—but, alas! I had now ascended to so vast a distance that nothing could with accuracy be discerned. Indeed, to judge from the progression of the numbers indicating my various altitudes respectively at different periods, between six A. M. on the second of April, and twenty minutes before nine A. M. of the same day, (at which time the barometer ran down,) it might be fairly inferred that the balloon had now, at four o'clock in the morning of April the seventh, reached a height of *not less* certainly than 7254 miles above the surface of the sea. This elevation may appear immense, but the estimate upon which it is calculated gave a result in all probability far inferior to the truth. At all events I undoubtedly beheld the whole of the earth's major diameter—the entire northern hemisphere lay beneath me like a chart orthographically projected—and the great circle of the equator itself formed the boundary line of my horizon. Your Excellencies may however, readily imagine that the confined regions hitherto unexplored within the limits of the Arctic circle, although situated directly beneath me, and therefore seen without any appearance of being foreshortened, were still, in themselves, comparatively too diminutive, and at too great a distance from the point of sight to admit of any very accurate examination. Nevertheless what could be seen was of a nature singular and exciting. Northwardly from that huge rim before mentioned, and which, with slight qualification may be called the limit of human discovery in these regions, one unbroken, or nearly unbroken sheet of ice continues to extend. In the first few degrees of this its progress, its surface is very sensibly flattened—farther on depressed into a plane—and finally, becoming *not a little concave*, it terminates at the Pole itself in a circular centre, sharply defined, whose apparent diameter subtended at the balloon an angle of about sixty-five seconds; and whose dusky hue, varying in intensity, was, at all times darker than any other spot upon the visible hemisphere, and occasionally deepened into the most absolute and impenetrable blackness. Farther than this little could be ascertained. By twelve o'clock the circular centre had materially decreased in circumference, and by seven P. M. I lost sight of it entirely—the balloon passing over the western limb of the ice, and floating away rapidly in the direction of the equator.

April 8th. Found a sensible diminution in the earth's apparent diameter, besides a material alteration in its general color and appearance. The whole visible area partook in different degrees of a tint of pale yellow, and in some portions had acquired a brilliancy even painful to the eye. My view downwards was also considerably impeded by the dense atmosphere in the vicinity of the surface being loaded with clouds between whose masses I could only now and then obtain a glimpse of the earth itself. This difficulty of direct vision had troubled me more or less for the last forty-eight hours—but my present enormous elevation brought closer together, as it were, the floating bodies of vapor, and the inconvenience became, of course, more and more palpable in proportion to my ascent. Nevertheless I could easily perceive that the balloon now hovered above the range of great lakes in the continent of North America, and was holding a course due south which would soon bring me to the tropics. This circumstance did not fail to give me the most heartfelt satisfaction, and I hailed it as a happy omen of ultimate success. Indeed the direction I had hitherto taken had filled me with uneasiness, for it was evident that, had I continued it much longer, there would have been no possibility of my arriving at the moon at all, whose orbit is inclined to the ecliptic at only the small angle of 5°, 8'', 48''.

April 9th. To-day, the earth's diameter was greatly diminished, and the color of the surface assumed hourly a deeper tint of yellow. The balloon kept steadily on her course to the southward, and arrived at nine P. M. over the northern edge of the Mexican gulf.

April 10th. I was suddenly aroused from slumber, about five o'clock this morning, by a loud, crackling, and terrific sound, for which I could in no manner account. It was of very brief duration, but, while it lasted, resembled nothing in the world of which I had any previous experience. It is needless to say, that I became excessively alarmed, having, in the first instance, attributed the noise to the bursting of the balloon. I examined all my apparatus, however, with great attention, and could discover nothing out of order. Spent a great part of the day in meditating upon an occurrence so extraordinary, but could find no means whatever of accounting for it. Went to bed dissatisfied, and in a pitiable state of anxiety and agitation.

April 11th. Found a startling diminution in the apparent diameter of the earth, and a considerable increase, now observable for the first time, in that of the moon itself, which wanted only a few days of being full. It now required long and excessive labor to condense within the chamber sufficient atmospheric air for the sustenance of life.

April 12th. A singular alteration took place in regard to the direction of the balloon, and although fully anticipated, afforded me the most unequivocal delight. Having reached, in its former course, about the twentieth parallel of southern latitude, it turned off suddenly at an acute angle to the eastward, and thus proceeded throughout the day, keeping nearly, if not altogether, *in the exact plane of the lunar ellipse.* What was worthy of remark, a very perceptible vacillation in the car was a consequence of this change of route—a vacillation which prevailed, in a more or less degree, for a period of many hours.

April 13th. Was again very much alarmed by a repetition of the loud, crackling noise which terrified me on the tenth. Thought long upon the subject, but was unable to form any satisfactory conclusion. Great decrease in the earth's apparent diameter which now subtended from the balloon an angle of very little more than twenty-five degrees. The moon could not be seen at all, being nearly in my zenith. I still continued in the plane of the ellipse, but made little progress to the eastward.

April 14th. Extremely rapid decrease in the diameter of the earth. To-day I became strongly impressed

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with the idea, that the balloon was now actually running up the line of apsides to the point of perigee—in other words, holding the direct course which would bring it immediately to the moon in that part of its orbit, the nearest to the earth. The moon itself was directly over-head, and consequently hidden from my view. Great and long-continued labor necessary for the condensation of the atmosphere.

April 15th. Not even the outlines of continents and seas could now be traced upon the earth with anything approaching to distinctness. About twelve o'clock I became aware, for the third time, of that unearthly and appalling sound which had so astonished me before. It now, however, continued for some moments, and gathered horrible intensity as it continued. At length, while stupified and terror-stricken I stood in expectation of, I know not what hideous destruction, the car vibrated with excessive violence, and a gigantic and flaming mass of some material which I could not distinguish, came with the voice of a thousand thunders, roaring and booming by the balloon. When my fears and astonishment had in some degree subsided, I had little difficulty in supposing it to be some mighty volcanic fragment ejected from that world to which I was so rapidly approaching, and, in all probability, one of that singular class of substances occasionally picked up on the earth, and termed meteoric stones for want of a better appellation.

April 16th. To-day, looking upwards as well as I could, through each of the side windows alternately, I beheld, to my great delight, a very small portion of the moon's disk protruding, as it were, on all sides beyond the huge circumference of the balloon. My agitation was extreme—for I had now little doubt of soon reaching the end of my perilous voyage. Indeed the labor now required by the condenser had increased to a most oppressive degree, and allowed me scarcely any respite from exertion. Sleep was a matter nearly out of the question. I became quite ill, and my frame trembled with exhaustion. It was impossible that human nature could endure this state of intense suffering much longer. During the now brief interval of darkness a meteoric stone again passed in my vicinity, and the frequency of these phenomena began to occasion me much anxiety and apprehension. The consequence of a concussion with any one of them, would have been inevitable destruction to me and my balloon.

April 17th. This morning proved an epoch in my voyage. It will be remembered that, on the thirteenth, the earth subtended an angular breadth of twenty-five degrees. On the fourteenth, this had greatly diminished—on the fifteenth, a still more rapid decrease was observable—and on retiring for the night of the sixteenth I had noticed an angle of no more than about seven degrees and fifteen minutes. What, therefore, must have been my amazement on awakening from a brief and disturbed slumber on the morning of this day, the seventeenth, at finding the surface beneath me so suddenly and wonderfully *augmented* in volume as to subtend no less than thirty-nine degrees in apparent angular diameter! I was thunderstruck. No words—no earthly expression can give any adequate idea of the extreme—the absolute horror and astonishment with which I was seized, possessed, and altogether overwhelmed. My knees tottered beneath me—my teeth chattered—my hair started up on end. "The balloon then had actually burst"—these were the first tumultuous ideas which hurried through my mind—"the balloon had positively burst. I was falling—falling—falling—with the most intense, the most impetuous, the most unparalleled velocity. To judge from the immense distance already so quickly passed over, it could not be more than ten minutes, at the farthest, before I should meet the surface of the earth, and be hurled into annihilation." But at length reflection came to my relief. I paused—I considered—and I began to doubt. The matter was impossible. I could not in any reason have so rapidly come down. There was some mistake. Not the red thunderbolt itself could have so impetuously descended. Besides, although I was evidently approaching the surface below me, it was with a speed by no means commensurate with the velocity I had at first so horribly conceived. This consideration served to calm the perturbation of my mind, and I finally succeeded in regarding the phenomenon in its proper point of view. In fact amazement must have fairly deprived me of my senses when I could not see the vast difference, in appearance, between the surface below me, and the surface of my mother earth. The latter was indeed over my head, and completely hidden by the balloon, while the moon—the moon itself in all its glory—lay beneath me, and at my feet.

The stupor and surprise produced in my mind by this extraordinary change in the posture of affairs was perhaps, after all, that part of the adventure least susceptible of explanation. For the *bouleversement* in itself was not only natural and inevitable, but had been long actually anticipated as a circumstance to be expected whenever I should arrive at that exact point of my voyage where the attraction of the planet should be superseded by the attraction of the satellite—or, more precisely, where the gravitation of the balloon towards the earth should be less powerful than its gravitation towards the moon. To be sure I arose from a sound slumber with all my senses in confusion to the contemplation of a very startling phenomenon, and one which, although expected, was not expected at the moment. The revolution itself must, of course, have taken place in an easy and gradual manner, and it is by no means clear that, had I even been awake at the time of the occurrence, I should have been made aware of it by any *internal* evidence of an inversion—that is to say by any inconvenience or disarrangement either about my person or about my apparatus.

It is almost needless to say that upon coming to a due sense of my situation, and emerging from the terror which had absorbed every faculty of my soul, my attention was, in the first place, wholly directed to the contemplation of the general physical appearance of the moon. It lay beneath me like a chart, and although I judged it to be still at no inconsiderable distance, the indentures of its surface were defined to my vision with a most striking and altogether unaccountable distinctness. The entire absence of ocean or sea, and indeed of any lake or river, or body of water whatsoever, struck me, at the first glance, as the most extraordinary feature in its geological condition. Yet, strange to say! I beheld vast level regions of a character decidedly alluvial—although by far the greater portion of the hemisphere in sight was covered with innumerable volcanic

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mountains, conical in shape, and having more the appearance of artificial than of natural protuberances. The highest among them does not exceed three and three quarter miles in perpendicular elevation—but a map of the volcanic districts of the Campi Phlegræi would afford to your Excellencies a better idea of their general surface than any unworthy description I might think proper to attempt. The greater part of them were in a state of evident eruption, and gave me fearfully to understand their fury and their power by the repeated thunders of the miscalled meteoric stones which now rushed upwards by the balloon with a frequency more and more appalling.

April 18th. To-day I found an enormous increase in the moon's apparent bulk, and the evidently accelerated velocity of my descent began to fill me with alarm. It will be remembered that, in the earliest stage of my speculations upon the possibility of a passage to the moon, the existence in its vicinity of an atmosphere dense in proportion to the bulk of the planet had entered largely into my calculations—this too in spite of many theories to the contrary, and, it may be added, in spite of the positive evidence of our senses. Upon the resistance, or more properly, upon the support of this atmosphere, existing in the state of density imagined, I had, of course, entirely depended for the safety of my ultimate descent. Should I then, after all, prove to have been mistaken, I had in consequence nothing better to expect as a *finale* to my adventure than being dashed into atoms against the rugged surface of the satellite. And indeed I had now every reason to be terrified. My distance from the moon was comparatively trifling, while the labor required by the condenser was diminished not at all, and I could discover no indication whatever of a decreasing rarity in the air.

April 19th. This morning, to my great joy, about nine o'clock, the surface of the moon being frightfully near, and my apprehensions excited to the utmost, the pump of my condenser at length gave evident tokens of an alteration in the atmosphere. By ten I had reason to believe its density considerably increased. By eleven very little labor was necessary at the apparatus—and at twelve o'clock, with some hesitation, I ventured to unscrew the tourniquet, when, finding no inconvenience from having done so, I finally threw open the gum-elastic chamber, and unrigged it from around the car. As might have been expected, spasms and violent headach were the immediate consequence of an experiment so precipitate and full of danger. But these and other difficulties attending respiration, as they were by no means so great as to put me in peril of my life, I determined to endure as I best could, in consideration of my leaving them behind me momentarily in my approach to the denser strata near the moon. This approach, however, was still impetuous in the extreme, and it soon became alarmingly certain that, although I had probably not been deceived in the expectation of an atmosphere dense in proportion to the mass of the satellite, still I had been wrong in supposing this density, even at the surface, at all adequate to the support of the great weight contained in the car of my balloon. Yet this *should* have been the case, and in an equal degree as at the surface of the earth, the actual gravity of bodies at either planet being in the exact ratio of their atmospheric condensation. That it *was not* the case however my precipitous downfall gave testimony enough—why it was not so, can only be explained by a reference to those possible geological disturbances to which I have formerly alluded. At all events I was now close upon the planet, and coming down with most terrible impetuosity. I lost not a moment accordingly in throwing overboard first my ballast, then my water-kegs, then my condensing apparatus and gum-elastic chamber, and finally every individual article within the car. But it was all to no purpose. I still fell with horrible rapidity, and was now not more than half a mile at farthest from the surface. As a last resource, therefore, having got rid of my coat, hat, and boots, I cut loose from the balloon *the car itself*, which was of no inconsiderable weight, and thus, clinging with both hands to the hoop of the network, I had barely time to observe that the whole country as far as the eye could reach was thickly interspersed with diminutive habitations, ere I tumbled headlong into the very heart of a fantastical-looking city, and into the middle of a vast crowd of ugly little people, who none of them uttered a single syllable, or gave themselves the least trouble to render me assistance, but stood, like a parcel of idiots, grinning in a ludicrous manner, and eyeing me and my balloon askant with their arms set a-kimbo. I turned from them in contempt, and gazing upwards at the earth so lately left, and left perhaps forever, beheld it like a huge, dull, copper shield, about two degrees in diameter, fixed immoveably in the heavens overhead, and tipped on one of its edges with a crescent border of the most brilliant gold. No traces of land or water could be discovered, and the whole was clouded with variable spots, and belted with tropical and equatorial zones.

Thus, may it please your Excellencies, after a series of great anxieties, unheard of dangers, and unparalleled escapes, I had, at length, on the nineteenth day of my departure from Rotterdam, arrived in safety at the conclusion of a voyage undoubtedly the most extraordinary, and the most momentous ever accomplished, undertaken, or conceived by any denizen of earth. But my adventures yet remain to be related. And indeed your Excellencies may well imagine that after a residence of five years upon a planet not only deeply interesting in its own peculiar character, but rendered doubly so by its intimate connection, in capacity of satellite, with the world inhabited by man, I may have intelligence for the private ear of the States' College of Astronomers of far more importance than the details, however wonderful, of the mere *voyage* which so happily concluded. This is, in fact, the case. I have much—very much which it would give me the greatest pleasure to communicate. I have much to say of the climate of the planet—of its wonderful alternations of heat and cold—of unmitigated and burning sunshine for one fortnight, and more than polar severity of winter for the next—of a constant transfer of moisture, by distillation *in vacuo*, from the point beneath the sun to the point the farthest from it—of a variable zone of running water—of the people themselves—of their manners, customs, and political institutions—of their peculiar physical construction—of their ugliness—of their want of ears, those useless appendages in an atmosphere so peculiarly modified as to be insufficient for the conveyance of any but the loudest sounds—of their consequent ignorance of the use and properties of speech—of their substitute for speech

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in a singular method of inter-communication—of the incomprehensible connection between each particular individual in the moon, with some particular individual on the earth—a connection analogous with, and depending upon that of the orbs of the planet and the satellite, and by means of which the lives and destinies of the inhabitants of the one are interwoven with the lives and destinies of the inhabitants of the other—and above all, if it so please your Excellencies, above all of these dark and hideous mysteries which lie in the outer regions of the moon—regions which, owing to the almost miraculous accordance of the satellite's rotation on its own axis with its sideral revolution about the earth, have never yet been turned, and, by God's mercy, never shall be turned to the scrutiny of the telescopes of man. All this, and more—much more—would I most willingly detail. But to be brief, I must have my reward. I am pining for a return to my family and to my home: and as the price of any farther communications on my part—in consideration of the light which I have it in my power to throw upon many very important branches of physical and metaphysical science—I must solicit, through the influence of your honorable body, a pardon for the crime of which I have been guilty in the death of the creditors upon my departure from Rotterdam. This, then, is the object of the present paper. Its bearer, an inhabitant of the moon, whom I have prevailed upon, and properly instructed, to be my messenger to the earth, will await your Excellencies' pleasure, and return to me with the pardon in question, if it can, in any manner, be obtained.

I have the honor to be, &c. your Excellencies very humble servant, HANS PHAALL.

Upon finishing the perusal of this very extraordinary document, Professor Rub-a-dub, it is said, dropped his pipe upon the ground in the extremity of his surprise, and Mynheer Superbus Von Underduk, having taken off his spectacles, wiped them, and deposited them in his pocket, so far forgot both himself and his dignity, as to turn round three times upon his heel in the quintescence of astonishment and admiration. There was no doubt about the matter—the pardon should be obtained. So at least swore with a round oath, Professor Rub-a-dub, and so finally thought the illustrious Von Underduk, as he took the arm of his brother in science, and without saying a word, began to make the best of his way home to deliberate upon the measures to be adopted. Having reached the door, however, of the burgomaster's dwelling, the Professor ventured to suggest, that as the messenger had thought proper to disappear—no doubt frightened to death by the savage appearance of the burghers of Rotterdam—the pardon would be of little use, as no one but a man of the moon would undertake a voyage to so horrible a distance. To the truth of this observation the burgomaster assented, and the matter was therefore at an end. Not so, however, rumors and speculations. The letter, having been published, gave rise to a variety of gossip and opinion. Some of the overwise even made themselves ridiculous, by decrying the whole business as nothing better than a hoax. But hoax, with these sort of people, is, I believe, a general term for all matters above their comprehension. For my part I cannot conceive upon what data they have founded such an accusation. Let us see what they say:

Imprimis. That certain wags in Rotterdam have certain especial antipathies to certain burgomasters and astronomers.

Don't understand at all.

Secondly. That an odd little dwarf and bottle conjurer, both of whose ears, for some misdemeanor, have been cut off close to his head, has been missing for several days from the neighboring city of Bruges.

Well—what of that?

Thirdly. That the newspapers which were stuck all over the little balloon were newspapers of Holland, and therefore could not have been made in the moon. They were dirty papers—very dirty—and Gluck, the printer, would take his bible oath to their having been printed in Rotterdam.

He was mistaken—undoubtedly—mistaken.

Fourthly. That Hans Phaall himself, the drunken villain, and the three very idle gentlemen styled his creditors, were all seen, no longer than two or three days ago, in the tippling house in the suburbs, having just returned, with money in their pockets, from a trip beyond the sea.

Don't believe it—don't believe a word of it.

Lastly. That it is an opinion very generally received, or which ought to be generally received, that the College of Astronomers in the city of Rotterdam—as well as all other Colleges in all other parts of the world—not to mention Colleges and Astronomers in general—are, to say the least of the matter, not a whit better, nor greater, nor wiser than they ought to be.

The d——l, you say! Now that's too bad. Why, hang the people, they should be prosecuted for a libel. I tell you, gentlemen, you know nothing about the business. You are ignorant of Astronomy—and of things in general. The voyage was made—it was indeed—and made, too, by Hans Phaall. I wonder, for my part, you do not perceive at once that the letter—the document—is intrinsically—is astronomically true—and that it carries upon its very face the evidence of its own authenticity.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE SALE.

It is the law throughout the Old Dominion,
When some poor devil dies in peace or battle,
The executor must be of the opinion
His goods are perishing, and sell each chattel;
Whatever treads on hoof, or flies on pinion—
Hogs, horses, cows, and every sort of cattle—
Cups, saucers, swingle trees and looking glasses—
Ploughs, pots and pans, teakettles and jackasses."

A man who never quotes, it has been said, will in return never be quoted. By way therefore of quoting, and at the same time of being quoted, I have quoted a poem of my own, which "will never be published," written in attempted imitation of Beppo, and describing a sale in Virginia. Who has not seen something like the following staring him in the face, on the side of a store or tavern, or upon the post of a sign-board where several roads meet? "*I shel purceed to sel to the highest bidder, on Saterday the 3d of Janewary next, at Blank, all the housol and kitchen fernitur of the late David Double, Esq. together with all the horses, mucls, sheep and hoges. Cash on all sums of five dollars and under, and a credit of twelve months on the ballance. Bond with aproved sekurity will*

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be requierd," &c. Such a notification as the above, which is copied verbatim et spellatim, operates like an electric shock on a whole neighborhood in that portion of the country in which I reside, especially upon that part of the population which can least afford to buy bargains. The temptation of long credit is too great to be resisted, although no calculations of the ultimate ability to pay are ever made. The grand desideratum is, to obtain the necessary security, and to purchase to a greater amount than five dollars. I am myself infected by this prevailing malady, and frequently buy what is of no manner of use to me, simply because no cash is required, and bonds are hard to collect, and suits may be put off by continuances, and matters of this sort after all, may be settled by executors and administrators. Among the rest therefore, on the day appointed by the aforesaid notification, I mounted my horse, and sallied out upon the road leading to Blank, and fell in with a large party going to the sale, principally managers, as they call themselves now-a-days, on the neighboring estates. Formerly they were yclept overseers, but the term is falling into disuse, as conveying the idea of something derogatory. They were mounted in every variety of style; there were long tails, and bob tails, and nicked tails; and I saw at least one sheep skin saddle and grape vine bridle. By the by, talking of grape vines, what a country ours is for this invaluable article. Here is no need of hemp manufactories. Nature, in her exuberant goodness, has supplied an abundance of primitive rope, which is just as convenient and efficacious as the best cordage, whether a man wants to hang himself or a dog—whether he wants a cap for his fence, a backband for his plough-horse, a pair of leading lines, or a girth for his saddle. Why should we be the advocates of a tariff, when nature supplies us in peace or war with this and many other articles of the first necessity, among which I once heard a Chotanker enumerate *mint*. "Why," said he, "should we fear a dissolution of the union, a separation of the north from the south, when there is not a sprig of mint in all New England?" When this was said, peradventure it might be true; but to my certain knowledge, at this day the word julap is well understood much farther north than Mason's and Dixon's line. Pardon me, reader, this digression—for I am mounted to-day on a rough-going, headstrong animal, that will have his own way, and wants to turn aside into every by-path which he sees, and is as "*willyard a pony*" as that ridden by Dumbiedikes, when he followed Jeanie Deans to lend her the purse of gold. But to return. I cannot let this opportunity slip of singling out one of this group of horsemen for description, that you may have a graphic sketch of the sort of folks and horses that live hereabouts. Wert thou ever upon Hoecake Ridge? and hast thou ever met in winter, a thorough bred native of that region, mounted upon his little shaggy pony, "*skelping on through dub and mire,*" like Tam O' Shanter? Here he was to-day, in his element, dressed in Nankin pantaloons and a thin cotton jacket, and riding in the teeth of a strong northwester, singing "*Life let us cherish.*" His saddle had no skirts, having been robbed of those useless appendages by some rogue who wanted a pair of brogues; his bridle had as many knots as the sea serpent. But my business is not so much with him as with his pony, whose head and neck may be aptly represented by a maul and its handle. His tail is six inches long, and standing at an angle of forty-five degrees with his back; his hair is long and shaggy; he is cat-hammed, and his chest so narrow that his fore legs almost touch one another; his eyes snap fire when you plague him. You may talk of improving the breed of horses. Tell me not of your Eclipses, your Henrys—of Arabians or Turks. They may be all very well in their places, but this pony is the animal for my country. He can bite the grass which is absolutely invisible to human eyes, and subsist upon it. If you would give him six ears of corn twice a day, he would be almost too fat to travel. He never stumbles. Give him the rein, and he will pick his path as carefully as a lady. His powers of endurance exceed the camel's. His master is a sot, and his horse will stand all night at a tippling shop, gnawing a fence rail; he almost prefers it to a corn-stalk which has been lying out all winter, his common food. When his master comes forth and mounts, he studies attitudes. If the rider reel to the right, the pony leans to the starboard side; if to the left, he tacks to suit him. If the master fall, he falls clear, having no girth to his saddle, and the pony does not waste time in useless meditation upon accidents that will happen to the best of us, but moves homeward with accelerated velocity, leaping every obstacle in his way to his brush stable.

It was my good fortune to drop in alongside of the man who was mounted upon this incomparable animal, and complimenting him upon his philosophy in the selection of his song, and on the dexterity of his horse, I soon found he was a great politician, and we chatted most agreeably until our arrival at the place of sale. He was a violent ———, but not a word of politics; literature and politics are different matters altogether. You may be a great politician, you know, without a particle of literature. Politicians are the last people in the world to bear a joke; and if I were even to glance at the discourse of my neighbors, there are many who would not submit to this interference with their exclusive business; they would see in it "more devils than vast hell could hold." The world must therefore be content to lose the humor of my singular acquaintance, as I cannot possibly do justice to his conceptions without the mention of names. I shall die though, unless I find some occasion of disclosing them; for old Hardcastle's man Diggory was never more diverted at his story of the grouse in the gun-room, than was I at the political conceits of my Hoecake-ridger. Having arrived at Blank, we *hung* our horses, as Virginians always do after riding them, and entered the grounds before a venerable looking building which had been completely embowelled, and its contents were piled in promiscuous heaps in various parts of the yard. Within the great house, as it is usually styled, was already assembled around a blazing fire, a crowd of exceedingly noisy folks, all talking at once, and nobody apparently listening. The names of our leading men sounded on every side, and the Tower of Babel never witnessed a greater confusion of tongues. For my own part, it always makes me melancholy to contemplate this inroad of Goths and Vandals upon apartments which were once perhaps so sacred, and kept in order with such sedulous attention. It seems a profanation—a want of respect for the recently dead, and a cruel outrage upon

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the feelings of the surviving family. Nothing escapes the prying eye of curiosity—the rude footstep invades the very penetralia. The household gods, the Dii Penates are all upturned; and mirth and jesting reign amidst the precincts of woe. I felt like a jackal tearing open the grave for my prey. The crier, the high priest of these infernal orgies, now came forward with his badge of office, the jug of whiskey, and announced that the sale would commence as soon as he could wet his whistle, which he proceeded to do, and then began to ply his customers. It is wonderful to think how much ingenuity has been displayed in finding out metaphors to describe the detestable act of tippling. The renowned biographer of Washington and Marion has imbodied a number of these in one of his minor performances; but several which I heard this day were new to me, and escaped his researches; thus, I heard one upbraid another for being too fond of "*tossing his head back*," while a third invited his companion to "*rattle the stopper*"—and upon my taking a very moderate drink, and so weak that a temperance man would scarcely have frowned upon me, I was clapped on the back and jeered for my fondness of the creature, since I was willing to swallow an ocean of water to get at a drop. In a very short time the liquid fire of the Greeks ran through the veins of the crowd, and they were quickly ripe for bidding—

> "Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,
> What dangers thou canst make us scorn;
> Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil—
> Wi' Usquebaugh we'll face the devil."

The "swats sae ream'd" in their noddles, that every thing sold at a price far beyond its value, and our crier became so exceedingly facetious, and cracked so many excellent ironical jokes, that it is a pity they should be lost. Being unskilled however in stenography, I could not take down his words, and only remember that every untrimmed *old field* colt was a regular descendant of Eclipse; the long nosed hogs were unquestionably Parkinson; the sheep, Merinoes; the cattle which were notoriously *all horn*, were short horns, &c. &c. They seemed to me but a scurvy set of animals; but those who saw through a *glass* darkly, seemed to entertain a very different opinion. The "mirth and fun grew fast and furious," "till first a caper sin anither" "they lost their reason a' thegither," and the sale closed in one wild uproarious scuffle for every thing at any price whatever.

It now became necessary to return home, an important consideration which had been wholly overlooked; and the difficulty of mounting our horses having been overcome after many trials, we began to "witch the world with" feats of "noble horsemanship." Such "racing and chasing" had not been seen since the days of Cannobie lea, and quizzing became the order of the evening. Perceiving the mettlesome nature of my steed, my friend the politician and philosopher, seemed resolved upon unhorsing me, notwithstanding my entreaties that he would forbear; and by dint of riding violently up to me, and shouting out at the top of his voice, he so alarmed my nag, that he seized the bit between his teeth, and away I flew, John Gilpin like, to the infinite amusement of my persecutor, until I was safely deposited in a mud hole, near my own gate, from whence I had to finish my journey on foot, and appear before my helpmate in a condition that reflected greatly upon my character. As a finale to this mortifying business, my purchases were brought home the next day, and were most unceremoniously thrown out of doors by my wife, as utterly useless, being literally sans eyes, sans teeth, sans every thing; cracked pitchers, broken pots, spiders without legs, jugs without handles, et id genus omne.

NUGATOR.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE INFIDEL, or the Fall of Mexico, *a romance, by the author of Calavar.* Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

The second effort of the author of Calavar, gives us no reason for revoking the favorable opinion which we expressed of his powers as a writer of fictitious narrative, in noticing the first. On the contrary, that opinion is confirmed and strengthened by a perusal of the Infidel. It is a work of great power, and although, as was the case with Calavar, it is chiefly occupied with the delineation of scenes of slaughter and violence—with the stratagems of war—the plots of conspirators—the stirring incidents of siege and sortie—and the thrilling details of individual prowess or general onslaught—yet it abounds in passages which give a pleasing relief to the almost too frequently recurring incidents of peril and adventure. It is true that this work does not possess, to by far the same extent, those enchanting descriptions of natural scenery, which abounded in Calavar: but the cause of this is probably to be found in the fact, that the scene of action is the same in both works, and in a natural aversion of the author to repeat his own pictures. Still, as a whole, we think the Infidel fully equal to its predecessor, and in some respects superior. The principal female character is drawn with far greater vigor, than marked the heroine of Calavar, although the prominent features in the sketch of the impassioned *Monjonaza*, are of a masculine kind. She is indeed a most powerful and eccentric creation, and adds much to the interest of the narrative. Still we think it problematical whether the author is capable of success in a purely feminine picture of female character. Zelahualla, the daughter of Montezuma, a gentler being than La Monjonaza, does not give him a claim to such a distinction, as she is brought forward but seldom, and sustains no important part in the action of the drama.

The period at which the narrative of the Infidel commences, is a few months after the disastrous retreat of the Spaniards from Mexico, during the "Noche Triste," so powerfully described in Calavar. Cortes had re-organized his forces, re-united his allies, and was preparing for the siege of Mexico, now rendered strong in its defences by the valor, enterprise and activity of the new emperor, Guatimozin. Tezcuco is the scene of the earlier events, where Cortes was engaged in completing his preparations, part of which consisted in the construction of a fleet of brigantines, to command the sea of Anahuac, and co-operate in the meditated attack upon the great city.

The hero of the story, Juan Lerma, a former protege of Cortes, but who has fallen under his displeasure, is the pivot on which the main interest of the work is made to turn. He is imprisoned, and ultimately rescued by Guatimozin, who carries him to Mexico. The details of a treasonable plot against the Captain General, headed by Villafana, one of the most compli-

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cated of villains, is skilfully interwoven with this portion of the narrative. The mysterious *Monjonaza*, is also a prominent character in the scenes at Tezcuco.

The action changes in the second volume to Mexico, where the unfortunate Lerma is retained by the Emperor, who is described as possessing all the noble virtues of christianity, although his pagan faith gives the title to the book.

The details of the siege are given in the same powerful style as characterised the combats in Calavar. Indeed it is in descriptions of battles, that we think the author excels, and is transcendently superior to any modern writer. When his armies meet, he causes us to feel the shock, and to realize each turn of fortune by a minuteness of description, which is never confused When his heroes engage hand to hand, we see each blow, each parry, each advantage, each vicissitude, with a thrilling distinctness. The war cry is in our ears—the flashing of steel—the muscular energy—the glowing eyes—the dilating forms of the warriors, are before us. The effect of such delineations it is difficult to describe; they arouse in us whatever of martial fire we possess, until we feel like the war horse viewing a distant combat, "who smelleth the battle afar off, the voice of the captains, and the shouting." Another point of excellence in our author, is the manner in which he paints to us the vastness of a barbarian multitude. His descriptions of myriads, appeal to the sense with graphic effect. Although we do not generally indulge in long extracts from works like this, yet, as it is difficult otherwise to convey an idea of the spirit with which such scenes are presented by the author, we take from the second volume the description of the battle of the ambuscades, the last successful struggle made by Guatimozin to repel the besiegers, who had already hemmed in the city on the several causeways, and mostly destroyed the water suburbs. The Mexicans, as a part of their system of defence, had perforated the causeways at short intervals, with deep ditches, which were conquered by the Spaniards, one by one, after the most obstinate resistance. Cortes, with his followers, on the occasion described, had forced one of the dikes, and with his characteristic impetuosity, pursued the flying Mexicans into the city, attended by about twenty horsemen only, the foot being far in the rear. The enemy gave way with apparent signs of fear, which was not habitual, and Cortes had already been advised that an ambuscade was evidently contemplated; but the frenzy of battle made him deaf to prudent counsel:

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The horsemen pursued along the dike, spearing, or tumbling into the water, the few who had the heart to resist; and so great was, or seemed, the terror of the barbarians, that the victors penetrated even within the limits of the island, until the turrets of houses, from which they were separated only by the lateral canals, darkened them with their shadows. Upon these were clustered many pagans, who shot at them both arrows and darts, but with so little energy, that it seemed as if despondence or fatuity had robbed them of their usual vigor. Hence, the excited cavaliers gave them but little attention, not doubting that they would be soon dislodged by the infantry. They were even regardless of circumstances still more menacing; and if a lethargy beset the infidel that day, it is equally certain that a species of distraction overwhelmed the brains of the Spaniards. It seemed as if the great object of their ambition depended more upon their following the fugitives to the temple-square than upon any other feat; and to this they encouraged one another with vivas and invocations to the saints. They could already behold the huge bulk of the pyramid, rising up at the distance of a mile, as if it shut up the street; and its terraced sides, thronged with multitudes of men, seemed to prove to them, that the frighted Mexicans were running to their gods for protection. It is true, they perceived vast bodies of infidels blocking up the avenue afar, as if to dispute their passage beyond the canalled portion of the island; but they regarded them with scorn.

They rushed onwards, occasionally arrested by some flying group, but only for a moment.

There was a place, not far within the limits of the island, where they found the causeway, for the space of at least sixty paces, so delved and pared away on either side, that it scarce afforded a passage for two horsemen abreast. The device was of recent execution, for they beheld the mattocks of laborers still sticking in the earth, as if that moment abandoned. This circumstance, so strange, so novel, and so ominious, it might be supposed, would have aroused them to suspicion. The passage, as it was, so contracted, broken, and rugged, looked prodigiously like the Al-Sirat, or bridge to paradise of the Mussulmans,—that arch, narrow as the thread of a famished spider, over which it is so much easier to be precipitated than to pass with safety. Yet grim and threatening as it was, there was but one among the cavaliers who raised a voice of warning. As the Captain-General, without a moment's hesitation, pushed his horse forward, to lead the way, and without a single expression of surprise, the ancient hidalgo, who had twice before sounded a note of alarm, now exclaimed,—

"For the love of heaven, pause, señor! This is a trap that will destroy us."

"Art thou afraid, Alderete? cried Cortes, looking back to him, grimly. "This is no place for a King's Treasurer," (such was Alderete, the royal Contador.)—"Get thee back, then, to the first ditch, and fill it up to thy liking. *This* will be charge enough for a volunteer."

"I will fight where thou wilt, when thou wilt, and as boldly as thou wilt," said the indignant cavalier; "but here play the madman no longer."

"I will take thy counsel,—rest where I am,—and, in an hour's time, see myself shut out from the city by a ditch, sixty yards wide! God's benison upon thy long beard! and mayst thou be wiser. Forward, friends! Do you not see? the knaves are running amain to check us, and recover their unfinished gap! On! courage, and on! Santiago and at them!"

It was indeed as Cortes said. The infidels, who blocked up the streets afar, were now seen running towards them, with the most terrific yells, as if to seize, before it was too late, a pass so easily maintained. The cavaliers, animated by the words of their leader, were quite as resolute to disappoint them, and therefore rode across as rapidly as they could. The pass was not only narrow, but tortuous and irregular; which increased the difficulties of surmounting it; so that the Mexicans, running with the most frantic speed, were within a bow-shot, before Cortes had spurred his steed upon the broader portion of the dike. But, as if there were something dreadful to the infidels, in the spectacle of the great Teuctli of the East, thus again in their stronghold, they came to a sudden halt, and testified their valor only by yelling, and waving their spears and banners.

"Courage, friends, and quick!" cried Cortes. "The dogs are beset with fear, and will not face us. Ye shall hear other yells in a moment. Haste, valiant cavaliers! haste, men of Spain! and make room for the footmen, who are behind you."

The screams of the barbarians were loud and incessant; but in the midst of the din, as he turned to cheer his cavaliers over the broken passage, Don Hernan's ears were struck by the sound of a Christian voice,

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calling from the midst of the pagans, with thrilling vehemence.

"Beware! beware! Back to the causey! Beware!"

"Hark!" cried Alderete, who had already passed; "Our Saint calls to us! Let us return!"

"It is a trick of the fiend!" exclaimed Cortes, in evident perturbation of mind. "Come on, good friends, and let us seize vantage-ground; or the dogs will drive us, singly, into the ditches."

"Back! back!" shouted the cavaliers behind—"We are ambushed! We are surrounded!"

Their further exclamations were lost in a tempest of discordant shrieks, coming from the front and the rear, from the heavens above, and, as they almost fancied, from the earth beneath. They looked northward, towards the pyramid,—the whole broad street was filled with barbarians, rushing towards them with screams of anticipated triumph; they looked back to the lake,—the causeway was swarming with armed men, who seemed to have sprung from the waters; to either side, and beheld the canals of the intersecting streets lashed into foam by myriads of paddles; while, at the same moment, the few pagans, who had annoyed them from the housetops, appeared transformed, by the same spell of enchantment, into hosts innumerable, with spirits all of fury and flame.

"What says the king of Castile? What says the king of Castile *now?*" roared the exulting infidels.

"Santiago! and God be with us!" exclaimed Cortes, waving his hand, with a signal for retreat, that came too late: "Cross but this devil-trap again, and—"

Before he could conclude the vain and useless order, the drum of the emperor sounded upon the pyramid. It was an instrument of gigantic size and horrible note, and was held in no little fear, especially after the events of this day, by the Spaniards, who fabled that it was covered with the skins of serpents. It was a fit companion for the horn of Mexitli; which latter, however, being a sacred instrument, was sounded only on the most urgent and solemn occasions.

The first tap,—or rather peal, for the sound came from the temple more like the roll of thunder than of a drum,—was succeeded by yells still more stunning; and while the cavaliers, retreating, struggled, one by one, to recross the narrow pass, they were set upon with such fury as left them but little hope of escape.

If the rashness of Cortes had brought his friends into this fatal difficulty, he now seemed resolved to atone his fault, by securing their retreat, even although at the expense of his life. It was in vain that those few cavaliers who had succeeded in reaching him, before the onslaught began, besought him to take his chance among them, and recross, leaving them to cover his rear.

"Get ye over yourselves," he cried, with grim smiles, smiting away the headmost of the assailants from the street: "If I have brought ye among coals of fire, heaven forbid I should not broil a little in mine own person. Quick, fools! over and hasten! over and quick! and by and by I will follow you."

For a moment, it seemed as if the terror of his single arm would have kept the barbarians at bay. But, waxing bolder, as they saw his attendants dropping one by one away, they began to close upon him, and his situation became exceedingly critical. He looked over his shoulder, and perceived that his followers threaded their way along the broken dike with less difficulty than he at first feared. The very narrowness of the passage left but little foothold for the enemy; and their attacks, being made principally from canoes, were not such as wholly to dishearten a cavalier, whose steed was as strongly defended by mail as his own body. Encouraged by this assurance, the Captain-General still maintained his post, rushing ever and anon upon the closing herds, and mowing right and left with his trusty blade, while his gallant charger pawed down opposition with his hoofs. Thus he fought, with the mad valor that made his enemies so often deem him almost a demigod, until satisfied that his own attempt to cross the pass could no longer embarrass the efforts of his followers. Then, charging once more upon the pagans, and even with greater fury than before, he wheeled round with unexpected rapidity, and uttering his famous cry, "Santiago and at them!" dashed boldly at the passage.

Seven pagans sprang upon the path. They were armed like princes, and the red fillets of the House of Darts waved among their sable locks.

"The Teuctli shall have the tribute of Mexico!" shouted one, flourishing a battle-axe that seemed of weight sufficient, in his brawny arm, to dash out the charger's brains at a blow. The words were not understood by Cortes; but he recognized at once the visage of the Lord of Death.

"I have thee, pagan!" he cried, striking at the bold barbarian. The blow failed; for one of the others, springing at the charger's head with unexampled audacity, seized him by the bridle, so that he reared backwards, and thus foiled the aim of his rider. The next moment, the Spanish steel fell upon the neck of the daring infidel, killing him on the spot; yet not so instantaneously as to avert a disaster, which it seemed the object of his fury to produce. His convulsive struggles, as he clung, dying, to the rein, drove the steed off the narrow ledge; and thus losing his foothold, the noble animal rolled over into the deep canal, burying the Captain-General in the flood.

"The general! save the general!" shrieked the only Christian, who, in this horrible melée, (for the battle was now universal,) beheld the condition of Cortes, and who, although on foot, and bristling with arrows that had stuck fast in his cotton-armor, and resisted by other weapons at every step, had yet the courage to run to the rescue. It was Gaspar Olea. His visage was yet wan, and expressive of the unusual horror preying upon his mind; yet he rushed forward, as if he had never known a fear. He exalted his voice, while crying for assistance, until it was heard far back upon the causeway; yet he reached the place of Don Hernan's mischance alone. The scene was dreadful: the nobles had flung themselves into the flood, and were dragging the stunned and strangling hero from the steed, which lay upon its side on the rugged and shelving edge of the dike, unable to arise, and perishing with the most fearful struggles; while, all the time, the elated infidels expressed their triumph with shouts of frantic joy.

"Courage, captain! be of good heart, señor!" exclaimed the Barba-Roxa, striking down one of the captors at a single blow: "Courage! for we have good help nigh," he continued, attacking a second with the same success: "Courage, señor, courage!"

No Mexican helm of dried skins, and no breastplate of copper, could resist the machete of a man like Gaspar. Yet his first success was caused rather by the Mexicans being so intently occupied with their captive, that they thought of nothing else, than by any miraculous exertion of skill and prowess. He slew two, before they dreamed of attack, and he mortally wounded a third, ere the others could turn to drive him back. A fourth rushed upon him, before he could again lift up his weapon, and grasping him in his arms, with the embrace of a mountain bear, leaped with him into the canal.

There were now but two left in possession of Cortes; yet his resistance even against these was ineffectual. His sword had dropped from his hand; a violent blow had burst his helmet, and confounded his brain; and he had been lifted from the water, already half suffocated. Yet he struggled as he could, and catching one of his foes by the throat, he succeeded in overturning him into the water, and there grappled with him among the shallows. The remaining barbarian, yelling for assistance, flung himself upon the pair; and though twenty Spaniards, headed by Bernal Diaz and the hunchback, were now within half as many paces, Cortes would have perished where he lay, had not assistance arose from an unexpected quarter.

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Among the vast numbers who came crowding from the city over the broken passage, were several who knew, by the cry of the seventh noble, that Malintzin was in his hands; and they rushed forward, to ensure his capture. The foremost and fleetest of these was distinguished from the rest by a frame of towering height; and, had there been a Spaniard by to notice him, would have been still more remarkable from the fact, that he uttered all his cries in good, expressive Castilian. He bore a Spanish weapon, too, and his first act, as he flung himself into the ditch where Cortes was drowning, was to strike it through the neck of the uppermost noble. His next was to spurn the other from the breast of the general, whom he raised to his feet, murmuring in his ear,

"Be of good heart, señor! for you are saved."

What more he would have said and done can only be imagined; for, at that moment, the Barba-Roxa rushed out of the ditch, followed close at hand by the hunchback, Bernal Diaz, and others, and seeing his commander, as he thought, in the hands of a foeman, he lifted his good sword once again, and smote him over the head, crying,

"Down, infidel dog! and *viva* for Spain and our general!"

At this moment, there rushed up a crew of fresh combatants, Spaniards from the rear and infidels from the front. But before they closed upon him entirely, the Barba-Roxa caught sight of the man he had struck down, and beheld, in his pale and quivering aspect, the features of Juan Lerma.

The unhappy wretch, thus beholding the beloved youth, with his own eyes, a leaguer and helpmate of the infidel, and punished to death, as it seemed, by his hand, set up a scream wildly vehement, and broke from the group of Spaniards, who now surrounded Cortes, endeavoring to drag him in safety over the pass. The exile had been seen by others as well as Gaspar, and many a ferocious cry of exultation burst from their lips, as they saw him fall.

Meanwhile, Gaspar, distracted in mind, and dripping with blood, for he had not escaped from the ditch and the fierce embrace of his fourth antagonist, without many severe wounds, endeavored to retrace his steps to the spot where Juan had followed. It was occupied by infidels, who drove him into the ditch, where his legs were grasped by a drowning Mexican, who raised himself a little from the water, and displayed, between his neck and shoulder, a yawning chasm, rather than a wound, from which the blood, at every panting expiration of breath, rolled out hideously in froth and foam. It was the Lord of Death, thus struck by Juan Lerma, as he lay upon the breast of Cortes, and now perishing, but still like a warrior of the race of America. He clambered up the body of Gaspar, for it could hardly be said, that he rose upon his feet; and seeing that he grasped a Christian soldier, he strove to utter once more a cry of battle. The blood foamed from his lips, as from his wound; and his voice was lost in a suffocating murmur. Yet, with his last expiring strength, he locked his arms round the neck of the Spaniard, now almost as much spent as himself, and falling backwards, and writhing together as they fell, they rolled off into the deep water, where the salt and troubled flood wrapped them in a winding-sheet, already spread over the bosoms of thousands."

There is another scene which we had marked for extracting, but which our limits forbid inserting—a single combat on the stone of Temalacatl—in which a Spanish prisoner, doomed to the gladiatorial sacrifice, contends successfully against several antagonists. The details of this barbarous ceremony, are full of interest. The prisoner is bound by one foot to the stone of sacrifice, and if in this condition he kill six Mexicans, he is liberated, and sent home with honor; if he fail, he is doomed a sacrifice to the pagan deities. The narrative of this combat, is given with remarkable spirit and precision, and holds the reader in breathless excitement to the end.

The story closes as happily as could be expected from the nature of its incidents. The fall of Mexico, and the humiliation of its heroic emperor, excite a profound sympathy; and the death of Monjonaza, who dies broken hearted upon discovering that Juan, of whom she is passionately enamored, is her brother, throws a melancholy shade over the brightening fortunes of the hero.

Some of the minor characters are drawn with a vigorous hand. The dog Befo, is a powerful delineation of heroic fidelity, seldom equalled by his superiors of the human race. Gaspar Olea, the Barba-Roxa, or red haired, is a fine specimen of the bold, blunt, honest soldier; and Bernal Diaz, (the historian of the Conquest,) though little distinguished in the story, adds to its interest. The Lord of Death, is a fine picture of the lofty race of barbarians, who spurned the slavery of their foreign foe, and died in resisting it. Najara, the hunchback and the cynic, is also a well drawn character.

The Infidel will, we doubt not, enjoy a popularity equal to that of Calavar. It confirms public opinion as to the abilities of the author, who has suddenly taken a proud station in the van of American writers of romance. He possesses a fertility of imagination rarely possessed by his compeers. In many of their works, there is a paucity of events; and incidents of small intrinsic importance, are wrought up by the skill of the writer so as to give a factitious interest to a very threadbare collection of facts. Great ability may be displayed in this manner; but our author seems to find no such exertion necessary. The fertility of his imagination displays itself in the constant recurrence of dramatic situations, striking incidents and stirring adventures; so much so, that the interest of the reader, in following his characters through the mazes of perils and enterprizes, vicissitudes and escapes, which they encounter, is often painfully excited. If this be a fault, it is one which is creditable to the powers of the author, and indicates an exuberance of invention, which will bear him through a long course of literary exertions, and insure to him great favor with the votaries of romance.

There are some minor faults which might be noticed. As an instance, the author habitually uses the word "*working*" in describing the convulsions of the countenance, under the influence of strong passions: as, "his *working* and agonized visage"—"his face *worked* convulsively," &c. Although Sir Walter Scott is authority for the use of the word in this manner, we have always considered it a decided inelegance. But such blemishes cannot seriously detract from the enduring excellence of the work.

AN ADDRESS, delivered at his inauguration as President of Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, Feb. 21, 1835, by Henry Vethake.

We have read this address with unmingled pleasure. It is replete with strong *common sense*, and that quality is rarely much exercised in discussions of the subject of education. The opinions of President Vethake seem to us sound and practical: he has a full sense of the errors in the systems of instruction, which have prevailed too long in many of our institutions; and suggests alter-

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ations in the modes of teaching, which seem to us both practicable, and promising great benefits. We are constrained by the pressure of other matters, to confine ourselves to a brief notice of this address, and to curtail our extracts from its pages. The following strictures upon the old system of imparting information to students, will, we believe, be recognized as just and sensible, by every one who has reflected on the subject. Although these remarks are intended by the orator to refer to college exercises only, they apply with equal force to the faulty system of teaching pursued by nine-tenths of the conductors of our primary and elementary schools, at which the pupils are, in most cases, severely drilled in the study of mere *words*, while no corresponding knowledge of the *things* of which they are the symbols, is imparted by the teacher, who makes no effort to awaken the mental energies of the pupil; but is fully satisfied if he cultivate the *memory*, though the *mind* remain waste and uninformed. But to our extract:

"The error is an egregious one, which leads a student to suppose that his proper business is to store his mind as industriously as he can with the facts previously observed, and the opinions previously held, by others who lived before him. Its natural effect will be to deaden all originality of thought, and to degrade the individual, thus led astray, to a low rank in the scale of intelligence, when compared with that to which he would have entitled himself, with more correct ideas of the nature of education. The memory may have been cultivated to a considerable extent; imagination, and the reasoning power, will have remained nearly dormant. But this is not all. The individual in question will not even have acquired the ability to communicate what he has learned to others To do so with clearness and order, is by no means always an easy matter; and it is one to which he has directed no portion of his attention, his mind having been exclusively occupied in passively receiving knowledge. And it may be added, that, although it should be conceded, that by pursuing the method of education against which my remarks are at present pointed, a greater amount of mere extraneous information can be acquired, yet this will generally be found to be true only for a comparatively short period. Those facts and opinions of which we read, that do not become the subjects of subsequent comparison and reflection, have, as it were, only a loose connection with our understandings, and, sooner or later, and sometimes very speedily, pass into oblivion. Hence it will be found that, if we have regard rather to the usefulness of manhood than to the display to be made by the youth of a college at an examination, as this is ordinarily conducted, the most effectual method even of storing the mind with what other men have observed and thought, is to regard the communication of knowledge to the student as altogether accessary to the great object of disciplining his mind, and of properly developing his various intellectual faculties. And not only will that individual, whose faculties have been most advantageously excited, be ultimately possessed of the greatest amount and range of information, but he will far surpass his competitors in the race of life, in the art of communicating, and, at proper times and places, displaying that information. He will also come to possess a capacity for attaining a still further measure of knowledge, whenever he may desire to do so, upon any subject that excites a particular interest in him, to which the man of mere memory is a total stranger.

"It is sufficiently to be lamented, that the student should occasionally fall of his own accord into the error I have been considering: but it is lamentable in a far greater degree, when his propensity to do so is encouraged by the faulty system of instruction pursued by his teacher. The young men in our colleges, have been, and still are, too frequently taught in a manner to operate thus injuriously. I refer, more particularly, to the practice of hearing them recite, on almost every subject, the contents, and the precise contents, of certain text books, with little or no accompanying comment, excepting what may be absolutely necessary for enabling them to comprehend the meaning of the work recited. In this manner of instruction, it is not geometry, or the spirit of geometry, that is acquired by the student, but what it is that Euclid, or Legendre, has delivered concerning geometry. It is not the philosophy of the human mind with which he is made acquainted; it is only the system of some distinguished author—be it that of Locke, or Reid, or Brown. It is true that we may easily conceive the reciting of a text book to be ccompanied by an enlightened commentary on the part of the instructor, calculated to liberate the mind of the student from all undue subjection to the opinions, and to the peculiar classifications and modes of expression, of the author. We may, indeed, conceive the instructor to superadd every possible contrivance which is fitted to awaken in the mind of his pupils a spirit of independent inquiry. Still the *tendency* of the system is to degenerate into the mere recitation of the contents of the text book." * * * * * * * * * *

"Another reason why young men in our colleges are tempted to neglect the general cultivation of their minds, and to devote their whole study to the storing of their memories with the contents of the text books put into their hands, is that their comparative scholarship is very apt to be estimated by their instructors, not so much by the *nature* of the questions which they are able to answer correctly, and by the amount of thinking and originality displayed, as by the promptitude and fluency with which they can repeat what they have servilely learned. I have been told by more individuals than one, and by graduates of more institutions than one, that on discovering, while at college, the fact to be as I have just stated, and being anxious that the best account of them should go to their friends, from their professors, they at once resolved to subject themselves to the drudgery of committing the author they were appointed to study verbatim to memory, and that, by so doing, they did not fail to secure the object they had in view. The persons of whom I speak, were young men of talent, as well as ambitious of immediate distinction. Had their minds at the time been sufficiently matured to have adequately appreciated the uselessness and the folly of this method of study, without at the same time being matured enough to adopt, of their own suggestion, a more efficient and rational method, and had they been less influenced by present rewards, without as yet aspiring to the more substantial rewards of a future reputation among men, or without the loftier stimulant of duty, they might have become, like others among their fellow students, altogether negligent of their improvement, and perhaps have contracted the most ruinous habits. It is to the system of education, upon which I am animadverting, together with the mistakes made by the members of a college faculty, in deciding on the comparative scholarship of the students—which mistakes the latter are competent to judge of, with a good deal of accuracy—that the anomaly, so often remarked, of a young man's relative *standing* while in college, being so often but little indicative of his future standing in the world, is to be ascribed; and the explanation is likewise manifest why some individuals of peculiar energy of character, after wasting their time in almost complete idleness while at college, astonish their friends nevertheless, by the intellectual exertions of which they shew themselves to be capable, when an adequate motive is presented for exerting their energies. This solves the mystery too, why so many *self-taught* men, have, in despite of the disadvantages under which they labored, surpassed the graduates of colleges in usefulness and reputation; every acquisition made by a self-taught man, in consequence of the very difficulty of making it, being accompanied by a contemporary sharp-

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ening of his intellect, which the passive recipient of another's knowledge never experiences."

Of his suggestions for the remedy of this evil, we have room only for the following passage:

"The practical question now presents itself—what is the proper remedy for the evils that have been descriued? Are we to rest satisfied with the efficiency of our colleges and universities being rendered wholly dependent on the accident, as it may be called, of the instructors proving themselves, upon trial, to be possessed of intellectual powers of the highest, or at least of a very high order, that is, of powers which will exert themselves, and produce their proper fruit, under almost any circumstances whatever, of disadvantage? Or shall we abandon our institutions of learning, where these disadvantageous circumstances have hitherto been permitted to exist, and have afforded an opportunity to unskilful and indolent teachers to nip the evolving faculties of youth in the bud? We are, fortunately, not limited to a selection of either of these modes of proceeding. As a remedy for the evils described, the professors, in every department of instruction admitting of it, should, in my opinion, be obliged to prepare courses of *lectures* to the students. This would necessarily compel them to digest a system of knowledge for themselves, possessing more or less of originality in respect to thought or arrangement, of matter or of manner, according to the ability of the writer or speaker. Even if the lectures were only compilations from the writings of others, or should possess far inferior merit to various works on the same subject, that might be put into the hands of the student, the fitness of the professor to teach, will be greatly augmented, both because his information on the branch of instruction confided to him, will, in the preparation of his lectures, have become much more extensive, and because what he knows will be much more methodically arranged, than before. Those works, besides, which are supposed to be of greater value than the professor's lectures, are still as accessible as ever to the students; and the improvement of their instructor can surely in no wise interfere with the benefit to be derived by them from the perusal of the works of others."

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from the Discovery of the American Continent to the present time; by George Bancroft. Vol. I. pp. 508. Boston: Charles Bowen. London: R. J. Kennett.

The interest we have felt in this work, is the true cause of our seeming neglect of it. This may appear paradoxical, but is easily explained.

In taking up the book, we naturally turned to that part of which we knew most, and in which we took the greatest interest. There was always something in the early history of Virginia on which we delighted to dwell, and we promised ourselves great pleasure from the contemplation of the character of our forefathers, as we expected to find it portrayed by a diligent historian, who had already acquired the character of a fine writer.

We did indeed find what was intended to be a favorable account of our ancestors. Yet we were disappointed. We found much of direct praise. Yet we were disappointed. We ought perhaps to feel obliged, by Mr. B's disposition to speak kindly of our forefathers, even while his applauses grate upon our feelings. But we are unfortunately constituted. What Mr. Bancroft gives as praise, we cannot accept as praise; and, what is worse, we cannot help suspecting, in all such cases, that a sneer, or something more mischievous, is intended.

Sterne, in his Sentimental Journey, tells us, that when on his way from Calais to Paris, he accidentally disclosed to his Landlord and Valet de Chambre, the astounding fact, that he had blundered into the heart of France without a passport, the former fell back from him three paces. At the same moment, his affectionate and grateful servant, by a like instinctive impulse, advanced three paces towards him.

The fall of Charles I, presented to his adherents a case somewhat analogous. History tells us that they were variously affected by it. Some fell back in dismay, while others found themselves drawn more closely toward his exiled son. The former soon found that the successful party had rewards in store for timely submission and zealous service. The latter, driven from their last rallying point, by the fatal battle of Worcester, did but *submit*, and that with undisguised reluctance, to what was inevitable.

Mr. Bancroft seems to think he does honor to our ancestors, by assigning them a place among the former. Now we had always supposed that their true place was among the latter, and we had moreover a sort of pride in so supposing. There are those who will say that there is great arrogance in thus claiming for them a place among the generous and brave and faithful. Others will call it folly to insist, *at this day*, on their fidelity to a *king*, and especially to one who had lost all means of rewarding, or even of using their zeal. We beg leave to set off these imputations against each other. We beg to be allowed to speak of our fathers as they were; and trust that one half of those who shall cavil at the character we impute to them, will acquit us of any very high presumption, when they see that we only claim for them such qualities, as the other half say we ought to be ashamed of. If the same individual is sometimes found assailing us, alternately on both grounds, his consistency in so doing is his affair, not ours.

If we know anything (and we think we do) of the character of the early settlers of Virginia, they were a chivalrous and generous race, ever ready to resist the strong, to help the weak, to comfort the afflicted, and to lift up the fallen. In this spirit they had withstood the usurpation of Cromwell while resistance was practicable, and, when driven from their native country, they had bent their steps toward Virginia, as that part of the foreign dominions of England, where the spirit of loyalty was strongest. We learn from Holmes, vol. i. p. 315, that the population of Virginia increased about fifty per cent. during the troubles. The newcomers were loyalists, who were added to a population already loyal. Could *they*, without dishonor, have been hearty in favor of the new order of things? *They* whose principles had driven them into exile? *They* who, had they remained, would have fought and fallen with Montrose?

The historical compends with which our youth was familiar, had taught us to form this estimate of the early settlers of Virginia; and we had the more faith in it, because it accords with the hereditary prejudices and prepossessions of the present day. It accounts too, for those peculiarities which, at this moment, form the distinctive features of the Virginian character. It is unique. Whether for better or worse, it differs essentially from that of every other people under the sun. How long it shall be before the "*march of mind*," as it is called, in its Juggernaut car, shall pass over us, and

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crush and obliterate every trace of what our ancestors were, and what we ourselves have been, is hard to say. It may postpone that evil day, to resist any attempt to impress us with false notions of our early history, and the character of our ancestors.

We had never looked narrowly into the contemporary authority for the traditions and histories that have come down to us. Mr. Bancroft's account of the matter has led us to do so. Hence our delay to notice his work. Our research has been rewarded by the pleasure of finding full confirmation of all our preconceived notions.

The point in contest between Mr. Bancroft and the received histories is this:

The histories represent Virginia as having been loyal to the last; as having stood in support of the title of Charles II, after every other part of the British dominions had submitted to Cromwell, and as having been the first to renounce the authority of the protector, *and return to their allegiance.* All this Mr. Bancroft denies; and all this, except the last proposition, (that in italics) we affirm. In proof, we appeal to the very authorities on which Mr. Bancroft relies.

Indeed, we are at a loss to know how he himself escaped the conclusion against which he protests so strongly. It may not be true that Charles II was proclaimed in Virginia, as Robertson says, before he had been recognized in England. Mr. Hening (1 Sts. at Large, p. 529, quoted by Bancroft) may be right, when he says, that, if such were the fact, the public records should show it. But his book is full of proof that the records are incomplete. Is there not such proof in this instance? Let us examine.

The first act of the session of March 1660, assumes the supreme power. The second appoints Sir William Berkeley governor, and prescribes that he shall govern according to the "*auncient lawes* of England, and the established lawes" of Virginia. The third repeals all laws inconsistent with "the power now established;" and the fourth makes it penal to "say or act anything in derogation" of the government thus established.

Here is evidence enough of a *new order* of things, and yet it is not so very clear what that new order was Hening says (*ubi supra*) that Berkeley was elected *just as Mathews had been.* Wherein then was the innovation? The recital in the preamble of the act last quoted, (1 Hen. Sts. p. 531) may give a clue to this.

It is there set forth that "it hath been thought necessary and convenient by the present Burgesses of this Assembly, the representatives of the people, *during the time of these distractions*, to take the government into their own power, with the conduct of the *auncient lawes* of England, till such *lawfull* commission or commissions appear to us, *as wee may* DUTIFULLY *submit to, according as by* DECLARATION SET FORTH BY US *doth* MORE AMPLY *appeare.*"

Now where is this MORE AMPLE DECLARATION, concerning their idea of such a commission as they might DUTIFULLY submit to? Is not here an *hiatus valde deflendus?* Yet such are the tattered manuscripts from which Mr. Hening's compilation is made, that the loss of the whole or a part of any document is quite common.

Enough appears, however, to show that this declaration did not amount to a recognition of Charles as king *de facto;* because the above mentioned Act I, directs that all writs shall issue in the name of the assembly. But it is equally clear that he was, *at least tacitly*, acknowledged as king *de jure;* that the government was established provisionally, and subject to his pleasure; and that the power assumed was held FOR HIM.

Now when we consider these things; when we find Robertson, on the authority of *Beverley* and *Chalmers*, saying that "as Sir William Berkeley refused to act under an usurped authority, they (the assembly) boldly erected the royal standard, and acknowledging Charles II to be their lawful sovereign, proclaimed him with all his titles;" we may doubt the accuracy of the statement, *in extenso*, but we cannot agree that even that statement shall be stigmatized as a fiction.

Mr. Hening tells us (1 Sts. p. 513) that Beverley was near the scene of action, and wonders that he should have *misunderstood* or *misrepresented.* Wonderful indeed it *would* have been; for in March 1662, we find him clerk to the House of Burgesses. See 2 Hen. Sts. p. 162. We find too, in the same volume, p. 544, that Berkeley refused to act without the advice of the council; that on receiving this he agreed to act, and that "HIS *declaration* TO BE governor (not the act electing him) were PROCLAIMED by order of the assembly." Berkeley (be it remembered) was the last royal governor, and his commission had never been revoked, his election is not for any specific term, and the act is accompanied with a condition that he shall call an assembly at least once in *every two years.* How is this, if he was only elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mathews, who, just one year before, had been elected *to serve two years.* Is not Berkeley in of his old commission?

But of the loyalty of Virginia there can be no doubt. That this was in no wise abated by the fall of Charles I, and the exile of his son, is equally certain. The act, passed immediately after, making it high treason to justify the murder of the one, or to deny the title of the other, puts that out of dispute. They certainly did not stand out, when the battle of Dunbar and the fall of Montrose had left the loyal party without hope either in England or Scotland. But look at the very act of surrender. Study its terms, and see the temper displayed there. Do they acknowledge the *authority* of parliament or protector? No: they do but *submit* to power. There is no profession of allegiance, nor was any oath of allegiance ever administered during the commonwealth. They engage indeed so to administer their power as not to contravene "the government of the commonwealth of England, and the lawes there established." But this was a proceeding which a respect for *private rights* required. They stipulate moreover, that Virginia shall enjoy as free a trade as England herself, and put an end to all the authority of commissions from England. It was by such commissions that the king had governed. That "government by commissions and instructions" is declared to be for the future "null and void." The usurper had clutched the sceptre of the king of *England.* That of the king of *Virginia* he was not allowed to touch. Accordingly no more commissions came from England. We hear no more of them until the election of Berkeley. We are then told that the government is provisional, and only to endure until a *lawful commission* shall appear. What

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commission? Whose? The protector's? The parliament's? No. The act of surrender (1 Hen. St. p. 363) had abolished them. But it had not abolished the rights of the king; and the power of the assembly and governor is thus made to wait on them.

Strange as it may seem, the act of surrender contains no word recognizing the rightful authority of the parliament, nor impeaching that of the king. On the contrary, as if to exclude any such idea, this remarkable clause is inserted:

"That there be one sent *home*, at the present governor's choice, to give an accompt to HIS MA'TIE, of the surrender of HIS *countrey*."

Home! There is a simple pathos in the use of this word here, which speaks volumes to the heart. None can feel more deeply than we do, how utterly unworthy of this steady and passionate loyalty, was the wretch who was its object. But they knew not his faults. They only knew him in his lineage and his misfortunes; and though he had no place to lay his head, yet wherever their messenger might find the outcast, there was the home of their hearts. We mean nothing profane. God forbid! But we cannot help being reminded of the weak warm-hearted boy, who stood by his master's cross, and gazed with looks of love upon his dying face, when the stronger and bolder of his followers had "forsaken him and fled." We are more proud to be descended from the men who stood forward in the business of that day, than we should be to trace ourselves to Adam, through all the most politic and prudent self-seekers that the world has ever seen.

But to return to Mr. Bancroft. Affairs being thus settled, things went on quite peaceably; and he hence infers that the Virginians were entirely reconciled to Cromwell and his parliament. Moreover, he finds them claiming the supreme power, as residing in the colonial legislature; and from this he most strangely infers a loyalty to the parliament, the model of which he represents them as so eager to copy. Now Mr. Bancroft himself tells us (p. 170) that as early as 1619, Virginia first set *the world* the example of equal representation. From that time they held that the supreme power was in the hands of the colonial parliament, then established, and the king as king of Virginia. Now the authority of the king being at an end, and no successor being acknowledged, it followed as *a corollary from their principles* that no power remained but that of the assembly; *and so they say.* Does this look like a recognition of Cromwell and his parliament, or the reverse?

But Mr. Bancroft seems to think that Virginia could not have failed to be weaned from her attachment to the king, and won over to Cromwell and his parliament, by the magnanimity and justice of their proceedings. He adverts to the article in the treaty of surrender, by which Virginia had stipulated for a trade as free as that of England, and assures us that "its terms *were faithfully observed till the restoration.*" (p. 241.) He adds at p. 246, that "the navigation act of Cromwell was not designed for the oppression of Virginia, and *was not enforced within her borders.*" Hence he says (p. 241) that the pictures drawn by Beverley, Chalmers, Robertson, Marshall, and Holmes, of the discontent produced by commercial oppression, are all "pure fiction."

Now what says the reader to the following extract from a memorial on behalf of the trade of Virginia, laid before Cromwell in 1656?

"What encouragement the poor planter has had to sweeten his labor, since the Dutch were excluded trade, appears by the *general complaint* of them all, that they are the merchant's slaves, who will allow them scarce a half-penny a pound for their tobacco. Beside that, since the Dutch trade was prohibited, till this year there has been a great deal of their tobacco left behind for want of fraught, and spoiled, to the almost undoing of divers of them." * * * "This is an inconveniency which has attended *that act for navigation*," "but unless it be *a little* dispensed withal, it will undoubtedly ruin part of the trade it was intended to advance. 'Tis true the people of themselves, some of them at least, have this year endeavored their own relief by *secret trade with the Dutch*," &c. &c.

Is not this decisive? If it does not prove the fact, it at least proves the complaint. Mr. Bancroft denies both. Perhaps this paper is a forgery. Perhaps Mr. Bancroft never saw it. YES HE DID. It is the same paper to which he refers at p. 247, note 2, in the very paragraph in which he says that Cromwell's navigation act was not designed for, nor enforced in Virginia. Mr. B. indeed says "the war between England and Holland necessarily interrupted the intercourse of the Dutch with the English colonies." But this memorial is of the year 1656, and peace had been concluded April 15, 1654.

Robertson speaks of the colonial governors during the interregnum, as having been *named* (that is his word) by Cromwell. This is roundly denied. On what authority? None. The election proves nothing certainly. It might have been a mere form, though it was probably something more. But what was easier than a recommendation which it would be perhaps best to conform to? How often was the speaker of the house of commons so chosen in England?

Mr. Bancroft's view of this matter stands thus: Virginia elected her own governors. Bennett, Digges, and Mathews, were commonwealth's men. She freely chose them as governors. Ergo. She had gone over to the commonwealth.

Now there is no proof of either of these propositions. We doubt both. For if it were established that these gentlemen were, as we suspect, forced on the colony, it would not be clear that they were therefore commonwealth's men. We doubt very much whether any such were to be found. They might have been the least violent among the royalists, and therefore preferred.

Of Col. Bennett we know something traditionally. The idea that he was a parliamentarian is new to us. We should require some better proof than the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He was indeed, one of the parliamentary commissioners at the time of the surrender. So was Claiborne, a warm friend and favorite of Sir William Berkeley, continued in his office of secretary of state, by the legislature, at Berkeley's request, after his restoration. 1 Hen. Sts. p. 547. Bennett himself retained his place at the council board, where he still found himself, as before the restoration, in the company of cavaliers, such as Morrison, Yardly, Ludlow, &c. &c.*

* The characters and principles of these gentlemen may throw some light on the subject. If we can ascertain those of the mem-

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If then Bennett was, as we conjecture, recommended to the assembly by the parliamentary commissioners, what induced them to choose him? The answer is given by Mr. Bancroft at p. 241. He had become obnoxious to Berkeley, and had been "compelled to quit Virginia." For what does not appear. Hardly for disloyalty. In 1 Hen. Sts. p. 235, we have his name and that of Mathews signed to a paper of as enthusiastic loyalty as was ever penned, presented to the king after his rupture with parliament.

But what reason have we for supposing this interference with the freedom of election? We answer that our reasons are twofold.

1. The authority of Robertson, who relies on Beverley and Chalmers, and doubtless consulted all the authorities he could find, is entitled to some weight. Had he said the governors were *appointed* by Cromwell, we should know that he spoke at random. But his use of the equivocal word "*named*," shows that he knew what he was talking about, and considered what he was saying.

2. But in Hen. Sts. 499 to 505, is an evidence that we think conclusive. Mathews took it into his head to dissolve the assembly. They immediately voted the act a nullity, and civilly invited the Governor to go on with the business. To this he assented, revoking the order, but proposing to "referre the dispute of the power of dissolving and the legality thereof to his Highnesse the Lord Protector." This was in 1658, and the Lord Protector was then Richard Cromwell, and not Oliver, under whom Mathews had been elected.

The house took fire immediately at this proposed appeal, and deposed Mathews, and having solemnly declared the "power of government" to reside in themselves, they *re-elect him*, saying that he is "BY US invested" with the office.

Now what did this mean, if circumstances had not been such as justify the notion entertained by Mathews that he derived his authority from some other source, so as to have the right of dissolving the assembly. Had there been no interference on the part of Cromwell, this whole proceeding would have been idle and ridiculous. Yet it is obviously the proceeding of men not disposed to trifle, and who well understood what they were about.

Now compare this peremptory proceeding with that which took place soon after on the death of Mathews. Richard Cromwell had then abdicated, and there was therefore no shadow of authority in England to restrain the action of the assembly. But what do they do? They elect Sir William Berkeley *provisionally*, making the continuance of his authority and their own to determine on the coming of a "lawful commission." Now, *such commission*, as we have already shown, could only come from the king; it was his plan of government; it had not been practiced by the parliament; and the right to exercise it had been denied to them and renounced by them. Does not this conduct of the assembly show that they anticipated the restoration of one whose right they had always maintained?

So far, we have done little more than to express our dissent from Mr. Bancroft's conclusions. In a single instance, to which we have adverted, he must be suspected of wilfully misrepresenting his authorities. We allude to the memorial addressed to Cromwell in favor of the trade of Virginia, of which he was certainly aware, and which clearly disproves his own statement. Had this been the only instance of the sort, we should have passed it over more lightly. But it does not stand alone.

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bers of the council, elected by the assembly, we shall have a clue to the temper of the assembly itself. We may know the tree by its fruit. If we find that body electing to a place in the council men of very decided political character, we shall have a right to believe that those associated with them by the vote of the same body were, at least, not zealous members of the opposite party. In this case the maxim "*noscitur a socio*," will surely apply. Let us see what lights we can bring to bear on this subject.

In Churchill's voyages (vol. vi. p. 171) is "A Voyage to Virginia, by Col. Norwood." He was a cavalier, and came over in company with Francis Morrison, also a cavalier. Norwood was also a kinsman of Berkeley. Arriving here, they found Sir Henry Chichely, Col. Yardly, Wormely, and Ludlow, whom they recognized as old friends and cavaliers.

Now in the council elected along with Bennett, immediately after the surrender, we find two of these gentlemen, Yardly and Ludlow. The latter had been a member of Berkeley's council that had concurred (October 1649) in declaring it to be high treason to defend the proceedings of parliament against Charles I, or to deny the title of his son. West, the first named member of Bennett's council, had occupied the same place in that of Berkeley. Pettus and Bernard were also members of both. We might conjecture that they had dissented from the act referred to, if we did not find them associated with Yardly and Ludlow. We find too that Harwood, who had been speaker of the assembly of October 1649, was also one of Bennett's council. The whole number was thirteen, and here are six notorious royalists. Of what complexion could the other seven have been? Two of them, Taylor and Freeman, were members of the assembly of 1647, from two most loyal counties.

In July, 1653, Col. Walter Chiles, who had been a member in October 1649, was speaker.

In November, 1654, Col. Edward Hill, another of them, was speaker. He was in high favor after the restoration. He was transferred to the council in 1655.

We find the name of Charles Norwood, as clerk of the assembly, from that time.

In March, 1655, Col. Thomas Dew was a member of the council. He had been speaker of the assembly in 1652, the first elected under Bennett. *We know* (we do not ask historians to tell us this) that he was a loyal clansman, who was driven to Virginia by his hatred of the usurpers, and to accommodate his name to English orthography, changed the spelling from that of "Dhu"—since made familiar to all readers of poetry—by Sir Walter Scott. He is now (in 1655) in the council, making in that body seven known loyalists.

In the legislature of that year, we have the name of Sir Henry Chichely.

In 1656, Col. Morrison (the companion of Ludlow's voyage) is speaker.

In the next assembly (1658) John Smith was speaker. We know nothing certainly of him; but it was that assembly that deposed Mathews. They gave him Berkeley's friend, Claiborne, as secretary of state; and for councillors, among others, West, Pettus, Hill, Dew, and Bernard. They made some changes, but turned out none of that party. At the same time they introduced Col. John Carter, another of Norwood's friends. He had been chairman of the committee, on the report of which the assembly had just acted. Horsmenden, another of the same committee, was elected to the council at the same time.

In March 1659, Hill, who had left his place in the council, is again speaker. In March 1660, the assembly which reinstated Berkeley, retained Bennett and five other of the old councillors, of whose characters we have no other indication. These were Robins, Perry, Walker, Read, and Wood. What they were may be inferred from this fact. Morrison, moreover, was elected at the same time.

Can we believe, in the face of these facts, that the loyalty of Virginia ever wavered? That it bowed before the storm we know. That the assembly, in one instance, passed a vote of disfranchisement against the author of a seditious paper, appears in 1 Hen. Sts. p. 380. But we also find that this vote was reversed *as soon as they heard of the death of Oliver Cromwell.*

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His main drift, in his account of these transactions, seems to be, to show that Virginia had taken the infection of Republicanism; that she was effectually weaned from her allegiance; that she desired nothing but to set up for herself; and that the use she proposed to make of the abdication of Richard, and the consequent suspension of executive power in England, was to establish the supremacy of her legislature. In this view the assembly are represented as requiring of Berkeley the distinct acknowledgment of their authority, which he, we are told, recognized without a scruple. "I am" said he, "but the servant of the assembly."

Now what will the reader say when he reads the passage from which these words are copied. It runs thus:

"You desire me to do that concerning your titles and claims to land in this northern part of America, which I am in no capacity to do; for I am but the servant of the assembly: *neither do they arrogate to themselves* any power, farther than the miserable distractions in England *force them to.* For when God shall be pleased to take away and dissipate the unnatural divisions of their native country, *they will immediately return to their professed obedience.*"

Is this an assertion of the supremacy of the assembly? Is it not the very reverse? He disclaims any power to act in a certain behalf. Why? Because he is but the servant of the assembly; he has no power but what is given by them, and *they do not pretend to have any such to give.* On their principles, they could not. Looking for the restoration, they expected "some commission" by which any authority they could establish would be superseded; their provisional government was the result of necessity, and its powers were limited to the nature of that necessity. Every thing that could wait was made to wait.

What is the meaning of this strange attempt to pervert the truth of history, and to represent Virginia as being as far gone in devotion to the parliament as Massachusetts herself? Why does it come to us, sweetened with the language of panegyric, from those who love us not, and who habitually scoff at and deride us? Is it intended to dispose us to acquiesce in the new notion, "that the people of the colonies, all together, formed one body politic before the revolution?" Against this proposition we feel bound to protest. We hold ourselves prepared to maintain the negative against all comers and goers, with tongue and pen; and to resist the practical results, if need be, with stronger weapons. When Virginians shall learn to kiss the rod of power; to desert their friends in trouble, and to take part with the strong against the weak, it will then be in character to disparage the memory of our forefathers, and to say, they were even such as ourselves. But until we have done something to dishonor our lineage, let us speak of them as they were,

"Faithful among the faithless;
Among the faithless, faithful only they."

We have said nothing of Mr. Bancroft's style. It is our duty as critics to take some notice of it; and, we apprehend, he might think himself wronged if we did not. He is obviously very proud of it; and, in saying this, we fear we have condemned it. An ambitious style is certainly not the style for history. To say nothing of the frequent sacrifice of perspicuity to ornament, there is a tone in it which excites distrust. We find ourselves, we know not how, diffident of statements which come to us in the language of declamation, antithesis and epigram.

In our boyhood Hume's history was put into our hands; and we remember our surprise at hearing something said in praise of his style. *Style!!* Was that *style?* A plain story, told just as we should have told it ourselves? Partridge would as soon have thought of admiring Garrick's acting. The *king* was the actor for his money, and Mr. Bancroft's would *then* have been the style for ours.

We have no doubt, for example, we should have been delighted with the following passage, introduced into a description which closes the author's remarks on the very question we have been discussing. We give it for the benefit of any of our young friends, who may be preparing an oration for the fourth of July. It would be nothing amiss, on such an occasion, for a "moonish youth" not yet out of his first love scrape. But from a grave historian, with a beard on his chin, we cannot approve it. We give it as a sample. *Ex pede Herculem.* "The humming-bird, so brilliant in its plumage, and so delicate in its form, quick in motion, yet not fearing the presence of man, haunting about the flowers, like the bee gathering honey, rebounding from the blossoms out of which it sips the dew, and as soon returning" to renew its many addresses to its delightful objects, "was ever admired as the smallest and the most beautiful of the feathered race."

Alas! Alas! If this is the way to write history, we fear we shall have to leave our northern neighbors to tell the story their own way. It is a hard case. Let them write our books, and they become our masters. But we cannot help ourselves. We cannot contend with those who can write history in this style. Our only defence is not to read. A more effectual security would be, not to buy. In that case they would not write; and we should not only avoid being led into error, but might escape the injury of being misrepresented to others. But Mr. Bancroft's book is in print, and we must abide the mortification of having all who may read it, think of our ancestors as he has represented them. We have comfort in believing that they will not be very numerous.

THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON; being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, and other Papers, official and private, selected and published from the original manuscripts; with a Life of the Author, Notes and Illustrations; Vols. II, III, IV, V and VI; by Jared Sparks.—Boston: Russell, Odiorne & Co.

We regret that we deferred our notice of the second and third volumes of this interesting and valuable work, until the appearance of the other three. It has now so grown on our hands, that it is impossible to do justice to it in an article of any reasonable compass. Yet we know few works that we would more strongly recommend to the public.

We have little curiosity to peep into dead men's port-folios, and perhaps the world has seen few that would not suffer in reputation by being tracked, through all their walk in life, by daily memoranda and documentary evidence. The man whose history, under this searching scrutiny, shows "no variableness nor shadow

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of turning," must differ very much from the multitude, even of those we call the great and good. Nothing certainly can show a fuller and firmer consciousness of rectitude of intention, than to begin life with a purpose of leaving behind a full and fair account of it. Such memorials carefully written out and preserved, like the books of a tradesman, bespeak a steadiness of honesty, that never for a moment distrusts itself. Which of us, commencing a diary, would feel sure that he might not do something to-morrow that he would not choose to set down? Which of us opening a letter book, which should exhibit his whole correspondence, would not be tempted to leave out something?

Here is a man who chooses that his steps shall all be in the light. He begins life, by laying down to himself rules of action and deportment. He commits these to paper, and hands them down to posterity, with a full register of all his acts and words and thoughts. The remarkable modesty of General Washington, would alone prevent us from understanding this as a challenge to the whole world, to compare his principles, professions and actions throughout, defying any imputation of inconsistency.

There is nothing more remarkable in this, than the evidence it affords of the early consciousness of a something distinguishing him from other men, which seems, most unaccountably, to have found its way into his humble mind. It is the most striking instance on record of the *instinct of greatness*. It is a study for the metaphysician and philosopher. From the beginning, the work is done as if for posterity, and executed as if intended for the eyes of the world. This in a boy, who never made any ostentation of himself, his endowments, or his actions; who formed a very humble estimate of his own powers, and seemed through life to seek no reward but his own approbation, is one of those strange phenomena which we refer to the influence of a peculiar nature, acting by inscrutable impulses, of which the subject of them is hardly conscious.

Did it occur to General Washington, even at that early age, that he might be a father, and that his children might find an humble pride in looking over the unspotted page of his unpretending life? Perhaps so. Perhaps this thought was all that his young ambition (that passion which humility itself cannot extinguish in the breast of greatness) ventured to whisper to his heart. If so, the anticipation has been nobly and mysteriously accomplished. Like the patriarch of old, childish though he was, God has made him the father of nations; and it should indeed be the pride of us his children, to read the history of his life; to trace his steps; to study the system of moral discipline by which he trained himself to greatness and virtue; to know him as he was; and to mould ourselves by his precepts and example. No man ever left to his posterity so rich a legacy as the extraordinary work before us; and we owe many thanks to Mr. Sparks for the labor which has prepared it for the public eye.

We really think that it is in this point of view that this work is most interesting and valuable. Its importance as affording authentic materials for what is *commonly called* history, strikes us less forcibly; though in this respect it must be highly useful. It certainly affords the historian more satisfactory materials for his work, than can be supplied from any other source, or for any other portion of history. But what is that? What is history, for the most part, but a narrative of events, the results of which cannot be effected by our right or wrong apprehensions of them. What matters it at this day, whether we believe that Cæsar killed Brutus, or Brutus Cæsar? What will it concern posterity whether the glory of the field of Waterloo belongs to Wellington or Blucher? But when will it be otherwise than important and profitable to study the process by which Washington became what he was? When will it cease to be a lesson of wisdom, to look narrowly into the private and public history of the most fortunate man that the world has ever seen, and observe that the quality which most eminently distinguished him from other men, the quality to which his success, his prosperity, his usefulness, and his imperishable glory are mainly attributable, was VIRTUE? Since the day when the important truth was first proclaimed, that "in keeping God's commandments there is great reward," when was it so illustrated as in this instance? Had there been a flaw in the character of General Washington, could the most malignant scrutiny have detected in his history anything dishonorable, anything unjust, anything selfish, anything on which reproach could fasten, he could not have accomplished what he did. No man could, be his talents what they might, who did not bring to his task such a character for virtue as would secure the confidence of the well-intentioned, and shame the artful and designing from their purposes. A vicious and corrupt people who fight for conquest; a lawless banditti who fight for spoil, may be led to victory by talent, enterprise, courage and energy; but the triumphs of Freedom can only be achieved under the auspices of Virtue. When men are in a mood to rally to the banner of one whose life is stained with crime, they do but deceive themselves if they think they are contending for freedom. *When they are prepared to take such a one as* "A SECOND WASHINGTON," *they are only fit to contend for a choice of masters.* This is eternal truth; but it will not be truth to them.

But we wander from the work before us; though we trust what we have said will dispose those "who have ears to hear" to set a high value on the book of which we proceed to give a short account.

The first of these volumes contains all the papers and private and public letters of General Washington, which could illustrate either his character, or the history of the country, up to the commencement of the revolution. It is a portion of history highly interesting, especially to Virginians, and on which none but a doubtful light is shed from any other source. Here we have an authentic account of Braddock's war; a sort of war of which the readers of history have, in general, no idea but that which is drawn from romances and tales. It is a warfare which does not recommend itself to the imagination, by the "pride, pomp and circumstance" so interesting to those who "kiss my Lady Peace at home." But since the invention of gun-powder, there is no fighting which gives so much room for the display of prowess, courage, coolness and address, and in which victory is so sure to be the prize of these qualities. "Many a brave man," says Don Quixotte, "has lost his life by the hand of a wretch who was frightened at the flash of his own gun." Not so in Indian warfare. The man who is scared never escapes

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but by flight. How should he? There he stands behind his tree, while at the distance of a few yards stands his enemy, watching with the eye of a lynx, with his rifle to his cheek, and ready to put a ball through any part that is exposed for a moment. To anticipate him; to get a shot at him; to draw his fire, and then drive him from his shelter, is a business in which success depends on steadiness, self-possession, and presence of mind, as well as dexterity and skill. He who *thus* kills his man, *is* a brave man; and hence, among the Indians, a display of scalps is a proof of courage never questioned. It was in this sort of warfare that Washington served his apprenticeship. It was there he learned to look danger steadily in the face, and to possess his soul in calmness amid the fiercest storm of battle. There is no such school. The *art* of war is what a Martinet may learn. But the faculty of carrying that art into practice, of applying its rules in the crisis which shakes the nerves, and unsettles the mind, is only acquired by the "taste of danger." To him who possesses that, the rest is a school-boy's task.

The other four volumes of the work contain the papers relating to the war of the revolution. Such a body of evidence, so completely above all exception, can hardly be found on the subject of any other war. We are not sure that any historian has ever yet taken the time and pains to collate and digest the whole, and to deduce all the essential results. The means of doing so are here put in the hands of the public, and we may hope that some one qualified and disposed for the task will address himself to it, and furnish the world with a history at once succinct and accurate, in which references to authorities may stand in place of discussions. It is a fault of contemporary history that it is almost always given on partial and imperfect evidence, which is liable to be afterwards explained away, contradicted and falsified. It is not until some time after the event, that all the testimony is in the hands of the historian. That time has now come as to the American Revolution. A concise history may be now written with references to this work, which taken in connexion with it, will be more satisfactory and conclusive than any now in existence. But every one who pretends to acquaint himself with all that is most interesting, especially to Virginians, should secure a copy of this book.

Mr. Sparks has given us some interesting specimens of the sort of history that we contemplate. In his appendices he presents succinct narratives of the principal actions of the war, the accuracy of which, the reader has it in his power to test by the evidence in the body of the work. This is judicious and in good taste.

But after all, the great charm and value of this work is, that it is a cast from living nature, of the mind of "the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of time." We cannot dwell too much on the contemplation of his peculiar character. His high sense of moral worth, and the lofty aspirations of conscious greatness, looking out from behind the veil of genuine modesty and humility with which he delighted to shroud himself: the chivalrous and daring spirit ever champing on the curb of prudence, but never impatiently straining against it: the native fierceness of his temper, occasionally flashing through his habitual moderation and self-command; the promptitude and clearness of his conceptions, so modestly suggested, so patiently revised, so calmly reconsidered in all the intervals of action; all these qualities combined and harmonized by honor, integrity, and a scrupulous regard to all the duties of public and private life; all made "to drink into one spirit" all "members, every one of them in the same body," all working to the same end; *diverse* yet *congruous*. What is there in the history of human nature, so grand, so majestic, so elevating to the heart and hopes of man?

That virtue, which is never selfish in its ends, and ever scrupulous in its choice of means, can rarely rise to a high place among the great ones of the earth, unless associated with a strength of wing which shall enable it to soar above those whose flight is unencumbered by the clog of self-denial. Virtue in high places is thus so rare a sight, that when we find it there, it so much engrosses our attention, that we are apt to overlook the faculties by which it rose. Men like, too, to delude themselves with the belief that their admiration is a tribute to virtue; that the honors and emoluments they bestow are given as the reward of virtue. Thinking thus, they think the better of themselves, and are ready to take at his word the man who disclaims any pretension to those more showy endowments which we reward for *our own* sakes. So we cheat ourselves; and so we cheat our benefactors; not indeed of the fame *they* prize most highly, but of that which glitters brightest in the eyes of the world. Look at that wonderful man, the blaze of whose glory pales even the "Julian Star" itself; before whose power all Europe trembled, and America crouched; and let us ask ourselves how far the extent of his achievements might have been curtailed, had he ever permitted himself for a moment to "forget the expedient in considering of the right;" and submitted to have his choice of means limited by any regard to the laws of war or peace, of man or God? His great maxim, that "in War, *time* is every thing," was well illustrated by the success of one, who never lost a moment in working the complex problem of right and expediency. Compare the rushing, desolating tempest of his career, with the cautious march of Washington, picking his way with an anxious regard to duty, and ever watchful of his steps, lest he might tread upon a worm. Compare his abounding resources, all used without scruple, without reserve, with the scanty means of the champion of our freedom, rendered yet more scanty by his uniform care to do wrong to none, and never to soil his hand, his name or his conscience with any thing unclean.

The fifth and last of *these* volumes brings down the war to March 1780. How many more there will be, Mr. Sparks himself does not know. He will go on with his selections until he shall have laid before the public all that he deems most valuable of the writings of General Washington. We trust that he will use discreetly and fairly his power over the purses of his subscribers, who have engaged to take the work for better for worse, be it more or less, at so much per volume. The price is so liberal as to afford a high temptation; but we hope Mr. Sparks will resist it. We should be sorry to see a work commencing so nobly, degenerate into a mere book-making job. We hope not to have the remains of the father of our country treated like those of an old horse, whose heartless owner never thinks he has got all the good of him, until his skin is sent to the tanner, his fat to the tallow-chandler,

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and his bones to the soap-boiler. Such is the treatment which other great men have experienced at the hands of "their children after the flesh;" dishonored in their graves by the reckless and indecent publication of every thing to which their names could give a market value. Let us bespeak a more considerate and decorous use of the rich legacy left us by him whom we reverence as the "father of our liberties."

It is perhaps, beside the general purpose of our remarks, to extract a letter, illustrating a point in General Washington's character, of which we have said nothing. That he was stern, and that he seemed cold we know. It is equally certain that he was kind, courteous, and tender, and it is delightful to see how eagerly his benevolence catches at an opportunity to pour balm into the wounds of an enemy. The following letter is found at p. 266, vol. 5.

"To Lieutenant General Burgoyne.

"*Head Quarters, March 11th*, 1778.

"Sir,—I was only two days since honored with your very obliging letter of the 11th of February. Your indulgent opinion of my character, and the polite terms in which you are pleased to express it, are peculiarly flattering; and I take pleasure in the opportunity you have afforded, of assuring you, that far from suffering the views of national opposition to be imbittered and debased by personal animosity, I am ever ready to do justice to the merit of the man and soldier, and to esteem where esteem is due, however the idea of a public enemy may interpose. You will not think it the language of unmeaning ceremony, if I add, that sentiments of personal respect, in the present instance, are reciprocal.

"Viewing you in the light of an officer contending against what I conceive to be the rights of my country, the reverses of fortune you experienced in the field cannot be unacceptable to me; but, abstracted from considerations of national advantage, I can sincerely sympathize with your feelings, as a soldier, the unavoidable difficulties of whose situation forbade his success; and as a man, whose lot combines the calamity of ill health, the anxieties of captivity, and the painful sensibility for a reputation exposed, where he most values it, to the assaults of malice and detraction.

"As your aid-de-camp went directly to Congress, the business of your letter to me had been decided before it came to hand. I am happy that their cheerful acquiescence in your request, prevented the necessity of my intervention; and wishing you a safe and agreeable passage, with a perfect restoration to your health, I have the honor to be, very respectfully, &c. &c."

In General Burgoyne's reply, he says: "I beg you to accept my sincerest acknowledgments for your obliging letter. I find the character, which I before knew to be respectable, is also perfectly amiable; and I should have few greater private gratifications in seeing our melancholy contest at an end, than that of cultivating your friendship."

How beautiful! How delightful is this exhibition of the best feelings of the heart, under circumstances which the ferocious and brutish use as a pretext for giving free scope to the worst! How truly does the poet sing!

"Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrents foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path by mountain side:
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial faith, and courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of war." *

* We implore the lenient judgment of our brethren of the craft of criticism on this long quotation. We know that it is not *selon les regles* so to quote in a review. Besides it is true as well as long. But what could we do, when our heart was full of the very sentiment which Scott has expressed so much better than we could? To our readers, not of the craft, we say "regard rather our precept, than our example."

The Italian Sketch-Book. Philadelphia: Key & Biddle. This is a very handsome duodecimo, and presents more than ordinary claims to attention. It is the work of an American, and purports to be written during a sojourn at Venice, Florence, Naples, and Rome. The book is chiefly made up of sketches and descriptions of these world-renowned cities. It will be seen that there is nothing very novel in the subject, and the question naturally arises "Who has not already heard all that is worth knowing about Venice, Florence, Naples, and Rome?" But, notwithstanding the triteness of his theme, our American traveller has contrived to throw an uncommon interest over his pages. They are finely diversified with stories well-told, essays tending to illustrate points of local or social interest in Italy, and much descriptive writing which has all the force and fidelity of painting.

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Outre-Mer, or a Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea, by Professor Longfellow, is a work somewhat in the same style, and equally well written throughout. "I have travelled"—says the Professor—"through France from Normandy to Navarre—smoked my pipe in a Flemish inn—floated through Hollandin a Treckschuit—trimmed my midnight lamp in a German university—wandered and mused amid the classic scenes of Italy—and listened to the gay guitar on the banks of the Guadalquiver." The book before us is a kind of running comment on the text of his travels, and, as we have said before, has many of the peculiar traits which distinguish the Italian Sketch-Book. It is, however, more abundant in humor than that work, and is far richer in legend and anecdote. The Professor tells a comic story with much grace, and his literary disquisitions have always a great deal to recommend them.

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Voyage of the U. S. Frigate Potomac, under the command of Commodore John Downes, during the circumnavigation of the globe in the years 1831-32-33 *and* 34: *including a particular account of the engagement at Quallah-Battoo, on the Coast of Sumatra. By J. N. Reynolds.* This is a thick volume of nearly 600 pages, well printed, upon good paper, with some excellent engravings, and published by the Harpers. Mr. Reynolds, the author, or to speak more correctly, the compiler, will be remembered as the associate of Symmes in his remarkable theory of the earth, and a public defender of that very indefensible subject, upon which he delivered a series of lectures in many of our principal cities. With the exception, however, of seven chapters, the matter forming the work now published is gleaned from the ship's journal, from the private journals of the officers, and from papers furnished by Commodore Downes himself. This fact will speak much for the authenticity of the details, and very valuable information scattered through the book. Mr. R. himself was not with the Potomac during the circumnavigation, having joined her in 1832 at Valparaiso. Our readers are, of course, acquainted

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with the object of the Potomac's voyage, and with the outrage perpetrated by the Malays on the ship Friendship in 1831, which rendered it an indispensable duty on the part of our government to demand an indemnity. The result of this demand, and the action at Quallah-Batton are graphically sketched by Mr. Reynolds. Every body will be pleased, too, with his description of Canton and of Lima. He writes well, although somewhat too enthusiastically, and his book will gain him reputation as a man of science and accurate observation. It will form a valuable addition to our geographical libraries.

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The History of Ireland, by Thomas Moore, vol. 1, in which the records of that country are brought down from the year B. C. 1000, to A. D. 684, has been republished by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. We intend a very high compliment to the bard of Paradise and the Peri, in saying that we think his prose very little inferior to his poetry. We have not forgotten Captain Rock and Fitzgerald. The Epicurean (a very anomalous Epicurean by the bye) is a model of fine writing. The Life of Byron, in spite of a thousand errors, both of the head and of the heart, and in spite too of its perpetually exciting our risibility at the expense of the little cockney biographer himself, is a book to be proud of after all, and should not be mentioned in comparison with a certain absurd tissue of maudlin metaphysics, attributed (we hope falsely) to Mr. Galt. And now, lastly, we have before us a specimen of Moore's versatile abilities, in as temperate, as profound, as well arranged, and in every respect as well written a history as Green Erin can either desire or deserve. Very truly, Anacreon Moore is, in our opinion, no ordinary man.

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Blackbeard, or a Page from the Colonial History of Philadelphia. Harper & Brothers, New York. This book differs in many striking points from the ordinary novels of the day. The scene is laid in Philadelphia, and the author is largely indebted for many pictures of manners, things, and opinions in the olden days of the city of Brotherly Love to the "Annals of Philadelphia." We think these volumes will be read with interest in England, but as a mere novel they have very few claims to attention. The style is clumsy and embarrassed. The character of Oxenstiern is a piece of pure folly and exaggeration; while the atrocities of Blackbeard, which are intended to produce a great effect upon the mind of the reader, utterly fail of this end from a want of the *ars celare artem* in the writer. The book may be characterized in a few words as odd, vulgar, ill-written, and interesting.

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Pencil Sketches or Outlines of Character and Manners. Second Series. By Miss Leslie. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea, & Blanchard. This volume contains the Wilson-House—the Album—the Reading Parties—the Set of China—Laura Lovel—John W. Robinson, and the Ladies Ball. All these stories have been published before in different periodicals, and have been extensively copied and admired. Miss Leslie's writings have obtained her much reputation, both at home and abroad, and we think very deservedly. She is a lively and *piquante* sayer of droll and satirical things; and has a way of showing off *à peindre* the little weak points in our national manners. *The Gift*, an Annual, edited by Miss L. and published by Carey and Lea, will make its appearance in October. It will be splendidly embellished, and in literary matter, cannot fail of equalling any similar publication. Among the contributors will be found Washington Irving, Paulding, Miss Sedgewick, and a host of *stellæ minores*. It will also have the aid of Fanny Kemble's fine *countenance*, and very spirited pen.

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The American Quarterly Review for June has articles on National Music—Poetry of the Troubadours—Judge Story's Conflict of Laws—Immunity of Religion—Sigourney's Sketches—Memoir of Tristram Burges—Shirreff's Tour through North America—Fenimore Cooper—French Question—and Pitkin's Statistics. It includes also some Miscellaneous Notices. This is, upon the whole, one of the best numbers of the Quarterly which has been issued for some time. Most of the papers, however, are still liable to the old charge of superficiality. The *Poetry of the Troubadours* is prettily written, and evinces a noble feeling for the loveliness of song. But it is *feeble*, inasmuch as it exhibits nothing of novelty, none of those lucid and original views, in default of the power to produce which, a writer should forbear to enter upon a subject so hackneyed. We depend upon our reviews for much of our literary reputation abroad, and we have a right therefore, as in a matter touching our national pride, to expect something of energy at their hands. They should build up a reputation of their own, and admit papers on no themes which can be found better treated elsewhere. In the article on *National Music*, among much sensible, and some very profound writing, there are occasional sallies which will not fail to startle many an European *literateur*, and some broad assertions which are very plausible and very unsusceptible of proof. For example. "It may be observed"—says the reviewer—"that, accustomed as we are to separate poetry and music, we must never forget that they were inseparable among the Greeks." This we know is a very general opinion—but, like some other passages in the review, should be swallowed *cum grano salis*. The *Immunity of Religion* contains some animadversions on a sermon preached at Charleston in 1833, by the Rev. J. Adams, D. D. President of Charleston College. This whole paper is, in our opinion, a series of truisms from beginning to end, and the writer, in gravely deprecating the union of church and state, and the employment of force in matters of religion, forgets that he is insisting upon arguments which not one enlightened person in a million, at the present day, will take the trouble of gainsaying. The review of *Mrs. Sigourney's Sketches* we really do not like. The harmony—the energy—the fire—the elevated tone of moral feeling—the keen sense of the delicate, the beautiful, and the magnificent, which have obtained for this lady the name of the American Hemans, have not found an echo—so it seems to us—in the unpoetical heart of her reviewer. But, because this is most evidently the case, are we to think of blaming Mrs. Sigourney?

The other papers are generally respectable. The most interesting, in our opinion, is that on Shirreff's Tour in North America.

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Life of Kosciuszko.—The Foreign Quarterly Review for March 1833, contains a notice of the biography of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, by Charles Falkenstein, re-printed with additions and corrections during the last year at Leipzic. From the opinions expressed by the reviewers, we are led to believe that this work possesses great merit, and that opinion is strengthened by the copious extracts made in the review. Indeed the narrative of a life so filled up with romantic adventure and enthusiastic patriotism as that of Kosciuszko, could scarcely fail to excite great interest. The history of his life has a peculiar charm to Americans, from the association of his name and his achievements with the annals of our revolution. The recent struggle of the Poles for emancipation from the yoke of their barbarian master—its unfortunate termination—and the wretched enslavement of that generous people, which France and England tamely suffered to be sealed by the blood of her patriots, give to every portion of Polish history which relates to her many contests for freedom, a romantic interest. It is well said by the reviewer whose notice has made us acquainted with Falkenstein's work, that "There is in the Polish character a something of barbaric splendor and rudeness, of the very spirit of Orientalism, mingled with European education and refinement, an ardor of patriotic valor, alloyed by versatility, both no doubt heightened, if not produced, by the strange exciting, or rather distracting constitution of the old and truly republican monarchy of Poland,—combined with such a gay, light, mirthful gallantry—whence the Poles were once termed the French of the north—that all, blending together, give the nation a peculiar hold upon the imagination. * * * * * * * * In fact what we have said of the Polish nation applies with peculiar force to the nation's champion, Kosciuszko. His whole life is a romance, and as such, is really quite refreshing in these matter of fact days of steam engines, rail roads and compendious compilations of cheap literature." We presume this book has never been translated; certainly we have never heard of it in an English form, and we were much interested in the summary of its contents given by the reviewer. Kosciuszko, was it appears, like many other great men, crossed in his first love. He attempted an elopement, was intercepted by the haughty parent of his lady love, when a sanguinary conflict ensued. Kosciuszko was wounded, and the lady dragged back to her paternal home. It was this unfortunate affair which caused his resignation of his commission in the Polish army, and induced him to cross the Atlantic and offer his services to our forefathers. We are told that he reached the new world utterly unprovided with letters of recommendation or introduction, and nearly penniless. His biographer thus described his first interview with Washington:

"What do you seek here?" inquired the General with his accustomed brevity.—'I come to fight as a volunteer for American independence,' was the equally brief and fearless reply.—'What can you do?' was Washington's next question; to which Kosciuszko, with his characteristic simplicity, only rejoined, 'Try me.' This was done. Occasions soon offered, in which his talents, science, and valor, were evinced, and above all his great character was duly appreciated. He was speedily made an officer, and further distinguished himself.

* * * * * *

The first acquaintance of Kosciuszko and Lafayette, (two men who resembled each other in many respects besides being pure and fearless and disinterested patriots and philanthropists) is thus described:

"He had not been long in America, when he had occasion to display his undaunted courage, as captain of a company of volunteers. Generals Wayne and Lafayette, notwithstanding the heat of the battle in which they themselves were fully engaged, observed with satisfaction the exertions of that company, which advanced beyond all the rest, and made its attacks in the best order.

"'Who led the first company?' asked Lafayette of his comrades, on the evening of that memorable day (the 30th of September).

"The answer was 'It is a young Pole, of noble birth, but very poor; his name, if I am not mistaken, is Kosciuszko.' The sound of this unusual name, which he could hardly pronounce, filled the French hero with so eager a desire for the brave stranger's acquaintance, that he ordered his horse to be immediately saddled, and rode to the village, about a couple of miles off, where the volunteers were quartered for the night.

"Who shall describe the pleasure of the one, or the surprise of the other, when the general, entering the tent, [would it not rather be a room or hut?] in a village, saw the captain, still covered from head to foot with blood, dust, and sweat, seated at a table, his head resting upon his hand, a map of the country spread out before him, and pen and ink by his side. A cordial grasp of the hand imparted to the modest hero his commander's satisfaction, and the object of a visit paid at so unusual an hour."

Tocqueville's American Democracy.—M. Alexis de Tocqueville, one of the commissioners sent to this country by the French government, to investigate the penitentiary system of the United States, and whose report on that subject met with much attention, has recently published an elaborate work under the title "De la Democratie en Amerique," 2 vols. 8vo. The work has not reached us, but from the extracts which we have seen in the northern journals, we are induced to believe that it possesses much merit, and presents the operations of our government in a novel and striking point of view.

German work on America.—The first number of a work to be entitled "The United States of North America in their historical, topographical, and social relations," by G. H. Eberhard, is announced as forthcoming at Hildburghausen. The publishers declare their intention in this work, to "present a digested epitome of all that is worth knowing respecting the United States, combining the utmost completeness with accuracy and impartiality." The qualifications of Mr. Eberhard for the task he has assumed, are said to be ample.

Errata. In the Dissertation on the Characteristic Differences between the Sexes, &c. in the last number of the Messenger, the following errata occur:

Page 493, second column, 22 lines from top, read "*wide*" for "*rude*." Page 494, first column, 19 lines from bottom, erase semi-colon after "away," and put a period after "characters." Same page, second column, near bottom, read "hips" for "lips." Page 500, in foot note, near top, comma instead of a period after "charms." Page 502, at top of first column, "distinguishing" for "distinguished." Page 507, second column, near bottom, period after "soul," erasing the comma after "heaven." Page 509, quotation ends at "monarchy," and not at "wife" on the next page. Page 511, first column, near bottom, "if ye wad" [Scotch] instead of "would."

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

Vol. I.] RICHMOND, JULY 1835. [No. 11.

T. W. WHITE, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR. FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Professor Beverley Tucker's Valedictory Address to his Class.

The following correspondence and address have been sent us for publication, by the members of Professor Tucker's class at William and Mary College. We give place to them with pleasure, and commend the admonitions of the amiable and learned professor to all young gentlemen about to enter upon the practice of the law. The friendly and paternal spirit of his advice, gives an uncommon interest to this production, and shows that his have indeed been "labors of love."

WILLIAMSBURG, 5th July, 1835.

Much Esteemed Friend:—

I am requested, in the name of your class, to solicit you either to have your Valedictory Address published, or deliver it to us for that purpose. I sincerely hope for your compliance; and although our exercises for the present session have ended—although we no longer stand in the relation of students and professor—and notwithstanding we are about to part (some of us) perhaps forever, we *must hope* that the *tie* which has bound us together for the last eight months, instead of *weakening*, will continue to "*grow* with our growth and strengthen with our strength," and that the day is *far* distant when that union shall break. Go where we may, a fond recollection of your past services will be long cherished by us. We know the interest you *have* felt, and still feel in our welfare, and I hope your exertions to promote the interest of those who have been placed under your care, are duly appreciated. You have done *your* duty, and all that has been wanting must be charged to *us*. You have given us a chart by which to steer our political ship, and *should* we succeed in stemming the current of opposition, may *you* live to enjoy our triumph. Permit me now, in conclusion, to tender you our united sentiments of the highest esteem and respect.

WM. T. FRENCH.

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WILLIAMSBURG, July 5, 1835.

My Dear French:—

I have great pleasure in complying with the request of my young friends, so far as to hand the lecture to the printer. I am not aware of any merit in it, such as your partiality sees, to justify me in permitting you to incur the expense of publication. But in that partiality and its source, I have more pleasure and more pride than I could have in any composition. Self-love will not permit me to believe that I possess the friendship of those who have been placed under my care without having deserved it. Self-love is "much a liar," but is always believed; and she could hardly tell me a tale more acceptable. To acquit myself faithfully and satisfactorily of the duties of a new and untried station, was the engrossing wish of my heart during the whole course. When I remember the manner in which my class went through their examination, and reflect on the pleasures of our intercourse, the marks of confidence which I continually received, and the affectionate feelings with which we part, I am sure I have not altogether failed. But I should be unjust to you, if I did not say that I am sensible how much your assiduity has done to supply the defects of my instructions.

May God bless and prosper you all, (for I speak to all,) and make your success in life not only honorable to yourselves and me, but to your friends and country. May each of you be a gem added to the bright crown with which the glory of her sons encircles the gray head of the venerable and *kindly* old college. If ever there was a heart in walls of brick and mortar, it is surely there; and cold is he whose heart does not warm to it. In her name, once again I say God bless you.

Yours faithfully,

B. TUCKER.

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ADDRESS.

Neither duty nor inclination will permit me to take leave of you, young gentlemen, without offering a few remarks, of general application to the subject of our late studies.

We part, perhaps to meet no more. Some of you go into the active business of life, some to pursue your researches under other guidance. To both alike, my experience may enable me to suggest thoughts, and to offer advice, which may be found of some practical value.

Whether your immediate destination is to the bar or the closet, you will alike find the necessity of continuing your studies. To give them such a direction as may be profitable and honorable to you, is my sole remaining duty.

There are many branches of the law which you will still find time to investigate at leisure. Many years will probably elapse, before you will be called to take the *sole* management of any case involving valuable rights or intricate questions. The land law, and the perplexing minutiæ of chancery jurisdiction, will be of this description. When engaged in such cases, you will commonly find yourself associated with older and abler counsel, from whom you will then obtain, at a glance, more insight into these difficult subjects than I have been able to afford. Under such guidance,

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you will have opportunities to investigate the law, with an eye to its application to your case. You will then see the practical value of the principles with which you have been made acquainted, and may execute your first tasks in that line, as successfully as if you were already imbued with every thing but that knowledge which nothing but study and practice combined can afford.

But though, in regard to matters of this sort, a general acquaintance with the grand principles of the law is as much as you can be expected to carry to the bar, there are other duties which you must assume, in a complete state of preparation. Let me particularize a few of these.

You will find it then of the utmost importance, to be thoroughly acquainted with the science of pleading. I have not concealed from you that the loose practice of our courts dispenses habitually with many of its rules, and has done much to confuse them all. But they still retain all their truth, all their reasonableness, and much of their authority. The courtesy of the bar will indeed save you from the consequences of any mistake you may make in the outset. But though this may screen your errors from the public eye, they will not escape the animadversion of your brethren. They will be prevented from forming such an estimate of your acquirements, as will lead them to recommend you to their clients, in the hope of obtaining from you valuable aid. It is by such recommendations that young men most frequently gain opportunities to make an advantageous display of talent, and an introduction into that sort of business which is, at once, a source of honor and profit.

It sometimes happens, (though, to the credit of the profession such occurrences are rare,) that a young man, on his first appearance at the bar, encounters adversaries who do not extend to him the forbearance which youth has a right to expect. He is taken at a disadvantage. His want of experience and readiness lays him open to a more practised opponent, who ungenerously strikes a blow by which his client is injured, and he himself is brought into disrepute. To him who is really deficient in capacity or acquirement, such an attack is sometimes fatal. To him who, on a fit occasion can retaliate on his adversary, it is of decisive advantage. Mankind are generally disposed to take sides with the weak and injured party, and to visit with their indignation any ungenerous abuse of accidental advantages. A young man therefore, thus assailed, is sure to have with him the sympathy of the profession and of the public. They look, for a time at least, with interest to his course. They are impatient to see him redress himself; and, until he has done so, all the rules of comity and forbearance which generally regulate the practice, are suspended in his favor. *He* is free to take advantages of his ungenerous assailant, which, under other circumstances would be denounced as ungentlemanly. And they would be so, because they would be in violation of the covenanted rules of the profession. But between him and his adversary there is no such covenant. A state of war abrogates all treaties. It follows that all the maxims of courtesy which forbid any advantage to be taken of slips in pleading, do not restrain him; and he is free to hold the other up to all the strictness of the law. It is expected he should do so. If he does not, it is concluded that he does not know how. But if he has once carefully studied the science and made himself acquainted with its principles, he stands on strong ground, and sooner or later his triumph is sure. The older and more hackneyed his adversary, the greater his advantage; for it is true in law, as in morals, that evil practice vitiates the understanding. The *habit* of loose pleading unsettles the knowledge of the rules and principles of pleading, and many nice technicalities are totally forgotten. There is not, for example, one old county-court lawyer in a hundred, who remembers that $100 means nothing in pleading, and that a declaration in which the sum should be no otherwise expressed, would be so bad as to make it doubtful whether even the sovereign panacea of our late Statute of Jeofails would cure it. But though *this* be doubtful, there is no doubt that, on demurrer, it would be fatal. A demurrer then, being filed and submitted *sub silentio*, it is probable that such a defect would escape even the eye of the court. In that case a reversal of the judgment would be sure, and a triumph would be gained that would gratify the profession, and command the admiration of the multitude.

A thousand cases of the same sort might be suggested, where an old practitioner, though on his guard, (as he must be against one whom he has provoked to retaliation,) would, from a mere defect of memory, or the established influence of vicious practice, fall into blunders which would place him at the mercy of an adversary who has his learning more fresh about him. How many, for example, will remember where to stop the defence, in drawing a plea in abatement, or to the jurisdiction of the court? How many ever think of the necessity of entitling their pleadings? How many know how to take advantage of this defect, even when it occurs to them?

But though you should escape the attack of any illiberal practitioner, yet cases will occur, in which the nature of the controversy will require great accuracy in drawing out the pleadings to a precise and well defined issue. In such cases, no disposition to mutual or *self*-indulgence in the bar, can prevent the necessity of pleading correctly. In such cases, opportunities will be offered you of reciprocating the kindness of your seniors, by lending them the aid of your pen, and assisting them

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to recall forgotten technicalities. The value of such aids will raise you in their esteem, establish you in their regard, and ensure you their good offices. Out of such circumstances grow alliances which are strength and honor to both parties. A well read young lawyer, associated with one of less learning but more experience, sagacious, vigilant, and versed in human nature and the established though irregular routine of business, is like the lame man mounted on the shoulders of the blind. Their powers are not merely united; they are reciprocally multiplied; they fall together habitually. Their joint success commands confidence and practice, and finally the fruit of all their triumphs enures to the benefit of the survivor.

But there is another point of view in which an intimate knowledge of the rules and principles of pleading is of permanent advantage, notwithstanding all the looseness which our practitioners habitually indulge. It has been well said, that "the record is the lock and key of the law." You will often find that without this interpreter, the ancient books are sealed to you. It is by this alone that you will sometimes be able to discover the point really decided. The concise notes of the old reporters taken for the use of those already familiar with the great principles and leading maxims of the science of pleading, are perfectly unintelligible to the mere sciolist.

It often happens too, that a lawyer undertakes a suit or defence which cannot be sustained, and thus involves his client in unnecessary expense. Such blunders would often be avoided by a ready familiarity with the science of pleading. The attorney has but to ask himself, "how shall I frame the declaration or plea?" and the answer shows him the impossibility of making good his case. He advises accordingly; and, though the advice be at the moment unpalatable, it will be afterwards remembered with gratitude and respect. No reproach is keener or more just, than that of a client who has been decoyed into expensive litigation by the rapacity of the disingenuous, or the blunders of the unskilful. A place among those whose advice may be relied on, is the safest and most honorable at the bar. It cannot be lost without some great error. It gives a lien on posterity. The father hands down to the son a respect for his constant and faithful adviser. Friend communicates it to friend; neighbor to neighbor. The showy qualities which are the gift of nature to others, are neutralized by it. The plain man, destitute of such endowments, becomes the patron, the dispenser of business and benefits to him whose eloquence shakes the court—commands his gratitude, secures his friendship, and, on all admissible occasions, makes this envied talent his own.

There is another subject on which an ever ready preparation is even more indispensable than on the subject of pleading. I mean that of *evidence*. On this, of necessity, we have touched but lightly. It would be properly, one of the principal subjects of a second course. To stop short between a cursory notice of it and a thorough investigation, such as we have not had time to make, might mislead the student. He might overrate his knowledge if he found himself as well acquainted with that as with other branches of the law; and supposing he had enough, might venture to the bar without acquiring more. But this is a topic of which a superficial knowledge will not do, even at the beginning. It must be understood perfectly; it must be understood distinctly; it must be wrought into the very texture of the mind, and ever present there. The occasions on which this knowledge is wanted, can rarely be anticipated. They start up like fire from the ground, and he whose information is not various, exact and ready, is liable to be disconcerted, embarrassed and disgraced. They often occur in those apparently plain cases, which the partiality of friends sometimes intrusts to the sole management of an untried lawyer. To be baffled, through want of skill in such cases, is to injure those who have sought to serve you. It mortifies and discourages your friends, and what is worse, it disheartens you.

You will be often employed too, to set aside an office judgment, and plead, *pro forma*, in a case admitting of no defence on the merits. In such a case, where nothing is expected, your adversary, however able, may be unprepared through some neglect of his client. Relying on your rawness and want of skill, he may venture to trial. You strike at the gap in his armor with the dexterity of a veteran; he is nonsuited, and your success is the immediate source of honor and emolument. You find yourself gazed at, followed, and employed by those who never saw you before, and who know nothing of you but that, in a plain case, admitting of no meritorious defence, you had just baffled one of the first men at the bar. The consequence is, you are presently engaged in business of more consequence, and if you acquit yourself well in it, your practice is established and your fortune made.

To these two subjects then, of pleading and evidence, I advise you to apply so much attention as to make you feel sure that you understand them thoroughly. Having done this, let them be again revised immediately before you go to the bar, and let them, in all the early stages of your practice, be the constant objects of your attention and study. You can never understand them too well, and your knowledge of the last especially, can never be too ready. It is by ignorance on these topics, that men lose causes they ought to gain. Such defeats are disgraceful and ruinous. When the right of the case is against you, it is your misfor-

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tune; but you are never blamed. But to be defeated with law and fact both on your side, is to be weighed in the balance and found wanting.

And here let me say a word of the cases which you lose, because the law is against you. For these there is one short rule. "Though you lose your case, do not lose your temper." It is easy for a young man to argue himself into a conviction of the justice of his client's case; but if you do not make others see it too, you must learn to distrust that conviction. Remember that the argument which has convinced you, without convincing others, came to you through the favorable medium of self-love. A young man who doubts the justice of his first cause just after having argued it, must be either very dull, or very philosophical, or the case must have been utterly desperate. On the other hand, remember that the judge is rarely exposed to any undue bias. He can scarcely ever have a motive to do wrong; and he is a man of tried integrity, practised to resist and overcome the influence of such motives. Then remember that he is old, learned and experienced, selected from among his fellows for his endowments; and thus learn to acquiesce in his decisions with that cheerful complacency which so well becomes a young man, distrustful, as all young men should be, of his own judgment.

Above all things, never stimulate the dissatisfaction of your client. You tell him he is wronged. He believes you. *You* blame the judge. *He divides* the blame between the *judge* and *you*. Was the judge prejudiced *against you?* Do not say so, or men will not employ you to practice before him. Was he ignorant? was he dull? was he inattentive? You had the same chance to awaken his attention, to rouse his dulness, to enlighten his ignorance, as your adversary. If you did not succeed, another might, and your client will try another the next time. Let him believe, if he can bring himself to do so, that he only failed because the law was against him, and there is nothing to prevent his trying you again. Better so, than to gratify him for the moment by catering to his evil passions, at the risque of injustice to another, and injury to yourself. Apart too from the injustice, prudence forbids that any blow be struck at men in power, which is not well aimed, and sure to take effect. He that throws up stones, endangers his own head. "He that spits against the wind," said Dr. Franklin, "spits in his own face."

There is another consideration to be regarded here. The profession is a *unit*. Its respectability depends on that of the head. It is an arch, of which the bench is the key-stone. Let them who should uphold it, withdraw their support, and all will fall together. Would you degrade the seat to which you aspire? Would you dim the lustre of that honor, which is to be the brightest reward of a life spent in the labors of your profession? Hardly more unwise is the youth, who would revoke the prerogatives of age, forgetting that he shall himself be old.

But there is a present advantage in a gentle and complacent acquiescence in the unfavorable decisions of the court. It engages the sympathy, the respect, and good will of all who witness it. Among others it bespeaks the regard of the judge himself. However impartial he may be, this will not be without its value. If he is seen to be your friend, men will employ you, in the *hope* that his friendship may produce a bias in your favor. Your very enemies will serve you, by charging him with partiality, in the hearing of those who may wish to avail themselves of it by engaging your services. Besides, man is but man. We lean to conviction from those we love. Why else is the eloquence of a lovely woman so persuasive? We may man ourselves against prejudice; but the very effort to do so unfixes the attention, and the words of one who is odious to us are lost in air. But the voice of a friend is music to the ear, and sinks into the mind. He is a poor metaphysician who undervalues the influence of the affections on the very sense of hearing.

It is of great importance, in this point of view, that you should not misapprehend the relation between the bar and bench. A young man entering into life, is apt to magnify the consequence and authority of office; and he naturally falls into the belief that the incumbent is disposed to presume upon it, and abuse its powers. There can be no greater mistake than to apply this notion to a judge. The beautiful fiction of Law, by which the members of the profession are considered as brethren, of whom the judge is but the elder, hardly deserves the name of fiction. There is no corps animated by a spirit so truly fraternal, nor is there any member of it to whose comfort this spirit is so essential, as the judge himself. Few men attain to that elevation, without learning that the sanction of judicial authority is opinion. The judge is armed indeed with the process of contempt. But what is its true use? To conciliate the forbearance of others by his forbearance in refraining from the use of it. In this view, it is right that he should have it. But his comfort, his respectability, the very stability of his office are secured, not by the power that he *does*, but that which he does not exercise. Depend on it, among all the brethren of your profession, you will find none to whom your friendship will be so desirable as the judge himself.

Remarks of the same sort may be made with regard to your intercourse with the members of the bar. You will find them for the most part gentlemen and friends, disposed to lead you gently by the hand. Requite their courtesy in kind. If an advantage is taken of you, I have told you how to retaliate. You will have the whole

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bar on your side. But such cases are rare. You will probably meet with nothing illiberal. None will crow at you until your spurs are fully grown. No sarcasm will be dealt out against you, unless by a junior like yourself. In such case, in general, pass it by. It will be thought that your self-respect restrains you from affording sport to the by-standers, and you will rise in the respect of others. Men naturally respect those who are seen to respect themselves. You may indeed be sometimes provoked to retort, by attacks which will make a retort necessary and proper. In that case, your previous habit of forbearance will stand your friend. It will dispose others to presume you to be in the right, and to approve your conduct. It will enable you to reflect; to do nothing rashly; to choose your words; to measure the force of your blow; and to strike without laying yourself open. To such rencounters apply the advice of Polonius to his son:

> "Beware
> Of entrance into quarrel, but being in
> Bear it, that the opposer may beware of you."

If you are compelled to strike, let no second blow be necessary, and you will not soon be called to give another.

I might multiply remarks of this sort without end, and perhaps with little profit to you; for it is too true, "that no man learns wisdom by another's experience." I am bound to own that it is not by the practice of these maxims that I have learned their value. But experience has perhaps convinced me of it somewhat sooner, because they were inculcated in my youth, by one whose advice I fear was never justly appreciated until his voice was hushed forever. My suggestions to you may answer the same end. If, when my head lies low, the recollection shall come to your minds accompanied by the feelings it awakens in mine, my labor will not be lost or unrewarded.

But there is one maxim learned in that same school, which no one who expects to thrive by his profession must neglect. The success of a lawyer and his honor as a man depend on his fidelity and punctuality. I need not recommend these to you. But a single auxiliary rule, in the observance of which there is perfect safety, may be of use.

"Whenever you receive money for a client, always consider that *specific* money as his. Set apart the identical dollars and cents, just as you received them, done up into a parcel labelled with his name, and accompanied by a statement showing the amount received and the balance due after deducting your fees and commissions. Let a counterpart of this statement be drawn up in a book kept for the purpose, and always carried with you; and at the foot of this counterpart, take your client's receipt." In this proceeding there is something level to the apprehension, and obvious to the senses of all men. It will engage confidence, and multiply in your hands that sort of business, which, if not the most honorable, is the least laborious, and not the least profitable.

And now, my young friends, we close a relation which has been to me one of the happiest of my life. God grant it may prove equally profitable to you. If it does not, the fault is in me. I have indeed the satisfaction to know that my exertions are appreciated by you, at more than their real value; and that wherever your lots may be cast, you will long remember the months we have spent together with feelings responsive to my own. It has been my endeavor to divest the subject of our studies of its dryness, and to render it, if possible, less unpalatable than you had expected to find it. The task was difficult, but I hope I have not altogether failed. I have felt it my duty too, to lay aside the pedagogue, and to disarm my office of all austerity. In doing this I had but to yield to my natural disposition. The rules of our institution indeed placed me *in loco parentis*. But the relation of an elder brother was more congenial to my feelings. I am happy to believe that it has been so filled, as to establish the sentiments appropriate to it in each of our minds; and that, when the infirmities of age shall overtake me, there is not one of you who would not extend an arm to stay my tottering steps, as there is not one on whose shoulder I would not lean with confidence.

But my method of instruction was not adopted merely because it suited my disposition. I believed it most appropriate to the subject of your studies. It in some measure prepares you to enter in its true spirit into that relation to the heads of your profession, of which I have spoken. You will find few judges to whom the authority of office will not be as irksome as it is to me; and it will be in your choice to establish, between yourselves and your brethren of the bar and bench, the same sentiments which make our separation at once pleasant and painful.

I cannot take leave of you without offering and inviting congratulations on the distinguished harmony which has pervaded every department of our venerable institution. It has been a complete fulfilment of the reciprocal pledges passed at the commencement of the course, "that you should be treated as gentlemen, and that you would so demean yourselves." How far this desirable end has been promoted by the peculiar character and structure of the society of this place, you are capable of deciding. We must have been unwise, not to avail ourselves of the aids afforded by the moral influence of a circle of gentlemen and ladies, intelligent, refined, polite and hospitable, zealous for the honor and order of the college and the happiness of its professors and students. It is this ever present influence that has enabled us to dispense with the rigor of discipline, elsewhere so necessary. It is this which enables William and

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Mary College to preserve its distinctive characteristics. In any other situation they would soon disappear. The city and the college have grown together. They are moulded on each other. Each is a part of each. Each is necessary to the other. You might learn as much, or more, elsewhere; but where else would you leave behind, from what other place would you carry with you so much of those kindly affections, the cultivation of which is not the least important part of education? On these we have determined to stake the usefulness, the permanency, and the prosperity of our institution, and in these we find a reward for our labors, which nothing can take away.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Letters on the United States of America,

By a young Scotchman, now no more.

Boston, 1832.

Dear Henry,—Mr. Paulding and Miss Sedgewick, are, in my opinion, inferior in genius to the American writers I mentioned in my last. They may be classed as the secondary novelists of this country, though in general literature, Paulding is equal if not superior to Cooper. His tales are usually short and want interest; but his characters are well sketched, his incidents natural, and his opinions and observations characterized by good sense. There is, however, an affectation of humor in what he writes, that does not please me. It seems to consist more in the employment of quaint terms and odd phrases, than in the incident or character itself, and would appear to be the result of an early and frequent perusal of the works of Swift and Rabelais. His productions are neat and sensible, but not very imaginative or striking. The interest or curiosity of the reader is never powerfully excited, but he never fails to please by the manner in which he conducts his plots; the easy and perspicuous style he employs, the clear and happy illustration of the vice or folly he holds up to indignation or scorn, and the successful though sometimes exaggerated developement of the character he wishes to portray. In both Paulding and Cooper there is an overwhelming American feeling, which bursts forth on all occasions, and which, to a foreigner, seems to partake of the nature of deep rooted prejudice. It results, however, I have no doubt, from an ardent love of country, increased perhaps by the silly contumelies and sarcasms of the reviewers and travellers of our country. Mr. Paulding has not displayed any great depth or expansion of mind in anything he has yet written, though he has tried his wing in both prose and verse. His forte is satire, which, like that of Horace, is more playful than mordant and bitter. The productions of Miss Sedgewick which I have seen, are remarkable for good sense, but without much vigor of imagination. She succeeds best in quiet life. The delineation of the workings of passion, and of stormy and powerful emotions, are beyond the reach of her powers; but what she attempts she always does well. Her plots are generally without complication, and display no great fertility of invention; the incidents are not very striking and the characters are sometimes tame, and occasionally extravagant. They are not like the delineations of Miss Edgeworth, or Miss Mitford. You cannot form an idea of the nationality of the individual she sketches, and would as soon take him for a native of any other country as of her own. There is a manifest defect in this particular, in all the novelists I have mentioned. With the exception of the Indians who are occasionally introduced, there is scarcely any difference between their Americans, and the inhabitants of other lands. Cooper has indeed presented a finer gallery of American characters than any other writer, especially in his sketches of the early settlers or pioneers; but his characters, except in a few instances, are not usually distinguished by striking national peculiarities. This may possibly originate from the singular fact that in this country where men are free to rove where inclination leads, and to be under no other restraint than that which religion, law, or decency imposes, there is less peculiarity of character or individuality, than in any other portion of the globe with which I am acquainted. They have not yet attempted to give as in England, sketches of American society as it now exists, or may have existed since the organization of their government. Whether such pictures would indeed be interesting I am not prepared to say; but from the society in which I have mingled, I do not think it has variety enough, or differs sufficiently from that of other civilized nations to render such pictures striking or amusing. Genius, however, can accomplish every thing, and might give to what appears to be vapid and *ennuyant*, some novelty and interest.

There are some other novelists in the United States, whose productions, as they have sunk, or are rapidly sinking into oblivion, it is scarcely necessary to name. One of these is a man of talent, who, you will recollect, was an occasional contributor to the literary periodicals of our country, while a resident there. I mean J. Neale. His romances, from their wildness and extravagance, have been but little read, and are now nearly forgotten. He still, however, employs his pen, I understand, in doing what he can to edify and amuse his countrymen. Novel reading has been legitimatized by Sir Walter Scott, and though his productions furnish an admirable standard, nothing in the nature of romance now goes amiss, and the demand for works of fancy seems to increase in proportion to the number issued from the press, and the food that is furnished. Although the Americans are great novel readers, there is not

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much of romance in their character. There is too much matter-of-fact about them; they are too calculating and money-making to serve the purposes of the novelist. They form but indifferent heroes and heroines of romance, and hence Cooper is obliged to resort to the sea to rake up pirates and smugglers, or to go back to the revolution or the early settlement of his country to find characters and incidents calculated to give verisimilitude and interest to his tales.

In dramatic literature, but little has yet been done in the United States. Few appear to have devoted much of their attention to dramatic composition. I have seen but ten or twelve American plays in the course of my researches; and these, though they possessed a good deal of merit, have been suffered to sink into neglect, and are rarely performed. A much larger number, however, would appear to have been written and prepared for the stage. According to a catalogue I have lately seen, no less than 270 dramatic pieces have either been prepared for the theatre of this country, or written by Americans. Of these many were of course got up for temporary purposes, and when these purposes were answered were no longer remembered; but you will be surprised to learn that of this number, commencing in 1775, there are no less than *thirty-three tragedies*, the best of which are those which have been recently brought out, Metamora, Ouralasqui, a prize tragedy by a lady of Kentucky, and a combination of tragedies, by Paine, called Brutus, which has been on the stage for several years. The rest are scarcely remembered. The writer who seems to have devoted the largest portion of his time to dramatic literature in this country and who may be called the father of the American drama, is Mr. Dunlap, who has figured for many years in the various characters of dramatist, manager, and painter. His dramatic pieces amount to about 50, and he has already outlived their fame. Some of his translations from the German are still exhibited; but his original compositions are now never performed, and are almost forgotten. Mr. J. N. Barker of Philadelphia, stands next in point of fecundity, having given birth to ten dramatic bantlings in the course of his life, some of which are very creditable to their parent, but none are, I believe, stock plays. The prejudice against native writers was at one time so strong that the managers deemed it prudent to announce Mr. Barker's Marmion, Sir Walter's poem dramatized, as the production of Thomas Morton the author of Columbus. Mr. Dunlap was also I understand obliged to resort to the same expedient in relation to two or three of his plays; but as soon as it was known, their popularity, which had at first been considerable, immediately ceased, and they were laid upon the shelf. Such are some of the difficulties with which the American writer has to struggle; but these I am happy to learn are now giving way, and a more liberal spirit is beginning to prevail. It is to be hoped that the dramatic muse of America will soon be enabled to triumph over all the impediments which she has had to encounter, and repose in the same bower and be crowned with the same chaplet as her more fortunate sister of romance Among the American plays which accident brought under my notice, was a comedy in five acts, entitled the "Child of Feeling," published in 1809, and written by a citizen of Washington. It seems to have been a juvenile production, written without much knowledge of the world, but with a due regard to the unities. The dialogue wants sprightliness and the plot interest, and I merely mention it now because its contains among its *dramatis personæ* a character which is to me entirely original, and which if he really existed, the author must I think have caricatured in his copy. He is called Etymology, and does not belie his name, for he is constantly occupied in tracing every word that is spoken by himself or others to its root, and makes as may easily be supposed, some comic and ludicrous blunders. Till very recently, the author of even a successful play received scarcely any compensation for his labor, and the fame he acquired was but of short duration. Now however, it is otherwise, and both reputation and emolument attend the successful dramatist. The comedies, by American writers that I have seen, are not remarkable for their wit or humor, and therefore do not long retain their hold upon the stage. Dramatic exhibitions are not however held by the Americans in very high estimation, and this may be one of the causes of the low state of dramatic literature here. But the principal causes would appear to be the want of leisure, the devotion of the people to higher and more lucrative avocations, and the facility with which dramatic productions of established merit and popularity can be obtained from England. These causes operate in like manner I conceive, to prevent the attainment of that high poetical excellence which has yet to be reached by the worshippers of the muse in this country. The following remarks on this subject by an American writer are so pertinent, that I will transcribe them for your information. "We regret to say," says he, speaking of American poetry, "that much less has been done than might reasonably have been expected, even during our short political existence. We have indeed as yet scarcely done anything at which an American can look with conscious pride, as a trophy of native poetic genius. The ponderous and vapid Epic of Barlow, and the still more leaden and senseless heroics of Emmons, are far from giving reputation to the poetry of our country; and the fugitive and occasional pieces of Percival, Bryant, Halleck, &c. are not exactly such as we should select as a proof

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that we have done much in poetry. We have been in existence as a nation for upwards of half a century, and yet we have produced nothing that is certain to reach posterity, or that can be classed higher than the minor productions of Moore, Campbell, or Byron, of the present day. There is an apparent want of originality, and too great an appearance of imitation in the poetical efforts of our native bards to carry them far down the stream of time, though it must be conceded that they have discovered in these efforts no ordinary portion of genius. There would seem to be something either in the nature of our political institutions, or in the general character of our pursuits, which is inimical to the developement of high poetical power. We are not a very imaginative people; we prefer the reality to the ideal; we pursue the substance rather than the shadow. Our ambition is early fired by political distinction, or our exertions are directed to the attainment of competency or wealth. The public mind has been led into a train of thinking somewhat adverse to the indulgence of poetical enthusiasm, and not calculated to render it susceptible of deep and intense delight from the contemplation of poetical beauty. It has been led to consider that the highest efforts of genius are those which are displayed at the bar or in the senate, and to regard the power of forensic and parliamentary eloquence as the loftiest exhibition of intellectual excellence. To that which the mind is early taught to respect and admire its greatest exertions will be directed, and hence the number of those who resort to the profession of law, the career of legislation, or the pursuits of commerce," &c.

It is unquestionably true, that no great original poetical work of distinguished merit has yet made its appearance in the United States, but it cannot at the same time be denied, that the individuals this writer has named, with Bryant, Sigourney, Willis, and several others, possess a fine poetical vein, the *mens divinior* of Horace. Some of their effusions contain passages of great beauty and splendor, and may be fairly classed with those of the first poets of our country. Most of them however, have merely what Mad. De Genlis calls the "art of making verses;" and either from the want of encouragement, the stimulus of praise, or continued enthusiasm, wing their flight briefly into the regions of poetic fancy, and seldom afterwards attempt any more lofty or daring excursions. But I must pause. I will endeavor in my next to bring my remarks on the science and literature of the United States to a close.

FINE PASSAGE IN HOOKER.

Hooker in his Ecclesiastical Polity says, "The time will come when three words, uttered with charity and meekness, shall receive a far more blessed reward, than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit."

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO ——.

The dial marks the sunny hour,
  Every brilliant moment noting,
But it loses all its power
  When a cloud is o'er it floating,
    As if gloom should be forgot!

Thus on Time has Mem'ry dwelt,
  Tracing every fleeting minute,
When thy radiant smiles were felt
  Courting each, if they were in it,
    Noting none if they were not!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

PARAPHRASE

Of a figure in the first volume of Eugene Aram.

Tho' the Moon o'er yonder river
  Seems a partial glance to throw,
Kissing waves that brightly quiver
  Whilst the rest in darkness flow,
There's not a ripple of that stream
Unsilvered by some hallowed beam.

Thus in life the bliss that mellows
  Ills, that else the soul would blight,
Seems to fall upon our fellows
  Like that glance of partial light;
Yet each spirit sunk in sadness,
Feels in turn its ray of gladness!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO MY SISTERS.

Tho' I have sworn in other ears,
And kissing, sealed the oath in tears,
Have owned a little world divine,
Between my Sarah's lips and mine,
And more than mortal blessed have felt,
While there in Heav'nly bliss we dwelt,
Yet I *loved* not.
But when I look, dear girls on ye,
E'en in the look my worlds I see;
No vow has passed—our years have proved
That we have ever truly loved—
And in your every prayer I hear,
My name so kindly whispered there,
Oh! then I *love*.

ROSICRUCIUS.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES.

Sleep on, thou dear maiden, I'll guard thee from harm,
No foe shall come nigh thee while strength's in this arm;
As thy sweet breath comes o'er me wild wishes may rise,
But honor still whispers—Remember the ties
Which bind her to one to whom she is dear
As his hopes of a heaven, she's all he has here.
Yes, far be it from me my friend to betray—
To gain thy affections, whilst he, far away,
But little suspects me, or dreams I would dare
To deceive his heart's treasure—so lovely, so fair:
Then sleep on, thou dear maiden, I'll guard thee from harm,
No foe shall come nigh thee while strength's in this arm.

J. M. C. D.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

GRAYSON GRIFFITH.

There is in a pleasant part of the Old Dominion, a thrifty village named Goodcheer. The inhabitants, from the first settlement of the place, were kind, and bland, and social. Indeed many of them went further. They jested, they fiddled, they danced, they sang songs, they played at cards, they drank wine, they frolicked. Yet was there among them a strong and steady current of public opinion against acts of very low and gross meanness or depravity. They were not liars, or thieves, or swindlers, or rakes.

In this village lived Gregory Griffith, the tanner, whose industry and probity earned for him a respectability and an independence rivalled by none except the old patriarch of the village, more generally known by the name of the Major. Gregory had married the eldest daughter of old farmer Ryefield, a woman well suited to make him happy. Her disposition was easy, and her habits industrious and economical. They were a bonny couple.

> "The day moved swiftly o'er their heads,
> Made up of innocence and love."

Fourteen months after their marriage, their first born son, a lovely child, smiled in the face of his parents. Him they called Grayson. Nor was he the only pledge of their love. They alternately rejoiced over a daughter and a son, until their quiver was full, having four sons and three lovely daughters. The death of their second child, who bore her mother's name, had in the fourth year of their marriage, wrung the bleeding hearts of these parents, and chastened their feelings to sober thinking. Between their first born and their third child lay an interval of nearly five years—a period which Mr. and Mrs. Griffith always spoke of with deep emotion.

Grayson, in his childhood, had but feeble health—a circumstance which secured to him very indulgent treatment. This indulgence rose to excess after the death of the lovely Martha, his little sister. So soon after the death of the daughter, as the gay villagers could with propriety, they planned a general meeting at Mr. Griffith's. They came, and after some time spent in sober enjoyment, a game of whist was proposed. The proposal sensibly affected Mrs. Griffith. She seemed to feel that it was too soon after her babe's death. The tears started in her eyes, and she sought a place to weep. She went to her toilet and bathed her face, and returned with an air of constrained cheerfulness. Meanwhile Mr. Griffith had taken his seat with a second company who were playing loo. Before Martha's death, Grayson had been regularly carried to the nursery, as the sun threw his lowest and latest beams on the summit of a hill in sight from the portico. But after the death of his sister, he was encouraged to spend the evening with his parents; and when overcome by sleep, his cradle and his pillow were the bosom and the lap of parental fondness. And when company was present, he was often awake until a late hour. On this evening every one had something to say to Master Grayson. All the ladies kissed him, and more than one promised him a daughter for a little sweetheart. When whist and loo became the amusement, Grayson was much interested, especially when he saw his father dealing out. The very beaminess of his eye seemed to throw a charm around the figures on every card. At first he said nothing. At last he went to his mother and said: "Mamma, won't you teach me to do like papa? O, I wish sister Martha was not dead, that she might see the pretties papa has got. Mamma, what are the papers with the hearts on?" The mention of Martha's name overcame Mrs. Griffith. She led Grayson to her bed-room, and wept and kissed him until, overcome by sleep, he forgot his joys and his sorrows until the next day. The nurse having lodged the sweet boy in the long crib at the side of his parent's bed, Mrs. Griffith returned to her company. Either her appearance, or a sense of propriety in her guests, operated a speedy dissolution of the party. The company being gone, Mr. Griffith said he wished he had not consented to play that evening—that Martha had been dead but a year, and that he really thought that as his child had been taken to heaven when not two years old, it was time for him to begin to think of preparing to meet her. Mrs. Griffith wept at the mention of Martha's name, repeated what Grayson had said, observed that she had felt badly, but that they must not be melancholy. She also said it was very kind in the neighbors to endeavor to cheer them up. It was after midnight, in the month of June, before these parents slept at all. At the very dawn of day Grayson awoke his parents by kissing them often, and calling their names aloud. So soon as he could get his father's attention, he said: "O father, what were those pretty things you had in your hand last night? Father, were they yours? May I have some? Can't I do as you did with them? Father, what was you doing? Please, sir, give me some to carry to school to-day." Mr. Griffith was not displeased that Grayson did not wait for an answer to his interrogatories. To his request for some to carry to school, he replied that Mr. Birch, the teacher, was a religious man, and would not let the boys carry such things to school. Grayson said: "And an't you religious too, papa?" and kissed him. Mr. Griffith looked at his wife. They both smiled confusedly.

After breakfast, some of the neighbors called and inquired for the welfare of the family. Some of the ladies kissed Grayson, as did his mother, and he went to school. At play-time he told the children what he had seen, and one of the older boys explained the matter to the rest of the company. He said the old people loved fun, and also played for money—and yet they would not let their boys play. "Never mind," continued he, "I can make fun, if you will all beg some pins and bring here to-morrow. Now, fellows, don't forget—bring a good many." The next morning every mother and sister were faithfully plied for pins, and every boy's sleeve was brightened with them. Before the teacher had arrived, the elder boy, before named, had taught all his juniors two ways of playing pins—one on a hat, and the other called "heads or points." In a few days one boy had secured all the pins, and kept them safely in a little case made of a section of reed. The spirit of gambling, however, did not expire with the loss of the pins. Indeed the loss of the many was the gain of one, and that one was the object of profound admiration.

In a day or two, one of the boys came to school with an ear of white and another of red corn, and a piece of

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chalk in his pocket, and whispered to all his play fellows that now they would have fine fun. Every urchin was restless for play-time. Grayson Griffith was sure the master's watch must have stopped or must be too slow, and said so. At length the hour of recreation came, and as soon as all were fairly out of the teacher's hearing, the aforesaid boy prepared to teach his fellows the game of fox and geese. With his chalk he chequered a board, and arranged his white and red grains in proper order—calling the white grains of corn geese, and the red foxes. Soon he initiated every boy, and Grayson Griffith among the number, in the mysteries of the game.

Ere long it was proposed that every boy should ask for a cent at home, and bring it to school. It was done. Grayson Griffith asked for one cent, and his father gave him two, and his mother one. They said he was old enough to have pocket money. He was now nearly eight years old. In the playtime, all the boys agreed to throw heads or tails, until they had won or lost the money that could be had. At the end of the sport, Grayson had seven cents—but on his way home, he dropped one in the grass, and by throwing heads or tails with another boy, he lost three more—so that at night he had no more and no less than in the morning.

That evening he asked if his father would go to the race next day. His father replied he did not know. "Well," said Grayson, "I bet you three cents and my barlow knife against ninepence, that Colonel Riley's Firefly will beat General Hobson's young Medley." "You will bet?" said Mr. Griffith. "Why, yes," said Grayson, "did not you bet at loo, father?" Grayson and his father, as by mutual consent, waived the conversation.

Next day Grayson told at school what had occurred. Mr. Griffith did not go to the races; but in the evening some of the gentlemen came to see him, and induced him to bet as high as twenty dollars on a game at loo. Grayson seemed hardly to notice the occurrence, yet he was in reality closely observing, and caught several of the expressions of the gentlemen visiters. The next day, at a game of fox and geese, he cried "Damme soul." And as he went to school he kept saying, "Clubs are trumps—high, low, jack and the game." He thought it sounded pretty.

In the meantime Mr. Griffith's family increased. He had now three sons and a daughter; and Grayson would often promise to show his little brother how to play fox and geese when he should grow a little larger. Mrs. Griffith had also played at cards when any very special company was present, or she was much urged.

Mr. Griffith about this time gave a hundred dollars towards building a church in the village, and subscribed twenty dollars a year towards the minister's salary; and many of the people had become very serious, and even religious. The good minister, like his master Jesus Christ, was very fond of children. All the children knew him in six weeks after he went to live in Goodcheer, and they all loved him. They would speak to him all the way across the street. One day Mr. Goodnews (for that was the minister's name) called at Mr. Griffith's, and asked Grayson if he knew how many commandments there were. His answer was, "I bet you I do." "But," said Mr. Goodnews, "I never bet, my dear little boy. Did not you know it was wrong to bet?" "No," said Grayson, "it is'nt—Father and mother bet." Mrs. Griffith's face colored, and she stammered out, "My son, you ought not to tell stories, even in fun. You will make dear Mr. Goodnews think very badly of your parents." "Any how, mother, it is true," said the boy.

When Grayson was eleven years old, he was allowed to go to the races. Here his fondness for sport and gaming was much increased. He also saw many things that he did not understand, and some that made him shudder. His parents had given him at different times money, which he had saved, and adding to which, what he received that morning, the sum total amounted to one dollar and a quarter. The race that day was chiefly between two noted animals, Major Clark's Rabbit, and Colonel Nelson's Yellow Gray. Betting ran high. At first Grayson bet twenty-five cents in favor of Rabbit; then he bet fifty cents against twenty-five on the Yellow Gray; then he bet his remaining fifty cents against another fifty cents in favor of Yellow Gray. In the meantime he bought some beer and some cakes, and paid away twenty-five cents of his money. When he first remembered that he might lose, he thought he would not be able to meet all his engagements; but on reflection he discovered, that let who would win, he could not lose all. The race was run. Rabbit was beaten, and Grayson got his seventy-five cents, and paid what he had lost, and had now left one dollar and a half. At first he thought he would go home, and started—but a boy stepped forward and said, he could show him some *tricks*—that he had a rattle-come-snap, &c. Grayson went with him into the bushes, and there Grayson lost one dollar at some sort of game, became vexed, and went home. At night he would have determined never to bet any more, had it not been that some gentlemen came to his father's, and talked earnestly about their gains. Then the thought entered his mind that it was entirely owing to good luck that some succeeded, and that he would have better luck another day.

A few days after the races, Mr. Griffith was called to see his mother die. She had been a very worldly-minded, proud woman—but her last sickness had humbled her. With her last breath she spoke of herself as a great sinner, and of her salvation as doubtful, and most solemnly warned all her children not to follow her example. The minister at Goodcheer went over to preach the funeral sermon, and returning in company with Mr. Griffith, he thought he perceived some seriousness in his manner, and introduced a very friendly and solemn conversation on the importance of preparing for death. From that time Mr. Griffith began to change, and in twelve months he and his wife both joined Mr. Goodnews's church. They also presented their five children to the Lord. This was a great change, and was much spoken of by the villagers. It is thought the father and mother were both truly converted. The day the children were baptized, Grayson did not behave well in church, yet he dared not to do anything very wrong. The next day, when one of the boys laughed at him for being baptized, he at first thought he would say nothing, and had he done so, all would have been well. But the laugh tormented him. So in going home from school he made fun of it, and said the old people had got mighty religious. When he got home he felt dreadfully at seeing Mr. Goodnews at his father's; but he

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soon left the house, and took the old cat in his arms, and called the dogs, and went to chase cats in the old field.

His parents with difficulty prevailed on him to attend Sabbath school. He said five days and a half in a week were enough to go to school. He also disliked to come to prayers. He was frequently out until a late hour at night, and once was found with some very bad boys in an old house on a Sabbath night, doing what he called "projecting." His parents had all along opposed the cold water men, and had allowed Grayson to have some sweetened dram in the morning out of their cups. And even after Mr. and Mrs. Griffith joined the church, it did not seem easy to conquer in a day all their prejudices against the temperance society. These things led Master Grayson to drink julaps, and punch, and even grog. But he did not drink much. He had also learned to use profane language to an extent that was very distressing to some pious people who had heard him; but his parents supposed he never swore.

When Grayson was sixteen years old, he read Hoyle on Games; and though he understood very little of what he read, he conceived that gaming must be a very profound science. Especially was this impression deepened by hearing a member of congress say, that Hoyle was as profound as Sir Isaac Newton. He read Hoyle again, and even on the Sabbath. His parents began to suffer much uneasiness about him; they sometimes wept over his case; they took great pains to make religion appear amiable—but he was eager in his pursuit of vanity.

When Grayson was eighteen or nineteen years old, he became acquainted with Archibald Anderson, a most unworthy young man, of low breeding and much cunning. Archie persuaded Grayson to go a pleasuring the next Sunday—told him he had found a bee-tree, and that they would get some girls and go and take the bee-tree next Sunday. They went, and although Grayson tried to think it fine fun, it was a very gloomy day. A thousand times did he wish himself in church. At night he came in late, and went immediately to bed. Next day his father inquired where he had been. But Grayson let him understand that young people must not be watched too closely. In a day or two Mrs. Griffith became alarmed at finding in Grayson's apparel evident preparations to elope; but gentle and kind treatment soon seemed to regain his confidence.

Mr. Griffith had, in the course of business, previously borrowed a thousand dollars from one of his neighbors, who had since removed to the city of Allvice—and wishing to raise his bond, he gave Grayson $1060, being the principal and interest for one year, and money to buy himself a suit of clothes, and started him to town. Grayson had never been to the city before, and his hopes were very high. On the evening of the third day's ride, he arrived in the city of Allvice, and put up in Blockley Row, at Spendthrift Hotel, next door to the sign of the Conscience-seared-with-a-hot-iron. After supper he went to the bar-room, and asked a young man "how far it was to any place where he could see some fun." "What, the theatre," said the young man. "Any place where I can see a little fun," said he. The young man said, "follow me." Ere long they were at the door of the theatre, where Grayson saw in large letters over a door—"The way to the pit." He knew not what it meant, but said to the young man, "Don't let us go that way." "No," said his companion, "we will go to the gallery. You know *they* are in the gallery." Grayson knew not who was meant by the emphatic *they;* but following his guide, was soon in a crowd of black and white women, and young and old men. Taking the first lesson in the species of crime there taught, he stepped down a little lower, and asked to what place a certain door led. He was told, "to the boxes." Entering that door, he found many a vacant seat, and listened—but when others laughed, he saw nothing to laugh at, until the clown came on the stage. At him he laughed—he roared. Yet he felt as if he had lost something, but could not tell what it was "In the midst of laughter the heart is sad," were words he often repeated, as he sat in a box alone. The play being ended, he endeavored to find his way to the hotel, but was greatly discomposed at remembering that his money had been left in his saddle-bags, and they not locked, and that he had not seen them since he came to town. At length he reached his lodgings, and found all safe. He went to bed, but could not sleep. Most of the night was spent in reflection, or rather in wild and vain imaginations. A little before day a well dressed gentleman was shown into the room where our young hero lay, there being two beds in the room. The new inmate took a seat, and sighed; he paced the floor; he took out his port-folio, and wrote a few words; he dropped his pen and said, "What a fool." At length Griffith (for he is now too old to be called by his given name,) ventured to inquire whether he could in any way assist his room-mate to a greater composure. "O sir," said the man, and sighed. At length the stranger said: "Eight days ago I left home with $3,600 to go to the north to buy goods. I came here day before yesterday, and to-night they have got the last cent from me at the faro bank. And now, O what a fool!—I had rather take five hundred lashes than do what I must,—write to my partner or my wife to send me money to carry me home." Griffith expressed regret, but of course could offer no consolation. He resolved, however, to pay the $1,060 as soon as he could find the man to whom it was due. This he accordingly did before nine o'clock next morning. The rest of the day he walked the streets. Every little while $3,600 kept ringing in his ears. At night, not having bought his suit of clothes, he went to the bar, and there found the same young gentleman who the night before had accompanied him to the theatre. Griffith took a seat by a window, and the well dressed young man came to him and said: "Young gentleman, I see you are fond of real genteel pleasure; let us go down into hell, and win those fellows' money." Perhaps more mingled emotions never agitated a bosom. In the first place he had been called a young gentleman—an honor which, though he had deserved it before, had seldom been given him. Then the idea of "real and genteel pleasure." But the very sound of "going down to hell!" He would not go in "the way to the pit" the night previous—and now could he go to hell? At length he concluded that it was a mere nickname, and that the place was really no worse than if it were called heaven, and he replied, "I don't care if I do." They both left the room and went to the stable. "Stop a minute," said Griffith, "let me see if Decatur has a

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good bed and a plenty to eat." In half a minute he satisfied himself that his horse fared well, and he followed his young acquaintance into one of the stalls, through which they passed by a blind door into a long, narrow and dark entry. "Follow me," said the young man. Presently they entered a large room. Griffith was struck with the abundance of good things to eat and drink, which too were all free for visiters. At a table on one side, sat an old man with a playful countenance He rose and said: "Last night a man won $3,600 at this table." Three thousand six hundred dollars thought Griffith—and "how much had he to begin with?" said he to the old gentleman. "Only a ten dollar note," was the reply. In another part of the room, Griffith saw a young man sitting behind a table, and leaning against the wall, with his hat drawn down over his forehead, and wearing a heavy set of features. Before him on the table lay three heaps of money—one of silver—another of gold—a third of paper. Griffith eat some very fine blanc mange on the table, and drank a little brandy, after which he concluded he would risk ten dollars on a card. He did so, and put a ten dollar bill into his pocket. His next risk was five dollars, which he lost. With various success he spent an hour, at the end of which he had tripled his money. He then retired to his room, and slept until a late hour in the morning. Then he went to a merchant tailor, and ordered his new suit, and spent the day in musing—visiting factories—attending auctions, and laying plans for the night. "If I had held on I might have broke them," said he; "I should have gotten $3,600!" Night came, and with it a self-confident feeling peculiar to the young gambler. He returned alone through the stall into "hell," and there lost all he had but five dollars. The next night he won $150. The next night, which was to be his last in the city, he went, and for a time succeeded. Once he had $700 in pocket, but before day-light he had lost every cent he had, and making known his situation, two men who had won his money, gave him each five dollars, and advised him to leave town at day-light. That was a wretched night to Griffith. His couch was a "bed of unrest." His very dreams were startling. At daylight he paid his bill, and had remaining three dollars and a quarter. He mounted Decatur, and with a heavy heart journeyed towards the village of Goodcheer. When he found himself in sight of home, he felt in his pocket and found he had seventy-five cents. He also felt for the cancelled bond, but could not find it. Riding into the woods, he examined his saddle-bags, and found the bond in a waistcoat pocket. Seizing it with great joy, he shed a tear, and mounted again. All the way home he had thought much of the manner in which he should account for not having the new clothes. At length seeing no way of escape, from confusion at least, in case his father should inquire respecting the matter, he cherished the hope that his father would say nothing. So he paced along, and got home just in time for dinner. There was an air of affected cheerfulness in young Griffith's gait and manner, that was unusual. He did the best he could—took care early to deliver the cancelled bond—said he was not much pleased with the city, and told something of what he had seen. Next day his father asked if he had gotten the new suit. He replied that he had concluded not to get it then, and reddened very much. Mr. Griffith told his wife that he had fears about Grayson. They both wept, and agreed to pray for him more than usual.

In the course of time, young Griffith being twenty-one years old, left his father's, with $700 and Decatur, to seek his fortune in the West. He soon obtained employment, and in the course of two years was able to commence business as partner in a new firm. But, unfortunately, he was not satisfied in the village where he was, but broke up and went to the town of Badblood, where he opened a store. He was not long here until a quarrel commenced betwixt him and one of his neighbors. The occasion of the quarrel was a disagreement as to the beauty of a piece of music. One declared the other to have a bad taste, and this was regarded as insulting. Of course a challenge was given, and accepted. The day of combat arrived. At the first fire no blood was spilt. This was owing to the great agitation of both the combatants. At the second fire Griffith wounded his antagonist slightly, but himself received no wound. At the third fire Griffith's right arm was broken, and his antagonist was wounded in the thigh. Here the seconds and friends interfered, and declared they had fought enough. Had it not been for public opinion, they would have thought that it was enough to be shot at once a piece. But they were both content to quit, and even to drink each other's health, before they left the ground. In the course of eight or nine weeks, they were both in their usual health, and attending to their accustomed duties.

The effect on Mr. Griffith's family on learning that Grayson was expected to fight, was very distressing. The day the challenge was given, Griffith wrote to his father thus:

My very dear Father:—On the morning of the day on which this shall reach you in due course of mail, I shall have settled an affair of honor. I do not love to fight, because I neither like the idea of killing or being killed. If I go on the ground, I shall certainly take life or lose it. I can't help it. I should be posted as a coward, if I did not. Mr. B. will write you as soon as it is decided. Love to mother and the children. God bless you. I can't bear an insult. Your's ever,

G. GRIFFITH.

An entire week was this family in suspense, when at last, by request of the father, dear Mr. Goodnews, the minister, was at the office, and got the letter and opened it, and read the account as before given. He immediately went to Mr. Griffith's, and found both the parents in bed with a high fever, and their countenances covered with wan despair. As he entered the door he tried to look cheerfully. "Grayson is dead," said the almost frantic mother. "No, he is'nt," said the minister. "Then he is mortally wounded," said she. "No, he is not," said he. "Then he is a murderer; he has killed a man! O, my first-born Grayson!" "My dear Mrs. Griffith," said the good minister, "the Lord is better than all your fears. Grayson and his antagonist are both wounded indeed, but neither mortally." "O bless the Lord, bless the Lord," said Mrs. Griffith, and swooned away. On using proper means she was restored, and became calm and quiet; but it was an hour before Mr. Goodnews could read the whole letter to her. Mr. Griffith suffered greatly, but was much occu-

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pied with the care of his wife. He really feared that things would have terminated fatally. In a few days the parents rallied, and wrote Grayson a most affectionate and solemn letter, which he never answered.

The next news of importance which these parents received respecting their son was, that he was married to an amiable, though a thoughtless and giddy girl. In a year they heard that he was the father of a sweet boy. In eighteen months more they heard that he had a sweet daughter. Not long after, they heard that he made frequent and unaccountable excursions from home, and presently they heard, that on a steam boat that ran between the town of Badblood and the Bay of Dissipation, he had by gambling, lost all his money. What they had heard was true. Losing his money, he hastened home—made some arrangements for his family—disposed of as much property as was left—received five hundred dollars in hand—left two hundred with his wife—and with the other three hundred set out professedly to visit his parents at the village of Goodcheer. But the demon of gambling had possessed him—and Griffith in a few weeks found himself with but one hundred dollars, remaining at Spendthrift Hotel, in Blockley Row, in the city of Allvice in the Old Dominion. Here Griffith resolved to retrieve his fortunes. He sought the faro bank, and in an hour was pennyless. Poor Griffith was not far from perfect ruin. He spent the night in dreadful tossings, and in the very room where he had lodged years before. He fancied that he saw "$3,600" in flaming figures before him. In the morning he walked the streets. He watched to see whether he could recognize any old friend among the hundreds he met. He read the names on the sign-boards; he searched the morning papers; yet no bright prospect opened before him. In the afternoon he wandered into Purity Lane, and had hardly entered that street, when he saw on the knocker at the door, "Amos Kindheart." He asked a servant who was washing down the white marble steps, whether the "*Reverend*" Mr. Kindheart lived there, and was answered in the affirmative. Asking to be introduced into his presence, he was soon shown into the study. "Is this the Rev. Mr. Kindheart?" said he. "It is," replied the good man, "please to be seated." "Are you not acquainted with Rev. Mr. Goodnews?" "Yes sir." "Do you not also know Gregory Griffith?" "Yes sir; I stayed at his house more than a week some years ago; and if I am not deceived, this is his son Grayson, who used to exercise my horse night and morning when I was there." Mr. Kindheart expressed much pleasure at seeing him, and learned that he had a wife and two children in the town of Badblood, in the State of Misery; he also learned that he had been a merchant. Mr. Kindheart treated him very affectionately, gave him a handsome little present, invited him to dinner next day, and excused himself for that evening, as he had in a remote part of the city an engagement that could not be broken. Early next morning a little ragged servant handed Mr. Kindheart a sealed note from Griffith, stating that he had been imprudent, and requesting him to send by the bearer a sum sufficient to meet the expenses of a passage to the pleasant village of Goodcheer, from which place the amount should be returned at an early date. Mr. Kindheart replied in a note that he had not the money then, but would get it before the next evening, when the first stage would leave, and renewed the invitation to dinner that day. Dinner came, but no Griffith was there. Several hours before it was time for the stage to start, Mr. Kindheart called with the money at Griffith's lodgings, but he was not to be seen. In a short time he called again, and then again. Still he could not be seen. The truth was, Griffith's conscience would not let him face a man from whom he knew he desired money only that he might have the means of gambling. He had no serious purpose of visiting Goodcheer.

For many days Griffith loitered about the city in perfect wretchedness, and without one cent of money. At length he went to the proper city police officer, and told him that there were several gambling establishments in town, that many persons visited them, and that he could give important testimony in the case. Then going to Hardface and Takeall, two gamblers, he told them that unless they would give him $600, so that he might fairly and speedily escape, he would be retained as a witness against them at the next sessions. The gamblers agreed to give him $500, hastened his departure in a private conveyance, but started after him a man, who overtaking him in the next post town, horsewhipped him very severely. Griffith bore this rough treatment like a dog. He squealed, he cried, he howled, he danced—but he did not resist.

From this time Griffith wandered about, until, in the course of a few months, he found himself again with his family. At first he seemed pleased to kiss his babes and embrace his wife; but the next day went to a faro bank in Badblood, and lost all he had—even his wife's wardrobe and toilet. At this time he resolved on destroying his own life. He went to three different shops, and procured laudanum in a quantity sufficient to take life. He went home, and as he ascended the first flight of stairs, he emptied the contents of each vial into his stomach. O woman, what an angel of mercy thou art! His wife met him at the door, with unwonted demonstrations of love. His little boy prattled most sweetly; his little girl breathed in her crib as gently as a May zephyr. His wife told him of several pleasant and smart things which the children had said and done that day. He began to weep—then to tremble—then to dislodge the contents of his stomach. "My dear Nancy," said Griffith, "I shall be dead in a few hours, but never mind." His wife perceiving that laudanum was in his stomach, instantly prepared a potent emetic, and mixing it with a large tumbler of hot water, offered it to her husband, and he consented to drink it, supposing it could not be improper. In a few minutes, through the influence of nausea, from the effects of brandy, and from the dose just given, the stomach was emptied. Poor Griffith suffered much, but gradually recovered. None save his wife knew of the attempted violence on his own life.

At length a few benevolent people proposed to him to leave Badblood, and go into the interior. He consented, and they gave him the necessary money, as he and his family entered the stage. Griffith was much affected by their kindness, especially that of one old Baptist gentleman, who said very tenderly, "God bless you all." They travelled day and night, until they were two hundred miles from the place of their recent miseries, when a violent fever and painful dysentery in

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their little boy compelled them to stop. The house where they stopped, though not promising much in outward appearance, was yet neat and clean. Mr. Felix, the landlord, and his wife, were intelligent, industrious and pious. They were strict temperance people, and no liquor could be had for drink within fifteen miles. Griffith of course became very cool. The first day he was very wretched; he had no employment—he had no heart to assist in nursing the sick boy. Towards evening he took a gun and walked into the field, and shot a partridge. At first he seemed pleased that he might thus promote the comfort of his little son, but then he remembered that animal food of any kind would injure him. The next day he was more miserable than ever, until about noon he saw fishing rods, and on inquiry found that there was a fish-pond not very distant. He went and angled for hours, but the hot sun had driven every fish under the banks and tussocks. He sat four long hours, and had not even a nibble. He returned with a heavy heart; yet it was pleasant to more than his wife, to observe a growing earnestness and frequency of inquiry into the health of his child. The next day, being Friday, a meeting commenced at a church not three hundred yards distant from the house of their kind landlord, and by a little persuasion, Griffith was prevailed on to attend. The first sermon was very animated, and was on that text: Isaiah lii. 3: "Thus saith the Lord; ye have sold yourselves for naught, and ye shall be redeemed without money." Griffith sat on the back seat, and paid more attention than one would have supposed from his appearance. The second sermon was preached by an old gentleman, on the text, 1 Timothy, i. 15: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Returning home, Griffith thought the preachers both affectionate and able; but he really thought some things must be personal. Indeed, the young man who had preached first, had a very dark and piercing eye, which when animated in preaching, made almost every one think he was looking all the while at him alone. When Griffith came home, he sat by his sick child, and told his wife what he had seen and heard. That night he was restless and wakeful. In the morning he took a long walk before breakfast, and at the usual hour repaired to the church. A sermon was then preached on the Cities of Refuge, and the preacher earnestly exhorted his hearers to flee for refuge to the hope set before them in the gospel. The exercises of Saturday afternoon, were prayer and singing, accompanied by short and solemn exhortations. In all these services Griffith manifested deep interest, though he said nothing, except that he detailed to his wife what he had seen and heard. He also said, that as their boy was now much improved in health, and as Mr. Felix's oldest daughter would stay at home next day, his wife must accompany him to church. Sabbath morning came, and although there seemed to be many difficulties, yet they were all surmounted, and Mrs. Griffith and her husband, for the first time in several years, went in company to the house of God. The text was, Isaiah liii. 5: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." During the delivery of this sermon, Griffith was seen to weep. His wife, however, had two reasons for not feeling easy. Her apparel was really poor; but she was soon relieved, by seeing that all the people were plainly attired. She also suffered much uneasiness about her son. But good Mrs. Felix had directed her eldest son to return home in an hour after the service should begin, and bring word whether all was right. Her son came with a message, which she soon, in a whisper, communicated to Mrs. Griffith. The message was, that the boy had fallen asleep—that his room had been made dark—that he seemed to sleep very sweetly, and would perhaps not wake for an hour or two. Mrs. Griffith got the message just in time to be entirely composed during the administration of the Lord's Supper, which service immediately succeeded the first sermon. It was a solemn scene. There were few dry eyes in the house. At the close of the communion service, the company of believers rose and sang that favorite spiritual song—

> "How happy are they
> Who the Savior obey," &c.

Griffith and his wife both thought "how happy are they." They both hastened home, as did Mrs. Felix also. Finding their boy much better, and their kind hostess herself determining to remain at home in the afternoon, both Mr. and Mrs. Griffith returned to the church. When they came near the church they heard singing, and just as they entered the door, the congregation sung, and repeated the closing lines of a hymn as follows:

> "Here, Lord, I give myself away,
> 'Tis all that I can do."

Griffith sighed, and said to himself—"O that I could give myself away, and the gift be accepted." They had just taken their seats, when the preacher announced his text in Revelation xxii. 17: "And the spirit and the bride say, come: and let him that heareth say, come: and let him that is athirst, come: and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." The sermon did not exceed forty minutes in length, yet it was a faithful, tender and solemn entreaty to all sinners, the least and the most vile, to come to Christ and live. After service, one of the ministers went home with Mr. Felix, and having observed Griffith's behavior at church, he said many good things in his presence and for his benefit. Griffith and his wife spent most of that night in solemn reflection and silent prayer. On Monday morning a neighbor called to complete some arrangements with Mr. Felix, in reference to supplying the place of their teacher, who had recently died. In an unexpected train of conversation, they were led to speak of Griffith as perhaps a suitable man. In a few days it was mutually agreed that Griffith should teach the school for the rest of that session, which was but three months. His family being provided for, he commenced his school. Yet for days and weeks, both he and his wife suffered much pain and darkness of mind. At length they both, about the same time, hoped that they had found him, of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write. After trial of some weeks, they were admitted to the communion. The day after this event, Griffith wrote an affecting letter to his venerable parents. This letter was evidently blessed, not only to the comfort of their hearts, but also many of the pious people in Goodcheer were much affected by it.

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"Great is the grace, the neighbors cried,
And owned the power Divine."

Griffith immediately established the worship of God in his family, and rejoiced in God with all his heart. Nor was his wife a whit behind in holy delight at the change. Griffith's conversion led him to inquire into the lawfulness of gambling. He had three questions to decide. The first was, whether he should pay a debt of $60 incurred in gambling? He soon resolved to pay it, as it was the manner of contracting, and not the payment of the debt, that was the sin. The next question was, what should he do respecting the $9,000, which he found by estimate he had lost at different times? To this he could only say, that most of it was won by strangers, and by men who had long since died in wretchedness and poverty. He could not get it. By a careful estimate of what he had won from men whose names and residence he knew, over and above what they had won from him, and including the $500 extorted from the gamblers, by threatening to volunteer as witness against them, he found that he owed in all, rather more than $1,500. Resolving to pay the whole sum, if spared and prospered, he engaged to teach school another session of ten months; and although he could not save much of his earnings, he resolved to save what he could.

How astonished was he, when a few days after he formed this purpose, as he was going to school in the morning, a gentleman hailed him as Mr. Griffith, and said: "Sir, I won from you several years ago nearly $700; there is the money, with some interest. I am a christian. I cannot keep it; there it is." With these few words, the traveller proceeded. Griffith was so amazed, that he even forgot to ask his name, or residence, or the course of his journey. Of the $700, Griffith sent $200 to the widow of a poor silly drunken man, from whom he had, not long before his complete downfall, won that amount. He sent $200 more to a young clerk, whom he had well nigh ruined as to morals and character, and from whom he had won $180 two years before. He sent $300 to the father of a little blind girl, from whose deceased brother he had won that amount, saving the interest, and requesting that it might be employed to send the blind child to the Asylum for the blind. By the kindness of Providence, other sums were restored to him, amounting in all to a few hundreds. His economy and industry, and good capacity as a teacher, also secured to him a growing income from his school—so that in a few years he had paid every debt, and restored all money obtained by gambling. He has since bought a small tract of land, and built a very neat cabin, with two apartments, upon it. He calls it the Retreat. He is now forty-three years old—still keeps a school—has a good income from his own industry—enjoys tolerable health, and has around him many of the comforts of life. His wife and children still live, and help to make him happy. His penitence and humility are deep; yet is thankfulness the reigning exercise of his heart. The goodness and grace of God, through Jesus Christ, are themes on which he never tires.

Dryden's genius was of that sort which catches fire by its own motion; his chariot wheels got hot by driving fast.—*Coleridge.*

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES

Written in Mrs. ——'s Album.

Give me a subject! O! propitious fate!
That by collision with my frigid brain [Hate?
Shall strike out fire!* Love? Honor? Friendship?
The jaded ear doth loathe the hackneyed train!

Give me a subject! thus a Byron sang—
And from the Poet's mind in perfect form
Like brain-born PALLAS, forth Don Juan sprang,
A captivating Demon—fresh and warm.

Give me a subject! Alexander raved,
A world to conquer!—and the red sword swept—
No truant Planet sought to be enslaved,
And bully Ellick disappointed wept!

A theme, ye stars! that with yon clouds bo-peep—
They wink, sweet Madam!—but, alas! are dumb:
"I could call spirits from the vasty deep"
To freeze thy gentle blood! But would they come?

There are no themes in this dull changeless world!
Spinning for aye on its own icy poles—
Forever in the self-same orbit whirled,
A huge TEE-TOTUM with concentric holes!

Ev'n Heaven itself had not poetic been
Though filled with seraph hosts in guiltless revel,
Had not one bright Archangel changed the scene—
Unlucky wight! to play himself the Devil!

Then came the tug of Gods! for rule and life—
The unmasked thunders shook the stable sky—
But MILTON sings of the immortal strife,
And lived much nearer to the times than I.

Prythee! go seek him, if thou would'st be told
A graphic story, pictured to the ear
With matchless art, by one who did behold,
So thou wouldst think—the war storm raging near.

Hast read the Poem, Ma'am? So have not I,
But I have heard that what I say is true—
And by my faith I'm much disposed to try
And give the Devil's bard and Devil his due!

But I am modest—and do not intend
To outsoar Milton in his lofty flight—
Nor would my Muse poor Byron's ghost offend,
He hated rivalry—and so—good night!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE DIAMOND CHAIN.

While Rosa near me sweetly sung,
And I beheld her blue eyes' light,
A chain around my heart was flung,
Its every link a diamond bright.

But now that we are forced to part,
And her loved voice no more I hear,
The chain is withering up my heart—
Its diamonds each a burning tear.

QUESTUS.

* A familiar suggests that an "*oaken towel*" might produce the desired effect. No doubt; and hence the expression "cudgel thy brains."

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

WHERE SHALL THE STUDENT REST?

A Parody on Constance's Song in Marmion.

Where shall the student rest
  Whom the fates destine
Old law-books to digest,
  That baffle all digesting?
Where through tomes deep and dry
  Spreads the black letter,
    Where endless pages lie
      Genius to fetter.
        Eleu loro,
        Eleu loro,
    Toil "sans remitter."
There, while the sun shines bright,
  In law-fogs he's buried;
There too by candle light,
  On law points he's worried:
There must he sit and read,
  Puzzled forever—
When shall his mind be freed?
  Never-more, never.

Where shall the *lawyer* rest?
  He the hors-pleader?
With brass and blunders drest—
  His client's misleader:
In the lost lawsuit,
  Borne down by demurrer,
Or forced to withdraw suit,
  Or quaking with terror.
        Eleu loro,
        Eleu loro,
    Fearing writ of error.
His sham-pleas the court shall chide,
  Disgusted to see them;
His warm blush the crowd deride
  Ere he can flee them;
Blund'ring from bad to worse,
  Disgraced forever—
Clients shall fill his purse,
  Never! oh, never!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE AGE OF REPTILES.

Poets affect, that when the Earth was young
  All Nature's works were beautiful and bright,
That Planets in their spheres harmonious sung
  Like Seraphs—joining in celestial flight;
That flowers bloomed in one eternal spring,
  Scenting with luscious sweets the ambient air,
That life was luxury, and pain a thing
  Not meant for man, but spirits of despair.

Lady! it was not so—the world was rude—
  Behold the proof in Mantell's strange narration:*
Its form, and elements, and fabric crude,
  And Reptiles were the "Lords of the Creation:"
O! ingrate man! bethink thee of thy fate,
  Had thy Creator called thee then to being
And left thee to the chances of a fate
  Beyond all bearing—hearing—feeling—seeing!

Then lumbered o'er the rugged Earth strange forms,
  Misshapen—huge—gigantic—living wonders—
Howling fit chorus to discordant storms,
  That, like a thousand Ætnas, crashed in thunders.
Cleaving the dismal sky, with rushing sound
  Appalling monsters hurl their cumbrous length,
And through the murky sea, in depths profound,
  Gambolled Leviathans in mighty strength.

What thinks Philoclea of the pristine Earth?
  Believ'st thou Nature smiled at such beginning?
If those huge occupants inclined to mirth,
  Their's was an age of awful ugly grinning!
The seaman's figure of a seventy-four
  Showing her teeth—her guns in triple tiers—
Were no hyperbole in days of yore,
  Howe'er extravagant it now appears.

* See the Edinburg Philosophical Journal and the 21st No. of Silliman's Journal, for some account of the Geological Age of Reptiles, by Gideon Mantell, Esq. F.R.S. &c. &c.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

ANSWER

To Willis's "They may talk of your Love in a Cottage."

You may talk of your sly flirtation
  By the light of a chandelier;
With music to play in the pauses,
  And nobody over near:
Or boast of your seat on the sofa,
  With a glass of especial wine,
And Mamma too blind to discover
  The small white hand in thine.

Give me the green turf and the river—
  The soul-shine of love-lit eyes—
A breeze and the aspen leaf's quiver,
  A sunset and Georgian skies!
Or give me the moon for an astral,
  The stars for a chandelier,
And a maiden to warble a past'ral,
  With a musical voice in my ear.

Your vision with wine being doubled,
  You take twice the liberties due,
And early next morning are troubled
  With "Parson or pistols for two!"
Unfit for this world or another,
  You're forced to be married or killed—
The lady you choose—or her brother—
  And a grave—or a paragraph's filled.

True Love is at home among flowers,
  And if he would dine at his ease,
A capon's as good in his bowers
  As in rooms heated ninety degrees:
On sighs intermingled he hovers,
  He foots it as light as he flies,
His arrows, the glances of lovers,
  Are shot to the heart from the eyes!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EPIGRAM.

Said a Judge to a culprit he'd known in his youth,
  "Well Sandy! What's come of the rest of the fry?"
"Please your worship," said Sandy, "to tell you the truth,
  They're every one hanged but your Honor and I."

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

VISIT TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS,

During the Summer of 1834.

NO. III.

Whilst at the Salt Sulphur, I found it necessary, for a time, to exchange that for a water of a somewhat different character; and as the Blue Sulphur had begun to attract considerable attention, I determined to resort thither. Accordingly, I took the stage for Lewisburg, twenty-five miles distant from the Salt Sulphur, and within thirteen miles of the Blue. We travelled over the White Sulphur road as far as the splendid Greenbrier bridge on this turnpike, where we were landed at a hotel, to await the arrival of the Fincastle stage, to carry us on to Lewisburg. It was already dark before the stage came up, and although but three miles of our road lay before us, yet the whole distance was ascending, so that we could not travel out of the slowest walk. We however reached Lewisburg in time to discuss the merits of an excellent supper, and get into comfortable lodgings by a very reasonable bed time.

I was detained at this place for want of a conveyance to the Blue Sulphur, there being as yet no regular stage. The time, however, passed off pleasantly. Lewisburg contains about seven or eight hundred inhabitants; its situation is elevated—the scenery around quite picturesque; and, if the improvements progress as they have done for the past few years, it will soon become a very pretty village. This place is much frequented, during the spring season, by visiters at the White Sulphur—the distance being only nine miles, over a smooth, and for the most part, beautiful road.

After two days, I succeeded in obtaining a horse, and on the following morning set off, in company with a gentleman of the neighborhood, on the remaining thirteen miles to the Blue Sulphur. The way usually travelled by carriages is circuitous; consequently, we struck across through the country, on the most direct route to the Springs. Our road was exceedingly rough and hilly, without anything peculiarly interesting. Indeed, we were so completely imbosomed among the hills and forests, that nothing could be seen except the long ridge of the Muddy Creek Mountain, which lay before us. Before reaching the base, the road had dwindled into a blind bridle path, winding amongst the spurs of the mountain; and on ascending, it became so precipitious, and so covered with loose and rolling stones, as to render it almost impassable. We at length succeeded in reaching the summit—not however without having been obliged to dismount occasionally, and allow our horses to clamber after us over the worst parts of the way. We then travelled for two miles along the top of the mountain, over a level and beautiful road; after which we descended by a rough and rocky path, similar to that on the opposite side. A few miles more, over a fertile and cultivated country, brought us into the vicinity of the Blue Sulphur, or in the language of the country, to the Muddy Creek settlement.

As the accommodations at the Spring were already occupied, we rode up to an old fashioned log house, with a long piazza in front, surrounded by lombardy poplars and apple trees, and screened from the road by an intervening hill, and obtained accommodations with its kind and pleasant occupants. No part of my time among the mountains, was attended with more peculiar or deeper interest than that passed in the Muddy Creek settlement. Every thing about this region is calculated to bring one back to the early days of our country. The habits and customs are all after the unpretending fashion of the pioneers; and human character is here seen in its native simplicity. Refinement, with its luxuries and follies, has not yet penetrated this secluded region, to corrupt the plain and simple customs of its generous, open-hearted and upright yeomanry. Here too, as a friend remarked, we realize, to some extent, the amazing and almost startling rapidity with which our nation has sprung into existence. But a few years ago this was the undisputed home of the Indian. This identical house was once the last house on the frontier of civilized America; and one of the family now alive, was among the little band who first ventured across the Alleghany mountains, and carried the sounds of civilized life into these desolate wilds. Hers was the last family on the western frontier. Not a civilized being stood on the wide waste of wilderness which stretched far away to the shores of the Pacific. But, with unexampled rapidity, civilization has transformed the whole face of the country; and this old lady, who thought she "had gotten to the end of the world when she got to Greenbrier," has, within her own recollection, seen a nation springing up west of her, already putting on the vigor and energy of mature years, and outstripping the nations of the eastern world.

This interesting old lady, is indeed a complete "chronicler of the olden time." Her attire is in perfect keeping with her character. She still preserves the simple style of the by-gone century, uncorrupted by the supposed improvement of a later generation. The close cut cap, scarcely concealing the silvered locks of age—the muslin handkerchief, drawn neatly over the shoulders, covering a part of the plain tight sleeves, and confined under the girdle of a long-waisted tea-colored gown, were admirably suited to the bending, yet dignified and venerable figure which they adorned. Then to sit during the pensive hours of evening in the old piazza, overlooking the garden a few feet before us, which was the site of one of the earliest forts, the fields and the peaks, the scenes of frightful Indian massacres, and listen to her narratives of the perils and trials of the pioneers of Green-

brier, is a treat which a few years will probably put it out of the power of any to enjoy. Her graphic delineations of the horrors of a frontier life, sometimes excited our imagination to such a pitch, as to render it difficult to compose the body to repose at the accustomed time of retirement, or to restrain the mind from frightful dreams during the sleeping hours. The whole Muddy Creek settlement abounds with Indian tales. Every mountain, knob and hollow, is notorious as having been the scene of some bloody deed or memorable exploit of the red men of the forest, as they made the last struggle, before giving way to the invaders, and leaving forever their native wilds.

But our present destination is the Blue Sulphur. The distance thither from our house is rather more than a mile. The intermediate region is level low ground, bounded on each side, at some distance, by a ridge of mountain. These two ridges gradually converge, until they pass the Spring about one hundred yards, where a third ridge brings a sweep immediately across the line of their direction, and closes that end of the valley. The space about the Spring is a perfect level, amply extensive, and admirably adapted for improvements on a large and handsome scale.

The Blue Sulphur, like many of the valuable mineral springs of this state, has heretofore been known only as a place of neighborhood resort. A few diminutive log cabins had been erected by the farmers of the adjacent country, who, after the labors of harvest, were accustomed to bring their families, with a wagon load of goods and chattels, and take up their residence here during one or two of the summer months. The virtues of the Muddy Creek Springs have long been known and esteemed by these visiters. A year or two since the property was purchased by a company, who are now providing extensive and most inviting accommodations. I do not know that I can be charged with disloyalty to my native state, in rejoicing that these Springs have partly fallen into the hands of northern men. Our own citizens have generally shown such an astonishing want of energy in carrying on these valuable watering places, that we believe it to be better that one of them has come into the possession of those, who are willing, at any expense, to do it and the public justice; and who, in proportion to the time they have owned the property, have shown a spirit of improvement greatly surpassing that of the proprietors of most of the other Springs. One of the first changes under the auspices of the new administration, was the substitution of the title of Blue Sulphur for the more ignoble appellation of Muddy Creek Springs.

The company, immediately after the purchase of the property, commenced their improvements, and at the period of our visit, were prosecuting them with a spirit worthy of admiration. These improvements consist of a long and imposing brick hotel, three stories in height, at the upper extremity of the valley, and facing the entrance to the Springs. This is flanked on each side by a row of brick cottages, which at their outward extremities, unite with similar ranges, running parallel with the bases of the mountains and each other, until they nearly reach the Spring, forming together three sides of a hollow square. The intermediate lawn, can by a little cultivation and exercise of taste, be rendered very beautiful. A temple, surpassing in appearance that of any of the other watering places, is to be erected over the Spring, and the reservoir, &c. to be fitted up in corresponding style. The Spring is large, discharging a quantity of water nearly equal to the White Sulphur. The sediment from which the establishment has derived its modern name, is of a blue or rich dark purple color.

At the time I visited the Blue Sulphur, some of the new buildings were partly finished, and a tavern keeper from the neighborhood had opened a boarding house on the ground; and although the accommodations were quite rough, there were at one time as many as seventy-five visiters. Most of these were citizens of Charlestown, who had fled from the cholera, which was then raging on the Kanawha.

The mountains in this vicinity abound with game, and accordingly, hunting is the favorite amusement of the visiters. Almost every morning a company started, with hounds and horns, on a "deer drive," and they seldom returned without bringing with them one of these noble animals. On one morning, a fine buck was driven down, and shot within a few feet of the Spring. Others of the visiters make excursions through the mountains, to enjoy the attractions which have been lavished with such profusion on this section of country. Perhaps one of the most pleasant of these, is a ride of some ten or fifteen miles to a spring which has lately come to light, and which for a sulphur spring is rather *sui generis*. It was discovered by an old farmer, who was engaged in boring for salt water. When he had sunk his shaft to the depth of some fifty feet, the water bursted up, and rushed from the opening of the well. But instead of salt, it was sulphur water; and it has continued to run with unabated freedom to the present time. Little is as yet known of its peculiar properties. It deposits a white sediment. The proprietor, I understand, will neither make improvements himself, nor allow others to do so. Perhaps, however, we can dispense with his spring. There are enough already improved, among these mountains, to meet the case of almost any invalid. Among these, the Blue Sulphur is by no means the least worthy of notice; and we must not therefore leave it, before we have said something of its medicinal qualities.

Those who know most of the Blue Sulphur,

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say that it combines the valuable properties of the White and Red Sulphur. This is probably true to some extent. The Blue Sulphur operates upon the liver with great energy, and at the same time acts as a tonic. These are, respectively, qualities of the White and Red Sulphur. The White Sulphur, although it scarcely ever fails to rectify derangements of the liver, depletes, and generally to some extent, produces debility. The latter effect, we believe, is never produced by the Blue Sulphur, owing probably to its tonic properties. We do not know, however, how far either has claim to preference. As to the similarity between this Spring and the Red Sulphur, we suppose it ascertained that wherever there is a derangement of the sanguiferous system, except where the lungs are affected, the action of the Blue Sulphur is equally, if not more salutary, than that of the Red. This water is, however, very exciting; perhaps even more so than the White Sulphur, and should consequently, like that Spring, be avoided by pulmonary invalids. There is also an approximation in the action of the Blue and Salt Sulphur waters Both of these Springs are efficacious in affections of the stomach. Where the invalid retains a considerable degree of vigor, or where the system is irritable, the Salt Sulphur would be decidedly preferable, as that water occasions very little of the unpleasant, and in such cases, perhaps injurious excitement caused by the Blue Sulphur water. Where dyspepsy has advanced so far as to occasion extreme debility, probably the Blue Sulphur should be resorted to, at least for a while, as that water would sustain and strengthen the system, at the same time that it removed the disease. These remarks are the result of the observation of the practical effects of these waters, and of the experience of others, without pretension to professional skill. We believe, however, that they will be found strictly correct.

The similarity between these Springs to which we have alluded, need not be injurious to either, whilst the probabilities in favor of the restoration of an individual who comes to these mountains for health, is increased by this circumstance. It is the opinion of those who have been most at these watering places, that after two weeks constant use of any water, it begins to lose its power on the system.* If the use is discontinued for a few days, or if you resort to another Spring for a short time, a return to the original Spring is attended with the same effects as when first resorted to. A variety of waters, therefore, even when their qualities are to some extent similar, is a decided advantage. The invalid who has gotten his system charged at one Spring, can resort to another of a sufficiently different character to secure the object of a change, and yet resembling the original water sufficiently to suit the necessities of his case. A turnpike will soon be completed from Lewisburg to the Blue Sulphur, and again connecting with the Kanawha turnpike, west of the Springs, which will render this place easily accessible.

After a sojourn of a week, I again turned my face towards the Salt Sulphur. I had as a companion an intelligent gentleman, extensively acquainted with the country; and in accordance with his proposition, we determined to reach that place by a route somewhat different, and offering more natural attractions than that by which I had come over. In the course of the evening, we passed through some of the finest farms in Western Virginia. I do not believe that the prairies of the "far West" can exhibit more luxuriant fields of corn than some of those in this section of Greenbrier. We passed the Muddy Creek Mountain at a *gap*, and our way, although little more than an indistinct bridle path, was more pleasant than that by which I had before crossed. The view from the highest point on this gap, almost defies description.

From the section of country which we had left behind us, rose Keeny's Nob, a huge peak upon which the Indians used to light signal fires, and which derived its name from some romantic circumstance—rearing its summit far above the adjacent mountains, and spreading out its swelling sides and the projections of its base over the neighboring country; from this, and continuing round to the right, before us, were alternate ridges and vallies, covered with dense forest, as yet apparently untouched by the woodman's axe, and only broken by the Greenbrier river, whose high and bleak naked cliffs could be seen at the distance of some miles. Beyond, was Peter's Mountain, coming down from the west, and running off to the east, in a straight unbroken line. Immediately before us, were the variegated fields of a few rich grazing farms. Farther on, the mountain upon which Lewisburg is situated, excluding the White Sulphur from the view; and in the distance, the "back bone" of the Alleghany, which you cross five miles beyond the White Sulphur on the turnpike, whose line could be occasionally discerned as it wound among the spurs of the mountain. To the left lay some cultivated country, terminated by ridges upon ridges of mountains. The sun was in the last hour of his daily course, and with his evening rays illumined the hills, giving the varied hues, from the brightest to the deepest green, to the waste of "silent wilderness" which stretched far away to that quarter of the horizon. We were soon, however, obliged to relinquish this scene, combining so much of the grand, beautiful and sublime, and hasten down the mountain, in order to get as far as possible through the worst of the hills and hollows before night should overtake us.

* Perhaps the Red Sulphur is an exception.

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I took the stage at Lewisburg next morning, and by noon arrived at the Salt Sulphur, which was now thronged, and exhibiting all the life, and bustle, and fashion, which crowds of the gay and wealthy bring with them. Every garret and domicil about the establishment, capable of being slept in, had been called into requisition the night before. We heard, before reaching the Springs, that the proprietors, on the previous evening, had sent on to stop visiters bound thither, in Union, until quarters should be vacated at the Salt Sulphur. All the crowding, however, could not interfere with the perfect system of this establishment. Every thing went on with as much regularity, and in the same comfortable style, as when there were but fifty visiters. After spending a few days very pleasantly at this place, I secured a seat in Shank's fine line of coaches for the Sweet Springs, about twenty-two miles southeast of the Salt Sulphur.

The road was generally good, and the country more beautiful and picturesque, but less romantic, than any we had seen in this section of country. Our driver was quite a rapid traveller, and by the aid of fine teams, he carried us over the ground at very good speed, and before dinner, had landed us in front of the old white tavern at the Sweet Springs.

The crowd here surpassed, if possible, that at the Salt Sulphur. On our arrival, it seemed exceedingly doubtful whether we could remain on the premises at all. Every room on the ground was full. Many of the visiters lodged on the bar-room tables, and on the benches of an old court-house, at present the Spring's church. By dint of perseverance, and the aid of friends, I at length succeeded in getting a cot squeezed between two of five or six others, in an old log school-house on the outskirts of the premises. The accommodations at the Sweet Springs are generally very good; the fare excellent. The crowd was at this time so great, as to render it impossible that every one should be comfortable. The usual dining-room was nothing like large enough for the company. Two long additional tables were set in the bar-room.

The "Sweet Springs" are considered by some equal in beauty to the White Sulphur. Nature has perhaps done as much here as at any watering place among the mountains; but I do not think the improvements or the arrangement of the buildings at all equal to those at the White Sulphur. The extensive undulating lawn, and grove of noble oaks—the cottages on the open green, or peering from amidst the trees, do indeed present a beautiful scene. But the latter are scattered in rows or groups over the ground without any regular order, and the lawn has never undergone any of the operations of art. The Spring rises under the piazza of a low and long house, at the foot of the hillock on which the tavern stands, and in a hollow formed by this, with the small hill on which the cabins are principally built. The reservoir is a circle of about five feet diameter, surrounded by a railing two or three feet high. Great quantities of carbonic acid gas are constantly emitted, which comes bubbling up through the water, giving it somewhat the appearance of boiling.

The "Sweet Springs" derived its name from the taste of the water. I thought it, however, a complete misnomer. The taste of the water is very singular, and at first rather unpleasant—but containing, according to our perception, very little sweetness. The house adjoining the Spring contains the baths; the finest cold medicinal baths, probably, in the country. The water rises from a gravelled bottom, over perhaps the whole extent of the baths, which are very spacious.

The Sweet Spring water is a powerful tonic; and after the system has been thoroughly cleansed at the other Springs, this is an admirable place for recruiting flesh and strength before leaving the mountains. The same precaution given to pulmonary invalids, is even more necessary here than at the White and Blue Sulphur. The water is highly exciting, and consequently very injurious to such persons.

As soon as possible after arriving here, I obtained a seat in the stage for Fincastle—and on a fine morning in the latter part of August, rendered more balmy and delightful by the mountain breezes, we set off, in company with two other coaches, for the Valley. The press of passengers in that direction was so great, that notwithstanding the two extras, our coach carried, including all sizes, fourteen besides the driver. We commenced ascending the Sweet Spring Mountain, soon after setting out, and enjoyed the beautiful view of the Valley of the Springs and the surrounding country, which is afforded from its summit. Two other mountains still lay in our way. The second of the three is called the "Seven Mile Mountain," that being the distance passed in crossing it. On reaching its base, we chartered two additional horses, and drove "coach and six" to the top, where we left them, and with the other coaches went rattling and thundering down the mountain. We soon after passed the last of this formidable trio, and after a pleasant drive through the flourishing county of Botetourt, reached Fincastle. At this place we intersected the "Valley Line," which carried us over the great Natural Bridge and down the Valley of Virginia.

The writer did not visit the Warm and Hot Springs, and consequently does not notice them.

Remark the use which Shakspeare always makes of his bold villains, as vehicles for expressing opinions and conjectures of a nature too hazardous for a wise man to put forth directly as his own, or from any sustained character.—*Coleridge's Table Talk.*

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Extracts from the Auto-biography of Pertinax Placid.

MY FIRST NIGHT IN A WATCHHOUSE.

CHAP. I.

The title of this narrative intimates to the reader by a natural inference, that its writer has spent more nights than one in that abode of the unruly—a watchhouse. I will be candid, and admit the fact, that twice during a pretty long and not unadventurous life, it has been my lot to enjoy the security afforded by that refuge of the vagrant. *Twice* only—I confess to no more. The first of these dilemmas I am about to speak of now—the second may form a subject of future narration.

There are few of my readers who have not heard of the city of Montreal, in the Province of Lower Canada, and fewer still who know much of its peculiarities, social, political or architectural, on which it is my design hereafter, supposing that I can keep on good terms with Mr. White, to enlighten them—but not at present. Well, it was my happiness, at an early period of my life, to reside in the good city of Montreal. What carried me there, is my own affair, and I shall merely say that I was neither a trader who cheated the poor Indians out of their pelteries, a smuggler of teas and silks across the frontier, a tin pedlar, nor a bank-note counterfeiter, all of which classes often find it convenient to take up a temporary residence in Canada. I was a wild ungovernable lad, with no parent or guardian to direct me, left entirely to my own impulses, and unfortunately enjoying the pecuniary means of assisting those impulses to bring me into all manner of scrapes, from which it required much ingenuity to extricate myself.

The long winters in Canada may convey to a southern reader an idea of dreariness and discomfort, locked up as the people are in enduring frosts—buried for months in continual snows—with one unvaried monotony of dazzling white pervading the face of nature—the streams fast sealed with "thick ribbed ice"—and a thermometer at from twenty to thirty degrees below zero for weeks together. In short, a southern fancy paints Old Winter, ruling with despotic sway, unrestrained by the checks and balances which limit his authority in our more moderate climate—usurping a portion of the nominal domains of autumn and spring—and inflicting through his prime minister, Jack Frost, the most rigorous exactions of a government of force, on the unresisting people—penetrating into their dwellings at all hours, interfering even in the mode of their dress, attending all their movements in town or in country, and invariably assailing the lonely traveller on the extended prairie or in the dreary forest. Such is undoubtedly the picture which a southern imagination draws of a Canadian winter. But social life can modify the worst extremes of nature's inclemency, and find in the very evils of our condition sources of delight and enjoyment. So far from suffering during the winters I spent in Canada, I recall those joyous periods, when I was engaged in the constant pursuit of gaiety and pleasure, and when care had no control over my spirits as the brightest spots on the far off waste of memory.

How different were those winters from the fickle, capricious season through which we have just passed. Poets and tourists have celebrated the beauty of Italian skies. I have never seen them—but I can fancy nothing brighter than the heavens in Canada, on a clear frosty night, when every breath of vapor is absorbed and rarefied by the intensity of the cold. Never have I realized in other countries the complete distinctness with which each star comes forth in the azure vault—the palpable suspension of each body of light in the field of air. In other skies the stars and planets seem delineated on a ground of blue. In a Canadian winter night you realize that each orb is in suspension, moving and twinkling through the surrounding ether. This is difficult to describe, and some who have not seen and *felt* the glories of the northern heavens as I have—aye, felt them in a double sense, gazing upon them until my soul was wrapt into sublime ecstasy, and my upturned nose frost bitten into the bargain—may think that I am talking nonsense.

But the social delights of a Canadian winter are more to my purpose, in disabusing the fancy of those who shiver when they think of these hyperborean regions. Such tremors may be justified when we fancy a winter tramp across the steppe of Russia, or a visit to a Koureen of Zapojoreskies. But Canada—dear, delightful Canada! The gaieties of thy long winters—the dancing—the driving—the dining—the flirtation—the love-making, with which thy frosty months abound, might keep warm the heart of a dweller underneath the tropics.

It was during the winter of 18—, that after a long cessation of theatrical representations in Montreal, a new theatre, which had recently been built, was opened under the management of Mr. T——, with a company principally picked up from the northern theatres of the United States. Since the performances of Prigmore's old company, previous to the declaration of war, in which, I believe, George Barrett, since a favorite in high comedy, was the Roscius, playing Romeo, Hamlet, &c. and in which Fennel played as a star, there had been no regular theatrical establishment in Montreal—although the officers of the garrison gave occasional dramatic exhibitions, and the young citizens sometimes enacted a play or two during a season. A regular theatre was a new thing, and excited much attention. The manager was perhaps the finest specimen of self-conceit that the world ever saw.* He was a short stumpy kind of man, with a face of most fixed character, which delineated all the passions with the self-same expression. His smooth pert visage, lit up by two bead-like black eyes, seemed so entirely contented with its natural expression, as to render it unnecessary to assume any other. His voice, shrill and guttural, emulated his face in its uniformity. He had a *game leg*, about three inches shorter than its brother, which gave him a halt of so decided a character as not to be disguised. Yet he believed himself to be a most distinguished actor, and

* He was not only an actor, but a dramatist. He was, or claimed to be, the author of "Rudolph, or the Robbers of Calabria," a very tedious piece of Brigandism; and "One o'clock, or the Wood Dæmon," almost a literal version of Monk Lewis's "Wood Dæmon." He used to accuse Lewis of having stolen his melo-drama, and told a long and rather incomprehensible story of the manner in which the theft was perpetrated. He also wrote a play called "Valdemar, or the German Exiles," which was performed in the new theatre, at the period alluded to in my story, and possessed, I think, some little merit. Besides being actor and play wright, he was a scene-painter, and kept a tavern in the good city of Montreal.

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fully competent to the representation of Richard III, (for which his lameness was often quoted by him as a *natural* advantage) and even the more youthful and well favored heroes of Shakspeare. The vanity of this man might have been harmless, had he not been the manager. But in that capacity it interfered most wofully with the well ordering of affairs. The company was by no means strong. A Mr. Baker played the high tragedy badly enough. Mc—— and Richards shared the next grade, the former doing the seconds in tragedy and the ruffians in melo-drama. Of this man I must say something, as he is connected with my narrative. For some misconduct, the nature of which I know not, he had been driven from the stage in England several years before, and enlisted as a foot soldier in the 40th regiment. As such, he served in Upper Canada during the war with this country; and when he obtained his discharge in Montreal, the theatre being about to open, he was engaged to personate the Cassios, the Horatios, the Baron Steinforts, &c. If his temper was ever amiable, it had gained nothing by his military service. He was morose and troublesome; but as the company was composed, useful and rather a favorite.

Of the females I shall notice but one, as she is to be the heroine of my story for the present, and as, but for her, (like Mr. Canning's needy knife-grinder) I should have no story to tell. What shall I call her? Not by her *real name* surely—for she has since held a high rank among the heroines of the stage. I will call her *Fenella;* leaving the curious to guess her real name, while I assure them that she is an actual entity, whose performances I doubt not, many of my readers have frequently admired. She was then an interesting woman of about twenty. There was something a little mysterious in the circumstances under which she made her first appearance in Montreal, which rendered her the more attractive. She had with her an infant child; and yet she was advertised as a *Miss!* Shocking inferences were of course drawn among the censorious; and sensations of a different description encouraged the loose and licentious young men about town, to suppose that this living indication of Fenella's frailty was a guarantee of the success of their unhallowed addresses. Those who knew her, told a curious story of her adventures in ****, the turn of which had driven her to a temporary exile in Canada. The substance of the story was this: She was the daughter of a poor widow, who earned her living by her needle. Fenella was, when very young, remarkable for the beauty and vivacity of her countenance, the grace of her figure, and an intelligence beyond her advantages. An ambition to rise from her humble condition, tempted her to resort to the stage. She appeared and was applauded, for she exhibited true signs of talent of no common order. She was engaged, but filled a subordinate station for two or three years. The management of the **** theatre changed during this period, and the old gentleman who had assumed the duties of manager, was not long in perceiving the merits of Fenella as an actress, while her personal attractions awakened within him the remnant of amatory fire which time had not extinguished, and subjected her to the unseasonable ecstatics of a sexagenary lover. This part of her good fortune had few charms for a sprightly girl of seventeen. But the ancient manager had a son, who, while he equalled the old gentleman in the perception of female attractions, had far greater charms in the eyes of the females themselves, being a handsome well built fellow, and having had some practice in the delicate task of making himself agreeable to the *beau sexe.* It so turned out, that, while the old gentleman was making an inquiry into the state of his feelings towards the pretty young actress, which ultimately induced him to persecute her on all occasions with his protestations of passion, the young man had actually made successful advances to the discriminating fair one, and had so far succeeded as to create a reciprocal sentiment in her breast. They had betrothed themselves, (or as we tamely say, *were engaged,*) but the old gentleman's passion for Fenella, was a serious obstacle to their happiness. His temper was irascible, and he required submission from all beneath him to his most unreasonable fancies. His son was naturally desirous of avoiding his anger, and having discovered the state of his father's feelings, he was desirous of keeping secret the true state of affairs. In this dilemma, the young couple decided upon a private marriage. Even after that event, her husband thought it advisable to avoid a rupture with his father; but when, in the natural course of things, Fenella was about to become a mother, the secret could no longer be kept, unless by her absenting herself from ****. She therefore left her husband, and entered upon a temporary engagement in Montreal.

Such was the story then told, and believed by all the charitable portion of Fenella's admirers. I believed it then, and have had some reason since to think it true, as, after remaining two years in Canada, she returned to **** and joined her reputed husband, lived with him for several years, until his death, and bears his name to this day.

Like other young men, I was fond of the theatre, and visited it frequently. I was a great admirer of Fenella as an actress, but had no acquaintance with her during her first season. Several of my young friends were enlisted among her adorers, a numerous train, embracing all ages, from the beardless boy to the bachelor of threescore. As far as my observation extended, she managed this retinue of lovers with great adroitness. To the young, she talked sentimentally, and excited their fancy—with the old, she was prudent, and went just far enough to retain their homage without committing herself. I had often rallied Harry Selden, an inflammable young friend of mine, upon his hopeless passion, for he was desperately enamored of the bewitching actress. He confessed his lamentable infatuation, but insisted that I was only secured from a similar fate by the distance which I kept from the sphere of her attractions. This opinion I combated, and one evening, when he proposed to test my stoicism by taking me to Fenella's lodgings after the play was ended, I was too confident that I could not be caught by the same snare in which he was entangled, to refuse the challenge, and readily agreed to his proposition. We went to the theatre, and Selden having presented me to her in the green room, we accepted Fenella's invitation to see her home, and partake of a *petit souper* at her apartments.

It is proper perhaps, that I should here describe the lady, according to the regular rules of tale writing, although as I have no great talent in that line of descrip-

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tion, I shall undoubtedly make a bungling business of it. Fenella was rather above the middle height, uncommonly well made, and her form fully developed that graceful outline which denotes the full grown woman, in contradistinction to the more angular symmetry of girlhood. Her face was oval, so much so that there was something Chinese in its contour, although in nothing else: her hair was a light chestnut, and so exuberant in its growth as to contribute materially to her beauty. Her eyes were blue, bright and sparkling when her fancy was excited, or languid and voluptuous when at rest. But the mouth of this attractive creature was the prime beauty of her countenance. It is difficult to imbody in words the varied charms that played about her ripe and tempting lips. Certainly I had better not attempt it. I will therefore leave my gentleman readers to finish the sketch, by imagining the prettiest and most attractive woman of their acquaintance—not *absolutely* a beauty—and I think they will have a correct idea of Fenella.

I was too young to have known much of women, but I was sternly resolved not to be overcome. Fancy me then *tête à tête* with Fenella and my friend Selden, supping on cold tongue, and sipping white sherry. At first I felt uneasy, but was still sure I should brave all consequences. Gradually as I looked upon the animated countenance of my hostess, the ice of my reserve was thawed, for my apparent coldness seemed to have inspired her with the determination to warm me into sentiments more complimentary at least to her powers of fascination. I afterwards learned that Selden had betrayed to her my ridicule of the devotion of her admirers. It was therefore merely natural that she should have resolved to rank me in the number. Nor had she misjudged her power, or the softness of my nature. I melted beneath her smile, like wax before the flame—and ere we rose from the table I had become aware of a new and indefinable sensation towards her: all I can say of it is, that it was not *love*, although it had a close affinity to that passion.

The freedom and ease of her conversation was new to me. She spoke of her numerous lovers without embarrassment, and in some instances with no little sarcasm; but she constantly qualified her raillery by confessing that they were *good souls*, and alluded to the presents which they made her in the most amiable terms.

Time rolled on, and a month or two found me a constant visiter at the lodgings of Fenella. I then flattered myself that I was a favorite. I gallanted her frequently to the theatre, and waiting in the green room until she had changed her dress, attended her home, supped with her, and often prolonged my stay to a late hour. I never talked love to her—for I did not *know how*—and she had so much experience in that matter that I feared I should make myself ridiculous. Her power over me was complete, yet I cannot charge her with having exerted it in a single instance unfairly. Her whole design against me seemed to have been confined to the excitement of a degree of admiration commensurate with her personal attractions. At that point she appeared satisfied; but as I grew in intimacy with her she shewed herself sincerely my friend, frequently checking my fool hardy impetuosity, and giving me good advice, which might have come with a better grace from the less lovely lips of my aunt Deborah. I soon accommodated my sentiments and conduct to those of Fenella, and while I became her most devoted friend, I dropped entirely the character and feelings of a lover. A tacit understanding soon became established between us; and I was admitted to liberties in my new character, which I could have enjoyed in no other. These familiarities were misunderstood by my friends; but in spite of their firm belief, there was nothing amatory in our intercourse.

About this time Fenella's benefit at the theatre was announced, an event of some importance to her, as the second season of the theatre had been particularly unproductive, and the limping manager had failed almost entirely to pay the salaries of his performers. I think Douglas was the play selected by her, in which she was to personate Lady Randolph; and in order to the effective *cast* of the piece, it was essential that Mc—— should perform Glenalvon. He had frequently treated Fenella with rudeness, and evidently disliked her; he objected to the part assigned him, and absented himself from the rehearsals of the tragedy. But as he was notoriously a devotee of the bottle, and frequently remiss in his duty, little was thought of his absence. The benefit night arrived; the time came for the curtain to rise; but no Glenalvon had appeared behind the scenes; and it was soon made known that Mc—— had not studied the part, and would not appear that night. The house was crowded; and to Fenella's great mortification, it was necessary that some other performer should *read the part*. This was done, and the play came off lamely enough.

Fenella was not destitute of spirit, and she resented this affront in the proper manner. Mc——'s benefit took place a few weeks after, and she resolutely refused to play for him. As she was the only actress in the company possessing any claim to talent, it was impossible to *cast* a piece without her; and the consequence of her name being absent from the bills for Mc——'s benefit was, that no one attended, or so few as to render it a most irksome task to go through the performances. The rage of the disappointed beneficiary was boundless: he vowed that he would be revenged upon Fenella for the injury she had done him, although in just resentment of an affront for which he deserved no better treatment.

Mc—— was a good draughtsman, and frequently sketched figures with great accuracy. He resorted to his pencil as the instrument of his revenge, and caricatured Fenella with so much skill, that while no one could mistake the original of the sketch, the incongruities of the details were such as to render it highly ludicrous.

The chief quality of a caricature seems to be *disproportion*—an unfitness of parts to each other. Simple exaggeration does not suffice to produce the effect desired, for if all the details of the picture be equally exaggerated, it may present a disagreeable likeness, but it does not produce that deep sense of the ridiculous which arises from an incongruous classification of the details. This rule is perhaps better tested than any other, by the *reductio ad absurdum*, and it is well illustrated by those extravagant French prints, in which heads of enormous comparative dimensions are placed upon bodies and limbs ridiculously diminutive, the effect of the dispro-

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portion being heightened by the accessaries of dress, &c. This is perhaps the most extravagant kind of caricature, but it requires far less skill than those sketches in which the more minute incongruities of features, form and costume, are resorted to. These sometimes exhibit much graphic ability, and it is a curious fact, that in pictures of this kind, where every feature is distorted, the strongest likenesses are sometimes preserved.* It is *truth* presented through the medium of the ludicrous. Like the burlesque in writing, which exhibits an argument even more forcibly, because it presents the whole matter in a ridiculous light. But I am forgetting my story.

I had not seen Fenella for several days, when passing along St. Paul street one morning, I met an acquaintance, who accosted me with,

"Bless me, Pertinax, where have you been so long? I was last evening at Fenella's, and she actually hinted a suspicion of your defection from her cause."

"Why to tell you the truth Nichols, I have absented myself with *malice prepense*."

"She is of that opinion, and takes it unkindly of you, that while she is suffering so much vexation, you of all others, who neither flatter nor make love to her, should prove recreant."

"Vexation! what do you mean?"

"Come, come, you will not pretend that you know of nothing which should annoy her, when the cause of her annoyance is the talk of the whole town."

"Nothing whatsoever--I know of nothing that could give her uneasiness, unless that stupid Lord William Lenox† has been besieging her again. I saw him driving a tandem carriole this morning. Perhaps he drove to her lodgings and worried her with his vapid talk."

"Nonsense! She has not seen Lord William for a week."

"Well, what *is* the matter then?"

"And you really have not heard?"

"I tell you I have heard nothing of the kind."

"And you have not seen Selden, nor Seymour, nor Marryatt, nor Cleaveland."

"Neither of them for two days. I have been a perfect hermit, shut up among my books, during that period."

"And you have heard nothing of a caricature?"

"Out upon you—caricature! No!"

"You surprise me. Well, I must be the first to inform you, that Mc—— has put his threat of revenge into execution, by making our friend the subject of a caricature, confoundedly well done, and striking in its resemblance, but so ludicrous that it is impossible to resist laughing at it. Here it is"—and he produced the sketch.

Fenella's costume was peculiar, although no way extravagant. During the winter, her street dress was a tight fitting blue cloth pelisse, trimmed in front with gold buttons, with two or three on the waist behind; a black fur tippet round the throat, and a black fur bonnet and feather. The picture did not shew her face, but represented her moving from the spectator. The dress was a perfect copy, and the figure could not be mistaken; but the skill of the artist had given to it the most masculine character, and the posture was so ludicrously vulgar, as to produce great effect. Indignant as I was at this dastardly method of casting ridicule on an amiable woman, I could not but be sensible of the talent which had rendered a mere figure so extremely ridiculous.

"And where did you get this, Nichols?" said I.

"Oh, they are to be had for money. This is the first that was exhibited. Passing by the barber's shop just below the City Hotel, yesterday morning, I saw it in the window, and purchased it for the modest sum of two crowns. Before night another was exhibited, and bought by Cleaveland for three crowns; and this morning another copy appeared, which Selden bought for *five*. The rascal rises in his price at every repetition, and is in a fair way to make up for the loss at his benefit. There is another in the window now, and if we pass that way you may see it. Our object in buying them was to get them out of the way, for you cannot conceive how much annoyed Fenella is, at this vulgar representation of her figure. But as long as we buy, Mc—— will produce copies."

"Come along. I will have some talk with this barber"—and we made our way to the shop, at the window of which, as Nichols had stated, the picture hung, while a crowd of idlers were stopping to laugh at this ridiculous effigy of a popular actress.

We entered the shop and demanded the price of the caricature.

"Ten dollars," was the reply.

"Have you the audacity," said I, "to demand such a sum for a daub like this?"

"I have."

"And how do you rate its value so high?"

"By the demand for it. I have not an article in my shop that commands so ready a sale. Those who buy know the intrinsic value of the picture better than I do. I only judge of it by the price which it will bring"—said the fellow with a roguish smile, which tempted me to knock him down.

"Well," said I, "you have killed the golden goose this time, or I am mistaken. You shall not sell another of them if I can prevent it."

"Oh, I have no fear of that. The lady herself will buy

* Some striking examples of this have been produced by the French caricaturists, who, though far inferior to their English brethren in broad humor, excel them in the subtility of their conceptions. I remember a series of prints representing Charles X and his ministers, in the forms of various beasts. The king was personated by the *Giraffe*, then exhibiting at the *Jardin des plantes* in Paris—the ministers by other animals, whose instinctive qualities were intended to represent the several characteristics of those dignitaries. For instance, as well as I remember, the Fox played Prince Polignac, the Wolf, Count Peyronnet, &c. to indicate the cunning and rapacity of those ministers. The accuracy of the likenesses in those prints was remarkable. I believe Louis Phillippe and his ministers have more recently been shewn up in a similar manner.

† This sprig of nobility, is the third son of the Duke of Richmond, who was then Governor of the Canadas. At that early period, Lord William had made himself notorious by the seduction of a married woman, whom he kept as a mistress for some time. The people of Montreal were much scandalized at that affair. He has since become well known to the world by his marriage with the celebrated singer, Miss Paton,—by squandering her earnings in the most profligate manner, and by his divorce from her. The lady is better known in this country as Mrs. Wood, and under that name her singing has been universally admired here. Lord William's last enterprise, it appears, is a theatrical one—as the English newspapers state that he is now the manager of a provincial theatre.

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them, rather than allow them to hang long in my window."

"You are an impertinent varlet, and I trust will be chastised as you deserve."

I should have said more; but Nichols hurried me away, lest my hot temper should get me into some awkward scrape—and we walked to Fenella's lodgings.

What happened there and afterwards, must be deferred to another chapter, when the reader shall be introduced into the watchhouse, and his curiosity gratified in regard to my sojourn there.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

DISSERTATION

On the Characteristic Differences between the Sexes.

NO. II.

Religious Differences.

In no respect do we find the characteristical differences between the sexes more marked than in regard to religion; and certainly, we see woman in no attitude more engaging, more interesting or useful, than in the quiet, but graceful performance of her duties to her Maker.

The belief in the providence of some superior being or beings, has ever been a source of obligation to mankind in all ages and countries. Man may be pronounced to be emphatically a religious being. Every where, whether savage or civilized, do we behold him looking to the god or gods of nature, and dreading their punishment, not only in the world to come, but even in this. It is this spirit of devotion which "calls forth the hymn of the infant bard, as well as the anthem of the poet of classic times. It prompts the nursery tale of superstition, as well as the demonstration of the school of philosophy." "If you search the world," says Plutarch, "you may find cities without walls, without letters, without kings, without money; but no one ever saw a city without a deity, without a temple, or without some form of worship;" and Maximus Tyrius, another of the ancients, declares that, "in such a contest, and tumult, and disagreement of opinions on other subjects, you may see this one law and speech acknowledged by common accord, that there is one God, the king and father of all, and many gods, the children of God, and ruling together with him. This the Greek says, and this the Barbarian says; and the inhabitant of the continent, and the islander, and the wise and the unwise."

This universal consent in the operation of a superintending and controlling providence, is one of the most luminous and important facts of our nature. It rests the evidence of natural religion not upon the unsteady basis of argument or reason—not upon the sophisms of philosophers, or the edicts of monarchs, or popes, or councils; but upon the immoveable basis of nature—upon *instinct* itself. "There is no era," says Mr. Allison, "so barbarous, in which man has existed, in which traces are not to be seen of the alliance which he has felt between earth and heaven; and amid the wildest as amid the most genial scenes of an uncultivated world, the rude altar of the barbarian every where marks the emotions that swelled in his bosom, when he erected it to the awful or beneficent deities whose imaginary presence it records."

But although there be that within us which leads directly to the contemplation of divinity, and of the retribution which awaits us in another world, yet we are not to conclude that this belief is not strengthened and confirmed by reason and experience. On the contrary, the argument in favor of a God and rewards and punishments hereafter, gains strength, with the increasing age, experience and knowledge of the world. Religion, in the midst of ignorance and barbarism, degenerates into gross superstition and revolting idolatry. By means of reason and knowledge, we are the better enabled to overleap the vast chasm interposed between us and the divine nature; to contemplate, in the detail and in the aggregate, both the minute and the great throughout the universe; to observe their beautiful arrangement and harmony, and the wondrous unity of design in all the parts: a unity which at once prostrates all the absurdities and contradictions of the far famed polytheistical religion of the Greek and the Roman—the fanciful idolatry and star gazing worship of the Chaldean Shepherd, and the Magi of Babylon—or the more fearful, more mysterious, and yet more ridiculous superstition of the Egyptian priests of old, who at a period far back, when time was yet young, and the history of other nations was scarce begun, officiated in those mighty temples upon the banks of the Nile, whose awful ruins, now scattered through the land of Egypt, tell us of the mighty of the earth, who have lived, and strutted, and bustled for a season, but at the appointed hour, have been cut down like the flower of the field. It is this great, this beautiful unity of design, which we see manifested throughout the works of creation, which proclaims the existence of the one indivisible God, "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in a scale, and the hills in a balance." It is this same unity of design, proclaimed by philosophy and comprehended by reason alone, which so powerfully supports the monotheistic religion of the christian, and sustains that beautiful, humane and generous scheme of salvation foretold by the Jewish prophets of old, and consummated by the sacrifice on Mount Calvary, of the meek and humble Saviour of the world.

Again, when we look abroad to animated creation, and see that man alone has placed within him a principle which guides and directs him, independently of instinct—a principle which, in spite of all the arts of sophistry and self-delusion, tells him in language which cannot be mistaken, that he is responsible for his acts; and when we further see the immense amount of vice and wickedness in this world which does not meet with its deserved punishment here, and virtue failing to receive its reward;—when we behold all this, and reflect, as we cannot fail to do, that the Creator of the world is a God of justice and impartiality, we are at once driven into the belief that there must be a hereafter, where all these things will be equalized. It is when we see the wicked son, the unnatural father, and the fiendish mother—when we peruse the histories of such monsters as Nero, Caligula, Commodus, Louis XI of France, or Richard III of England—of the Tullias, the Messalinas and the Macbeths, that we are forced to acknowledge that there must be a *Tartarus*. Again, we meet with

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humble virtue and piety in this world, possessed by those who labor and toil through life, sometimes groaning under the oppression of a cruel persecutor, who, bloated with vice, is nevertheless wallowing in apparent luxury and ease, while the victims of his oppression are overwhelmed with every calamity and misfortune "which flesh is heir to"—each one of whom, in the hour of death, may truly say, in the pathetic language of the patriarch of old, "short, but replete with woe has been my day." When we contemplate this, the mind does not rest satisfied, without an *elysium* where the weary are to be at rest, and the wicked to cease from troubling. "Wherefore do the wicked live, become old—yea, are mighty in power? Is there no reward for the righteous? is there no punishment for the workers of iniquity? is there no God that judgeth in the earth?" It is only the awful retribution of a hereafter which can satisfactorily explain to all

"Why unassuming worth, in secret lived
And died neglected; why the good man's share
Was gall and bitterness of soul;
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants; why heaven-born truth
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge; why licensed pain,
That cruel spoiler, that imbosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss."

Not only, however, does our belief in the supreme benevolence and justice of the deity, force upon us the conviction of a future state of rewards and punishments; but the very contemplation of the human mind, with its faculties and passions, points us to another world. We have faculties which are capable of ranging beyond the sphere in which we move. We have longings which this world, with all its stores of provisions, cannot satisfy. These faculties and these longings point distinctly to another world. Lord Bacon has truly asserted, that if the child in its mother's womb could reason like a philosopher—could survey its little hands, mouth, eyes, feet, lungs, &c. and perceive that they discharged no adequate functions in the womb, he would, if impressed with the belief of the wisdom and design of creation, come necessarily to the conclusion that this was not the place of his permanent abode—that he was ultimately to be ushered into some other world, where all his physical energies and intellectual powers would be brought into play, and have an ample field to range in. So likewise, if I may use the beautiful language of Dugald Stewart, "When tired and disgusted with this world of imperfections, we delight to contemplate another, where the charms of nature wear an eternal bloom, and where new sources of enjoyment are opened, suited to the vast capacities of the human mind." And thus do we find both instinct and reason contending alike for the truth of the great principles of religion.

With these preliminary remarks, I will now proceed to examine into the differences between the sexes in a religious point of view; and here I may assert at once, without the fear of contradiction, that woman always has been, and is now, in almost every country upon the face of the globe, more religious than man. This difference between the sexes is still more striking under the christian dispensation, than under any other religion perhaps, which has ever existed in the world. In our own country, we all know that the female communicants form an immense majority in all our churches. "Very many of them (says Timothy Dwight in the 4th vol. of his Travels, and no one was better qualified to speak on this subject)—very many of them are distinguished for moral excellence—are unaffectedly pious, humble, benevolent, patient and self-denying. In this illustrious sphere of distinction, they put our own sex to shame. Were the church of Christ stripped of her female communicants, she would lose many of her brightest ornaments, and I fear, *two-thirds* of her whole family."*

How then does it happen that woman is more religious than man—that she is every where found yielding a more ready and more perfect devotion to the God of nature? We have seen that instinct, feeling and reason concur in the support of religion. Which of these is the main impelling cause with woman? I am disposed to say the two former. She is not so much disposed to skepticism as man; she does not wait for the slow deductions of reason, before she is willing to yield her assent. She does not withhold her belief, like man, until she can contemplate the power, majesty and unity of the deity, in the countless millions of bright orbs, rolling in harmony and magnificence, along those complicate and luminous paths which have been assigned to them in the infinitudes of space. She does not wait until she can descend from the contemplation of this grand, this sublime prospect, to the infinitesimally minute parts of nature, and view with the eye of philosophy, their order, harmony and design, where she may behold the existence of deity proclaimed in those countless millions of millions of animalculæ, which escape the unassisted vision of man—each one displaying a form, a structure, a complexity of organs as perfect, as beautiful, as well adapted to the sphere in which he moves, on that little atom of creation, which is a world to him, as the grandest and most imposing animals of nature. No! She does not require for the generation of her faith, thus to be able to range from the bottom to the top of creation—from the infinitely small to the infinitely great—to behold in the vast and the minute

"The unambitious footsteps of the god
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds."

She looks into her own heart, and finds there the want of a consoling religion. She looks into the pages of holy writ, and builds her faith on the revealed will of her Maker. "Thus saith the Lord," is the simple but stable foundation on which her hopes are rested. With man, religion is much more a matter of speculation, of reason and philosophy, than with woman.

Let us now investigate, if possible, the causes of this very interesting difference between the sexes.

Causes.—1st. Education.

And in the first place, it is in a great measure attributable to the peculiar education of the sex. I mean the education which woman receives from her parents and

* I have no doubt that President Dwight has underrated the number of female communicants in the United States. From conversations with the most intelligent of the clergy, I should be disposed to say they formed three-fourths, or four-fifths of the communicants.

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teachers. The education of man is much more scientific, according to the present custom of society, than that of woman. Science, as we shall soon see, whilst it enlarges the powers of comprehension and ratiocination, by leading us into the mysteries of nature, and teaching us the "*causas rerum*," is calculated at the same time rather to curb the feelings, and to control the imagination. The consequence is, that a scientific education fortifies the mind against the too ready admission of doctrines, whatever they may be, and prevents us from yielding assent to truths, when we are not prepared to give a reason for the faith that is within us. In the education of woman, every thing is done to preserve her native feelings in all their original purity and strength. Her studies are of a more light and literary cast, such as administer to the imagination or warm the sensibilities. In her case the play of the instincts and of the feelings is not cramped by the controlling influence of logic and reason; and hence, no doubt, one cause of the religious differences between the sexes.

For the same reason, the religious enthusiasm of woman, is very apt to degenerate into superstition—that of man, into dogmatism and fanaticism. Woman, generally, cares very little for mere creeds and doctrines, but is apt to believe in miraculous interpositions, and a special providence. Woman possesses more devotion and more genuine love for her God—her eye is fixed on heaven, and the ardor of her religious aspirations always points her to the glorious mansion prepared on high; where, in the fulness of her devotion and piety, surrounded by the bright effulgence of the throne of omnipotence, she may pour forth the torrent of her love in hymns sung to the praise of her Maker. She looks to this grand, this glorious end, and prays to her God that it may be hers, and that he will direct her into the right path.

Man, on the other hand, is so much taken up by the study and investigation of the circumstances which attend him on his religious journey through life, that he forgets in the scrupulous study of his means, the end and object of all his devotion. It is not only necessary with him, that he should go to heaven, but he is too often resolved to go there in no other way than his own. And we may almost assert with the author of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, that by his vain reasonings, and quibbles, and sophisms, he sometimes so narrows the bridge which is to conduct us to a blissful eternity, as almost to reduce its width to that of a razor's edge, to be walked over only by those whose sophisticated intellects can comprehend the absurd jargon of his theologico-metaphysical creed. It was very difficult during the middle ages, to engage the females in those tremendous, but nonsensical disputes between the Realists and Nominalists, which involved the peace and happiness of whole nations. What cared they about *universals genera and species*. Little did they concern themselves with the learned disputes of the Thomists, the Scotists, and the Occamites. The amors of Peter Abelard, were much more interesting to them, than his voluminous dissertations upon the Scholastic Theology. And we can well imagine, that few women would care to read that mighty production of the *Angelical Doctor* Saint Thomas Aquinas, bearing the imposing title of *Summa Totius Theologiæ*, containing the formidable amount of 1,250 folio pages of very small print in double columns, with 19 more of errata, and 200 of index. But enough of this. Some of the other sex even may *now* sicken at the idea of encountering a work so formidable as this, although it be upon the vital subject of theology.

Women are much more superstitious, generally, as I have already remarked, than men. They much more readily believe in dreams, visions and miraculous interferences. Women deeply in love, have often been known to die from the effects of unfavorable dreams about a distant lover, in a perilous situation. McNish, in his interesting work on the Philosophy of Sleep, tells us of a young lady, a native of Ross-shire, who was deeply in love with an officer who accompanied Sir John Moore in the Peninsular war. The constant danger to which he was exposed, had, of course, a very great effect on her spirits. One night, after falling asleep, she imagined she saw her lover pale, bloody, and wounded in the breast, enter her apartment. He drew aside the curtains of the bed, and with a look of the utmost mildness, informed her that he had been slain in battle, desiring her at the same time to comfort herself, and not take his death too seriously to heart. "It is needless," says McNish, "to say what influence this vision had upon a mind so replete with woe. It withered it entirely, and the unfortunate girl died a few days thereafter." Many such instances as these might be adduced, where all the explanations and consolations of philosophy have been rejected, and the unfortunate lady has actually died from the grief produced by the confident expectation of the realization of a dream or vision. I can well imagine the eagerness with which the females of antiquity would crowd around their seers, and their oracles, to have unveiled to them the mysteries of the future. Even now, women are much more disposed to consult gypsies and fortune tellers, than men. But they are most apt to incline to these petty superstitions, if I may use the expression, when under the influence of strong passion, such as that of love. We all know, that one deeply in love, is apt to be a little superstitious; and many there are besides the Phebe of Irving, who can wander forth in the "stilly night," when the moon is pouring her silvery radiance over the world, and kneel upon the "stone in the meadow," and repeat the old traditional rhyme

> "All hail to thee, moon, all hail;
> I pray to thee, good moon, now show to me
> The youth who my future husband shall be."

2nd. *Religious Wants.*

Another reason, no doubt, of the religious differences of the sexes, is the greater demand or want, if I may use the phraseology of political economy, which woman experiences for religion. Her whole education, physical and moral, and her consequent position in society, contribute to the creation of these religious wants. There are times and situations in which we all feel in a very peculiar manner the want of religion. There are periods when the billows of adversity are rolling high and threatening to overwhelm us with ruin—when all our ordinary resources have failed—when there is in this world no arm that can save, no power that can protect us—then does the voice of nature whisper to us to turn to him who hath promised to be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow, and to him in the hour of our peril do we address the fervent prayer.

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There is no part of the Journal of the Landers with which I have been more affected, than that in which John Lander speaks of the disaster of Kirree, while descending the Niger. Himself and brother had been separated, they met again on the river, but in the moment of the most heart-rending peril, when a savage enemy was upon the point of immolating them, and of destroying at once all those bright visions of glory and usefulness, which ever float in the ardent imagination of the traveller, and urge him over seas, and lands, and mountains, and deserts. "This day (says John Lander,) I thought was to be my last, when I looked up and saw my brother at a little distance gazing steadfastly upon me; when he saw that I observed him, he held up his arm with a sorrowful look, and pointed his finger to the skies. O! how distinctly and eloquently were all the emotions of his soul at that moment depicted in his countenance! Who could not understand him. He would have said 'trust in God.' I was touched with grief. Thoughts of home and friends rushed upon my mind, and almost overpowered me. My heart hovered over the scenes of infancy and boyhood. Recollecting myself, I bade them as I thought an everlasting adieu; and weaning my heart and thoughts from all worldly associations, with fervor I invoked the God of my life, before whose awful throne I imagined we should shortly appear, for fortitude and consolation in the hour of trial. My heart became subdued and softened; my mind regained its serenity and composure; and though there was nothing but tumult and distraction without, within all was tranquillity and resignation." And thus do we find that adversity often leads us to pay devotion to our God. When the treasures of this world in which the heart dwelt are swept away, we are more disposed to look to the imperishable treasures of another world. "When there is no object on this side the grave on which to fix our hopes, we delight to extend them beyond the troubled horizon which bounds our earthly prospects, to wander unconfined in the regions of futurity,"

"Where all is calm as night, yet all immortal day
And truth, forever shines; and love forever burns."

On the other hand, how truly dismal and appalling at such hours as those I have been describing, is the condition of the genuine Atheist. When the plans, and projects, and schemes of this world have failed him, and all his earthly hopes are untimely blighted by the sad strokes of cruel fortune; where is his consolation—where his refuge? Shall he turn to those whom the world once called his friends? Alas! they were with him in summer and sunshine, when his flocks were feeding on a hundred hills—when his indiscriminate and boundless hospitality was the theme of praise on the tongue of the selfish and sycophantic sensualist, who delighted in his "glutton meal;" and his splendid mansion was the scene of music and of revelry. In the hour of his bereavement they turn from him, and even mock him in his misfortunes! Shall he attempt again to mend his broken fortunes and rise once more in the world's thought? Perhaps some insuperable barrier stands before him; friends have deserted him, and old age may be fast incapacitating him to run again the race of earthly ambition; and the base treachery of friends, and the mortifying neglect of a cold and selfish world, may have implanted in his heart, the deep and uneradicable feeling of dark and gloomy misanthropy, which may forever unfit him for wearing the world's honors, or coveting the world's praise. Shall he throw his thoughts beyond this world's horizon, and look with the spirit of prayer and supplication to heaven for that support and consolation which is denied him here? No! no! His fatal skepticism prevents his hopes from resting on another world. It shuts him up here amid all the gloom and horror of his terrestrial mansion—concentrates all his dismal thoughts within his own overwhelmed soul, and leaves him a prey to misery and despondency.

"A woe stricken being, to whose heart
The visions of earth can no rapture impart,
On whose brow the pale garlands of Hope have all faded,
While his soul by the midnight of sorrow is shaded;
What balm could you bring to his bosom's deep sorrow,
If eternity promised no glorious to-morrow?"

I hope then I have said enough to show that there are times and seasons when the heart of man turns instinctively to the God of nature for support; that there are times when philosophy, and science, and friendship, all must fail to administer consolation to the oppressed heart:—it is then that religion and religion alone can furnish the balm that can neutralize woe. Under its benign influence the billows of adversity may roll on—they may break over our heads, but cannot overwhelm the soul when sheltered securely under its divine panoply.

Now let us inquire whether woman experiences oftener than man those moments of sorrow and affliction, which religion alone can assuage; and this inquiry, I think, must be answered by all, in the affirmative. The sorrows, and griefs, and trials of woman, are not of so palpable, conspicuous, and sometimes violent a character as are those of man. They do not attract so universally the gaze of the world—their consequences are not so extensive—they do not so much occupy the pen of the historian, or draw forth the speculations of philosophy; but they are more numerous, more secret; and for this very reason more calculated to turn her to her God for consolation. I have already in the preceding number shown, that woman, from her position in society, is obliged to conceal more than man. She experiences many sorrows and afflictions, which like the Viola of Shakspeare, she never tells to any one, but keeps them locked up in her own bosom to brood over in solitude. Rousseau says, a man truly happy, neither speaks much nor laughs much—he hugs, so to speak, the happiness to his heart. "*Il reserre, pour ainsi dire, le bonheur autour de son cœur.*" The assertion which Rousseau here makes concerning the happiness of man, is strictly true, when applied to the misery of woman—especially to that most numerous class of her griefs which spring from wounded affections. This species of misery, if I may borrow the pencil of Rousseau "elle reserre autour de son cœur." Her shrinking modesty dares not confess it to the world; sometimes even the penetrating scrutiny of an affectionate mother is shunned and deceived. What then is her resource? She knows there is a God who inhabiteth the high and lofty places of eternity, who has promised to turn from none who seek him—she feels that all her sorrows are known to him. She can truly exclaim in the language of the Psalmist, "thou hast searched me and known me. Thou knowest my down sitting, mine uprising: thou

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understandest my thoughts afar off. Thou compasseth my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord! thou knowest it altogether." With this being then, who already knows all her afflictions, does she commune—to him she pours forth the torrent of her feelings, and tells the tale of her concentrated woe, which no vulgar ear shall ever hear. This communion becomes sweet to her in the hour of her afflictions, and she bestows upon him who has promised to be the friend of the disconsolate and broken-hearted, that love which perhaps has been slighted and despised by another. "As the dove (says Irving,) will clasp its wings to its sides, and cover and conceal the wound that is preying on its vitals—so is it the nature of woman, to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. Even when fortunate she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace."

It is at such times as these she feels the great want of religion; and accordingly we find that on tracing the history of woman, we often see her religious career commencing after some great disappointment—after some cruel stroke which has been inflicted on the feelings and affections. In Catholic countries we frequently see women, after these great disappointments, retiring from the world and immuring themselves for the remainder of their lives within the walls of a nunnery, where at a distance from the world and free from the rude gaze of an inquisitive society, they may spend the remainder of their days in silent and pensive melancholy, softened and ameliorated by sweet communion with God. You rarely hear of this on the part of man. If he survives the misfortunes that for a time have oppressed him, he plunges into the active business and bustle of the world, and in the midst of his employments he finds new occupation for his mind—he summons it away from the contemplation of his grief. New feelings are called into play, and often succeed in banishing the old. How often do we find *ambition* becoming the succedaneum of *love*.

But woman has not this opportunity of withdrawing herself from the scenes of her misfortunes and griefs. Every object around her reflects back their images upon her mind; and, go where she will, she is still like those unfortunate beings, laboring under the illusions of spectral apparitions;—the phantoms are around her still, gazing on her with lurid glare whilst awake, haunting her whilst asleep. Nothing but religion can afford her solace, under afflictions so oppressive and crushing. Without it, she may well exclaim in the language of the "Dirge,"

> "Vain is the boasted force of mind,
> When hope has ta'en her flight;
> Then memory is most unkind—
> And thought is as the dread whirlwind
> That works on earth its blight."

In addition to what is said above, it may be observed that the physical infirmities of woman, are greater than those of man; she is liable to sudden changes in health, which endanger her life. Every child which comes into the world, is an admonition to the mother on the precariousness of human life, and the necessity of living in a state of constant preparation for another world.

3d. Dependence and Physical Weakness.

Another cause, no doubt, of the more religious character of woman, is her greater feebleness and dependence upon the powers around her, than that felt by man. When we look to the stupendous mechanism of the heavens and the earth, and contemplate the mighty powers that are at work in the universe, the mind naturally turns, in the spirit of devotion and prayer, to that infinite, incomprehensible, mysterious being, who guides and directs those powers. When we contemplate, for example, the globe on which we stand—think of it as moving at the rate of more than sixty thousand miles per hour, around that luminous orb, which at the distance of millions of miles, binds it down to its prescribed orbit; when we think again of this mass on which we stand, vast and grand to us, but an atom to him who placed it here, rolling on its axis, carrying us forward with a compound velocity, which if it could be suddenly arrested by some opposing mass competent to the resistance, would be sufficient to tear from their bases all the mountains and hills of the earth, and hurl their scattered fragments o'er the vallies—a velocity, whose sudden cessation would prostrate alike the animal and vegetable kingdoms, burying all in one common chaotic ruin, from which no one being would escape to sing the funeral dirge of a *dead world*. When we contemplate all this, and know that there is a hand competent to the control of these mighty powers; that under its influence, while thus rapidly hurled along through the illimitable regions of space, the busy operations of men are going forward; that the grand tower, the enormous pyramid, the slender reed, and the delicate spire of grass, stand alike unaffected and unshaken by this velocity; that the slumbers of the infant on its little couch, and the spider weaving her delicate web in the "autumnal fields," are alike undisturbed;—when we look again, and contemplate that thin elastic medium which we breathe, covering the earth like an invisible mantle, all quiet and calm at the sunset hour, so that even the thistle-down lies still and motionless on the earth's surface; then think again of that same medium, lashed into the fearful tempest, spreading dismay and destruction along its desolating track, and scattering the mariner and his cargoes over the billows of the sea; or when we contemplate that principle of heat which pervades the universe, constituting the great *vis vivica*, or enlivening power of nature,—so placid, so sweet, and it would scarcely be metaphor to add, so *tender*, as it exists around us in the mild and bland atmosphere of a summer's morning, when

> "The lark,
> Shrill voiced and loud, the messenger of morn,
> Calls up the tuneful nations. And ev'ry copse
> Deep tangled, tree irregular, and bush
> Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads
> Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
> Are prodigal of harmony."

And then think again of this same agent confined in the earth's mass; by its sudden action laying hold on the globe with the grasp of more than ten thousand giants, upheaving the dense and mighty stratum which lies above it, shaking whole continents by its power, and burying the toppling cities with the accumulated wealth of ages under its fearful ruins; when we contemplate, I say, all these powers around us, we see our dependence on *them*, and again *their* dependence on

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omnipotence. The feeling of dependence forced upon the mind, begets a spirit of devotion and trust towards the God of nature. At first, overwhelmed by the evidences of mighty power exerted around and over us, we are almost disposed to cry out in the language of holy writ, "what is man that thou shouldst be mindful of him, or the son of man that thou shouldst deign to visit him." But our confidence revives when we recollect the promise that "if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith."

This spirit of dependence, wherever felt, always begets more or less a religious spirit of devotion. It is this spirit which, in ages of ignorance and superstition, begets the worship of heroes, of statesmen, and philanthropists. It is this spirit which has added such as Hercules, Castor, Pollux, Isis, Osiris, &c. to the vast catalogue of the gods in the polytheistic religions of antiquity. It is this same spirit, which makes the subordinate officer and the soldier, look with awe and the most confident reliance on the successful military chieftain, who has so often manœuvred them like a machine, and has gained victory after victory by those rapid combinations and skilful evolutions, which to the mind that does not comprehend, appear to be the result of inspiration rather than the effects of human wisdom. Wherever in fine, there is a system of dependence, there you will find always more or less a spirit of reverence. How intensely does this spirit manifest itself in a father or mother, who has knelt before an emperor or king, and obtained the pardon of a condemned son. Now, as I have already observed, woman feels this dependency much more strongly than man. She is the weaker vessel, and hence there is a devotional feeling excited by this dependence, which follows the chain of dependence up, link by link, until it reaches the throne of omnipotence. Woman does not feel this dependence from a contemplation of the mighty physical energies exerted around her by the great powers of nature; but it arises from her greater weakness and dependency when compared with the other sex.

Do we not all know that there is something much more devotional in the love of woman than man—a something much more nearly allied to religion? Do we not know that this same weakness and consequent dependence, makes woman more confiding, more trusting, more submissive than man? She feels much greater veneration for the great and the powerful, and acquiesces much more readily in the tyranny and oppression of rulers. Even women of the very first order of intellect feel this reliance and trust on the greater powers around them. Mrs. Jameson says, in speaking of the Portia of Shakspeare, "I never yet met in real life, nor ever read in tale or history, of any woman distinguished for intellect of the highest order, who was not also remarkable for this *trustingness* of spirit, this hopefulness and cheerfulness of temper, which is compatible with the most serious habits of thought, and the most profound sensibility. Lady Wortley Montague was one instance; and Madame de Stael furnishes another much more memorable."

The physical weakness of woman and her consequent dependence on man, makes religion more necessary to her for another reason. It is her interest that every restraint should be imposed on the passions of man; that he should walk in the paths of virtue and morality; that his superior strength should be subdued and tempered by motives of humanity. He is then more kind, more attentive, and more loving to her. He is then a better father, a better economist,—in fine, a better citizen, fulfilling more perfectly all the relations of life. The Christian religion, as we shall soon see, is eminently calculated to produce this happy result, and consequently woman is deeply interested in its spread. Let no one start forward with the objection, that in this way she is the better enabled to *govern* her husband. I admit this, if, to govern him, means to restrain him from vice and immorality; but surely this is a government which no honest good citizen can object to. Every lady has a fearfully deep interest in the whole character and temperament of her husband's mind and feelings. Upon them depend, indeed, her weal or woe. Her condition may be deplorable, and sometimes irremediable, if a wicked husband choose to oppress her. But that is certainly a holy and a virtuous selfishness, if selfishness it can possibly be called, which secures our own welfare and happiness while adding to that of another, by curbing and controlling his more violent and malignant feelings and passions, and attuning the whole inner man to harmony and concord.

4th. Seclusion and Meditation.

Again, the life of woman, as has been before remarked, is much more sedentary, more secluded, and consequently more contemplative than that of man. Solitude and contemplation are very favorable to the production of religious impressions and the generation of a spirit of piety and devotion. Man is so constantly occupied amid the busy scenes of active employment, so much engrossed with his schemes of ambition and self-aggrandizement, so rapidly whirled forward by the eddying current of active life, that he scarcely will take time to pause in the hurry and bustle of existence to contemplate his Maker, and render to him the homage that is his due. Public devotion even often breaks in upon his regular routine of life, and frequently mars some little pet scheme of the day. He is a Sabbath-day worshipper; a worshipper at spare times and leisure seasons. But the solitary chamber of a woman, is often by day and by night, the temple from which in her lone hours she sends her silent prayers to heaven; the temple from which, in her silent meditations, her thoughts wander forth and hold sweet communion with the God of nature.

But, let us investigate a little more philosophically, the effects of this secluded, meditative, contemplative life of woman. And, in the first place, all will acknowledge that occasional solitude and consequent meditation are extremely favorable to the cause of virtue generally. Whilst we are running our dissipated career, under the excitement of the passions, we rarely have time, leisure, and reflection sufficient to determine on reform. "It is not in the madness of intemperate enjoyment," says Dr. Brown, in one of his most brilliant lectures, "that we see drunkenness in the goblet, or disease in the feast. Under the actual seduction of the passion we see dimly, if we see at all, any of the evils to which it leads." It is in the hour of solitude and reflection, that the remorseful thought of our errors and vices, comes across the mind; then, in the coolness and calm-

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ness of solitude, can we trace out the blighting evils that are likely to follow on our career; then, and then alone, can we dispassionately view, in the vista of the future, our loss of character, of health and riches, by the course we are pursuing; then we behold the melancholy consequences, widening out, until they embrace our family, friends, neighborhood, and state; we then can summon, in gloomy review before the mind's eye, our wives and children, dearer to us than life, living in penury and misfortune, and perhaps dependent for a scanty subsistence upon the cold hand of charity. When the mind is capable of reflection—of sketching out this sad picture, there may be hopes of reform. The individual is never absolutely, hopelessly lost, who indulges in silent meditations on the past; such an individual may even be saved at the eleventh hour. Hence, too, there is virtue in mere intelligence, because intelligence can always think and meditate. Hence, too, the efficacy of solitary confinement in the gloomy walls of the prison, and the very deleterious influence of all prison discipline not based on the principle of solitary confinement.

Again, any scene of distress, any monuments or associations, which remind us of the instability of the boasted works of man; anything which forces a comparison in the mind between the transitory character and nothingness of the things of earth, when compared with the eternity of ages that are to follow, or with the perfections and immutability of God; all such reflections as these are calculated to make a deep religious impression upon the mind. What classic scholar, for example, can stand upon the Capitol on the Capitoline Mount, in Modern Rome, and look over the mouldering but still magnificent ruins of the imperial city, as they lie scattered and confused over the vallies and the seven hills, and cast a retrospective glance at the ages which have gone by, without a deep feeling of religious awe and of veneration towards the God of nature? When he reflects that the poet of antiquity describes this classic ground, over which the eye of the traveller is now wandering in pensive and bewildering gaze, as a solitary wilderness; when Evander, and afterwards when Æneas came to the Latian Coast; that the brier and the bramble then grew together in wild luxuriance on the Tarpeian Hill; that the foxes had their holes and the birds their nests on the Palatine and the Aventine. When he looks again to the time of the poet, and beholds the proud imperial city, the mistress of the world, enthroned in all her gorgeous splendor and costly magnificence upon the seven hills, wielding the sceptre of her dominion over the earth,

"Until the o'ercanopied horizon fall'd,"

and sees upon the Tarpeian hill, the splendid temple with its golden ornaments and its stately columns, instead of the brier and the bramble, and beholds,

"Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state,
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:
Or embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on the Emilian."

And then looks to her again—when in the awful language of the poet,

"The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood and fire
Have dealt upon the seven hill'd city's pride,"

and sees that the temple upon the Tarpeian mount has been overthrown and rifled, and the brier and the bramble have come back again, that owl answers owl upon the Palatine, that the din of arms and the active bustle and hum of citizens and functionaries of imperial Rome, have ceased forever on the Appian and Emilian ways, that no stately triumph mounts the Capitoline hill, to administer to the insatiate ambition of the rapacious and remorseless Roman, that

"Cypress, and ivy, weed and wall flower grown
Matted and massed together, hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch'd crush'd, columns strown
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescos steep'd
In subterranean damps,"

now meets his eye where'er it turns. Well may he exclaim with such a prospect before him, in the language of the same poet,

"The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woes.
* * * *
Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword, in bearing fame away.
Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page!"

When he sees all these mutations and revolutions on a single spot of earth, in the hour of his meditations his mind reverts to Him who alone is immutable and unchangeable, upon whose brow, time writes no wrinkles. "Alas, the pride of man goes down with him into the dust! it withers when the lamp of his transient existence flickers out into the long slumbering of the tomb." Eternal youth, eternal majesty, eternal duration, belong only to the great, the unchangeable I AM. The bustling transitory career of the mighty of the earth, when duly contemplated, should but the more strongly impress on the mind the infinity, eternity, and omnipotence of Deity. "Where now are they who sounded the clarion of war along the plains of Thessaly, the mount of Marathon and Samos's rocky isle. The trumpet's voice hath died upon the breeze; the thousands which it aroused have gone to rest; the castles which have been subdued and won, on whose walls the spear glittered and the cannon pealed, have crumbled into dust; the ivy lingers about the decaying turrets; the raven builds her nest in the casement, and sends upon the ear of midnight her desolate wailings; the owl hoots where the song was heard; and man, proud man, who once fought and won—he who reared the structure,"

"Sleeps where all must sleep."

There is religion, yes a deep abiding religion in such a retrospect as this, and the mind which can trace back in its reflections the history of man along the pathway of ages, and see how dynasties have been overthrown, and thrones crumbled, how nations have risen, flourished for a day, then have declined and fallen, and been numbered among the things that are past and gone, cannot fail to turn, upon the principle of contrast, to the God of nature, whose throne is eternal, and whose dominion can never pass away.

Such may be the salutary effect of the reflection of man, when man reflects. Let us now turn to woman, and see the character of her meditations and reflections. She perhaps may not, in her solitary musing, so much

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delight, as man, to look to the history of nations, and draw the mighty moral from their fluctuations and vicissitudes. But there are scenes around her—there are events constantly occurring in her own limited sphere, which much more frequently, upon the principles just explained, excite her meditations, and lead her on to religious devotion. Woman, as I before remarked, is the tender, constant, and affectionate nurse of our race. Hers is the heavenly office to watch the sorrows of man and mitigate them, by her sweet, her benevolent ministrations.

"The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast.
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
Your first tears quenched by her, and your last sighs
Too often breathed out in woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them."

Now this contemplation of pain and suffering, notwithstanding all the magnificence which pride or grandeur may spread around the couch of sickness and death, is calculated to force upon the mind the gloomy truth of the instability of the things of earth, and that there is nothing but God upon whom we can rely amid all the vicissitudes of earthly scenes. "The sight of death," says Dr. Brown, "or of the great home of the dead, seldom fails to bring before us our common and equal nature. In spite of all the little distinctions which a churchyard exhibits in mimic imitations, and almost in mockery of the great distinctions of life, the turf, the stone with its petty sculpture, and all the columns and images of the marble monument; as we read the inscription, or walk over the sod, we think only of what lies beneath, *in undistinguishable equality*." Here then is the scene to which woman in her meditations is oftener transported than man. Our last sufferings are longer remembered by her than by man—they produce a more mighty influence on her mind, and frequently do we see that the death of a child, of a husband, of a brother, sister, parent, or even friend, produces a sudden but lasting impression on woman's mind, arrests her in her gay and thoughtless career—makes her reflect upon the vanities of this world, and in the end is the cause of her being gathered into the fold of the faithful and the righteous, where she can ever after, with truth and feeling, amid all her earthly prosperity, exclaim in the beautiful language of Gray, in his Churchyard,

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

5th. Peculiar Character of the Christian Religion.

But one of the most important causes of the religious differences of the sexes, remains yet to be told. *It is the character of the christian religion, and its peculiar suitability to the whole female nature and economy.* It may boldly, without fear of contradiction be asserted, that never since the foundation of the world, has there been propagated a religion so consolatory to woman in all her sorrows and difficulties—so liberal in promises—so congenial, in fine, with all the undefined wants and longings of her heart, as the *Religion of Christ.* Throughout the world, in all ages and countries where this religion has not been preached, it may be truly said, that the great religious wants of woman have not been administered to. She has pined, if I may use the expression, for the want of religious culture, and has entirely failed to accomplish, in consequence of it, her sweetest and most graceful destinies on earth.

Shall we turn for example to the boasted polytheistical religion of Greece and Rome? how illy adapted do we find it to the wants, the habits, the sensibilities, and I may add, the virtue and chastity of woman. It is true, that in the innumerable host of their divinities, they numbered some distinguished female goddesses. Minerva, Juno, Diana, Ceres, Venus, &c. occupied very conspicuous stations in the celestial hierarchy. But we are not to infer from this compliment to the ladies, that the religion was one adapted to the female character. When we come to examine it, we perceive at once its barbarous and uncivilized origin, and see that the progress of science and civilization in Greece and Rome, merely refined and polished it, without adapting it to the real wants of society, or purging it of its enormities and vices.

In the first place, Jupiter, the king of the gods, who could shake all Olympus with his nod, was not omnipotent. He was restrained by the fates, and in constant apprehension of combinations among other gods, to resist or cheat him. Nor was Jupiter, with all the gods to back him, omnipotent. On one occasion, they were all thrown into consternation, by the formidable array of the giants, who were attempting to pile mountain on mountain, Ossa upon Pelion, in order that they might scale the ramparts of heaven. This great dread proved the want of omnipotence. Again; Xenophon tells us that the Lacedemonians used to send up their prayers early in the morning, to be beforehand with their enemies. Sometimes, according to Seneca, persons bribed the sexton in the temple to secure a place near the god, so that he might the more certainly hear them. When the Tyrians were besieged by Alexander the Great, they chained the Hercules in the temple to prevent his desertion. Augustus Cæsar, after twice losing his fleet by storm, determined to insult Neptune, the god of the sea, publicly; and therefore ordered that he should not be carried in procession with the other gods. And we are told, that after the death of Germanicus in Rome, who was a great favorite with the people, they were so much incensed with the gods, that they stoned and renounced them.

In the Iliad, after the celebrated quarrel between Agamenon and Achilles, when the latter urges his mother Thetis, to lay his complaints before Jupiter, she tells him that Jupiter has gone in procession with the other gods, to pay honors to the Ethiopians, and on his return, she will present his petition. But besides the want of omnipotence in one or all the gods combined, the polytheistical religion presented a multitude of gods, among whom reigned the wildest disorders, the fiercest contentions, and the most revolting vices and crimes. Jupiter was the king of heaven, and he ruled not like the Jehovah of the christian, with mildness and love, but depended upon his thunder and his might. By these terrible means and not by love for him, his subjects were kept in awe. Listen to him in the 8th book of the Iliad, where he forbids the gods to take any part in the contest between the Greeks and Trojans. I give Pope's translation. Jupiter does not speak in the language of mildness, but threatens and denounces the most cruel

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punishment for disobedience, merely because his power enables him to enforce it.

"What god but enters yon forbidden field,
Who yields assistance or but wills to yield;
Back to the skies with shame he shall be driven
Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heaven," &c.

And the gods obeyed, not from love or affection to Jupiter, but from absolute terror, inspired by his power.

"The Almighty spoke, nor durst the powers reply,
A reverend horror silenced all the sky;
Trembling they stood before the sov'reign's look," &c.

Poor Juno, the *ox-eyed Juno*, the unfortunate wife of the Olympic thunderer, was the most unhappy of women, eternally quarrelling with her imperial husband and complaining of his partiality to her enemies. Minerva, too, more beloved by Jupiter than his own wife, complains of him as raging with an evil mind, in perpetual opposition to her inclinations. Old Vulcan, it is well known, got his lameness by being thrown out of heaven by Jupiter in a mad fit, occasioned by Vulcan's interference in behalf of Juno, when persecuted by her unreasonable and irascible husband.

The gods, too, are represented as frequently engaged in actual strife with men, and with one another. In the 20th book of the Iliad, when Jupiter permits the gods to enter the hitherto forbidden field of Troy, and take sides according to their inclinations, we have a regular battle between them. Diomed wounds no less than two gods in the engagement; Venus, who went off weeping to Jupiter, and Mars, the great god of war. In the same engagement, we have Neptune pitted against Apollo, the god of the sun, and Pallas or Minerva, matched with Mars, and actually prostrating him by a huge rock, a most unfeminine, *unlady-like* act.

"Thundering he falls: a mass of monstrous size,
And seven broad acres covers, as he lies."

This wise, but most austere and forbidding old maid, appears truly terrific in this battle of the gods, and seems an overmatch for all, save the Olympic thunderer.

But again, the morals of the gods were of the most corrupt and profligate character. Jupiter was the greatest rake of all the ancient world. How many wives and maidens was he represented as seducing by the most unfair means? and so regardless was he of his wife Juno, that she was obliged to borrow the girdle and charms of Venus, when she wished to captivate the thunderer. The historian tells us that the Amphitrion of Aristophanes, was supposed in Greece, to be very pleasing to Jupiter—that he was like all rakes, exceedingly fond of the recital of his prowess in the arts of love and seduction. Venus, the goddess of beauty, as we might well suppose, after hearing a description of her ungainly hard favored husband, was no better than the thunderer. Her levities *bred* disturbances in heaven, and heroes on earth.* In view of these circumstances, no one need wonder at the account which St. Peter gives of the Gentiles in his time, that "they walked in lasciviousness, lust, excess of wine, revellings, banquetings, and abominable idolatries.

Besides all this, the polytheistical religion was entirely inattentive to all those rules of morality which civilize and humanize the race of man, while they bind them together in peace and harmony like a band of brothers. Minerva, for example, is represented in the 4th book of the Iliad, as advising Pandarus to endeavor to bribe Apollo with the promise of a Hecatomb to assist him in assassinating Menalaus, contrary to the faith of a solemn treaty; and even Jupiter himself joins with that goddess and Juno in promoting so foul a murder. When we consider the vices and immoralities of the heavenly host, and then think of the virtues of the first Romans, we are almost disposed to assert with Rousseau, that virtue seemed to have been banished from heaven's confines, to take up her residence on earth. Did human nature in the ancient world, ever appear in a more stern and dignified attitude, than when Lucretia was represented as worshipping Venus, and still plunging the dagger in her bosom, because she had lost her virtue? What a practical rebuke was here given to the lascivious queen of beauty.

I need scarcely conclude this little episode in which I have been indulging, by the assertion that such a religion was unsuited to the wants of the human race, but particularly of woman. She likes to send from her closet, or from her silent and solitary chamber her prayers to heaven. She therefore requires an all-seeing, all-searching eye, which can behold her in the prayerful moments of her solitude. She likes to commune with a God who is omnipotent and able to heal and save. Her nature shudders at the conflicts and broils of the gods of the heathen—at their immoralities and vices. The female deities are all gross, lewd, masculine conceptions, unworthy of the delicacy, chastity, modesty and grace of the virtuous female. The gods were all unworthy of her confidence and entire *trustingness*. Where is the virtuous woman of the modern world, who, in the hour of affliction and trial, would unbosom herself before so terrible, so wicked, and so licentious a being as the Jupiter of the ancients? Or what female could bear to contemplate the amours of Venus, or to imitate the acts, and the monstrous immorality of the goddess of wisdom. Well then might the worshippers of such beings be described as "dead in trespasses and sins," and well might St. John, in view of such a religion, exclaim "the whole world lieth in wickedness."

If we turn from the Polytheistic religion of the ancient world, to the Monotheistic religion of the Mohammedan, we shall find the whole of this system more gloomy, more revolting, and more repugnant to woman's feelings, than even the Polytheistical. The fiery warlike character of the prophet, the propagation of the religion by fire and sword—the total degradation of the female character—the seraglio and the attendant eunuchs, and the low and sensual offices of the black-eyed Houris in Mohammed's paradise, are all too revolting to the women of christian countries, to be even contemplated with composure for a moment. We are not to wonder at the implacable hostility of christian females all over the world towards the moslem. Women have always attended in considerable numbers the armies of Europe, when it was threatened with invasion by the devastating armies of the Turks. D'Israeli in his very interesting collection of the curiosities of literature, has a chapter on "events, which have not happened," and gives us some speculations on the fate of Europe, if the Saracens under Abderam had beaten

* The Trojan wanderer, the hero of the Æneid, was the son of Venus, by Anchises a mortal.

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Charles Martel at Tours. What woman now moving with freedom and grace in the social circles of christendom, but shudders at the bare idea of such a result.

Let us now turn to the *religion of Christ*, and contemplate its character for a moment. And here shall we find a religion in every respect suited to the character of woman. It has been truly and emphatically pronounced to be a *religion of love*. The very scheme of salvation was conceived by the Almighty in a spirit of love. God is represented as so loving the world, that he gave his only begotten Son to save it. And when that Son came into the flesh, and was asked by the Pharisees for the most important commandments of the law, Christ answered, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind; and the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Now I have already shown in my first number, that woman loves more tenderly, more devotedly, and constantly than man. This religion of Christ, then, above every other, is fitted for that deep abiding love which woman feels so much oftener than man. It is eminently and peculiarly adapted to that being whose whole history has been pronounced to be a history of the affections. "There is nothing surely on earth (says Mrs. Butler,) that can satisfy and utterly fulfil the capacity for loving, which exist in every woman's nature. Even when her situation in life is such as to call forth and constantly keep in exercise the best affections of her heart, as a wife and a mother; it still seems to me as if more would be wanting to fill the measure of yearning tenderness, which like an eternal fountain gushes up in every woman's heart; therefore, I think it is, that we turn, in the plenitude of our affections, to that belief which is a religion of love, where the broadest channel is open to receive the devotedness, the clinging, the confiding trustfulness, which are idolatry when spent upon creatures like ourselves, but becomes a holy worship when offered to heaven."*

But again—was there ever a being so congenial, so suitable to the character of woman, as the Saviour of the world. He condescended to be born of woman. Mary was his mother; and while executing the high behests of his father on earth, he treated his mother with the most affectionate and filial tenderness. And then his character was all mildness and meekness. He who could come forth in all the might of his father,

> "Into terror chang'd,
> With countenance too severe to be beheld;
> And full of wrath,"

hurl the fearful host of fallen and rebellious angels into the bottomless pit, and chain them there through the endless ages of eternity—could, whilst in this world, bear the scoffings, the revilings, the buffetings of sinful man, could beg his father to forgive his persecutors, because they knew not what they did. His dominion in this world was not based upon violence, devastation and bloodshed. In his glorious career, he made no widows and orphans. Wherever he moved, he carried consolation and healing to the lowly and the humble. He restored the sick, and made the lame to walk, the blind to see, and the dead to come forth from their sepulchres. His kingdom was one of peace, and harmony, and forbearance. He commanded his disciples to love one another, and to serve his father in spirit and in truth. He did not, like Mohammed, exclude woman from an equal participation in all the promises of the gospel; and he declared that Mary and Martha had chosen that good part which should not be taken from them. Woman ministered to him while on earth; she was with him at the cross; she was with him at his grave:

> "Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung—
> Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
> She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave—
> Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave."

The religion of the cross has been very truly pronounced to be a species of legislation in behalf of the rights of woman. The promulgation of the new gospel elevated her at once to that station which she deserves, and which adds so much to the refinement, happiness and prosperity of the world. Compare the woman of the modern with her of the ancient world; compare the woman of christendom with her of the heathen, and then will you behold the mighty agency of the religion of Christ in the amelioration of her destiny. Well then may woman cleave to this religion, as the ark of her safety and dependence. Well may she worship the Saviour of the world, for he was the true friend of woman—the husband to the widow, and father to the fatherless.

Woman is most deeply interested in the success of every scheme which curbs the passions and enforces a true morality. She is the weaker portion of the human family. When wickedness reigns in the land, and might is recognized as constituting right, she is always the great sufferer. Behold her among barbarians—among nations and people engaged in deadly strife, and how miserable do you always find her condition. Now the new gospel, in addition to the best religion which has ever been given to the world, contains likewise the very best system of morality. I have always thought that it was one of the most beautifully characterising traits of the christian religion, that it has ever been found better and better adapted to our condition, as the human race advances in civilization, knowledge and morality; and in this respect, no religion was ever found like it. The sermon of Christ on the mount, contains a system of morality which will be more and more appreciated as long as the world stands.

6th. Nervous System.

In giving an account of the causes of religious differences between the sexes, I have not adverted to the effects produced by physiological differences of the nervous systems of the sexes. The whole frame and nervous system of woman, is said to be much more delicate and sensitive than that of man. Hence an additional tendency to the reception of quick and sudden impressions of all kinds. Hence too, the great proneness of woman to irritation and to hysteric affections,*

* In an Epistle supposed to be written by the famous Abbé Rencé, of la Trappe, this alliance between love and religion is well described, though rather too much in the peculiar style of a thoughtless Frenchman, "Je n'avois plus d'amante (says the Abbé,) il me fallût un dieu."

* Babington tells us, that in orphan asylums, hospitals and convents, the effect of contagion is so great, that the nervous disorder of one female easily and quickly becomes the disorder of all. He tells us, upon the authority of a medical work, on which he places the most implicit reliance, of a large convent in

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and her liability to great and frequently overpowering excitement, in those religious congregations where enthusiasm is propagated by contagion. I have frequently seen indiscriminate multitudes assembled together for worship, when every soul was concentrated, and every mind was mingled in the same thought; when all hearts were blended in song—"The poor man by the side of the rich, without being jealous, had forgotten his miseries—the rich man had learned his indigence." All seemed to have obtained intelligence of their bright celestial destiny; all seemed prepared for it, rejoicing together, and all seemed advancing towards it. On these occasions, I have always witnessed more feeling, more earnestness, and more enthusiasm among the women than the men; and not unfrequently have I seen them cry aloud, and continue in a state of violent agitation for many minutes. The greater nervous irritability of the female then, must certainly be ranked among the causes of her peculiarly religious temperament. But I will not dwell longer on the causes of the religious differences between the sexes. It is sufficient to know that woman is more religious every where than man, and that the causes assigned for this difference, if not the only ones, are certainly the most important and most powerful in their operation. I will conclude my remarks on this deeply interesting subject, by a brief consideration of some of the effects of religion on the character of woman.

Effects of Religion on Woman.

Religion, I mean the religion of the heart and of the feelings, such as woman generally possesses, has undoubtedly a tendency to heighten and improve all those qualities and attributes which we consider as most essential to the female character. All the great duties of life, those of wife, mother, friend, &c. she performs with a double relish, and under the influence of a double motive. Religion furnishes a new and powerful impulse to virtue. Virtue, it is true, has its own charms, and may be said, by the happiness which it affords, to constitute its own reward; but you have never so well fortified it and guarded it against dangerous assault, as when you have thrown over it the sacred panoply of the christian religion. Most of the religions of the world have chimed in with the prevailing tendencies of the corrupt portions of our nature, and have flattered and ministered to some of the worst and most malignant passions of the human heart. Not so with the christian religion; it has exalted the humble and meek in spirit, and pulled down the proud and wicked: it has waged war on vice and the indulgence of evil passions of every description, and has proclaimed the great law on which the whole code of morality hangs, that "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

France, where the example of one female who imitated the mewing of a cat, set the whole convent to mewing, so as to make every day a complete cat concert. And upon the authority of Carden, he tells of a nun in a German convent, who commenced biting her companions like a mad dog. The contagion spread from one to the other, until all in the nunnery were affected with this rabid humor, which spread from convent to convent until it reached Rome. These cases, however, if they actually occurred, were of a very extraordinary character, and could only happen under such circumstances as generally attend on the secluded, contemplative and eccentric life of a convent, which nature never intended to be the life of a rational, active, social being.

The religious female then, in addition to all the ordinary motives which can incite to virtue, has the additional one of wishing to please her God and of providing for her happiness hereafter. Religion softens and disciplines the feelings, it quickens and heightens the tender sensibilities, and increases all the sympathies of our nature. It throws, in fine, a drapery of grace, of amiableness and loveliness over the whole female character. Woman is never so lovely as in the quiet unobtrusive discharge of her religious duties. "Men," says Dr. Cogan, "contemplate a female atheist with more disgust and horror, than if she possessed the hardest features embossed with carbuncles." Even those who do not believe in the truth of christianity, turn frequently with disgust from unbelieving women; they know too well the value of religion and piety in the mother and the wife; they know full well that the religious woman is generally the one who loves most tenderly, most engrossingly, and most constantly. There is a mysterious connection between even human love and religion. Rousseau has long ago remarked upon the similarity of the languages of the two.* How soon does a man in love, convert his mistress into an *angel;* he is ready to make every *sacrifice* for her; he kneels at her *shrine;* he *worships*, he *adores* her; 'tis *heaven* where she is, *torment* where she is not.

I have already spoken of some of the effects of human love on man; it is through the medium of the same powerful, mysterious agent, that woman can frequently do so much for the cause of religion. There are few men who can be deeply devoted to a pious female without a deep sense of the beauty, the loveliness, and the holiness of true religion. I once knew a being who loved, and loved devotedly a pious lady. I have seen him gaze on her, as she moved before him in all the loveliness of modesty and grace. Her looks, her words, her actions, were all the subject of his intensest thoughts. I do believe he had wrought them into a science, which he did most dearly love to study.

> "She could bend him to her ev'ry will,
> His soul's emotions all were in her power."

This being was not an unbeliever, but yet he was indifferent towards religion. As soon, however, as he had felt the sweet influence of human love, his mind assumed decidedly a religious cast; his thoughts were more frequently turned on high. He declared, in the plenitude of his affections, that he felt an indescribable pleasure in kneeling beside the object of his affections at the altar, and mingling his prayers with hers. He felt a deeper veneration and love for the God of nature, because that God was loved by *her*, whose pure love, in his mind at least, could sanctify and hallow every object which it embraced. Reader! you who have wandered into distant climes, have you not sometimes at sunset hour, when the great orb of day was pouring his last flood of dimmed light over a world fast sinking into rest, when every breeze had died away and every noise was hushed, reflected, with feelings which no language could adequately describe, that the same great luminary might be shedding his light on the dear friends of your bosom, and that she whom you most tenderly loved,

* He says that "the enthusiasm of devotion borrows the language of love; the enthusiasm of love borrows the language of devotion."

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might then, perhaps far away, be gazing on the same object? With feelings like these, would the being just described direct his prayers and thoughts to heaven. It almost seemed to him that they met *hers* there, and held communion together.

And yet, be not surprised, he never told his tale of love to her! She might have known it, for acts and looks are more eloquent than words. But the impression produced on this individual by the absorbing affection which he felt for one pious woman, remained with him; he declares that the bare remembrance of her who seems to him even now a vision of loveliness and piety on earth, has made him a better and a holier man. He can truly and feelingly declare in those exquisite lines of Petrarch's, whose beauty no translation can express,

> "Gentil mia donna, io veggio
> Nel mover de' vostri occhi un dolce lume
> Che mi mostra la via che al ciel conduce."

Yes, and there are thousands besides who, like him, have been indebted to pious females for that "sweet light" which illumines the path to heaven.

I have already said that the female communicants in our country, form from two-thirds to three-fourths of the whole church. If you will examine into this small comparative number of male communicants, you will find that one-half, or perhaps three-fourths have been brought into the church either directly or indirectly by female influence. But we must remember that this great, this salutary influence of woman, is exercised through the medium of her example, and of the sweet propriety and purity of her demeanor before God and man. She need not preach her own goodness, like the Pharisee; she need not obtrude her sentiments, with the enthusiasm of the fanatic, on those around her. It is not her province to go upon the highway and compel all to come in to the feast. She is not the being to force you by denunciation and terror, to enter the church; all this is offensive, but particularly so in a modest female.*

Under the present system of education it is rarely the case that woman can discuss with grace, and elegance, and truth, the doctrinal points of religion. "Judge not that ye be not judged," is a text which every woman should bear constantly in mind. A female persecutor is the most odious of her sex. I have often thought that the bigoted, bloody-minded Mary, queen of England, was the most unlovely woman mentioned in the page of English history; and we can scarcely blame her equally bigoted husband, in withholding all affection and love from a woman who resembled him so closely. I do not believe that even the bigoted husband can love a ferocious, blood-thirsty, bigoted wife.

Mrs. Sandford blames those enthusiastic females "who wander about from house to house, retailing the spiritual errors of the day, feeling the religious pulse, dispensing prescriptions, and giving notoriety, at least, to every new nostrum which would impose on the credulity of weak and wayward christians; going about with their little casket of specifics, they excite and foster the diseases they affect to cure." Such enthusiasm as this, she well observes, "bears not the rose of Sharon, but the apple of discord: not clusters of the celestial vine, but spurious berries, which have the form, but not the sweetness of the genuine fruit." There is a something in the quiet, meek, gentle, and unobtrusive aspect and demeanor of the truly pious woman, which, of itself, produces a mighty influence on the other sex. In the collection of Lely's famous Windsor Beauties, there is one which strikes the eye of the beholder, and rivets it in steadfast and extatic gaze, it is the picture of Mrs. Nott. In Mrs. Jameson's description of those Beauties, I have been more struck with Mrs. Nott, although her tale is untold, than with any in the collection, not excepting even the beautiful, the lovely Miss Hamilton. This fair creature is represented with her book, and her flowers, and her *village church*, in the back ground. These are the beautiful and graceful appendages of piety and virtue. "As for the picture," says Mrs. J. "it is some satisfaction to know, that slander has never breathed upon those features to sully them to our fancy; that sorrow, which comes to all, can never come there." Gazing on such a lovely, I had like to have said *holy* picture, well might she exclaim, "Is there no power in conjuration to make those ruby lips unclose and reveal all we long to know? Are they forever silent? The soul that once inhabited there, that looked through those mild eyes, the heart that beat beneath that modest vest; are they fled and cold? And of all the thoughts, the feelings, the hopes, the joys, the fears, 'the hoard of unsunn'd griefs' that once had their dwelling there; is this—this surface—where beauty yet lives, 'clothed in the rainbow tints of heaven,' but mute, cold, impassive—all that remains." And such will ever be the curiosity which a meek, beautiful, and pious female, will excite in the bosom of sensibility and affection.

* St. Peter speaks in the following terms, to christian ladies whose husbands were not yet converted to the new faith: "Likewise ye wives be in subjection to your husbands, that if any obey not the word, they also without the word, may be won by the conversation of the wives, while they behold your *chaste conversation coupled with fear*." This recommendation of the apostle, marks out the true province of woman in matters of religion.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LIONEL GRANBY.

CHAP. IV.

> She like a solitary rose that springs
> In the first warmth of summer days, and flings
> A perfume the more sweet because alone
> Just bursting into beauty, with a zone—
> Half girl's—half woman's.—*Marcian Colonna.*

The gentle ease, and simple tranquillity which reigned at Chalgrave, found me its most obedient vassal. I lounged in the library the whole day, devouring with a morbid appetite, romance, poetry, and light fantasy. I shunned the gay circle of its inmates, not through misanthropy or boyish modesty, but from an utter contempt of the form and spirit of social intercourse. I communed alone with myself, and in the wanton dreams which a sickly fancy conjured before me, I was alternately the victim of caprice, restlessness, and disquietude. Though secluded I was not solitary—though a hermit I was not a misanthrope. Arthur Ludwell was a little nucleus, about whom the affections and friendships of the whole household gathered themselves. His occasional visits to the library—his frank and open address, and his serious and manly sense, all conspired to teach me the value of his usefulness, and the degradation of my own worthlessness. He could laugh at my sentimental reveries, yet he had a deep and chas-

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tened taste for poetry; and though he was in the full tide of elastic youth, he could read me a homily on the errors of an ill regulated mind, with all the grave solemnity of reverend age. His expostulations—the remonstrances of my mother, and the broad hints about bad breeding which the old dining-room servant gave me, could not seduce me from my much loved retreat. I adhered to its fascinations even as the ivy to the falling tower, and was simple enough to believe that wisdom was gained by the bopeep game between reason, fancy and folly.

One morning while I was engaged in my usual speculations, the door of the library was suddenly opened, and Lucy entered, exclaiming! "Your cousin Isa has arrived; shut your books! and do, my dear Lionel, arrange your disordered dress. Look at your dishevelled hair. 'Twill curl in graceful ringlets! and now do take it away from your pale and melancholy brow." Twining her fingers in my hair, "I declare," cried she, "I will not leave you till you come into the parlor. Isa is a lovely girl, and is now receiving the affectionate salutations of the whole family. Do, for my sake! for our mother's! and for the character of the name you bear, grant my request." I could not hesitate, when she impressed her entreaty with a kiss; and promising that I would appear before my cousin, I soon commenced the unusual labors of my toilette. I felt a wish, from some unaccountable emotion, to impress my cousin with my appearance, and went into my toilette as a warrior into an armory. Scipio's countenance was lit up with joy, when I summoned his assistance; and with much deference he ventured to hope that I would now let the old books rest—that I would sometimes sail in our pleasure boat—that I would look at the Janus colts—that I would let him go with me to our old walks, and that we would be boys again.

So soon as I had descended into the parlor, my mother advancing towards me, led me to a recess in the dormant window; and with much solemnity introduced me in due form to my cousin Isa Gordon! My fair relative was much abashed at the gravity of my introduction, and something like fear checked the furtive glance which was beaming over her countenance. For my own part I was confused, alarmed, and agitated, and trembled beneath that silent eloquence, and impassioned sympathy, which in making woman lovely, ever makes man a fool. To me the situation was painful and singular, for I had never before quailed under the smiles or frowns of female society. I had gained their contempt by apathy; and studiously avoiding the little attentions demanded by the honor of gallantry, I stood among them a heartless being, whose company was tolerated only because his satire was dangerous.

"I am truly happy to see you at Chalgrave," were the first words which were stammered through my confusion!

She blushed more deeply when I had spoken, and was hesitating a reply, when Lucy advancing relieved her from her embarrassment. At the call of my mother they moved across the room, and I was left gazing in mute rapture, at the grace and sylph-like gentleness, which characterized the footsteps of my cousin.

This was Isa Gordon! that morning star which still shines on with purity and brightness over the dark horizon of memory, and which even now pours its bold and mellow light over the dreary waste of my affections. Though not of tall stature, her form was one of exquisite grace and symmetry, and her beauty mingled itself with the eye and memory of the beholder. Her golden locks relieved a blushing cheek, where laughing summer had set its seal, while her countenance expressed a sensibility, intelligence, sweetness of temper and innocence which disarmed flattery, and kindled affection. She was grave more from gentle thoughtfulness than melancholy; and the low, rich and soft music of her voice, stole upon the heart like the swelling cadence of the Æolian harp. To firmness she united delicacy of character, and possessing softness without weakness, humility without arrogance, and beauty without affectation, her life became a rare and happy combination of dignity, elevation and gentleness, with the virtues which ennoble man, and the winning graces which endear woman. She was in all the pride and power of conquering seventeen, yet still no girlishness weakened the unobtrusive dignity of her character. Romance might have decked her with all the gorgeous hues of its fond imaginings. Poetry might have lingered around the silent purity of her life, but reason alone could truly love—and wisdom adore her.

On that day I felt a new passion adding itself to my dreamy solitude; and when I returned to my tranquil room, I found myself the victim of wild and impassioned love, betraying every symptom of its curious and wayward power. I was alternately humble and arrogant—stubborn and infirm—now a gallant cavalier, winning woman's heart by martial prowess—now a finished coxcomb with a plentiful store of that harmless folly which is frittered away from common sense, and now a rhyme stricken poet, drawing inspiration from my own distempered vanity, and struggling for metre in the odds and ends of language. I loved with a holy and fervent ardor; yet the purity which I fondly believed was the characteristic of my passion, was stained into grossness by individual pride. Self love made me a little deity, and woman's regard was an offering demanded by my insatiate egotism. I do not know that I erred more than most young lovers, in thus reasoning from the cause to the effect, and in believing that the existence of love arises solely from our own latent merits and fascinations. Kindness makes us arrogant, while pride deduces from a blush or a smile, positive evidence of woman's unhesitating love. If she reason with the folly of our passion, she is cold—if she shew the least sunshine of tenderness, she is indelicate, and if she exercise the common prudence of a reasoning being, she is a coquette. Man must have all the constancy of her love, all the devotion of her guileless heart, and he alone must mould its delicate texture to the wanton caprice of his own vanity. He grants her all that love which he can spare from the faction and turmoil of the world, and demands in return her esteem for his errors, and her adoration for his infirmities. We treat them as fools, when we breathe our false and treacherous love, and thus cheat ourselves into a belief of our own purity and truth. A woman of dignity will smile at the fantastic tricks which duplicity enacts before her; and if she truly love she will crush our pride by coldness, and blind the searching eye of our vanity by indifference. She risks her total happiness—she nobly throws all her treasured hopes into the scale of marriage,

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and when once resolved, she hesitates no longer over the trembling sacrifice of her implicit confidence. Man calls the considerations of her judgment insincerity—and the justifiable warfare of defence—coquetry. He loves from pride; while prudence teaches her to inspire him with that true passion, which takes its brightness like the diamond, only from the attrition of its own fragments.

Excited by the influence of my new passion, I became a being of different habits, and boldly entered into the spirit of that social circle whose gaiety I had shunned. The rays of love had beamed athwart the darkness of my solitude, and I basked in their brilliancy till seclusion lost its philosophy and study its excitement. I was happy only in the company of Isa Gordon, and revelled like a martyr, in the funereal pyre, which consumed my tranquillity. With the quick penetration of her sex she perceived my love, and though it hourly disported its vagaries before her, it failed to move either her serenity of temper, or unbend her dignity of character. In her intercourse with me she was courteous, kind and polite, and I vainly labored to find some of those thousand signs of reciprocal attachment with which egotism flatters pride, and with which vanity sustains folly. I thought she was cold and heartless, and have often gazed on her beauty with that chilled rapture which would dwell on the rainbow that lends its glittering canopy to the brow of the glacier.

Time wore away on downy feet, and the period was rapidly approaching when Isa was to leave Chalgrave, and I was to enter college. I dared not breathe my love; for though blinded by excess of passion, I had enough of reason to know that I should be rejected; but could she refuse when I plainly declared my sentiments? My vanity whispered her acceptance, and I believed that her indifference proceeded not from dislike but from my silence on that necessary and important declaration which the pride and pretended ignorance of every woman imperiously demands.

"You are singularly romantic, Lionel!" said she, as I was earnestly employed in repeating some wild stanzas which I had inscribed to the evening star! "What a curious conceit to make it the bridal torch of the moon, and why people it with the genius of light. Many a poet has sighed away his sense in searching for metaphors to exalt it—yet it still shines on, careless of the poor folly which labors to adorn it."

"There is destiny in it, Isa! and even now as it arrests your gaze, does it not tell thee of futurity? and does it not give a dreamy melancholy—an incoherent imagining to thy young, thy cold, thy uncorrupted heart?"

"My heart cold!" replied she, smiling, "What a happy poet! In one moment basking in the light of the evening star, and in the next ungenerously censuring a heart of which you know nothing."

"I do know it! I know that you have chilled its better feelings by the dictates of reason, and from long obedience to stern prudence, you cannot, dare not love! You have seen the sincerity of my passion, and you have trampled on the purity of that love which adores you! Hear me, dear Isa," I continued, seizing her hand and arresting her departure, "hear my unworthy love. I am a wretched, desolate being, and live alone."

"Lionel!" said she, suddenly interrupting me, "I do not love you! You have noble qualities, and a genius which promises the highest distinctions of fame. Forget your idle passion, and be assured that I shall ever retain for you the most affectionate friendship. Enter into the busy throng of the world, and you will quickly gain that chastened wisdom which can laugh to scorn all your boyish dreams of romance, and in the race of ambition you must and will forget your fancied sorrows. Is it not true that

'Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies
And Venus sets—ere Mercury can rise.'"

"I did not reckon on insult," I replied with much temper, "nor did I wish you to read me a homily on the extravagance of that passion which you alone have caused. You may scorn, yet I can love."

Lucy, accompanied by Arthur Ludwell, appeared at this moment, and relieved me from a scene of distress, confusion, and embarrassment. They returned with Isa to the parlor; and I, in a state of tempestuous feeling and subdued pride, sauntered to the shores of the Chesapeake. A *whip-poor-will* seated on the leafless branch of a ruined oak, was carolling his funereal notes to the responsive echoes of the forest. The moon was rising far in the East, and the broad sea before me had already flushed its rippled surface in her mellow light. Here and there in the fretted horizon, might be dimly discovered the diminished sail, or the frail bark of the silent fisherman. All nature was slumbering in death-like solitude, while I alone was the rude string whose vibrations jarred into discord the peaceful scene around me. In the bitterness of wounded pride I solemnly resolved to conquer my unrequited passion. I returned to Chalgrave, proud, stubborn and unconquerable. I looked up to its dreary grandeur and my eye caught the light form of Isa flitting athwart a window. My obstinacy vanished like the mist of the morning, and I was again the creature of love, hope, and imagination.

On the succeeding day she quitted Chalgrave. Her parting interview was simple and affecting. A kiss for my mother—a tear for Lucy, and a smile for me, were the little legacies her affections bequeathed. With strained eye and intense interest, I watched the chariot which bore her away, and when it had sunk into the forest, I turned off to meditate on her virtues and dream on her beauty. My old nurse gently touching me, placed in my hand a little packet which she said Miss Isa had left for me. I tore off the envelope, and a golden locket fell at my feet, on which was inscribed in faint though legible lines, "*Dinna forget.*" That memento is now on my heart—a holy relic of the wreck of my happiness.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO H. W. M.

When the cup is pledged, and the bright wine flowing,
At the festal board, in the halls of light;
And gentle eyes, like stars are glowing,
In the cloudless sky of a summer's night:
Oh! breathe but my name o'er the wine, for yet
I will dare to believe that all will not forget.

When the moon looks out on the leafy bowers,
Where the gladsome daughters of beauty are wreathing
The brightest and fairest of all the flowers,
To crown their altars with incense breathing,
Oh, name one flower for the absent one,
Who forgotten by thee is remembered by none.

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In that home, to thee brightest and best upon earth,
Where the spirits thou lovest are yearning to greet thee,
When round the light of the household hearth,
The smiles and the tears of affection greet thee,
Mid the beam of the smile and the glow of the tear,
Shall a thought ever whisper "I wish he were here?"

For if life were changed, and its beamings of gladness,
Were shrouded in gloom by the veil of sorrow,
And the pale cold shade of unaltered sadness,
Found no ray of hope in the coming morrow;
Each pang could but render more precious to me,
The friendship of M***, the beauty of B.

MORNA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES

Written on being accused of coldness of character and manners by some friends—1830.

They call me cold—they know me not, nor can they understand
The warmth of my affections, by the breeze of *kindness* fanned;
My feelings may not show themselves in countenance or voice,
But my *heart* can weep with those who weep—with those who sing, rejoice!
My best affections lie concealed—I bring them not to light,
For I know that those with whom I dwell can never read them right;
But their fountain, tho' it calmly flow, is warm and full and deep,
And the stream of love within my breast, tho' *silent*, does not *sleep*.
To all the dearest ties of life I cling most tenderly;
And the few whose unbought love is mine, compose the world to me:
It is not those who feel the most their feelings best express,
Nor those the most sincerely fond, who with the *tongue* can bless—
The paltry counterfeit may shine with radiancy as bright
As the costly gem which monarchs wear—may look as pure and white;
The artificial rose may glow with a color full as fair
As the lovely flower which nature rears in sunshine and in air;
'Tis time, and time alone, can show the real gem and flower,
And time will oft on those we love, exert its magic power;
It may change the beaming smiles to frowns, kind greetings to disdain,
And cause the *seeming* friend to scorn our poverty and pain.
Oh! it is not thus with me, I know, the tide of feeling flows;
Affection may not speak in looks, but in my bosom glows,
With a warmth which time can never chill, scarce injuries suppress,
And my heart responds to every tone of the voice of tenderness.

E. A. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

On the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Girl of the Asylum at Hartford, Connecticut.

Yet deem not, though so dark her path,
Heaven strew'd no comforts o'er her lot,
Or in its bitter cup of wrath
The healing drop of balm forgot.

Oh no!—with meek, contented mind,
The needle's humble task to ply,
At the full board her place to find,
Or close in sleep the placid eye,

With order's unobtrusive charm
Her simple wardrobe to dispose,
To press of guiding care the arm,
And rove where Autumn's bounty flows,

With Touch so exquisitely true,
That vision stands astonish'd by,
To recognize with ardor due
Some friend or benefactor nigh,

Her hand mid childhood's curls to place,
From fragrant buds the breath to steal,
Of stranger-guest the brow to trace,
Are pleasures left for her to feel.

And often o'er her hour of thought,
Will burst a laugh of wildest glee,
As if the living forms she caught
On wit's fantastic drapery,

As if at length, relenting skies
In pity to her doom severe,
Had bade a mimic morning rise,
The chaos of the soul to cheer.

But who, with energy divine,
May tread that undiscover'd maze,
Where Nature, in her curtain'd shrine,
The strange and new-born Thought arrays?

Where quick perception shrinks to find
On eye and ear the envious seal,
And wild ideas throng the mind,
Which palsied speech may ne'er reveal;

Where instinct, like a robber bold,
Steals sever'd links from Reason's chain,
And leaping o'er her barrier cold
Proclaims the proud precaution vain:

Say, who shall with magician's wand
That elemental mass compose,
Where young affections pure and fond
Sleep like the germ mid wintry snows?

Who, in that undecipher'd scroll
The mystic characters may see,
Save Him who reads the secret soul,
And holds of life and death the key?

Then, on thy midnight journey roam,
Poor wandering child of rayless gloom,
And to thy last and narrow home
Drop gently from this living tomb.

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Yes, uninterpreted and drear,
Toil onward with benighted mind,
Still kneel at prayers thou canst not hear,
And grope for truth thou may'st not find.

No scroll of friendship or of love,
Must breathe its language o'er thy heart,
Nor that Blest Book which guides above,
Its message to thy soul impart.

But Thou who didst on Calvary die,
Flows not thy mercy wide and free?
Thou, who didst rend of *death* the tie,
Is *Nature's* seal too strong for thee?

And Thou, oh Spirit pure, whose rest
Is with the lowly, contrite train,
Illume the temple of her breast,
And cleanse of latent ill the stain.

That she whose pilgrimage below
Was night that never hoped a morn,
That undeclining day may know
Which of eternity is born.

The great transition who can tell?
When from the ear its seal shall part
Where countless lyres seraphic swell,
And holy transport thrills the heart.

When the chain'd tongue, which ne'er might pour
The broken melodies of time,
Shall to the highest numbers soar,
Of everlasting praise sublime,

When those blind orbs which ne'er might trace
The features of their kindred clay,
Shall scan of Deity the face,
And glow with rapture's deathless ray.

L. H. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

AN ELEGY

Sacred to the memory of the infant children of S. M. and C. W. S. of Campbell county, Va. By Frederic Speece.

O, they were rose-buds, fresh and bright,
Fair flow'rets breathing of delight;
Young cherubs from a happier sphere,
Too gently sweet to linger here.

The rose-buds withered ere their bloom,
The flow'rets strewed an early tomb,
The gentle cherubs tasted pain,
Then sought their native skies again.

Infants are bright immortal things
Though robed in feeble, dying clay:
Death but unfolds their silken wings,
And speeds their joyful flight away;

Beyond these cold, sublunar skies,
They seek a home among the blest;
On strong unwearied pinions rise,
Cleave the blue vault and are at rest.

What though no marble may attest
Where slumber lone their cold remains,
Their little cares are hushed to rest,
And terminated all their pains.

Nor Fame may deign a feeble blast,
To tell the world that *they have been;*
Nor snatch the record of the past
From the dark grave that locks it in.

Barren the theme—the legend trite
Of joys or griefs it could reveal—
The interchange of shade and light
That all *have* felt and all *must* feel.

Though grief has lost its keener edge,
Remembrance lingers where they lie,
To muse on ev'ry precious pledge
The loved ones left beneath the sky.

And ere oblivion's ebon wing
Sweep ev'ry vestige from the spot,
Affection shall its off'rings bring,
Nor leave them to be quite forgot.

Each lovely flow'r and drooping bell—
Bright daughters of the op'ning year,—
Those beauteous things they loved so well
Shall weep their annual tribute here.

Through dreary Winter's storm and cold,
These sleep from all his terrors free—
Again their blooming sweets unfold,
Emblem of all that they shall be.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SONNET.

BY ALEX. LACEY BEARD.

Sunset is past,—and now while all is still,
And softly o'er the plain the moonbeams fall,
I'll hold communion with myself and call
From mem'ry's caverns, feelings deep, that fill
My soul with gladness. * * * Now I feel the thrill
Of past delights;—I stand in that old hall,
My friends surround me,—yes, I see them all:—
My heart grows faint, my eyes with tear-drops fill.

And now they vanish, from my sight they go.
Farewell ye loved ones, we shall meet again
As oft we've met, at the dim twilight's wane;—
In dreams and visions which shall brightly show
Your sunny faces, and shall bring the glow
Of by-gone joys, back to my soul again.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO MARY.

Mary, amid the cares—the woes
Crowding around my earthly path,
(Sad path, alas! where grows
Not ev'n one lonely rose,)
My soul at least a solace hath
In dreams of thee, and therein knows
An Eden of sweet repose.

And thus thy memory is to me
Like some enchanted, far-off isle,
In some tumultuous sea—
Some lake beset as lake can be
With storms—but where, meanwhile,
Serenest skies continually
Just o'er that one bright island smile.

E. A. P.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE VISIONARY—A TALE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Stay for me there! I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.

[*Erequy on the death of his wife, by Henry King, Bishop of Chichester.*

Ill-fated and mysterious man! Bewildered in the brilliancy of thine own imagination, and fallen in the flames of thine own youth! Again in fancy I behold thee! Once more thy form hath risen before me!—not—oh not as thou art—in the cold valley and shadow—but as thou *shouldst be*—squandering away a life of magnificent meditation in that city of dim visions, thine own Venice—which is a star-beloved elysium of the sea, and the wide windows of whose Palladian palaces look down with a deep and bitter meaning upon the secrets of her silent waters. Yes! I repeat it—as thou *shouldst be*. There are surely other worlds than this—other thoughts than the thoughts of the multitude—other speculations than the speculations of the sophist. Who then shall call thy conduct into question? Who blame thee for thy visionary hours, or denounce those occupations as a wasting away of life, which were but the overflowings of thine everlasting energies?

It was at Venice, beneath the covered archway there called the *Ponte di Sospiri*, that I met for the third or fourth time the person of whom I speak. It is with a confused recollection that I bring to mind the circumstances of that meeting. Yet I remember—ah! how should I forget?—the deep midnight, the Bridge of Sighs, the beauty of woman, and the demon of romance, who stalked up and down the narrow canal.

It was a night of unusual gloom. The great clock of the piazza had sounded the fifth hour of the Italian evening. The square of the Campanile lay silent and deserted, and the lights in the old Ducal Palace were dying fast away. I was returning home from the Piazetta, by way of the Grand Canal. But as my gondola arrived opposite the mouth of the canal San Marco, a female voice from its recesses broke suddenly upon the night, in one wild, hysterical, and long continued shriek. Startled at the sound, I sprang upon my feet: while the gondolier, letting slip his single oar, lost it in the pitchy darkness beyond a chance of recovery, and we were, consequently, left to the guidance of the current which here sets from the greater into the smaller channel. Like some huge and sable-feathered Condor, we were slowly drifting down towards the Bridge of Sighs, when a thousand flambeaus flashing from the windows, and down the stair-cases of the Ducal Palace, turned all at once that deep gloom to a livid and supernatural day.

A child, slipping from the arms of its own mother, had fallen from an upper window of the lofty structure into the deep and dim canal. The quiet waters had closed placidly over their victim; and, although my own gondola was the only one in sight, many a stout swimmer, already in the stream, was seeking in vain upon the surface, the treasure which was to be found, alas! only within the abyss. Upon the broad, black marble flagstones, at the entrance of the palace, and a few steps above the water stood a figure which none who then saw can have ever since forgotten. It was the Marchesa Aphrodite—the adoration of all Venice—the gayest of the gay—the most lovely where all were beautiful—but still the young wife of the old and intriguing Mentoni—and the mother of that fair child, her first and only one, who now deep beneath the murky water, was thinking in bitterness of heart upon her sweet caresses, and exhausting its little life in struggles to call upon her name.

She stood alone. Her small, bare, and silvery feet gleamed in the black mirror of marble beneath her. Her hair, not as yet more than half loosened for the night from its ball-room array, clustered amid a shower of diamonds, round and round her classical head, in curls like the young hyacinth. A snowy white and gauze-like drapery seemed to be nearly the sole covering to her delicate form—but the midsummer and midnight air was hot, sullen, and still, and no motion—no shadow of motion in that statue-like form itself, stirred even the folds of that raiment of very vapor which hung around it as the heavy marble hangs around the Niobe. Yet—strange to say!—her large lustrous eyes were not turned downwards upon that grave wherein her brightest hope lay buried—but riveted in a widely different direction! The prison of the Old Republic is, I think, the stateliest building in all Venice—but how could that lady gaze so fixedly upon it, when beneath her lay stifling her only child? Yon dark gloomy niche too yawns right opposite her chamber window—what, then, *could* there be in its shadows—in its architecture—in its ivy-wreathed and solemn cornices that the Marchesa di Mentoni had not wondered at a thousand times before? Nonsense! Who does not remember that, at such a time as this, the eye, like a shattered mirror, multiplies the images of its sorrow, and sees in innumerable far off places, the woe which is close at hand.

Many steps above the Marchesa, and within the arch of the Water-Gate, stood in full dress, the Satyr-like figure of Mentoni himself. He was occasionally occupied in thrumming a guitar, and seemed *ennuied* to the very death, as at intervals he gave directions for the recovery of his child. Stupified and aghast, I had myself no power to move from the upright position I had assumed upon first hearing the shriek, and must have presented to the eyes of the agitated group, a spectral and ominous appearance, as, with pale countenance and rigid limbs, I floated down among them in that funereal gondola.

All efforts proved in vain. Many of the most energetic in the search were relaxing their exertions, and yielding to a gloomy sorrow. There seemed but little hope for the child—but now, from the interior of that dark niche which has been already mentioned as forming a part of the Old Republican Prison, and as fronting the lattice of the Marchesa, a figure, muffled in a cloak stepped out within reach of the light, and pausing a moment upon the verge of the giddy descent, plunged headlong into the canal. As, in an instant afterwards, he stood with the still living and breathing child within his grasp upon the marble flagstones by the side of the Marchesa, his cloak heavy with the drenching water became unfastened, and, falling in folds about his feet, discovered to the wonder-stricken spectators, the graceful person of a very young man, with the sound of whose name the greater part of Europe was then ringing.

No word spoke the deliverer. But the Marchesa!

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She will now receive her child—she will press it to her heart—she will cling to its little form, and smother it with her caresses. Alas! *mother's* arms have taken it from the stranger—*another's* arms have taken it away, and borne it afar off, unnoticed, into the palace! And the Marchesa! Her lip—her beautiful lip trembles: tears are gathering in her eyes—those eyes which, like Pliny's own Acanthus, are "soft and almost liquid." Yes! tears are gathering in those eyes—and see! the entire woman thrills throughout the soul, and the statue has started into life! The pallor of the marble countenance, the swelling of the marble bosom, the very purity of the marble feet, we behold suddenly flushed over with a tide of ungovernable crimson; and a slight shudder quivers about her delicate frame, as a gentle air at Napoli about the rich silver lilies in the grass. Why *should* that lady blush? To this demand there is no answer—except that, having left in the eager haste and terror of a mother's heart, the privacy of her own *boudoir*, she has neglected to enthral her tiny feet in their slippers; and utterly forgotten to throw over her Venitian shoulders that drapery which is their due. What other possible reason could there have been for her so blushing?—for the glance of those wild appealing eyes?—for the unusual tumult of that throbbing bosom?—for the convulsive pressure of that trembling hand?—that hand which fell, as Mentoni turned into the palace, accidentally, upon the hand of the stranger. What reason could there have been for the low—the singularly low tone of those unmeaning words which the lady uttered hurriedly in bidding him adieu? "Thou hast conquered"—she said, or the murmurs of the water deceived me—"thou hast conquered—one hour after sunrise—we shall meet—so let it be."

* * * * * *

The tumult had subsided, the lights had died away within the palace, and the stranger, whom I now recognized, stood alone upon the flags. He shook with inconceivable agitation, and his eye glanced around in search of a gondola. I could not do less than offer him the service of my own, and he accepted the civility. Having obtained an oar at the Water-Gate, we proceeded together to his residence, while he rapidly recovered his self-possession, and spoke of our former slight acquaintance in terms of great apparent cordiality.

There are some subjects upon which I take pleasure in being minute. The person of the stranger—let me call him by this title, who to all the world was still a stranger—the person of the stranger is one of these subjects. In height he might have been below rather than above the medium size: although there were moments of intense passion when his frame actually *expanded* and belied the assertion. The light, almost *slender* symmetry of his figure, promised more of that ready activity which he evinced at the Bridge of Sighs, than of that Herculean strength which he has been known to wield without an effort, upon occasions of more dangerous emergency. With the mouth and chin of a deity—a nose like those delicate creations of the mind to be found only in the medallions of the Hebrew—singular, wild, full, liquid eyes, whose shadows varied from pure hazel to intense and brilliant jet, and a profusion of glossy, black hair, from which a forehead rather low than otherwise, gleamed forth at intervals all light and ivory—his were features than which I have seen none more classically regular, except, perhaps, the marble ones of the Emperor Commodus. Yet his countenance was, nevertheless, one of those which all men have seen at some period of their lives, and have never afterwards seen again. It had no peculiar—I wish to be perfectly understood—it had no *settled predominant expression* to be fastened upon the memory; a countenance seen and instantly forgotten—but forgotten with a vague and never-ceasing desire of recalling it to mind. Not that the spirit of each rapid passion failed at any time, to throw its own distinct image upon the mirror of that face—but that the mirror, mirror-like, retained no vestige of the passion, when the passion had departed.

Upon leaving him on the night of our adventure, he solicited me, in what I thought an urgent manner, to call upon him *very* early the next morning. Shortly after sunrise, I found myself accordingly at his Palazzo, one of those huge piles of gloomy, yet fantastic grandeur, which tower above the waters of the Grand Canal in the vicinity of the Rialto. I was shown up a broad winding staircase of mosaics, into an apartment whose unparalleled splendor burst through the opening door with an actual glare, making me sick and dizzy with luxuriousness.

I knew my acquaintance to be wealthy. Report had spoken of his possessions in terms which I had even ventured to call terms of ridiculous exaggeration. But as I gazed about me, I could not bring myself to believe that the wealth of any subject in Europe could have supplied the far more than imperial magnificence which burned and blazed around.

Although, as I say, the sun had arisen, yet the room was still brilliantly lighted up. I judged from this circumstance, as well as from an air of exhaustion in the countenance of my friend, that he had not retired to bed during the whole of the preceding night. In the architecture and embellishments of the chamber, the evident design had been to dazzle and astound. Little attention had been paid to the *decora* of what is technically called *keeping*, or to the proprieties of nationality. The eye wandered from object to object, and rested upon none—neither the *grotesques* of the Greek painters—nor the sculptures of the best Italian days—nor the huge carvings of untutored Egypt. Rich draperies in every part of the room trembled to the vibrations of low, melancholy music, whose unseen origin, undoubtedly lay in the recesses of the crimson trelliss work which tapestried the ceiling. The senses were oppressed by mingled and conflicting perfumes, reeking up from strange Arabesque censers, which seemed actually endued with a monstrous vitality, as their particolored fires writhed up and down, and around about their extravagant proportions. The rays of the newly risen sun poured in upon the whole, through windows formed each of a single pane of crimson-tinted glass. Glancing to and fro, in a thousand reflections, from curtains which rolled from their cornices like cataracts of molten silver, the beams of natural glory mingled at length fitfully with the artificial light, and lay weltering in subdued masses upon a carpet of rich, liquid looking cloth of Chili gold. Here then had the hand of genius been at work. A chaos—a wilderness of beauty lay before me. A sense of dreamy and incoherent gran-

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deur took possession of my soul, and I remained within the door-way speechless.

Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—laughed the proprietor, motioning me to a seat, and throwing himself back at full length upon an ottoman. "I see," said he, perceiving that I could not immediately reconcile myself to the *bienseance* of so singular a welcome—"I see you are astonished at my apartment—at my statues—my pictures—my originality of conception in architecture and upholstery—absolutely drunk, eh? with my magnificence. But pardon me, my dear sir, (here his tone of voice dropped to the very spirit of cordiality) pardon me, my dear sir, for my uncharitable laughter. You appeared so *utterly* astonished. Besides, some things are so completely ludicrous that a man *must* laugh or die. To die laughing must be the most glorious of all glorious deaths! Sir Thomas More--a very fine man was Sir Thomas More—Sir Thomas More died laughing, you remember. Also there is a long list of characters who came to the same magnificent end, in the *Absurdities* of Ravisius Textor. Do you know, however,"—continued he musingly—"that at Sparta (which is now Palæochori), at Sparta, I say, to the west of the citadel, among a chaos of scarcely visible ruins, is a kind of *socle* upon which are still legible the letters ΛΑΣΜ. They are undoubtedly part of ΓΕΛΑΣΜΑ. Now at Sparta were a thousand temples and shrines to a thousand different divinities. How exceedingly strange that the altar of Laughter should have survived all the others! But in the present instance"—he resumed, with a singular alteration of voice and manner—"in the present instance I have no right to be merry at your expense. You might well have been amazed. Europe cannot produce anything so fine as this, my little regal cabinet. My other apartments are by no means of the same order—mere *ultras* of fashionable insipidity. This is better than fashion—is it not? Yet this has but to be seen to become the rage—that is with those who could afford it at the cost of their entire patrimony. I have guarded, however, against any such profanation. With one exception you are the only human being besides myself, who has been admitted within the mysteries of these imperial precints."

I bowed in acknowledgement: for the overpowering sense of splendor and perfume, and music, together with the unexpected eccentricity of his address and manner, prevented me from expressing in words my appreciation of what I might have construed into a compliment.

"Here"--he resumed, arising and leaning on my arm as he sauntered around the apartment—"here are paintings from the Greeks to Cimabue, and from Cimabue to the present hour. Many are chosen, as you see, with little deference to the opinions of Virtù. They are all, however, fitting tapestry for a chamber such as this. Here too, are some *chef d'œuvres* of the unknown great—and here unfinished designs by men, celebrated in their day, whose very names the perspicacity of the academies has left to silence and to me. What think you"—said he, turning abruptly as he spoke—"what think you of this Madonna della Pietà?

"It is Guido's own!" I said, with all the enthusiasm of my nature, for I had been poring intently over its surpassing loveliness. "It is Guido's own!—how *could* you have obtained it?—she is undoubtedly in painting what the Venus is in sculpture."

"Ha!" said he, thoughtfully, "the Venus?—the beautiful Venus—the Venus of the Medicis?—she of the gilded hair?—the work of Cleomenes, the son of the Athenian? Part of the left arm (here his voice dropped so as to be heard with difficulty,) and all the right are restorations, and in the coquetry of that right arm lies, I think, the quintessence of all affectation. The Apollo too!—is a copy—there can be no doubt of it—blind fool that I am, who cannot behold the boasted inspiration of the Apollo! I cannot help—pity me!—I cannot help preferring the Antinous. Was it not Socrates who said that the statuary *found his statue in the block of marble?* Then Michæl Angelo was by no means original in his couplet—

> 'Non ha l'ottimo artista alcun concetto
> Chè un marmo solo in se non circunscriva.'"

* * * * * *

It has been, or should be remarked, that, in the manner of the true gentlemen, we are always aware of a difference from the bearing of the vulgar, without being at once precisely able to determine in what such difference consists. Allowing the remark to have applied in its full force to the outward demeanor of my acquaintance, I felt it, on that eventful morning, still more fully applicable to his moral temperament and character. Nor can I better define that peculiarity of spirit which seemed to place him so essentially apart from all other human beings, than by calling it a *habit* of intense and continual thought, pervading even his most trivial actions—intruding upon his moments of dalliance—and interweaving itself with his very flashes of merriment—like adders which writhe from out the eyes of the grinning masks in the cornices around the temples of Persepolis.

I could not help, however, repeatedly observing, through the mingled tone of levity and solemnity with which he rapidly descanted upon matters of little importance, a certain air of trepidation—a degree of nervous *intensity* in action and in speech—an unquiet excitability of manner, which appeared to me at all times unaccountable, and, upon some occasions, even filled me with alarm. Frequently, too, pausing in the middle of a sentence whose commencement he had apparently forgotten, he seemed to be listening in the deepest attention, as if either in momentary expectation of a visiter, or to sounds which must have had existence in his imagination alone.

It was during one of these reveries, or pauses of apparent abstraction, that, in turning over a page of the poet and scholar Politian's beautiful tragedy "The Orfeo," (the first native Italian tragedy) which lay near me upon an ottoman, I discovered a passage underlined in pencil. It was a passage towards the end of the third act—a passage of the most heart-stirring excitement—a passage which, although tainted with impurity, no man shall read without a thrill of novel emotion—no woman without a sigh. The whole page was blotted with fresh tears, and, upon the opposite interleaf, were the following lines, written in a hand so very different from the peculiar characters of my acquaintance, that I had some difficulty in recognizing it as his own.

> Thou wast that all to me, love,
> For which my soul did pine—
> A green isle in the sea, love,

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A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed around about with flowers;
And the flowers—they all were mine.

But the dream—it could not last;
And the star of Hope did rise
But to be overcast.
A voice from out the Future cries
"Onward!"—while o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies,
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For alas!—alas!—with me
Ambition—all—is o'er.
"No more—no more—no more,"
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore,)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my hours are trances;
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams,
In what ethereal dances,
By what Italian streams.

Alas! for that accursed time
They bore thee o'er the billow,
From Love to titled age and crime,
And an unholy pillow—
From me, and from our misty clime,
Where weeps the silver willow!

That these lines were written in English—a language with which I had not believed their author acquainted—afforded me little matter for surprise. I was too well aware of the extent of his acquirements, and of the singular pleasure he took in concealing them from observation, to be astonished at any similar discovery; but the place of date, I must confess, occasioned me no little amazement. It had been originally written *London*, and afterwards carefully overscored—but not, however, so effectually, as to conceal the word from a scrutinizing eye. I say this occasioned me no little amazement; for I well remember that, in a former conversation with my friend, I particularly inquired if he had at any time met in London the Marchesa di Mentoni, (who for some years previous to her marriage had resided in that city,) when his answer, if I mistake not, gave me to understand that he had never visited the metropolis of Great Britain. I might as well here mention, that I have more than once heard, (without of course giving credit to a report involving so many improbabilities,) that the person of whom I speak was not only by birth, but in education an *Englishman*.

* * * * *

"There is one painting," said he, without being aware of my notice of the tragedy—"there is still one painting which you have not seen." And throwing aside a drapery, he discovered a full length portrait of the Marchesa Aphrodite.

Human art could have done no more in the delineation of her superhuman beauty. The same ethereal figure which stood before me the preceding night upon the steps of the Ducal Palace, stood before me once again. But in the expression of the countenance, which was beaming all over with smiles, there still lurked (incomprehensible anomaly!) that fitful stain of melancholy which will ever be found inseparable from the perfection of the beautiful. Her right arm lay folded over her bosom. With her left she pointed downwards to a curiously fashioned vase. One small, fairy foot, alone visible, barely touched the earth—and, scarcely discernible in the brilliant atmosphere which seemed to encircle and enshrine her loveliness, floated a pair of the most delicately imagined wings. My glance fell from the painting to the figure of my friend, and the vigorous words of Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois* quivered instinctively upon my lips—

"He is up
There like a Roman statue! He will stand
Till Death hath made him marble!"

"Come!" he said at length, turning towards a table of richly enamelled and massive silver, upon which were a few goblets fantastically stained, together with two large Etruscan vases, fashioned in the same extraordinary model as that in the foreground of the portrait, and filled with what I supposed to be Vin de Barâc. "Come!" he said abruptly, "let us drink! It is early—but let us drink! It is *indeed* early," he continued thoughtfully as a cherub with a heavy golden hammer, made the apartment ring with the first hour after sunrise—"It is *indeed* early, but what matters it? let us drink! Let us pour out an offering to the solemn sun, which these gaudy lamps and censers are so eager to subdue!" And, having made me pledge him in a bumper, he swallowed in rapid succession several goblets of the wine.

"To dream," he continued, resuming the tone of his desultory conversation, as he held up to the rich light of a censer one of the magnificent vases—"to dream has been the business of my life. I have therefore framed for myself, as you see, a bower of dreams. In the heart of Venice could I have erected a better? You behold around you, it is true, a medley of architectural embellishments. The chastity of Ionia is offended by antediluvian devices, and the sphynxes of Egypt are stretching upon carpets of gold. Yet the effect is incongruous to the timid alone. Proprieties of place, and especially of time, are the bugbears which terrify mankind from the contemplation of the magnificent. *Once* I was myself *a decorist*: but that sublimation of folly has palled upon my soul. All this is now the fitter for my purpose. Like these Arabesque censers, my spirit is writhing in fire, and the delirium of this scene is fashioning me for the wilder visions of that land of real dreams whither I am now rapidly departing." Thus saying, he confessed the power of the wine, and threw himself at full length upon an ottoman.

A quick step was now heard upon the staircase, and a loud knock at the door rapidly succeeded. I was hastening to anticipate a second disturbance, when a page of Mentoni's household burst into the room, and faltered out, in a voice chokeing with emotion, the incoherent words, "My mistress!—my mistress!—poisoned!—poisoned! Oh beautiful—oh beautiful Aphrodite!"

Bewildered, I flew to the ottoman, and endeavored to arouse the sleeper to a sense of the startling intelligence. But his limbs were rigid—his lips were livid—his lately beaming eyes were riveted in *death*. I staggered back towards the table—my hand fell upon a cracked and blackened goblet—and a consciousness of the entire and terrible truth flashed suddenly over my soul.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

PETER'S MOUNTAIN.

An extract from the unpublished Journal of a Tourist.

The third and last mountain over which the traveller passes, as he proceeds from Fincastle to the Sweet Springs, is Peter's Mountain—here called the Sweet Spring Mountain. This is, on several accounts, one of the most remarkable mountains in Virginia. It is remarkable, in the first place, for the appearance of regularity which it presents to the eye of the traveller, when viewed from the west. It extends sixty or seventy miles, between Jackson river on the north, and New river on the south, apparently in a straight line, and of nearly a uniform elevation. But this is not its whole extent. The mountain north of Jackson river, and that south of New river, are evidently continuations of the same mountain, and exhibit the same unbroken and regular appearance. While on the east there are numerous spurs extending from it in every direction, there is nothing of the kind observable on the west. Were it not for the magnitude of this mountain, its elevation, and its peculiar structure, we might readily have imagined it to be, like the Chinese wall, the work of man, constructed by the line and the plummet, in a former age, as a bulwark of defence, by some hardier race than ours; but these point us to the heavens for its great original.

As we looked back upon it from the valley on its west, our thoughts reverted to the period, when the red men of the forest took up the line of march, and relinquished the east to the peaceable possession of their treacherous invaders. Here, it was natural to suppose, they halted, and pitched their tents, and constructed their villages, and began again to feel as though they were "monarchs of all they surveyed." As they looked upon the mountain behind them, feelings of security would be restored, and they would consider this mountain as a barrier, reared by the Great Spirit for their protection.

"It is true, the white men made them wings—they flapped the winds, and passed over the wide waters, and up the big rivers. They gathered on the plains—they cleared the land, and made it theirs. But their wings were made for the waters, and not for the rugged mountains—and their feet are tender—they cannot encounter the flinty rock. Here, then, shall the waves of pride and oppression be stayed. Here may our wives and our children once more sit them down secure from foes, and build their fires, and gather their nuts, while we chase the deer and the buffalo in the far off west." Such we may suppose to have been the reflections of some savage chieftain, *nescius auræ fallacis*, as he looked upon the lofty, and seemingly interminable mountain bulwark before him. But, if such they were, they proved deceptive. A few revolving years passed away, and the white man was again on his borders. His track was seen on the mountain, and the stroke of his axe, and the shrill sound of his rifle were heard in the hollows. A few years more, and the Indian again disappeared, and the white man stood in his place—and the green grass grew, and the corn-blade rustled, and the farm house was seen, where once stood the rude villages, in which the chieftains had told the tale of the white man's fraud, and of their own and their father's wrong, and their own and their father's valor.

The circumstance which, more than any other, renders this mountain remarkable, is its intersection with that chain of mountains known as the Alleghany, which divides the waters that flow east into the Atlantic, from those which flow west into the Ohio and Mississippi. At about an equal distance between the Sweet Springs and Peterton, or the Grey Sulphur, the Alleghany dips under this mountain, and emerges again on its eastern side. The principal branches of the James river, head on the west of Peter's Mountain, but east of the Alleghany; while New river, the principal branch of the Great Kanawha, arises far to the east of Peter's Mountain, though west of the Alleghany. The waters of the Warm, Hot and Sweet Springs pass off to the ocean through the James river; while those of the White, Salt, Red and Grey Sulphur communicate with the Ohio, through the Kanawha.

This mountain, though uniform in its outline, is sufficiently variegated in other respects. In some places it sustains heavy forests, and is arable nearly to its summit; while in other places it is nearly denuded, sustaining only a stinted shrubbery. In some places, the large masses of sandstone which project near its summit, exhibit the most grotesque and romantic appearance. In the neighborhood of the Hot and Warm Springs, there are several very picturesque views. There is one in particular, which seen at the distance of three, four or five miles, has the appearance of a village in ruins, with some of its public edifices standing, and numerous villas or country mansions in a dilapidated state, scattered around it. In the skirts of this rocky village, is what appears to be an extensive burying-ground, with its vaults and tomb-stones, protecting the dust of the dead from the unhallowed tread of the living. In other places, the projections are less extensive, and resemble fortified outposts. As one gazes on such scenes, the mind is involuntarily led back to former ages, and the spectator is apt to fancy that he views one of the castles or fortified places, in which were transacted the tragical events of which he had heard or read in the records of a feudal age.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE DUEL.

"McCarthy is no more!" said George, as I rushed out on learning his arrival from the scene of conflict. "Raymond reserved his fire; then deliberately taking aim, sent his ball through the heart of our gallant friend, who stood firm and undaunted to receive his fire."

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "was there no man present whose humanity prompted him to interpose for the prevention of so murderous a deed?"

"The attempt was made," said George, "but unavailingly. Raymond was the challenged party, and with a savage sternness of purpose insisted on his right, according to the rules which were agreed upon to govern the conflict."

"He is a hardened villain," cried I, "stained with the blood of four victims; and palsied be the hand that

has robbed society of so pure and generous a spirit as McCarthy's."

Struck with horror at the occurrence, and overwhelmed with sorrow at the loss of so worthy a friend, needing consolation myself rather than capable of affording any, I hurried nevertheless to the house of the deceased, to share, if not to alleviate the sufferings of his bereaved mother and sister. Never, never shall I forget the scene which there awaited me. The lifeless body of McCarthy, weltering in his own blood, lay extended on a large folding table. The ball had entered the right side, and with fatal energy had passed through the body, leaving a corresponding wound on the left. The mother and sister, with disordered hair and the wild expression of maniacs, stood at either side of the corpse, applying their mouths to the wounds from which the blood was still oozing; nor could anything short of absolute violence withdraw them from the body. They wept not—they spoke not; but in all the wild impassioned energy of despair, kept their mouths still applied to the gaping wounds of the son and brother.

The deceased was a young gentleman, who inherited a handsome estate in the south of Ireland. He had but the year before become of age, and returned from Trinity College, where his vigorous understanding and zeal in the pursuit of literature had won for him the first honors of that venerable institution. Frank, generous and beneficent, he seemed intent on applying the energies of his active mind and the resources of an ample fortune, to the moral and physical improvement of his tenantry and dependants. A year of unexampled scarcity, gave him an early opportunity of developing those generous purposes of his pure and elevated mind. To the lower classes of his tenantry he remitted a part of their rents, and to the surrounding poor he distributed provisions, exacting from them in return, only increased attention to cleanliness and neatness in their persons and dwellings. He had besides a large tract of unreclaimed peat land, on which, at proper intervals, he erected comfortable stone dwellings, and let portions of this land to the industrious poor, requiring no rent from them except the application to the soil which they were to cultivate for their own benefit, of some bushels of lime, easily procured from the contiguous quarries. Thus, in a very short period, he effected a perceptible change in the condition of his tenantry, while he was in fact developing new resources for the indulgence of further beneficence. His tenantry already looked to him as a friend and protector; they submitted their difficulties to his arbitration, and applied to him for redress for their grievances, when oppressed or maltreated by any of the petty gentry of the vicinage. In addition to this generous devotion to their interests, McCarthy possessed advantages, which are no where more fully appreciated than among the imaginative and half chivalrous Irish peasantry. With a Moorish head, and face of the finest cast, often met with among the Milesian gentry of Ireland, he had a form developed in muscular and beautiful proportions, much above the common stature, resembling his ancestors in that particular, who from their large and muscular frames, obtained familiarly the appellation of *McCarthy Mores*. The cordial frankness of his manners too, assured the peasants who approached him, that his was no affected interest in their welfare and happiness. Thus endowed with every quality of mind, heart and person that could win esteem and confidence, was it to be wondered at that he should have become, almost at once, the idol of a warm-hearted and grateful people? Alas! they had too many opportunities of contrasting his kindness and generosity, with the indifference, if not harshness of neighboring landlords; or with the odious oppressions of mercenary agents to whom they confided their estates. To this latter class Raymond belonged; he was one of that wretched faction that so long kept Ireland in degradation. A Palatine by extraction—a member of the Orange Club—distinguished for his zeal in the unholy objects of that mischievous and once powerful association—without fortune and without education, save a limited knowledge of accounts, he possessed cunning and contrivance enough to win his way to the agency of a large estate, belonging to an absentee nobleman, who appeared once in three years among his tenantry, only to exasperate their feelings by walking at the head of an Orange procession. Raymond had a pecuniary claim against one of the humblest of McCarthy's tenantry, and in the hour of his greatest need, was enforcing it with the spirit of a Shylock. McCarthy remonstrated—offered to insure the payment, if he would extend the time until the ripening crop should enable the poor man to meet the demand. Raymond insultingly refused—charged McCarthy with rendering the tenantry of the surrounding country insubordinate to their landlords, and creating discontent among his neighbor's tenantry, by ill-timed indulgence to his own; and intimated in McCarthy a purpose inconsistent with loyalty to his sovereign. Unhappily, instead of inflicting on the miscreant the punishment which his strong arm could so easily have enforced, yielding to a barbarous usage which his better judgment must have condemned, McCarthy sent him a hostile message on the following morning. Proud of meeting such an antagonist—conscious of his unerring dexterity in the use of a weapon which on three former occasions had been fatally true in his hands—and anxious to remove a neighbor whose virtues and whose energy were a painful rebuke, and promised to be a troublesome check on his own views—Raymond gladly accepted the challenge, and dictated through his friend, as vindictive as himself, the terms of the combat. The result is known; and long shall the impressions made by that result, leave their traces in the breasts of the inhabitants of Kenmare. Amidst the general sorrow for what was regarded as a public bereavement, there was one heart on which it fell with a blight that withered every joy, and dried up at its very source the fountain of every hope. The mother and the daughter were privileged in their wailings; but there was one, who had received from him only the first evidences of newly kindled love, but who, silent and unobserved, had reposed on that evidence, slight though it was, all that she hoped for of earthly felicity. It was Ellen—to whom an expression of tenderness which her love made her interpret aright, and a hurried earnestness of manner in his last adieu, had whispered that the heart in which she had unconsciously garnered up her happiness, reciprocated a feeling which she strove to conceal even from herself. Daily intercourse with both, too plainly told me that the world contained but

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one being capable of interesting Ellen. I saw the wasting of a flame, which I feared would consume her; and believing her every way worthy of my noble-hearted friend, I sought to fix his attention on the charms of her person, and the elegance and purity of her mind, without wounding his delicacy by an intimation that I believed he had any hold on her affections. At first his mind was so occupied with schemes for ameliorating the condition of his tenantry, that they seemed to render him indifferent to all besides. The natural enjoyments of his age and station seemed to be shut out by these thoughts; and it was only when the approach of the fatal rencontre with Raymond caused him to look more closely into the recesses of his own breast, that McCarthy felt that Ellen was not to him an object of indifference. He sought her presence the evening before his fall. There was in his manner that which told the watchful eye of a lover that her love was returned. Yet he breathed no word of love—he sought no pledge of affection, lest the event of the morrow should pierce too deeply a heart which he now felt he would not wound for the world. Leaving to other friends the task of consoling, if possible, the distracted relatives of the deceased, I sought the home of Ellen. I found her alone; she started wildly on seeing me.

"Is it true?" she exclaimed; "is he dead? Say, is McCarthy dead?"

"It is too true, Ellen," said I; "our friend—our generous, noble-hearted friend, has fallen by the hands of a privileged assassin."

"*Friend!*" said Ellen impetuously, "he was to me—" and checking herself in the expression which to me was not necessary to convey what she meant, she sunk back, relaxed and colorless, into her chair; her bosom heaved as if contending with a tide of emotions—she sobbed hysterically, and at last found temporary relief in a flood of tears.

Poor Ellen, alas! the relief was but temporary. The wild tide of passionate sorrow, it is true, subsided soon; but it had left deep furrows in the broken heart of Ellen, which time could not efface. Her spirits sunk daily; her beautifully rounded figure became lank and attenuated; her eye lost its lustre, and she shrunk instinctively from the gaze of all, as if anxious to hide the secret of that grief which was consuming her. Her physicians recommended change of air and scene; they were tried—but no scene had a charm, no air had a balm for poor Ellen.

Twelve months rolled by, and a gloomy pageant was seen passing through the streets of Kenmare; that pageant was conducting to the family vault, the lifeless remains of Ellen Mahony.

The fatal ball which drank the life's blood of the generous McCarthy, broke also the heart of Ellen. Nor were they the only victims immolated on the altar of a false honor. The mother of McCarthy sunk prematurely into the grave; and his lovely sister continued to manifest for many years, by occasional fits of melancholy madness, the severe shock which her heart and understanding had received from the premature fall of an idolized brother.

The pursuit of professional knowledge called me far away from the scene of these occurrences. The fate of McCarthy and Ellen presented itself less frequently to my mind, occluded by new scenes and avocations. In 1818, six years after the fatal catastrophe, I returned to visit, for the last time, my relatives in Kenmare. Mary, the lovely sister of my murdered friend, bereft of every nearer relative, was residing with her uncle, a distinguished officer of the Irish Brigade, who with a constitution broken down by the fatigues of an eventful life, had retired to a small estate near the lakes of Killarney. I owed it to the memory of my deceased friend, to visit the last surviving object of his affection. The day was full of freshness and beauty, and the country through which I must travel to reach the seat of Colonel McCarthy, is not surpassed by any in the world, in the wild grandeur of its scenery. The road from Kenmare winds along a chain of lakes, now narrowing into deep channels, hurrying precipitously their angry and foaming waters into reservoirs below—now expanding into broad and silvery inland seas, studded with verdant islands, blooming with Arbutus and Lauristina. From the unruffled surface of these lakes, you behold reflected, as from an expanded mirror, the images of the over-hanging mountains, wooded to their tops, and varying in the hues of the dense foliage that covers them with every varying stratum of soil, from their bases to their summits. The high and threatening Turk Mountain yields its reluctant base to the winding road. The beautiful Peninsula of Mucrus is seen in full view. Its venerable Abbey, still exhibiting traces of its former grandeur, containing within its sombre walls the slumbering remains of many a gallant knight and gentle maiden, of the humble and the great, in indiscriminate oblivion. The proud mansion of the Herberts, still in fine keeping—the long vistas opening in every direction on some cultivated villa or rich demesne; the town of Killarney, with its spires and undulating lines of white buildings; the mansions of the Kenmares, the Cronins, and O'Connells,—all seen in distant perspective, afford a coup d'œil unsurpassed in beauty and natural munificence by any in the world. As I revisited these scenes which my boyhood loved to trace, there stole upon my heart a melancholy joy; it was indeed "pleasant but mournful to the soul." The friends with whom I had enjoyed these scenes were gone, or hurried far apart by the varying engagements of busy life. To one of those friends this journey was devoted, and his virtues and his fate rose before me in vivid colors. The tear rose unbidden to my eye, and dimmed for awhile the bright scene before me. Thus attuned to melancholy, I approached about ten o'clock the residence of Colonel McCarthy. The modest but tasteful dwelling was situated on a small eminence in the centre of a basin, formed by a hill in the rear, and two projecting wings, open and expanding to the south and southeast, having in full view before it the ancient castles of Dunloe and Desmond—the beautiful lower lake and its crowning ornament, the island of Innisfallen—Ross, the majestic castle of the O'Donoghues—and to the right the bold Mountain of Tornies, with its foaming cataract, appearing to the distant eye like the giant guardian of the place, with his silvery beard flowing on his venerable breast. The grounds were tastefully laid out, and the regularity and order that was observable in all the decorations of the place, gave evidence of a superintending mind trained to discipline; while the surrounding

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scenery bespoke it an appropriate refuge for the warrior worn with toil and years.

As I approached, I beheld a female form sitting on a little eminence to the right of the house, which was decorated with a cluster of white pines. I could not mistake the light and graceful form of the beautiful Mary. It was she, much as I had beheld her six years before. Her large blue eye had the same wildness of expression which was observable in it after the death of her brother; her figure was if anything more beautiful, set off by a dress which she had selected in the wild imaginings of her sorrow, to fit her in a special manner for communion with the spirits of her mother and brother; her hair was loose, but carefully combed, flowing gracefully on her shoulders; her bust was incased in a plain white spencer, most studiously fitted to her person; and she wore hanging in loose folds around her, a pure and virgin white drapery, that was rivalled by the pellucid whiteness of her uncovered neck, hand and arm. This dress, as I afterwards learned, she always wore when the mind gave way before periodical melancholy; and its approach was too truly announced by the cautious vigilance with which she was observed to hide from her friends the preparations for her strange attire. As I approached, I saw too plainly that Mary had no thought for any object before her.

"Mary," said I, "do you not know me? do you not know E——, the friend of your brother?"

"Oh yes," said she, keeping her eye steadily fixed as on some object towards the lake. "Yes, yes," said she in a hurried manner. Then placing her soft hand gently in my arm, she said, "Go, good spirit, go; I want my mother and Sandy. See, they are coming; Mary will yet have a mother and brother."

I spoke, I reasoned, I entreated her to come with me into the presence of her uncle.

She replied with a hysterical laugh, and said, "He too is gone with them."

I turned towards the house, and all there seemed silent and full of sorrow. The Colonel's servant, with eyes swollen from weeping, replied to my inquiries about his master, that he had that morning expired, having for some days suffered intensely from the effects of his old wounds.

"And who," said I, "remains to give consolation to the poor and forlorn Mary?"

"Ah," said John, "Miss Mary is always light when any sorrow comes on the family. The Dunloe family are coming here to take Miss Mary home with them."

"God grant," said I, "she may be soothed by their kindness. Has she no attendant, John?"

"Yes sir, but my poor master said it was best not to trouble her when she is in her strange way."

I wound my way back slowly and mournfully from this house of sorrow. I have since passed from scene to scene; I have witnessed the agonies of many a breaking heart, and have been myself the subject of much sorrow and anguish; but never did I witness blight and desolation equal to that brought on the house of McCarthy by the murderous hand of Raymond.

E.

Henry County.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES.

The dove of my bosom lies bleeding,
  The hopes I once cherished are fled,
I gaze on their ruins unheeding,
  Earth's brightest is low with the dead.

The eye that with rapture was beaming,
  Is clouded in silence and gloom,
And those locks that like sunlight were gleaming,
  Are damp with the dews of the tomb.

The smile that I sought as a treasure,
  Is gone with the being who gave
To this bosom its throbbings of pleasure,
  And my heart is with her in the grave.

* * * * *

Above her the wild flowers are growing,
  They were nursed by the thoughts of her love,
They are wet by the tears that are flowing,
  And shall flow, till I greet her above.

MORNA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MY NATIVE HOME.

BY GEO. WATTERSTON.

When storms howl around me and dark tempests roll,
And Nature seems mov'd and convulsed to each pole—
When billows o'er billows tempestuously foam,
How dear is the thought of my lov'd native home.

The Laplander's breast, cold and dreary as night,
Beats wildly with transport, and throbs with delight,
When mem'ry, sad mem'ry, once chances to roam,
And recalls the past joys of his lov'd native home.

The soldier who combats at tyranny's call,
In far distant climes, where grim terrors appal,
At the last beat of life, when he ceases to roam,
While dying, remembers his dear native home.

Grim slav'ry's poor victim, long destin'd to mourn
O'er the ruins of peace that will never return,
Views with heart-bursting grief, old Ocean's white foam,
And dies as he thinks of his lov'd native home.

Misfortune's sad child, while he wanders afar,
Still guided by Destiny's mysterious star,
Heaves a sigh, while visions of intellect roam,
And paint on his mem'ry the sweets of his home.

When sorrows the cheek of remembrance bedew,
And disease, death, and misery glare dreadful to view,
How grateful, when far from our country we roam,
Are the long cherish'd thoughts of our lov'd native home.

Who wanders o'er far distant realms to enjoy
Life's baubles of pleasure and wealth's glitt'ring toy,
In his old age returns, no longer to roam,
From the long absent shades of his dear native home.

Would fortune permit me once more to return
To the cot of my youth, that in sadness I mourn,
Oh! nothing again shall induce me to roam
From the scenes, the lov'd scenes of my sweet native home.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MEMOIR OF THE AMBITIOUS LAWYER.

NO. I.

Will your honor hear me through, before you pronounce sentence.—*Old Play.*

I was the son of a country clergyman, who, passionately fond of literature himself, determined to send me into the world with a good collegiate education. I went through the course of study at the University of ——, studied hard, graduated with considerable distinction, and was very fully impressed with the idea that I was a youth of fine parts and acquirements. On leaving college, I determined to spend a twelvemonth in recreation and amusement, before I entered upon the study of a profession.

On my first introduction into the society of the active world, I expected of course, to command that homage to my superior talents and acquirements which I thought I so richly merited, and which was so willingly awarded by the young men at the University of ——. But I was not only treated with indifference, but contempt. I soon acquired the character of a conceited coxcomb—a dogmatist without knowledge or talents. Few of the enlightened part of the community condescended to converse with me on equal terms; my challenges for argument, in order to discover my abilities, were disregarded: and I had the mortification of having the reputation of a fool, without the opportunity as I thought, of correcting the impression. This treatment determined me to anticipate the time I had allotted for the commencement of the study of a profession. The consciousness that I possessed talents, and the illiberal treatment I conceived I had met with from the world, excited within me, an ambition of the most corroding nature. I was determined to extort from an envious world, that respect which I believed was so unworthily withheld. I had a restless desire to chalk out my fortunes unassisted. With a single eye to my purpose, I placed myself somewhat in a hostile attitude to the world. Such was the uncompromising nature of my pride, and such the ill-judged confidence in my own abilities, that I enjoyed no man's friendship, and sought the patronage of none. In two months after I left the University of ——, I purchased a few books, and commenced the study of the law. For two years, I gave the most unremitting, untiring attention to my books. Many nights did I toil over the dry pages of Coke, until the east was streaked with the approach of returning day. Many times was my mind so far absorbed, by intense and abstract thought, that I have been forced suddenly to throw down my books and count the tiles on the roof of the house, to recall my aberrated thoughts and prevent absolute derangement. There is always an exhilaration of feeling which attends mental excitement, that renders the life of a student happy; and, while my health remained unimpaired, my hours of study passed pleasantly away. But intense application began to affect my health, and consequently my spirits; a melancholy sat continually on my "faded brow." I became unhappy, without then knowing why; yet I never lost sight of my unalterable resolve, to make those crouch to my importance, who had once spurned me from their presence. Occasionally the idea would recur, "would it not be better to return to my social feelings, unbosom myself to my relatives, and be content with the good opinion of those with whom I associated;" but pride and ambition would soon silence such intimations of my better nature, and goad me on to the attainment of my object at any sacrifice. In looking back through a period of more than threescore years, I can distinctly recollect that sullen pride, that mortified but unsubdued ambition which shut me out from the pleasures of social intercourse, and "preyed like the canker worm, on the vitals of my repose."

On perceiving the decline of my health and spirits, my father, with little persuasion, prevailed on me to take out license and commence the practise of my profession. By devotion to my studies, I had acquired such a knowledge of the elementary works, as enabled me to pass a sustainable examination before the judges of ———. In the twenty-first year of my age, on the twenty-fifth day of October, with my license in my pocket, I set out for a distant county court. It was a fine morning; the air was bracing, but not cold. When I had mounted my horse, and set off in a brisk trot, on a level and beaten Virginia country road, I felt an exhilaration that the novelty of my purpose and the healthy nature of my exercise was well calculated to inspire. It is needless to inform the reader of the multifarious and never realized visions of distinction and applause, that my heated brain formed that day. There is something rather enervating in the young dreams of love; but the early visions of ambition instil an ardor into the soul, which nerves the faculties to the most daring enterprize, or the most laborious undertaking. Both, however, heighten self-respect, and diffuse a pleasing tranquillity over even excited feeling.

The crowd had already gathered when I reached the court house of ———. The political rivals had commenced haranguing the mob; the shrill cry of the Yankee pedler vendueing his goods, the hoarse laugh of the stout Virginia planter, the neighing of horses, the loud voice of the stump orator, and the menaces of county bullies, met for the purpose of testing their pugilistic talents, broke upon the tympanum in no agreeable confusion. Here was a group collected around a decapitated cask of whiskey, emptying its contents to the health of favorite candidates; there a collection eyeing with eagerness two combatants encircled in a ring, struggling for the acclamation of "the best man." At a respectful distance stood the man of authority, the Virginia justice, commanding the peace; but his vociferous interference only met with the response of "Hands off: fair play!" In this promiscuous assemblage, every grade of society in the county was represented. Here was the rich, unpopular aristocrat, with his lofty bearing. The representatives of old, and once rich and aristocratical families, who had left nothing but a name for their posterity, were here mingling familiarly with the plebeian herd, seeking popularity as the only step-stone to political eminence. Here was seen, also, the rich demagogue—the people's man—the frequenter of militia musters, the giver of good dinners, without distinction of guests. Here, also, was the substantial two hundred acre freeholder. Of the most conspicuous "*minora sidera*," the Kentuckian horsedrover, the horsejockey, the ganderpuller, might be mentioned. I soon passed this congregated mass, and reached the bar. One of the fraternity was kind enough to introduce me to the court and his professional brethren. It

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is useless to describe my sensations during the continuance of that term of the court. I was, generally, either entirely unnoticed, or treated with marked contempt. So undeserving and discourteous did this treatment seem, that I asked an old lawyer, who appeared rather more affable than his brethren, what it meant; he smiled, and whispered that every young lawyer, and particularly *a college lawyer*, was, *prima facie*, a fool, until he showed the contrary. I profited so much by this rough response, as to resolve to push my own way, without soliciting favor, and careless even of common courtesy.

After about four months attention to my courts, I found a world of difference between the life of a student and a lawyer. The one deals with his fellow at the most confiding and innocent age; the other deals with every variety of character, and meets with every grade of vice. When I first discovered with what a cold and selfish set of creatures I had to mingle, I became melancholy, disgusted with my profession and every thing attached to it. The fearful thought came over my mind to turn scoundrel, and manage the *world* in its own way; to "carve it like an oyster"—"to ride mankind as Pyrrhus did his elephant." But my better nature prevailed, and I determined to persevere in the difficult task of mingling with mankind and preserving my principles uncontaminated by the contact.

When we reflect what a trivial occurrence alters one's fortunes, we are ready to conclude that life is a complete game of hazard, and man the creature of circumstances. If it had not been for a singular accident, I might have toiled on through the prime of my existence, without success in my profession, and deserted it after my glittering youth was spent, a disappointed and pennyless misanthrope. I took a small "tide of fortune at its flood, and it led to glory." It was twelve months from the time I took out license, that I was touched on the arm by a stranger, who asked me if I was not Owen the lawyer? I told him I was; he then retained me to defend him in a prosecution against him for forgery, and added, that my general celebrity as a criminal advocate, had induced him to employ me. The application was of a kind so new to me, (for I had never been spoken to either for counsel or defence) that in the agitation of the moment I did not discover that I was mistaken for a lawyer of some eminence, of the same name, who attended the same court. As soon as he left me, cool reflection came, and I was convinced that I had been retained through mistake. I immediately went in search of the forger, to suggest the mistake. I met with him among a number of by-standers and a few members of the bar. As soon as he saw me, he accused me of practising a fraud upon him, by designingly confirming him in his error. I immediately turned from him, remarking that I could be no gainer by altercation with a forger. But from the reception that his charge met with among some of the by-standers and lawyers, I was impressed with the conviction that they either believed, or affected to believe, the accusation of the forger. I concealed my chagrin as well as I could until his trial came on, and availing myself of the invitation of the prosecutor to assist him, I made a speech containing the bitterest invective and perhaps the best argument that I have ever made since. As soon as I took my seat I observed approbation or envy on every countenance that met my eye, for the criminal was very opprobrious to the multitude. He was convicted by the unanimous voice of the court. I was congratulated on every side on the success of my "maiden effort," and by numbers of the obsequious crowd who previously withheld from me even the ordinary civilities of life.

NARRATOR.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CRAYON MISCELLANY, No. II. containing Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1835.

We hailed with pleasure the appearance of the first number of the Crayon Miscellany, but we knew not what a feast was preparing for us in the second. In Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey, the author of the Sketch Book is at home. By no one could this offering to the memories of Scott and Byron have been more appropriately made. It is the tribute of genius to its kindred spirits, and it breathes a sanctifying influence over the graves of the departed. The kindly feelings of Irving are beautifully developed in his description of the innocent pursuits and cheerful conversation of Sir Walter Scott, while they give a melancholy interest to the early misfortunes of Byron. He luxuriates among the scenes and associations which hallow the walls of Newstead, and warms us into admiration of the wizard of the north, by a matchless description of the man, his habits, and his thoughts. The simplicity and innocence of his heart, his domestic affections, and his warm hospitality, are presented in their most attractive forms. The scenes and the beings with which Sir Walter was surrounded, are drawn with a graphic pencil. All conduce to strengthen impressions formerly made of the goodness and beneficence of Scott's character, and to gratify the thousands who have drawn delight from his works, with the conviction that their author was one of the most amiable of his species. No man knows better than Washington Irving, the value which is placed by the world (and with justice) upon incidents connected with really great men, which seem trifling in themselves, and which borrow importance only from the individuals to whom they have relation. Hence he has given us a familiar (yet how beautiful!) picture of Abbotsford and its presiding genius; but the relics of Newstead, which his pensive muse has collected and thrown together, brightening every fragment by the lustre of his own genius, are perhaps even more attractive. He touches but a few points in Byron's early history, but they are those on which we could have wished the illumination of his researches. The whole of the details respecting Miss Chaworth, and Byron's unfortunate attachment to that lady, are in his best manner. The story of the White Lady is one of deep interest, and suits well with the melancholy thoughts connected with Newstead. An instance of monomania like that of the White Lady, has seldom been recorded; and the author has, without over-coloring the picture, presented to his readers the history of a real being, whose whole character and actions and melancholy fate belong to the regions of romance. In nothing that he has ever written, has his peculiar faculty of imparting to all he touches the coloring of his genius, been more fully displayed than in this work.

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We give a short extract from each of these sketches, although they can afford no idea of their collective charms. The conversational powers and social qualities of Sir Walter Scott, are thus described:

"The conversation of Scott was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. During the time of my visit he inclined to the comic rather than the grave, in his anecdotes and stories, and such, I was told, was his general inclination. He relished a joke, or a trait of humor in social intercourse, and laughed with right good will. He talked not for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigor of his imagination. He had a natural turn for narration, and his narratives and descriptions were without effort, yet wonderfully graphic. He placed the scene before you like a picture; he gave the dialogue with the appropriate dialect or peculiarities, and described the appearance and characters of his personages with that spirit and felicity evinced in his writings. Indeed, his conversation reminded me continually of his novels; and it seemed to me, that during the whole time I was with him, he talked enough to fill volumes, and that they could not have been filled more delightfully.

"He was as good a listener as talker, appreciating every thing that others said, however humble might be their rank or pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. He arrogated nothing to himself, but was perfectly unassuming and unpretending, entering with heart and soul into the business, or pleasure, or, I had almost said folly, of the hour and the company. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts, no one's opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot for a time his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on familiar terms, and in whose society they had felt so perfectly at their ease.

"It was delightful to observe the generous mode in which he spoke of all his literary cotemporaries, quoting the beauties of their works, and this, too, with respect to persons with whom he might be supposed to be at variance in literature or politics. Jeffrey, it was thought, had ruffled his plumes in one of his reviews, yet Scott spoke of him in terms of high and warm eulogy, both as an author and as a man.

"His humor in conversation, as in his works, was genial and free from all causticity. He had a quick perception of faults and foibles, but he looked upon poor human nature with an indulgent eye, relishing what was good and pleasant, tolerating what was frail, and pitying what was evil. It is this beneficent spirit which gives such an air of bonhommie to Scott's humor throughout all his works. He played with the foibles and errors of his fellow beings, and presented them in a thousand whimsical and characteristic lights, but the kindness and generosity of his nature would not allow him to be a satirist. I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation any more than there is throughout his works."

It is more difficult to fix upon an extract from the sketch of Newstead Abbey, but we take the following as coming within the limits of our notice:

"I was attracted to this grove, however, by memorials of a more touching character. It had been one of the favorite haunts of the late Lord Byron. In his farewell visit to the abbey, after he had parted with the possession of it, he passed some time in this grove, in company with his sister; and as a last memento, engraved their names on the bark of a tree.

"The feelings that agitated his bosom during this farewell visit, when he beheld around him objects dear to his pride, and dear to his juvenile recollections, but of which the narrowness of his fortune would not permit him to retain possession, may be gathered from a passage in a poetical epistle, written to his sister in after years.

"'I did remind you of our own dear lake
By the old hall, *which may be mine no more;*
Lemans is fair; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and brooks,
Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks,
And even at moments I would think I see
Some living things I love—but none like thee.'

"I searched the grove for sometime, before I found the tree on which Lord Byron had left his frail memorial. It was an elm of peculiar form, having two trunks, which sprang from the same root, and after growing side by side, mingled their branches together. He had selected it doubtless, as emblematical of his sister and himself. The names of Byron and Augusta were still visible. They had been deeply cut in the bark, but the natural growth of the tree was gradually rendering them illegible, and a few years hence, strangers will seek in vain for this record of fraternal affection.

* * * * * *

"At a distance on the border of the lawn, stood another memento of Lord Byron; an oak planted by him in his boyhood, on his first visit to the abbey. With a superstitious feeling inherent in him, he linked his own destiny with that of the tree. 'As it fares,' said he, 'so will fare my fortunes.' Several years elapsed, many of them passed in idleness and dissipation. He returned to the abbey a youth scarce grown to manhood, but as he thought with vices and follies beyond his years. He found his emblem oak almost choked by weeds and brambles, and took the lesson to himself.

"'Young oak, when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine,
That thy dark waving branches would flourish around,
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

Such, such was my hope—when in infancy's years
On the land of my fathers I reared thee with pride;
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears—
Thy decay not the weeds that surround thee can hide.'

"I leaned over the stone ballustrade of the terrace, and gazed upon the valley of Newstead, with its silver sheets of water gleaming in the morning sun. It was a Sabbath morning, which always seems to have a hallowed influence over the landscape, probably from the quiet of the day, and the cessation of all kinds of week day labor. As I mused upon the mild and beautiful scene, and the wayward destinies of the man whose stormy temperament forced him from this tranquil paradise to battle with the passions and perils of the world, the sweet chime of bells from a village a few miles distant, came stealing up the valley. Every sight and sound this morning, seemed calculated to summon up touching recollections of poor Byron. The chime was from the village spire of Hucknall Torkard, beneath which his remains lie buried!

"I have since visited his tomb. It is in an old gray country church, venerable with the lapse of centuries. He lies buried beneath the pavement, at one end of the principal aisle. A light falls upon the spot through the stained glass of a gothic window, and a tablet on the adjacent wall announces the family vault of the Byrons. It had been the wayward intention of the poet to be entombed with his faithful dog in the monument erect-

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ed by him in the garden of Newstead Abbey. His executors showed better judgment and feeling, in consigning his ashes to the family sepulchre, to mingle with those of his mother and his kindred.

* * * * * *

"How nearly did his dying hour realize the wish made by him but a few years previously in one of his fitful moods of melancholy and misanthropy:

"'When time, or soon or late, shall bring,
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
Oblivion! may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,
To weep or wish the coming blow:
No maiden with dishevelled hair,
To feel or feign decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,
With no officious mourners near:
I would not mar one hour of mirth,
Nor startle friendship with a fear.'

"He died among strangers, in a foreign land, without a kindred hand to close his eyes, yet he did not die unwept. With all his faults, and errors, and passions, and caprices, he had the gift of attaching his humble dependants warmly to him. One of them, a poor Greek, accompanied his remains to England, and followed them to the grave. I am told that during the ceremony, he stood holding on by a pew in an agony of grief, and when all was over, seemed as if he would have gone down into the tomb with his master.—A nature that could inspire such attachments, must have been generous and beneficent."

THE CONQUEST OF FLORIDA, by Hernando de Soto; by Theodore Irving. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

There is so much of romance in the details of Spanish conquests in America, that a history of any one of the numerous expeditions for discovery and conquest, possesses the charm of the most elaborate fiction, even while it bears the marks of general truth. These adventures occurred during the age of chivalry, when danger was courted for distinction, before the progress of science and literature had opened other avenues to renown, and when personal valor was looked upon as the pre-eminent quality—skill in arms as the highest accomplishment of an aspiring spirit. No nation was more celebrated during that chivalrous age than Spain, and in none did the genius of chivalry longer resist the influences under which it finally fell into decay. Upon the discovery of America, a wide field was opened for the warlike spirit of the age, and Spain sent forth her hosts of adventurers, filled with wild visions of boundless wealth, and the easy conquest of the barbarian nations of those golden regions. There are in the histories of their exploits, so many displays of dauntless courage—of skill in overcoming difficulties—of the power of a few disciplined warriors, to contend successfully with hosts of equally brave, but untutored savages—and so many exhibitions of the generous qualities of the soldier, that in the glare of brilliant achievements, and the excitement of thrilling incident, we are tempted to overlook the injustice and cruelty which marked the footsteps of the conquerors.

Mr. Irving's work is one of great interest. The conquest of Florida by De Soto, while it is contrasted with the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, (which immediately preceded it) in regard to its results to those engaged in it, resembles it in the patient suffering and indomitable bravery of the adventurers, and in the numerous thrilling scenes through which they passed. While the conquest of Mexico enriched the followers of Cortez, and poured the wealth of the new world into the lap of Spain, that of Florida proved fatal to all who attempted it, and ended in disaster to the ultimate conquerors. Ponce de Leon, the visionary, who sought in Florida the Fountain of Youth, Vasques de Ayllon, the ruthless kidnapper, and Pamphilo de Narvaez, the well known rival and opponent of Cortez, had made fruitless attempts to colonize this disastrous coast. But the last and most splendid effort of that day, was made by Hernando de Soto, a cavalier who had served with Cortez, and had returned to Spain in the possession of immense wealth derived from the spoil of Mexico. The enjoyment of the highest favor at the court of his sovereign, the charms of a young and lovely bride, and the allurements of his splendid position at home, were insufficient to repress the spirit of adventure which he had imbibed in the wars in Mexico, and the prevalent belief that Florida presented a scene for conquest still more magnificent than Mexico. De Soto was doomed to prove that the golden dreams of wealth with which the unexplored regions of Florida had been invested, were baseless illusions. But his adventures and achievements afford a rich mine of romantic incidents which Mr. Irving has presented in a most attractive form:

"Of all the enterprises," says he, "undertaken in this spirit of daring adventure, none has surpassed for hardihood and variety of incident, that of the renowned Hernando de Soto and his band of cavaliers. It was poetry put in action; it was the knight-errantry of the old world carried into the depths of the American wilderness: indeed, the personal adventures, the feats of individual prowess, the picturesque descriptions of steel-clad cavaliers, with lance and helm and prancing steed, glittering through the wildernesses of Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and the prairies of the Far West, would seem to us mere fictions of romance, did they not come to us recorded in matter-of-fact narratives of cotemporaries, and corroborated by minute and daily memoranda of eye witnesses."

Hernando de Soto was in every respect qualified for the task he undertook in this ill-starred expedition. But the Floridian savage was a more formidable foe than his Mexican brother—more hardy of frame, and more implacable in his revenge. Hence, although the imagination is not dazzled in the conquest of Florida, with descriptions of boundless wealth and regal magnificence—although the chiefs are not decked in "barbaric pearls and gold"—their sturdy resistance, and the varied vicissitudes created by the obstacles which nature presented to the conqueror's march, afford numberless details of great interest. The book abounds with thrilling passages, from which, but for the crowded state of our pages, we should make a few extracts. Whether it is the merit of the writer or his subject, (probably it is a combination of both,) which gives to this work so much fascination, we will not decide; but it is scarcely possible to commence it, (at least we found it so) and lay it aside until its perusal is concluded.

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CHANCES AND CHANGES; a Domestic Story, by the author of "Six Weeks on the Loire." Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

This is an uncommon book. In these days of high excitement and *powerful* writing, it is refreshing to be introduced among characters of so much purity, benevolence and intelligence as those delineated in "Chances and Changes." The moral of the book, although it is not ostentatiously pressed upon the attention, is obvious and forcible. A lovelier being than Catherine Neville, the heroine, can scarcely be imagined. There is nothing new in the story—the events are such as might easily be supposed to have occurred, and the leading features of the plot may be stated in a few words: Colonel Hamilton, a man of fashion and something of a *roué*, is engaged in a duel with a baronet, in consequence of an intrigue between the Colonel and the titled wife of his antagonist. The latter is dangerously wounded, and Colonel Hamilton seeks a refuge for several months in the remote dwelling of his former tutor, Mr. Neville, a benevolent and conscientious clergyman. Hamilton becomes enamored of Catherine Neville, who returns his passion with all the ardor of a first love. He at length mingles with the world of fashion again, is involved once more in his former intrigue, and although struggling to retain and deserve the affections of Catherine, becomes completely entangled in a criminal attachment. Catherine, after a long and painful conflict with her feelings, resolves to conquer her ill-placed affection, and is ultimately united to a worthier object. The struggles between passion and duty in her breast, and the conflict of good and evil in Hamilton, are admirably portrayed. The sentiments and opinions are often striking, and the style elegant and attractive. We give a few extracts, taken at random:

"Come along with me," said she, "come and look by the side of the little stream that runs through the garden."

"This girl, after all, can do whatever she likes with me," thought Hamilton, as he rose with affected effort, from the chair which he had just before vowed to himself nothing should induce him to stir from, until it was time to dress for dinner. Away they went to the brook, and found Mr. Neville standing there, looking at the daffodils with all the delight of the poet whose words were on his lips.

"I wandered lonely as a cloud,
That flits on high, o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of dancing daffodils.
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing near the trees.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the milky way.
They stretched in never-ending line,
Along the margin of a bay.
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee,
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company.
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils."

Hamilton was so unused to hear Wordsworth quoted in any other tone than that of ridicule, or absurd parody, that he was amazed to hear his old tutor, whose taste he revered, not more from habit than experience of its correctness, repeat these lines with the enthusiasm of Catherine herself, and conclude them with a panegyric on their author, as having formed a new school in poetry, and finding

"Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in ev'ry thing."

* * * * *

"Well, sir, what do you think of our daffodils?" said Mr. Neville, pointing to them exultingly, "are they not enough to inspire a poet?"

"I am not poet enough to answer the question," said Hamilton, "but I remember the eldest of poets says they make very good salads."

"Ah ha!" said Mr. Neville, "I am glad you have not forgotten old Hesiod—but, however, I did not think of getting into Greek when I quoted Wordsworth."

"Nor I of hearing anything like common sense spring out of a quotation from him," said Hamilton. "Not but that all he says may be very fine, but I am of another school—I am a Byronian—he is the only man that is read in Town—those Lakeists that go and make faces at themselves on the waveless waters, and then run home to put their reflections upon paper, are quite outvoted now; even the ladies never think of them."

"No, I suppose not," said Mr. Neville, "any more than they would think of seeing hay-makers in their verandas, or a sheep-shearing in their drawing-rooms. But 'the children of darkness are wiser in their generation than the children of light,' and he who sings of nothing but lawless crimes, and sated vices, does wisely to address his song to the inhabitants of an overgrown and luxurious metropolis."

"Yes, yes; he is sure enough of sympathy, plenty of dancing daffodils there,—only of rather an opposite species. What do you say, Miss Neville, do you like the titled Bard?"

"Quite well enough, as a poet, to wish he had made choice of better subjects. Edward Longcroft says he has in him a fragment of almost every other poet's distinguishing excellence, but unfortunately his own genius is only a fragment itself, and, therefore, he produces nothing but fragments after all."

"Very wise in Mr. Longcroft—I dare say he could prove every thing he says most mathematically; but I fancy he will find the generality of his acquaintance admire diamond sparks more than brick-bats—though one is only a part, and the other a whole."

"Very good! very good!" said Mr. Neville, "but who have we here?" he added, as he looked towards the little gate. "Ah ha! here he is himself—now we can have diamond sparks versus brick-bats, as long as you like, and see who has the better of the argument."

A matter-of-fact-man is well portrayed in the following:

"Henry Barton," said she to herself, "is a good creature, as ever was born; and he has great merit, too, in cultivating his mind so sedulously, surrounded as he is only by the clodpoles his father has brought him up amongst. But, after all, he is such a mere matter-of-fact-man, that one soon tires of him—he tells one an anecdote just as he reads it, and there's an end of it. And then he moralizes, too, in such a common-place way, and wonders how the Romans could degenerate so as to suffer themselves to be conquered by the Goths, and finds out that it was an abominable thing in Henry VIII to cut off his wives' heads, and not much better in Queen Elizabeth to sign Essex's death warrant. There is no play of imagination about him—no whim, no wit—he would as soon think of launching a man of war, as maintaining a paradox."

The subjoined sentiment is beautifully expressed:

"Ah, is there any happiness like that of the affections! from the soul-absorbing influence of individual love, through all the endearing gradations of natural ties,

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and selected friends, down to the generalized claims of our fellow-creatures: it will ever be found that all our real enjoyments are solid only as the feelings of the heart are connected with them; and long after the traces of external objects may be effaced from the memory, the kindly sentiments and participated feelings, with which they may have been connected, remain indelible in the interior recesses of the breast, which they fill with a sweet indistinctness of recollected enjoyment."

And how much truth in Catherine's criticism of Byron:

"I cannot feel the beauties of any poetry whatsoever," said Catherine, "when I think the poet has no feeling himself—I have admired many passages in Lord Byron's earlier works, even to enthusiasm; but when I came to his most unfeeling mockery of the agonizing sympathies he had raised in his description of a storm, by the odious levity with which he concludes it, I closed the book, and never read another page of his writing. I thought of it ever after as of those monstrosities in painting, of beautiful heads, and cloven feet, and it inspired me with the same disgust."

North American Review, No. LXXXVIII: July 1835.—The last number of this periodical contains several admirable articles. We subjoin a list of its contents:

Art. I. A Tour on the Prairies, by the author of the Sketch Book.—II. The American Almanac for the year 1835.—III. Memoirs of Casanova.—IV. Machiavelli.—V. Life and Character of William Roscoe.—VI. Mrs. Butler's Journal.—VII. Dunlap's History of the Arts.—VIII. Slavery; an Appeal in favor of that Class of Americans called Africans, by Mrs. Child.—IX. Audubon's Biography of Birds.—X. Webster's Speeches.

The first article is a noble eulogy on the genius of Washington Irving, well according with the merits of the writer, and the honest pride which every American feels in the possession of such a luminary in our native literature. Great as has been the praise lavished upon his works, we feel with the reviewer that full justice has not as yet been accorded them—and it is with pleasure we perceive that the world at large is becoming more alive to his merits. The following rapid glance at the various triumphs of his genius, will be read with a general concurrence in its truth:

"Compare him," says the reviewer, "with any of the distinguished writers of his class of this generation, excepting Sir Walter Scott, and with almost any of what are called the English classics of any age. Compare him with Goldsmith, one of the canonized names of the British pantheon of letters, who touched every kind of writing, and adorned every kind that he touched. In one or two departments, it is true, that of poetry and the drama—departments which Mr. Irving has not attempted, and in which much of Goldsmith's merit lies—the comparison partly fails; but place their pretensions, in every other respect, side by side. Who would think of giving the miscellaneous writings of Goldsmith a preference over those of Irving, and who would name his historical compositions with the Life of Columbus? If in the drama and in poetry Goldsmith should seemed to have extended his province greatly beyond that of Irving, the Life of Columbus is a *chef d'œuvre* in a department which Goldsmith can scarcely be said to have touched; for the trifles on Grecian and Roman history, which his poverty extorted from him, deserve to enter into comparison with Mr. Irving's great work, about as much as Eutropius deserves to be compared with Livy. Then how much wider Irving's range in that department, common to both the painting of manners and character! From Mr. Irving we have the humors of cotemporary politics and every-day life in America—the traditionary peculiarities of the Dutch founders of New York—the nicest shades of the school of English manners of the last century—the chivalry of the middle ages in Spain—the glittering visions of Moorish romance—a large cycle of sentimental creations, founded on the invariable experience—the pathetic sameness of the human heart—and lastly, the whole unhackneyed freshness of the West—life beyond the border—a camp outside the frontier—a hunt on buffalo ground, beyond which neither white nor Pawnee, man nor muse, can go. This is Mr. Irving's range, and in every part of it he is equally at home. When he writes the history of Columbus, you see him weighing doubtful facts in the scales of a golden criticism. You behold him, laden with the manuscript treasures of well-searched archives, and disposing the heterogeneous materials into a well-digested and instructive narration. Take down another of his volumes, and you find him in the parlor of an English country inn, of a rainy day, and you look out of the window with him upon the dripping, dreary desolation of the back yard. Anon he takes you into the ancestral hall of a baronet of the old school, and instructs you in the family traditions, of which the memorials adorn the walls, and depend from the rafters. Before you are wearied with the curious lore, you are in pursuit of Kidd, the pirate, in the recesses of Long Island; and by the next touch of the enchanter's wand, you are rapt into an enthusiastic reverie of the mystic East, within the crumbling walls of the Alhambra. You sigh to think you were not born six hundred years ago, that you could not have beheld those now deserted halls, as they once blazed in triumph, and rang with the mingled voices of oriental chivalry and song,—when you find yourself once more borne across the Atlantic, whirled into the western wilderness, with a prairie wide as the ocean before you, and a dusky herd of buffaloes, like the crowded convoy of fleeing merchantmen, looming in the horizon, and inviting you to the chase. This is literally *nullum fere genus scribendi non tigit nullum quod titigit non ornavit.* Whether anything like an equal range is to be found in the works of him on whom the splendid compliment was first bestowed, it is not difficult to say."

The articles on Machiavelli, and on the life of Roscoe, are both excellent in their way. The former has particular attractions, as it is a luminous disquisition on the character and writings of one who for ages was an enigma in the political and intellectual world, whose works, like those of Dante and Faust, have been interpreted by opposing critics in the most conflicting manner, and whose name, error and prejudice handed down from century to century, have rendered synonymous with all that is crafty and corrupt in the art of government.

The notice of Mrs. Butler's work is the best we have seen. The reviewer performs his task with redoubtable good humor. The gentleness with which he calls the lady to account for her literary offences, and the hearty tribute of praise he bestows on the best portions of her work, show that he is determined to

> "Be to her faults a little blind,
> And to her merits very kind."

But the review of Mrs. Child's ill-judged appeal on the subject of slavery, has for us a more powerful attraction than any in the number. It is not possible that we should be witnesses of the momentous occurrences of the day, and not feel most sensitively every reference to a topic in the discussion of which all that we love and reverence is involved. The impatient zeal of pretending enthusiasts, who in the pursuit of what to

them seems good, disregard the frightful evils which their blind impetuosity may produce, cannot but awaken in those upon whom these evils must fall, a trembling anxiety for the future, and an indignant resentment against the madmen who are blindly jeoparding the peace of the country and the lives of thousands. We cannot trust our feelings upon this subject. We see too clearly the horrors in perspective, which fanaticism is preparing for us, and we humbly hope that the results of its insane excess, may be averted. The reviewer in the North American, thinks and feels correctly on this subject, and we regret that we can only make room for the closing passages of his remarks:

"That we must be rid of slavery at some day, seems to be the decided conviction of almost every honest mind. But when or how this is to be, God only knows. If in a struggle for this end the Union should be dissolved, it needs not the gift of prophecy to foresee that our country will be plunged into that gulf which in the language of another, 'is full of the fire and the blood of civil war, and of the thick darkness of general political disgrace, ignominy, and ruin.'

"There is much error upon this as well as other subjects, to be corrected, before the public can act deliberately or wisely in relation to it. It is too common to associate with the slave-holder the character of the slave-merchant. And we regret to see the abolitionist of the day seizing upon the cruelties and abuses of power by a few slave-owners in regard to their slaves, in order to excite odium against slave-holders as a class. This is alike unreasonable and unjust. Very many of them are deeply solicitous to free the country of this alarming evil, but no feasible means by which this is to be accomplished has yet been offered for their adoption. Such denunciations are no better than the anathemas of fanaticism, and ought to be discountenanced by every well wisher of his country. The subject of slavery is one, in regard to which, more than almost any other, there are clouds and darkness upon the future destinies of these states. It is one upon which all think and feel more or less acutely, and it is moreover one upon which all may be called upon to act. It is, therefore, we repeat, with regret that we see intellects like that of Mrs. Child, and pens like hers, which may be otherwise so agreeably and beneficially employed, diverted from their legitimate spheres of action, and employed in urging on a cause so dangerous to the union, domestic peace, and civil liberty, as the immediate emancipation of the slaves at the South."

American Republication of Foreign Quarterlies.—The London, Edinburg and Westminster Reviews for April, 1835, have been republished by Mr. Foster, in his cheap and valuable series of periodicals. The Edinburg Review contains an article on American Poetry, in the course of which a general glance at the literature of this country is taken; and a more favorable opinion expressed of its achievements than that work has hitherto entertained. This fact is worthy of remark, when it is recollected that the taunting query, "Who reads an American book?" emanated from that journal not many years since. The most attractive articles in the Westminster, are those upon "Lucy Aiken's Court of Charles II," and "Dunlop's Memoirs of Spain." To us, an article in the Quarterly on "Maria, or Slavery in the United States, a picture of American Manners, by Gustave de Beaumont, one of the authors of a work on the Penitentiary System in the United States"*—"The Stranger in America, by F. Leiber," and "New England and her Institutions, by one of her sons," is the most attractive in the April number. The work of M. de Beaumont has not, as we have heard, been translated or republished in this country. His views of our manners and institutions are exhibited in the form of a novel, which the Quarterly declares to possess considerable interest, and to display in parts a large share of the true genius of romance, notwithstanding that the incidents are few and the commentaries copious. The author declares in a preface, that "though his personages are fictitious, every trait of character has been sketched from the life, and that almost every incident in his tale may be depended on as a fact that had fallen under his own observation." The reviewer is somewhat scandalized at the author's avowal of "his belief that the democratic system of government, as now established in America, is the best machinery that ever was invented for developing the political independence and happiness of mankind," and endeavors to show that M. de Beaumont's strictures upon our manners and condition (and he cannot be charged with undue lenity in his censure) are inconsistent with that avowal. The reviewer makes copious extracts from the work, which show that the author is disposed to censure severely the condition of the colored population in this country, without a fair consideration of the circumstances which produced it. But we can scarcely judge of the book from the extracts in the review, which are probably the most unfavorable that could be found, as the reviewer displays a strong desire to draw from the opinions of the French author, support for the assertions of English travellers.

* "Marie, ou l'Esclavage aux Etas-Unis, Tableau de Mœurs Americaines par Gustave de Beaumont, l'un des Auteurs de l'ouvrage intitulé Du Systeme Pénitentiare aux Etas-Unis."

MY LIFE, by the author of Tales of Waterloo, &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1835.

This is the production of a lively and spirited writer. He describes skirmishes, onslaughts and battles, with the familiarity of one who has not seldom taken a part in such actions—traces the Irish character with great fidelity, and best of all, his book abounds in humorous incidents. The *contre-pieds* between the hero and his cousin, "Jack the Devil," are admirably detailed. Jack is a rare specimen of the Wild Irishman, and we have seldom been more amused than we were with the history of the scrapes in which he involved himself and his cousin. The battle of Waterloo is sketched briefly, but with a graphic pen. The last struggle of that day, when Ney led the Old Guard to the charge, and the description of the "field red with slaughter," after the work of death had concluded, give evidence of the painting of an eye-witness.

BELFORD REGIS, or Sketches of a Country Town, by Miss Mitford. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1835.

Like "Our Village," these are delightful productions, abounding with wholesome satire of folly and prejudice, and displaying in strong relief the humble virtues of retired life. Some of the characters are conceptions of great loveliness, and many of the scenes are wrought with most pathetic effect. The story of Hester is admirable. We have seldom dwelt with more delighted interest over a picture of juvenile virtue and self-devotion.

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EDITORIAL REMARKS.

We have but a few words to offer upon the contents of the present number. Generally they must speak for themselves; but in regard to others we may be permitted a passing comment.

No. II of the Dissertation on the characteristic differences between the sexes, sustains the high character of the first number. And although the branch of the subject—Religious Differences—which the author has discussed in the present number, seems to promise little amusement for the general reader, it will be found upon perusal, to have been so ingeniously treated, so beautifully illustrated, that even he who entirely eschews polemics, will be edified and delighted. It was upon this point that we felt the most solicitude for the success of the writer, for there is no part of his subject so difficult to manage, or in which he was so liable to fall below the expectations of his readers. But he has overcome its difficulties, and presents us with a disquisition, entirely free from the narrowness of sectarian views, and deeply grounded in the philosophy of the human mind. His view of the religion of woman is accurate and beautiful,—her proneness to lean on the strength of a more powerful being, her confiding nature, her facility in believing where man cavils and doubts, and the tendency of her religious sentiments to degenerate into superstition, contrasted with the besetting evils of man's religious faith—bigotry and fanaticism—are admirably portrayed. His illustration of this contrast is clear and convincing, whilst his style throughout is easy and attractive. He seems to have drawn the true inspiration from his subject, and is doubtless a believer in the doctrine of the ingenious Biron—

> "From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive:
> They sparkle still the right promethean fire;
> They are the books, the arts, the academes,
> That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
> Else, none at all in aught proves excellent."

Grayson Griffith is a religious story. We approve of the moral, as a matter of course—who will not? But we do not come quite up to the writer's standard of perfection, for we candidly confess we cannot see the germs of perdition in a social game of whist; and while we detest gambling and gamblers, the proscription of amusements innocent in themselves, because some remote analogy may be traced between them and practices at once immoral and every way destructive, seems to us irreconcileable with sound logic or true philosophy. The attempt to trace the vices of men to early habitudes is not always successful, as the power of good or evil impressions over the mind and habits, is essentially modified by the character of each individual. Besides, accident often determines the destinies of men, so far as we can see, in very spite of every previous tendency. We doubt, for instance, whether the fascinations of the faro-table would not have been as great to Grayson if he had never seen a card, as they proved to be, as related in the story. But we are getting into the discussion of a question which requires more time and space than we have to spare.

The "Letter on the United States, by a *Young Scotchman*," is generally amusing; but some of the passages in it strike us with surprise. He tells us that, "although the Americans are great novel readers, there is too much matter-of-fact about them; they are too calculating and money-making [this from a Scotchman!] to serve the purposes of the novelist. They form but indifferent heroes and heroines of romance, and hence Cooper is obliged to resort to the sea to rake up pirates and smugglers, or to go back to the revolution or the early settlement of his country to find characters and incidents calculated to give verisimilitude and interest to his tales." This seems to us hasty and jejune criticism. Cooper was not, as we know, "*obliged*" to rake up pirates and smugglers; but as this writer has told us in the ninth number of the Messenger, "He (Cooper) had been for some years an officer in the American Navy, where he acquired a knowledge of all the minutiæ of nautical life, which was of great service to him in the composition of some of his tales. These are justly considered as his best"—and he might have added, are written with power peculiar to Cooper, of whom it may truly be said:

> "His march is on the mountain wave
> *His home* is on the deep."

And well would it have been for his fame had he never abandoned his proper element. On shore he generally makes as awkward a figure as one of his nautical heroes would do, after a voyage, before he had gotten rid of his "sea legs." We have read Cooper's last, the Monikins, but at too late a period to allow a regular notice of it in this number. *En passant*, however, we must say that it is an entire failure—vapid, pointless, and inane. It appears to be an attempted satire on mankind, a bungling imitation of Swift's account of the *Houynhmins*. Mr. Cooper's monkies are a tedious race, and his Yankee captain, "Noah Poke," the principal interlocutor, as the lawyers would term him, is little better. We believe that all who have read this work, will agree, that the sooner its author is "*obliged*" to take again to salt water, and "rake up pirates and smugglers," the better it will be for his own reputation, and the purses of his booksellers.

In regard to the poetry of this number, we must content ourselves with drawing attention to the pathetic effusion "on the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Girl."

To Correspondents.

Many favors have been again unavoidably postponed. The communication of *Scriblerus* exhibits talent, and is written well, but is not adapted to the pages of the Messenger. The writer would doubtless succeed upon other subjects, and we invite him to make the experiment. "A fragment of the thirteenth century," has held us in doubt for some days; but we have finally decided upon its exclusion. We are not better pleased with the poetry of *Tinandi*, than with his prose.

The quantity of rhyme poured in upon us, is indeed a matter of admiration. The effusions which we consign to outer darkness monthly, are past enumeration. Such, for instance, as one containing the following lines, and which purports to be "copyed from a young ladies Album"—

> Miss E—— we have oftimes met before
> And—we may—meet no more
> What shall I say at parting
> Many years have run their race
> Since first I saw your face
> Around this gay and giddy place
> Sweet smiles and blushes darting.

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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T. W. WHITE, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR. FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

And Present Condition of Tripoli, with some account of the other Barbary States.

NO. VII.

Events of great importance had also occurred in Algiers, by which this ancient stronghold of piracy was stripped of its terrors, and its impotence fully demonstrated.

The resources of this state were even more severely affected by the wars of Europe, than those of Tunis and Tripoli, as it depended less than either of them upon native industry for support. A Pasha of Algiers, who wished to retain his throne and consequently his life, was forced to keep his troops engaged in wars from which they might individually derive profit; to increase their pay at the expense of the public treasury was ineffectual, and he who attempted thus to win their favor was soon despised and overthrown. They required the excitement of contests and plunder, and bread not won at the dagger's point seems to have had no relish with them. In 1805, these desperadoes murdered their Dey Mustapha, only because he was of too peaceable a disposition. Under Achmet his successor, they had a war with Tunis, but it was conducted in a very languid manner, for no plunder could be expected.

The United States continued to pay the enormous annual tribute which had been stipulated in the treaty of 1796, but not punctually. The little respect which was paid to neutral rights at that period by France and England, rendered the transmission of the naval stores composing the tribute difficult and unsafe, and this was the reason always alleged by the American Consul in accounting for the delay; but it was also in a great measure intentional, from the idea on which the other nations tributary to Algiers acted, that by thus remaining always in arrears, the fear of losing the whole sum due, would render the Dey less inclined to make any sudden depredations on their commerce. A strict adherence to engagements voluntarily entered into, would have been perhaps the better, and certainly much the more dignified course, as the Dey would have found it to his interest to conciliate those who paid so regularly.

Whilst the American squadron remained in the Mediterranean, these excuses were listened to without many signs of impatience, but on its departure Achmet raised his tone, and after threatening for some time, he at length in the latter part of 1807 sent out his cruisers with orders to seize American vessels, informing Mr. Lear at the same time, that this was not to be considered as a hostile proceeding, and should not disturb the peace between the two countries.

The Algerine cruisers took three American vessels, of which two were brought into port and condemned; the crew of the third the schooner Mary Anne, rose upon their captors, killed four of them, and having set the remaining four adrift in a boat, carried the vessel safe into Naples. As soon as the Dey received the news of this, he ordered the American Consul instantly to pay sixteen thousand dollars as satisfaction for the lives of his eight subjects. Mr. Lear endeavored to obtain a delay until he could receive the orders of his government; but he was threatened with imprisonment, and a number of ships of war were ready to sail for the purpose of plundering American vessels; he therefore, after a formal protest, paid the sixteen thousand dollars for the Algerines killed, as well as the whole amount of the tribute then due.

Shortly after this occurrence, on the 7th of November, 1808, the Turkish soldiery revolted, and having killed Achmet, placed in his stead Ali the keeper of a small mosque. What were their reasons for such a choice cannot be stated, but the expectations of the Turks seem not to have been fulfilled; for on the 4th of March, 1809, they quietly took their sovereign to the common house of correction, and there strangled him. They then raised to the throne a decrepid old man named Hadji Ali, whose character was much more conformable with their wishes, for he proved to be one of the most energetic, as well as most ferocious tyrants ever known even in Algiers. He determined to revive the old glory of his state, and again to offer to all Christian nations the alternative of war or tribute.

Great Britain and France were at that time the only commercial nations at peace with Algiers and paying no fixed tribute, yet they vied with each other in the richness of their presents, which were made with great regularity on all public occasions. Great Britain too, passively encouraged the piratical propensity of the Algerines, by allowing them to plunder and carry off the miserable inhabitants of the territories which were occupied by her troops and at least nominally under her protection, while France and the countries subject to or in alliance with her, were secure from such depredations. The British did more; for in 1810,—when neutral commerce had been extinguished, and the resources of Algiers were in consequence almost cut off, as neither could tribute be sent nor compensation be obtained for it by piracy—at this conjuncture two large ships and a brig entered the harbor, laden with warlike munitions, the whole sent as a present to the Dey from the Government of Great Britain. Seventy thousand dollars were soon after received through the agency of the same government from Spain, in satisfaction for a pretended injury committed by a Spanish vessel.

By the aid of this timely supply, Hadji Ali was enabled to fit out a respectable naval force, which under the command of the Rais Hamida a daring and skilful corsair, sailed for the coast of Portugal, and for some time continued to insult and plunder the vessels of that wretched kingdom; this too, at a period when its fortresses were held by British troops, and its harbors filled with British ships of war.

At the commencement of 1812, it was almost certain that war would soon take place between the United States and Great Britain; in expectation of this, it was

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important to the latter power to raise up as many enemies as possible to the Americans, and to deprive them of places of refuge for their vessels. It was principally with this object, that an Envoy was sent to the Barbary States; and he was made the bearer of a letter from the Prince Regent to the Dey, containing an offer of alliance, with the obligation on the part of Great Britain to protect Algiers against all its enemies, on condition of the observance of existing treaties between the two nations. The Envoy, Mr. A'Court,* was a man well calculated for carrying into effect the objects for which he was chosen, and he here first gave proofs of those talents which have since raised him to exalted stations in his country. He soon acquired great influence over the savage Turk; he demonstrated to him the designs and advances of Napoleon towards universal dominion, and made him tremble for the safety of his own Regency. On the other hand, he exhibited the mighty naval power of Great Britain, and endeavored to convince the Dey, that he could only escape the fate of the greater part of the European sovereigns, by seconding her efforts in resisting the insatiable conqueror. The United States were represented as the allies of France, possessing an extensive commerce, but having no naval force to protect it.

These views were confirmed by the assurances of the Jewish merchants, who conducted nearly all the outward trade of Algiers, and who were generally consulted on points of foreign policy. A truce was in consequence obtained for Sicily, the captives from that island being however retained in slavery. A peace was also negotiated between Algiers and Portugal, the latter agreeing to pay a large sum immediately, and a heavy annual tribute in future. However, the Dey could not be led to declare war against the dreaded Emperor of France, although he had no objection to a quarrel with the United States, conceiving that it might be made very profitable, either by depredations on their commerce, or by obtaining an increase of their tribute. He gave the first hint of his intentions to the American Consul, by sending him the Prince Regent's letter, under pretence of requesting a translation of it into Italian, but really for the purpose of inducing him to bid higher for the friendship of Algiers. No notice being taken of this, he became more insolent in his demands and threats.

At length, on the 17th of July, 1812, the ship Alleghany arrived at Algiers, laden with naval and military stores, which were sent to the Dey and Regency by the United States, according to the terms of the treaty of 1796. The Dey at first expressed his entire satisfaction with what was sent, and a part of the cargo was landed; a few days after, the Minister of Marine informed the American Consul, that his master had been much astonished on examining the lists of the articles, to find that several of them were not in such quantities as he had required, and also that some cases containing arms had been landed at Gibraltar, for the Emperor of Morocco; that he considered the latter circumstance as an insult to himself, and he would not, therefore, receive any part of the cargo of the ship. Mr. Lear endeavored to show that the value of the articles sent, was more than equal to the amount due by the United States, and that if this were true, the Dey should not complain if a part of the cargo originally shipped were destined for another purpose.

In reply to this a new demand was made. By the treaty of 1796 the United States engaged to pay, "annually to the Dey, the value of twelve thousand Algerine sequins (21,000 dollars) in maritime stores," and payment to this amount had been made for each year since 1796. The Dey now contended that the time should have been counted by the Mahometan calendar which gives only 354 days to the year, and that consequently the United States owed him arrears of tribute for six months, to which the differences between the Mahometan and Christian years since 1796, when added together would amount. Against this novel demand, the Consul remonstrated and protested in vain; he was ordered to pay the whole sum due immediately in cash, the stores offered as tribute not being receivable, otherwise he would be sent in chains to prison, the Americans in Algiers be made slaves, the Alleghany with her cargo be confiscated, and war be declared against the United States. With such a prospect before him, the Consul could only pay the money, which was effected through the agency of the Jewish mercantile house of Bacri. As soon as this was done, the Consul and all the Americans were commanded to quit Algiers immediately; they accordingly embarked in the Alleghany for Gibraltar, where they arrived on the 4th of August.

Orders were then given by the Dey to his cruisers to take American vessels; but the apprehension of war with Great Britain had caused most of them to leave the Mediterranean, and the only prize made by the Algerines, was a small brig the Edwin of Salem.

Information of these outrageous acts was officially communicated to Congress by President Madison on the 17th of November, 1812; but war had been declared by the United States against Great Britain, and the American flag was not seen in the Mediterranean until 1815, in which year ample satisfaction was obtained for the indignities which it had suffered from Algiers.

In 1814 Hadji Ali was murdered, and his Prime Minister was invested with the sovereign authority; within a fortnight afterwards, the latter underwent the fate of his predecessor, and Omar the Aga or commander of the forces was made Pasha. Napoleon had by this time been overcome, and a congress of European potentates and ministers was assembled at Vienna, engaged in regulating the affairs of that portion of the world, which circumstances had placed under their control. To this congress a memorial was presented by the celebrated Sir Sidney Smith, the object of which was the formation of a naval and military force, by means of contingents furnished and supported by the nations most interested, for the purpose of protecting commerce and abolishing piracy in the Mediterranean. It was declared that the Ottoman Porte would willingly contribute to the attainment of this end, and that Tunis was also disposed to relinquish its unlawful attacks upon the commerce of Christian nations, provided it were sure of protection against the other two states of Barbary.

This romantic proposition seems to have engaged but little the attention of the congress, and a petition of the Knights of Malta for a restoration of their island was equally disregarded. Sir Sidney's plan was im-

* Now Lord Heytesbury.

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practicable, and the Knights of St. John could never have seriously imagined that Great Britain would give up such a possession as Malta on considerations of doubtful philanthropy; they probably only hoped for some individual indemnification. No question concerning the Barbary States indeed seems to have been debated at the Congress of Vienna; the execution of any plan respecting them, must have depended on the approval of Great Britain, the commerce of which being secure from interruption, she had no interest in the suppression of these pirates.

Attempts had been made on the part of the United States, to obtain the liberation of the crew of the Edwin and of some other Americans who were held captive in Algiers; but Hadji Ali refused to part with them for any sum that would probably be offered, his object being to increase the number of his captives, in order to compel a renewal of the treaty on terms still more favorable to himself than those of the convention of 1796. Omar, who was a much more rational being than Hadji Ali, would probably have acceded to these offers, but they were not again proposed; no sooner were the difficulties between the United States and Great Britain arranged by the Treaty of Ghent, than the former power made preparations to rescue its citizens from slavery by force, and to punish the Algerines for the outrages committed in 1812.

A squadron consisting of three frigates, a sloop, a brig and three schooners, was fitted out and sent under Commodore Stephen Decatur to the Mediterranean, which sea it entered on the 14th of June, 1815. The Dey had already been notified of its approach by a British frigate, which appears to have been despatched for this purpose to Algiers; but the warning was disregarded, for his ships were all sent out, and no measures were taken by him to put the city in a state of defence.

On arriving at Gibraltar, the American Commodore received information that several Algerine ships were in the vicinity, and he immediately sailed in pursuit of them. On the 17th, the frigate Guerriere Decatur's flag ship overtook near Cape de Gatte the Algerine frigate Mazouda, commanded by the famous Rais Hamida; after a short action the Mazouda was taken, Hamida and thirty of his crew being killed. On the 19th an Algerine brig of twenty-two guns was also captured and sent into the port of Carthagena, in Spain; on the 28th the American squadron appeared before Algiers, and proposed to the astounded Dey the terms on which he might obtain peace with the United States.

Confounded at the loss of his ships and the death of his daring Admiral, and dreading that the rest of his cruisers which were out, might fall into the hands of the Americans, Omar at once assented to the terms proposed, and a treaty was signed on the 30th of June, 1815. By its terms all the American prisoners were instantly to be surrendered without ransom, indemnification being made for their injuries and losses, and for all the seizures of American property in 1812; the Americans on their part, surrendering without ransom all their prisoners. No demands for tribute, under any name or form, were ever after to be made by Algiers on the United States; all American citizens taken on board the vessels of any other country, were to be set at liberty and their property to be restored as soon as their citizenship should be proved; vessels of either party were to be protected in the ports, or within cannon shot of the forts of the other, and no enemy's vessel was to be allowed to leave a port of one country in pursuit of a vessel of the other, until twenty-four hours after the sailing of the latter; with many other provisions highly favorable to the United States. The American commander promised to restore to the Dey, the frigate and brig which he had taken, and the frigate was in consequence immediately given up; the brig was for some time detained by the authorities at Carthagena, on the pretence that it had been captured within the jurisdiction of Spain.

The peace being thus made, and the stipulations of the treaty complied with as far as possible, Mr. William Shaler was installed as Consul General of the United States for the Barbary Regencies, and the squadron sailed on the eighth of July for Tunis, where its presence was required by circumstances which it will be necessary to detail.

During the great European war, the armed ships of France and England were in the habit of conducting their prizes into the Barbary ports and there selling them; a number of American vessels were indeed thus disposed of by the French, under the infamous Decrees of Berlin and Milan. The British Government, not content with this species of neutrality, sent Admiral Freemantle with a squadron to Tunis and Tripoli, and thus obtained from each of these powers, an engagement not to suffer any of the belligerents on the other side, to bring British vessels as prizes into its ports. After the declaration of war by the United States against Great Britain, no American armed vessel had ventured to pass the Streights of Gibraltar, until December 1814, when the privateer brig Abœllino, from Boston, commanded by W. F. Wyer, entered the Mediterranean and took a number of prizes, some of which were sent into Tunis and Tripoli.

On the arrival of the first of these prizes at Tunis, Mr. Noah, the American Consul, at the request of the master, applied to the Bey for permission to sell her and her cargo. Mahmoud in reply showed him the engagement with Great Britain, which forbade his granting such a license; and the British Consul threatened, in case it were allowed, to send to Sicily for a squadron, in order to avenge this infraction of the treaty with his country. License to sell the vessel was however obtained by Mr. Noah, and she was accordingly disposed of with her cargo, Prince Mustapha the Bey's youngest son, contriving by fraud and by force, to become the purchaser of the greater part of the cargo, at very reduced prices.

Information of this having been conveyed to Admiral Penrose, who commanded the British naval forces on the Sicily Station, he sent a ship of the line and two brigs of war to Tunis, with a letter to the Bey, enjoining him to arrest the sale of the prize, and to forbid admission to others in future. With the latter requisition Mahmoud declared his readiness to comply; and two other prizes having soon after been sent in by Captain Wyer, he permitted the British to take possession of them, although they were at the time actually at anchor under the guns of the Goletta fortress. The vessels were immediately carried to Malta, where they were restored to their original owners, the prize crews being retained as prisoners.*

* It may be proper here to observe, that although the treaty of

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Mr. Noah protested against these proceedings, as being contrary not only to the general principles of national law, but also expressly to the terms of the tenth article of the treaty between the United States and Tunis, which stipulates that "the vessels of either party if attacked by an enemy under the cannon of the forts of the other party, shall be defended as much as possible;" he at the same time gave notice to the Bey, that he would be required to make indemnification for the prizes which he had thus suffered to be carried off. Mahmoud, who had not had so much experience with regard to the customs and institutions of the Franks as had been acquired by Hamouda, could not comprehend this; he offered to intercede for the restoration of the vessels, and plainly told the Consul that if the captain of the Abællino chose to cut out two British merchant vessels which were then lying in the harbor, no attempt would be made to obstruct him.

Things were in this state on the 20th of July, when the American squadron arrived at Tunis from Algiers. The Bey was instantly required to pay forty-six thousand dollars, at which the two prizes which had been carried off were estimated; he of course refused, endeavored to evade the demand, and finally threatened resistance. But he had by this time been fully informed of what had taken place at Algiers, and the martial appearance and determined bearing of Decatur, who treated with him personally, not a little contributed to intimidate him; under these circumstances he thought it expedient to yield, and paid the money on the 31st, making some remarks on the occasion, which clearly showed that he had been encouraged by the British Consul to persevere in resisting the demand.

As soon as this business was concluded, Decatur sailed with his whole force for Tripoli, where he arrived on the 10th of August. Into this port the Abællino had carried two prizes; shortly after their entrance, the British armed brig Paulina with another vessel of war entered the harbor, and retook the prizes, the commander of the Paulina at the same time declaring his intention to pursue the Abællino if she should leave the place. This was done immediately under the castle walls, without any attempt at interference on the part of the Pasha. The American Consul, Mr. Jones, instantly requested Yusuf to cause the vessels to be restored, intimating that in case they were not, the Pasha would be compelled to pay for them himself; the Consul also demanded, that measures should be taken, in compliance with the tenth article of the treaty, to retain the British ships of war in the harbor, twenty-four hours after the sailing of the Abællino, which was about to put to sea. To both these demands Yusuf refused to yield assent; the prizes were in consequence sent to Malta, and the Abællino was detained in Tripoli. The American Consul then pulled down his flag, and sent information of the circumstances to the other Mediterranean Consulates, in order that it might be communicated to the commander of the squadron immediately on its arrival.

As soon as Decatur entered the harbor, he required the Pasha to pay twenty-five thousand dollars for the two prizes which he had suffered the British to carry off; it was paid in two days. In recompense for the assistance which had been rendered to the Americans by the king of Naples and the Danish Consul, the commodore also demanded the delivery without ransom, of eight Neapolitans and two Danes, who were held in slavery in Tripoli; they were immediately surrendered and restored to their homes.

Thus, in a great measure, in consequence of the promptitude and energy of the gallant officer who commanded the American squadron, within fifty-four days after its arrival in the Mediterranean, were these three piratical powers completely humbled by a force apparently inadequate to make any impression on the weakest of them. The treaty with Algiers was doubtless extorted by fear, and the Dey had no intention to keep his engagements longer than he was obliged, as facts afterwards showed; but important benefits were obtained at once, in the liberation of the captives and the restoration of the property taken in 1812. The moral effects produced in favor of the United States, not only in Barbary but in Europe, were incalculable; since that period, no Americans have been enslaved in either of those countries, and not a cent of tribute has been paid by the United States to any foreign power.

Scarcely had the Americans quitted Algiers, when a Dutch squadron consisting of four frigates, a sloop and a brig, under the command of an admiral, made its appearance. The object of this display was merely to propose a renewal of the treaty made before the subjugation of the United Netherlands by France, on conditions of annual tribute. Omar however refused to renew the treaty, unless all arrearages of tribute, which were for more than twenty years, were paid; negotiations on these terms was impossible, and the admiral sailed away.

The Barbary cruisers, then undisturbed, renewed their depredations on Sardinia and Naples; the vessels of these defenceless countries were taken, and the inhabitants of the coasts were dragged away in great numbers to the slave markets of Africa. Great Britain alone could put a stop to these outrages; the French navy was disorganized, those of the other European powers were inadequate. But the British government was unwilling to give up the old system with respect to the Mediterranean pirates, and a relation of its proceedings will suffice to show, that they were by no means to be ascribed to a more liberal policy, and that their results were not proportioned to the means employed.*

peace between the United States and Great Britain, had been signed at Ghent on the 24th December 1814, and ratified at Washington on the 17th of February 1815, yet a space of forty days after the ratification was allowed by the terms of that treaty, during which all prizes taken by either party in the Mediterranean, were to be retained; and hostilities were in fact continued in that sea until the 29th of March.

* It may not be improper here to quote the observations contained in the London Annual Register, [for 1816, page 97] a work generally remarkable for its temperance and impartiality. "It has long been a topic of reproach which foreigners have brought against the boasted maritime supremacy of England, that the piratical states of Barbary have been suffered to exercise their ferocious ravages upon all the inferior powers navigating the Mediterranean sea, without any attempt on the part of the mistress of the ocean to control them, and reduce them within the limits prescribed by the laws of civilized nations. The spirited exertions of the United States of America in the last year, to enforce redress of the injuries they had sustained from these pirates, were calculated to excite invidious comparisons with respect to this country; and either a feeling of national glory, or some other unexplained motives, at length inspired a resolution in the British government, to engage in earnest in that task which the general expectation seems to assign it."

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Extraordinary Indian Feats of Legerdemain.

[From the Manuscripts of D. D. Mitchell, Esq.]

I have felt some reluctance in narrating the following singular feats, (I had almost said miracles) which I saw performed among the Arickara Indians, not because I considered them unworthy the attention of the curious, but lest I should be accused of sporting with the reader's credulity, or of availing myself too largely of what is supposed by some to be the *traveller's privilege*. I acknowledge that the performance was altogether above my comprehension, and greatly excited my astonishment.

In civilized life, we know the many expedients to which men resort in order to acquire a subsistence, and are not therefore surprised, that by perseverance and long practice, stimulated by necessity, they should attain great dexterity in the art of deception. To find it, however, carried to such great perfection by wild and untutored savages, who are neither urged by necessity, nor indeed receive the slightest reward for their skill, is certainly very surprising.

In travelling up the Missouri during the summer of 1831, we lost our horses near the Arickara village, which caused our detention for several days. As this nation has committed more outrages upon the whites than any other on the Missouri, and seem to possess all the vices of the savage without a redeeming virtue, we found ourselves very unpleasantly situated near the principal village, without sufficient force to repel an attack if one should be made. After some deliberation, we adopted the advice of an old Canadian hunter, and determined to move our chattels directly into the village, and, whilst we remained, to take up our lodgings with the tribe. We were emboldened to this step, by the assurance of the hunter, that the Arickarees had never been known to kill but one man who had taken refuge within the limits of their town, and that their forbearance originated in the superstitious belief that the ghost of the murdered had haunted their encampment, and had frightened away the buffalo by his nightly screams.

We were received in the village with much more politeness than we expected; a lodge was appropriated to our use, and provisions were brought to us in abundance. After we were completely refreshed, a young man came to our lodge and informed us that a band of bears, (as he expressed it) or medicine men, were making preparations to exhibit their skill, and that if we felt disposed we could witness the ceremony. We were much gratified at the invitation, as we had all heard marvellous stories of the wonderful feats performed by the Indian medicine men or jugglers. We accordingly followed our guide to the medicine lodge, where we found six men dressed in bear skins, and seated in a circle in the middle of the apartment. The spectators were standing around, and so arranged as to give each individual a view of the performers. They civilly made way for our party, and placed us so near the circle that we had ample opportunity of detecting the imposture, if any imposition should be practised. The actors (if I may so call them) were painted in the most grotesque manner imaginable, blending so completely the ludicrous and frightful in their appearance, that the spectator might be said to be somewhat undecided whether to laugh or to shudder. After sitting for some time in a kind of mournful silence, one of the jugglers desired a youth who was near him, to bring some stiff clay from a certain place which he named on the river bank. This we understood, through an old Canadian named *Garrow*, (well known on the Missouri,) who was present and acted as our interpreter. The young man soon returned with the clay, and each of these human bears immediately commenced the process of moulding a number of little images exactly resembling buffaloes, men and horses, bows, arrows, &c. When they had completed nine of each variety, the miniature buffaloes were all placed together in a line, and the little clay hunters mounted on their horses, and holding their bows and arrows in their hands, were stationed about three feet from them in a parallel line. I must confess that at this part of the ceremony I felt very much inclined to be merry, especially when I observed what appeared to me the ludicrous solemnity with which it was performed. But my ridicule was changed into astonishment, and even into *awe*, by what speedily followed.

When the buffaloes and horsemen were properly arranged, one of the jugglers thus addressed the little clay men or hunters:

"My children, I know you are hungry; it has been a long time since you have been out hunting. Exert yourselves to-day. Try and kill as many as you can. Here are white people present who will laugh at you if you don't kill. Go! don't you see that the buffalo have already got the scent of you and have started?"

Conceive, if possible, our amazement, when the speaker's last words escaped his lips, at seeing the little images start off at full speed, followed by the Lilliputian horsemen, who with their bows of clay and arrows of straw, actually pierced the sides of the flying buffaloes at the distance of three feet. Several of the little animals soon fell, apparently dead—but two of them ran round the circumference of the circle, (a distance of fifteen or twenty feet,) and before they finally fell, one had three and the other five arrows transfixed in his side. When the buffaloes were all dead, the man who first addressed the hunters spoke to them again, and ordered them to ride into the fire, (a small one having been previously kindled in the

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centre of the apartment,) and on receiving this cruel order, the gallant horsemen, without exhibiting the least symptoms of fear or reluctance, rode forward at a brisk trot until they had reached the fire. The horses here stopped and drew back, when the Indian cried in an angry tone, "why don't you ride in?" The riders now commenced beating their horses with their bows, and soon succeeded in urging them into the flames, where horses and riders both tumbled down, and for some time lay baking on the coals. The medicine men gathered up the dead buffaloes and laid them also on the fire, and when all were completely dried they were taken out and pounded into dust. After a long speech from one of the party, (of which our interpreter could make nothing,) the dust was carried to the top of the lodge and scattered to the winds.

I paid the strictest attention during the whole ceremony, in order to discover, if possible, the mode by which this extraordinary deception was practised; but all my vigilance was of no avail. The jugglers themselves sat motionless during the performance, and the nearest was not within six feet of the moving figures. I failed altogether to detect the mysterious agency by which inanimate images of clay were to all appearance suddenly endowed with the action, energy and feeling of living beings.

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[From the same.]

Remarkable Dream and Prediction, with their fulfilment.

Many whose opinions are entitled to profound respect, have believed that man in his primitive or savage state, without the means of cultivating or exercising his reasoning powers, has been occasionally favored by divine or supernatural illumination. Whatever difference of opinion may exist however, in reference to this subject, there can be none as to the *facts* about to be recorded. In the fall of 1827, an old Mandan chief proclaimed early in the morning, through the village or town of his tribe, the following dream, which he alleged to have had the over night. "The Great Spirit," said he, "appeared to me last night and told me that my feast had given him much satisfaction—that he had concluded to take pity on me, and afford me an opportunity to avenge the death of my son. He told me when the sun had performed about half his journey, that I must start and go down to the little lake, (about ten miles distant)—that there I should find four of my enemies lying asleep, and that amongst them was the one who had slain my son—that I should attack and kill all four, and return safe to the village with their scalps." This dream the old Mandan repeated to William P. Pilton and James Kipp, traders, who were then present, and who are now living and can vouch for the fact. About noon he departed for the lake, and would suffer none to accompany him. In the evening, to the astonishment of every one who had heard the dream, he returned with four scalps and the arms and clothing of four Arickara warriors. This chief was afterwards called "Four Men," in commemoration of this exploit.

But the following extraordinary prophecy, and its subsequent exact fulfilment, came within my personal knowledge. If it does not prove direct supernatural interference, it at least shows that events previously foretold, have come to pass in a manner which no human sagacity can well understand.

In the spring of 1829, about the 14th of March, I was preparing to leave my wintering ground, which was just below the fork of the *River Des Moins*. A camp, consisting of about fourteen lodges of Menomonies, or Wild Rice Indians, situated a few hundred yards below my house, was also prepared to move down the river immediately on the breaking up of the ice, which was then daily expected. The wife of one of the principal men was very sick, and inasmuch as her illness would delay their departure, they felt much solicitude for her recovery, and requested an old man among them called "*The Bears Oil*," to call down the Spirit who presides over human life and question him respecting her recovery. The venerable doctor or seer at first seemed reluctant to comply, but on receiving several presents he commenced preparations. The first thing to be done was the erection of a house or lodge for the reception of the Spirit. Four poles of about ten feet in length were planted in the ground, forming a square of about four feet. The whole camp brought out their blankets, which were wrapped around the poles from the bottom to the height of about eight feet. On the ends of the poles was suspended all the finery which the camp could afford, as a greater inducement, I suppose, for the Spirit to descend. When these preparations were completed, the old man raised up the lower edge of the blankets and crawled into the lodge, where he remained entirely concealed from the spectators—not forgetting however to take with him his drum and medicine bag. From the time he entered, he was silent for nearly an hour, when at last he commenced singing in a low voice, accompanying himself on the drum. The words of the song, as well as the conversations which he afterwards carried on with the Great Spirit, were in a language entirely unknown to any except the initiated; and I have observed in all ceremonies of a similar kind, and among all tribes of Indians, the same unintelligible jargon is used. The Great Spirit delayed making his appearance so long, that I began to think the inducements were not sufficient;

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and being anxious to witness the conclusion of the ceremony, I sent to my house for some tobacco and ammunition as an additional offering. This gave much satisfaction to the Indians, and appeared also to be highly acceptable to the Spirit,—for a violent shaking of the lodge, and the jingling of the hawk bills which were fastened to the end of the pole, announced his arrival.

The old man proceeded immediately to business. In a short time he announced to the wondering crowd which surrounded the lodge, that the woman would die about sunrise on the following morning. He also stated that the cause which would produce her death was a fever in the heart, and this was occasioned by her always being in a bad, angry humor. The object of invoking the Spirit was accomplished in what had been announced; but the priest of the oracles further observed, that the Great Spirit had signified his willingness to answer any one question which might be asked. As the Menomonies were apprehensive of an attack from the Sioux, their fears naturally induced them to ask if any other person belonging to their camp should die or be killed previously to their reaching the Mississippi. The old man soon returned the answer of the Great Spirit, which was, that three of those who were then present would never see the Mississippi again. I was astonished at the old fellow's boldness in thus hazarding his reputation on a prophecy, the fulfilment of which seemed so very improbable. Some of the young men ventured a second question, and inquired the names of the persons who were sentenced to die—but immediately the shaking of the lodge and the jingling of the hawk bills, as before, announced the sudden departure of the Spirit. The old man made his appearance, but was evidently much displeased that the last inquiry was made. His look was sullen and angry, and he maintained a stubborn silence. Finding that nothing more was to be learned, I returned home, and amused myself with what I then supposed a ridiculous superstition.

Early next morning I walked to the Indian camp, in order to ascertain if the sick woman was still living; and before I proceeded far, I met several of her own sex, provided with hoes and axes, going to prepare her grave. They told me that she died precisely at the time that *Bears Oil* had predicted; and they further informed me that the Indians were preparing to move down the river as soon as the ice had started, not doubting that the other three condemned to death by the prophet were doomed to be killed by the Sioux.

Two days after the woman's death, an Indian ran into my house and told me, that a tree which they had commenced cutting down the evening before, and which had been imprudently left standing cut half way through, had just blown down, and had fallen across one of the lodges, by which a woman and child had been instantly killed. He congratulated himself that, according to the prophecy, only one more person was to die, and earnestly hoped that it might not be himself.

On the 20th of the month the ice broke up, and on the 22d the Indians and traders started in company to descend the *Des Moins* in boats. For several days we journeyed on without accident or annoyance—and when we at length arrived within ten miles of the Mississippi, several of the men began to teaze and joke the old prophet, asking if he meant to throw himself overboard in order to verify his own prediction. The old man paid no attention to their jests, but sat silently smoking his pipe, and apparently absorbed in deep thought. He was an object of general attention, nor shall I ever forget his appearance. His tall and emaciated form lay stretched at some length on the deck; his hollow sunken eyes were turned upward, and appeared straining in search of some invisible object; and ever and anon long streams of tobacco smoke were blown through his nose, ascending in curling vapors above his head. His imagination appeared to be busied in forming figures out of the smoke, and when a breeze scattered it away, he immediately sent forth another whiff, again to resume his ideal occupation. As we approached the Mississippi, the laugh and jests of the boatmen became more loud and frequent—but he appeared to be entirely insensible to surrounding objects, and I had almost come to the conclusion that the venerable seer was about to fulfil his own prophecy. Just at that moment the man who was steering my boat complained of a violent headach, and begged me to place some other person at the helm, which was accordingly done. He seated himself on deck, but I remarked that his countenance underwent various changes in quick succession. He paused for a moment, and then exclaimed, apparently in great agony, "I am the third person destined never to see the Mississippi, for I am now dying. Oh, my friends, raise me up and let me but behold the river, for it may possibly change my destiny!" I exhorted him to keep up his spirits, and to dismiss such apprehensions from his mind, assuring him that it was impossible for him to die before we reached the Mississippi, for that as soon as we turned the point below we should be in sight of the river. Thinking that some slight indisposition had concurred with the words of the prophet to excite his imagination highly, I stepped to the bow of the boat, and ordered the men to row round the point as quick as possible. I stood on the bow until the point was turned, and the majestic Mississippi lay stretched before us in full view. I immediately called to *Baptiste*, (the sick man's name,) and told him he might now see the river; but the only answer I received was from one of the men—"*He is dead!*" "Impossible!" I thought, and ran to the body—

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but it was too true; the man was a corpse, and his eye now glazed in death *had not perceived the perturbed waters of the Father of Floods!* I turned to the old sorcerer, whom I now considered as such, and was struck with the calm indifference with which he received the intelligence. "Villain!" I exclaimed, seizing him at the same time, with strong indignation, by the arm, "it was you who killed this man! You have poisoned him, and I will have you drowned for it." The old man replied with great composure, and without the least symptom of fear—"if you believe it was I who raised the wind which blew the tree across the lodge and killed the woman and child, then you may believe that I poisoned this man." I was struck with the justness of the defence, and said nothing more to the prophet.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

On the Death of James Gibbon Carter.

O'er the fam'd seat of science and of arms,
What dire disaster spreads such wild alarms?
What requiem sad is chanted o'er that bier?
Why streams the silent, sympathetic tear?
Why droop the ensigns of our sister state,
As though they mourn'd a fallen nation's fate?
In long procession through the crowded hall,
With measur'd footsteps and uncover'd pall,
Columbia's youthful chivalry appears
With crape-clad banners, and with trailing spears;
Whilst o'er each head funereal cypress bends,
And the sad streamer from each arm descends;
They weep the young—the noble—and the brave,
Consign'd by "doom" to an untimely grave;
Ere manhood stamp'd its image on his brow,
Or gave his lips the soldier's gen'rous vow,
Snapt was this scion in an evil hour.
Nor ling'ring death, nor sickness claim'd their pow'r;
But full of life—joy sparkling in his eye—
The fell destroyer came, commission'd from on high,
And Carter perish'd! Casuists, be still!
Was it without his mighty Maker's will?
Has not Omnipotence itself the pow'r
To bring repentance in the final hour?
Oh sad vicissitudes of earthly trust—
Hopes—bright as seraph's smile, consign'd to dust!
Here would we drop the veil o'er mortal woe,
Or give the dark'ning picture brighter glow,
But Truth forbids. At duty's call we come
To paint the horrors at his distant home.
Lo! by the patriot's couch a group appears,
Repressing anguish, and restraining tears;
Though at the effort nature's self recoils,
(For nature claims her tributes and her spoils,)
Brief are the hours which now the sick man claims,
Nor asks he more, since Zionward he aims:
The feeble sands of life are almost spent—
Dim is his eye—his locks with silver blent;
He, with the Patriarch of eld, may say,
"Short, but replete with woe, has been my day."
Then spare the agony his heart must know,
Ere waning life should sink beneath this blow.
But, oh! the Mother's desolated heart!
What charm can sooth—or what a balm impart?
Her hope—her stay—snatch'd to an early tomb,
Involving life itself in tenfold gloom!

MARCELLA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES.

When in my life's propitious morn
The sun of joy and hope once smiled,
Fair Poesy, of Pleasure born,
Each fancied sorrow oft beguiled.

But when the blast of real woe
Withered the brightness of my soul—
Bade me to dream of bliss no more,
And yet denied the Lethean bowl,

Did Poesy, like that bright star
That burns upon the brow of night,
Scatter misfortune's clouds afar,
And with her beauty glad my sight?

Ah, no! She flies the wretched breast,
To seek the gay and happy throng;
In mirth's soft bowers she loves to rest,
And speed the flying hours along.

Where fountains play, and flowrets bloom,
And where no thoughts of care intrude,
To beauty's halls the Muse has flown,
And left me to my solitude.

But lo! a fairer form appears,
On heavenly pinions hovering nigh;
She bids me dry repining tears,
And points me to her native sky.

She tells me of repose and peace
Which to the pure in heart are given,
And bids my sorrowing bosom cease
To mourn for those who're blest in heaven.

Religion! on thy brow doth glow
The rainbow hues of hope and joy;
That perfect peace thou canst bestow,
Which nothing earthly can destroy.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

STANZAS.

The moon as brightly shines to-night,
The scene as lovely ought to be,
As when I gazed upon its light
And thought sweet Hope was born for me;
'Tis *I* am changed, and not the hour—
Alas! the darkness centres *here;*
No clouds about yon planet lower,
I only view it through a tear.

Soft, lovely orb! some smiling eye
Ev'n now reposes on thy beams,
Some maid that never breathed a sigh,
Forsakes for thee her tranquil dreams;
Methinks I view her buoyant breast,
And mark the hopes that tremble there;
I also dreamed that I was blest,
'Till waked from slumber by a tear.

F. L. S.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LIONEL GRANBY.

CHAP. V.

The voice of youth! the air is rife
With a dream of glorious things,
And our harp is thrilling with the life
Of all its shining strings.—*Newspaper.*

The famed drinking song of Rabelais "*Remplio tous verre vuide*," the offspring of that wonderful man whose humor electrified an age, and whose sarcasm did as much for religious reformation as the logic of Luther, greeted my ears when I descended at the Raleigh in Williamsburg. Before me was a huge and curiously misshapen edifice, surmounted by a box, which looked more like a coffin than a porch. Over it the frowning head of the immortal patron of tobacco and potatoes ghastly smiled through its gamboge and vermilion, looking like one of those rough portraits, which in the earlier maps of Virginia, are placed amid the *terra incognito*, where "divers salvages inhabit." The porch was filled with young men, sitting in that peculiar posture, which resembled them to the mortars which grimly flank some armed fort, moving themselves and their legs from the banisters, only to examine a case of pistols, on which an atrabilarious youth was lecturing with great spirit. A few seemed to be absorbed in a newspaper, while more than one was employed in catching the echo of the bacchanial song, and murmuring it back to the festive board. The arrival of Arthur Ludwell and myself, produced a momentary sensation of curiosity and attention, and we had scarcely dismounted from our horses, ere we were frankly invited to join in the festivities of the club. With his accustomed prudence, Arthur declined the dangerous honor, while I, through an utter recklessness of heart, and a burning thirst for excitement, quickly accepted the offer, and was immediately ushered into the "*Apollo*," a long and dimly lighted room, in which, around a table, were gathered the bloom of boyhood and the bud of adolescence. Wine, adulterated into poison by its union with brandy, and that original sin of southern intemperance mint julap, stood forth the bold heralds of an incipient debauch. A young man of dark complexion and melancholy countenance, acted as the president of the board, occasionally struggling with himself for a bad pun, or joining in the chorus of each mirthful song.

"How has the affair between Leger and Allan terminated?" inquired a faint voice near me.

"Diffugere *vives*," responded the president, "for they fought this morning at the hay-yard with my pistols. Leger had the advantage of the ground, '*mutat terra vices*,' and hit Allan at the third fire. However, his wound is not dangerous; they are now friends. Here's to their health, and to the ball, which in purifying honor, exalts friendship."

I did not comprehend either the logic or morality of this toast—yet I drank it through common civility; and from my desire to be considered as a youth of spirit, I soon reeled in the full grossness of intoxication. The lights were now extinguished, and we sallied forth, fired with the ambition of "putting the town to rights." At the door I met Scipio, who gazing on me for a moment, averted his face and burst into tears. I passed rapidly by him, and with difficulty smothered a curse which my pride aimed at his weakness. Unnoticed by my companions he silently followed me; and it was his hand which raised me from the earth where I had fallen, and his arm which bore me to my room.

I arose the next morning with a shattered frame and an aching heart, nor could my crazed philosophy destroy the blush with which memory every moment bitterly suffused my cheek. But was not drunkenness the attribute of genius! the unerring characteristic of intellect!—for while tradition sighed over the memory of the victims of intemperance, the lustre of genius awoke the pity of sympathy, the pardon of virtue, and the emulation of folly. All the promising young men who have sunk into a drunkard's grave, were full of high and lofty intelligence, and would have realized the proudest hope of fame but for this fatal excess of genius. Strange fatuity! and stranger that its rottenness should excite either our pity or forgiveness!

College life is a little dream of human passion and human infirmity. It is the same eternal track of disappointment, over which folly vaults and ambition staggers—a record of youthful happiness written on a summer's leaf, it glitters for the moment, and fades away beneath the spirit which freshens it into beauty. 'Tis the miniature arena in which human life first disports its vices, its hopes, and its imaginings—and if no other knowledge be acquired, the collegian can look with pride on his acquaintance with the world, its follies and its pleasures, and hug to his bosom that kernel of truth which has been wrested from the hard husk of disappointment. We had numerous debating societies, where the elements of government, the subtleties of law, and the vagaries of taste were nightly discussed. We were either orators or philosophers—the former declaiming in all the pomp of verbosity, the latter deciding in all the solemnity of silence. Newspapers were eagerly read, and many a maiden pen first fleshed itself in these shambles of faction. All write in Virginia for these greedy receptacles of morbid ire and political venom—and he who can sketch the hundredth-told tale, in improved bombast, or provincial dialect, becomes the little great man of the cross-roads, or struts the swelling Junius of the courtyard. Write in jagged orthography—the dictionary is at hand; scuffle through the rules of grammar—the printer has a happy talent of correcting by his own grammar; violate the sense of language and the chastity of style, for this is a trait of towering genius; but write, and write again, until you can gaze with triumph on the tenth number of some masterly Cato—some learned Sidney—or some eloquent Curtius. These compliments are the certain rewards of your labors—for the printer's praise is measured by your fustian, and that of his readers is gained by the length of your numbers.

I found Pilton, a student of reputation and character, which added bitterness to the malignity of my hate. Our meeting was cold, formal and ceremonious; and on my part, I was repulsive almost to direct insult. My hate was fierce, violent and untamed—but still it was open and undisguised, apparently losing its malice in good breeding, and its assassin-like propensity in honor. As usual, his habits of intense application had given him a high rank both in his class and in the esteem of the professors, while his ill-breeding was forgotten in the light which learning threw around him. To all my open attacks, secret insinuations, and ma-

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levolent hints, he exposed that affected candor and subtle magnanimity, which neutralized the poison and blunted the edge of my weapons.

There was a ball at the Old Raleigh during the Christmas holydays, to which the city as well as its vicinity sent a numerous representation of those soft, fragile and dove-like females, who, springing like so many Venus' from the bosom of the sea, claim their home only in the tranquil and affectionate hearths of tide-water Virginia. Like the mocking bird, their dwelling place is amid the ripple of the murmuring tide, while their song is the melody which thrills into life the fearful and eternal solitude of the pine forests. When I entered the room, the dance was exultingly triumphant, and each mazy figure was softened into intense interest by that joyousness of mirth which takes its pride of place only from early hearts and youthful hopes. One girl instantly arrested my attention; and the long, deep and ardent gaze which I directed towards her, mantled her cheek with a deep and struggling blush, giving that delicate tint which, like the fabled rose, twines itself around, only to bloom over the pallid countenance of disease. She was pale, attenuated and fragile, with that dewy-like softness which is stolen from the couch of sickness, and that tranquil firmness which shows both a capability of happiness, and a peaceful resignation at the want of it. Her form was full of grace and symmetrical beauty, and her eye, like a glow-worm, lit up the saddened paleness of her face. How wonderful is the contagion of friendship! How curious are the hallowed sympathies of love! Unseen though felt—unknown though experienced, they breathe that pathos of congeniality, which in exciting attachment, confirms constancy, and which ever leaves us to wonder not so much at their commencement as at their continuance. I do not know that my appearance was calculated to impress the heart of the fair girl who trembled under my searching gaze; but her blush truly responded to the passion, poetry and sympathy which my eyes discoursed, and I soon found that the shadowy gloom of my countenance had arrested her kindness and excited her curiosity. I was soon formally introduced, though in the confusion of the moment I did not hear her name; and on her complaint of fatigue, I led her to a retired seat, and in a short time we were fairly launched into that great sea of conversation, the mental difference of the sexes—a subject on which man ever shows his ill-nature, and woman her superiority. I found her mind opening like the flowers of the wilderness in richness, variety and freshness, and her wit leaping and gambolling like an uncaged bird. I poured out all the long-hived treasures of my erudition, disclosed the whole extent of my learning, and disported all the little elegancies and graces of my nature. I could tell her no secret of taste, or display no gem of literature, with which she was not familiar; and looking up in her tranquil and placid face, I took no note of time, or of the whispers of the crowd, which had declared me "a case."

Towards the conclusion of the ball, a gentleman taking advantage of a pause in our conversation, addressed her by the name of Miss Pilton. Good God! how that word rang and tingled through the deepest recesses of my heart, and how quickly did my hate leap up to it as a fortuitous gift for its demoniac revenge.

"Are you the sister," I inquired, "of Mr. Henry Pilton, now at William and Mary?"

"I am his only sister," was her reply. "You certainly know him, and if you do not, you must seek his acquaintance. I will tell him that I am about to make you my friend, and he will love you for my sake."

"I do know him," I answered; "he is studious and intelligent, and possesses the esteem and confidence of all the professors."

She rewarded this constrained, though frank avowal, with a smile—and in the rapture of her joy, she betrayed all that confidence which her brother's pride had deposited in her bosom, and told with enthusiasm the little history of his ambition, his fears, and his hopes. He boldly anticipated every honor within the compass of society; and that proud determination to be great, which invigorated his youthful ambition, added a deeper hue of malignity to the venom of my hate.

"He hardly gives me time," she said, "to love him; for gazing like the eagle on the sun, he never looks down on the insipid dulness of earth. I do not admire students, Mr. Granby; they are cold and selfish, and though they gain our flattery, they rarely win our hearts."

I construed this remark, though made at the expense of her brother, as a compliment to myself, and soon gained her smiles, by many sarcasms which I levelled at pedants, scholars and students. Without professing flattery, I pleased her by a ready acquiescence of sentiment and opinion; and anticipating her pride of sex and her tenderness of heart, I lauded in the richest language of quotation, woman's love, and woman's constancy. The artlessness of her character, and the simplicity of her nature, could not hide from my vanity the favorable impression I had made on her heart. I looked on my victim with some emotions of pity, and paused for a moment under the goading sting of conscience; yet the fiend-like passion which rioted on my life, told me that the ruin of her peace, and the destruction of her happiness, would be the proudest victory which my hate could achieve.

Leaving her for a few moments, I looked around at the mirthful throng which filled the room, and sauntered to the *bar*, which was a point where conversation converged its focus. About a table prodigally ornamented with decanters and glasses, were collected numerous groups of young men, who were all talking at the same time on beauty, horseracing, politics and dueling. Here and there a solitary tobacco chewer might be seen, stealing to some fire place or window, and enjoying in mute rapture, the filth, excitement and grossness of his depraved appetite. Two or three youthful legislators from the adjoining counties, were flaunting their maiden honors in the broad light of political vanity—while four elderly gentlemen, in embroidered waistcoats and fair-top boots, were eloquently deprecating the onward march of democracy, which made the legislature a mob of demagogues, and the ball room a collection of fine clothes and vulgarity. This was my uncle's favorite theme, and from the folly of such croaking aristocracy, common sense and not education had delivered me. An aged negro, the "harmonious Phillips" of the country, dressed in the ample costume of the old school, with a powdered head, a large knob of watch seals, and a silver ship in his bosom, controlled with fierce tyranny his partners of the bow, fife and trian-

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gle. Bowing almost to the floor, he would ever and anon cry out in a magisterial tone, *cross over—forward—turn your partners—done*, and catching the inspiration of catgut and rosin, his ivory teeth were displayed like the keys of a piano-forte, while his broad face fairly laughed itself into ecstasy.

At the conclusion of the ball, I became the solitary escort of Miss Pilton. The moon was shining coldly and brightly over the world; and when I was about to leave my fair charge, looking up she exclaimed, "How beautiful!—how melancholy!—it makes me almost a poetess. What a contrast to the busy crowd we have just left; oh! that human life was as cloudless, and human love as pure!"

There was no affectation in this rhapsody—no girlish sentiment in the display; for nature called forth the gushing softness of her heart, and I quickly took advantage of this moment of philosophic romance.—Where is the lover who has not found the moon his silent yet most impassioned advocate, and who, when gazing on its mellow light, has not caught that saddened sympathy which brightens every dark spot in the horizon of the heart.

"Yes," I replied, "it is the same cloud-wrapt sphere which has always looked down on the little drama of human folly, unmoved amid the desolations of death and the fall of empires, forever whispering love, and exalting the best affections of our nature. Marriages must be made in *heaven*—and this pale messenger, in expanding the heart, almost persuades me that it is commissioned to teach love and awaken affection."

Ere she could reply, I placed a leaf of evergreen in her hand, and uttered enough of love to call a burning blush to her cheek. I lingered for a few moments at the door, and on leaving the scene, I turned around to gaze on the being who was thus insensibly falling into the toils of my duplicity. I saw her place in her bosom the treacherous emblem which I had given her; and as the silvery light of the moon trembled over her marbled brow and placid countenance, I almost believed that its rays had claimed that spot, as the only tranquil home in the wide world on which they might kiss themselves into slumber. THETA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LETTERS FROM A SISTER.

LETTER SEVENTEENTH.

The Garden of Plants—The Camel Leopard—The Library, Museum, and Cabinet of Anatomy—Manufactory of Gobelin Tapestry.

PARIS, ——.

My dear Sister:—

I do not wonder that you are surprised at my not having yet described to you the "Royal Garden of Plants." The fact is, we have been thrice disappointed in our arrangements to go there, but at last have accomplished our project, and devoted both Tuesday and Wednesday to the investigation of this famed spot, and we have seen nothing in Paris that has interested us more. It is of great extent, and affords the visiter as much information as amusement. It was founded by Jean de Brosses, the physician of Louis XIII, and much improved by the exertions of Buffon the naturalist. It contains various enclosures, some of which are appropriated to botany, and display every plant, flower and shrub, native and foreign, that can be made to grow there. Each is labelled, and bears its botanical name; and there are spacious hot-houses for such as require shelter and extreme care. We remarked here some fine specimens of the bread tree and sugar cane. Other enclosures are filled with all sorts of culinary vegetables. There are besides, nurseries of fruit trees and samples of different kinds of fences, hedges and ditches, and of various soils and manures. The enclosures are separated by wide gravel walks,

> "Bounded by trees, with seats beneath the shade,
> For talking age and whispering lovers made."

In the centre of the garden is an artificial hill, crowned with a temple, from which you enjoy a view of the city, and may aid your sight with a spy glass, by paying a trifle to a man who owns it and generally sits there, for the purpose of hiring it, and indicating to strangers the names of the public edifices visible in the perspective. On the way to the temple, you pass under a huge and towering cedar of Lebanon, which De Jussieu the botanist planted more than eighty years ago. This superb tree was considerably injured during the revolution; and had it not been for the remonstrances and influence of Humboldt the traveller, the whole garden would probably be now in a ruinous condition—for when the allies were in Paris, it was owing to his exertions that the Prussians were prevented encamping there.

The menagerie exhibits the greatest variety of animals. The ferocious are kept in iron cages; those that are gentle, in enclosures and habitations suitable to their propensities and natures, and embellished with such trees and shrubs as are found in their native climes. Goats for instance, are furnished with artificial acclivities for climbing, and bears with dens and rugged posts. The populace often throw biscuits and fruit to the bears, in order to witness their endeavors to catch them; but this is dangerous diversion, for in doing this, a boy was not sufficiently alert in his movements, and ere he withdrew his arm, had it severely lacerated by the eager animal. On another occasion, a careless nurse, while amusing herself in a similar manner, let a child fall in, which was instantly devoured! Among the gentlest and most curious of the quadrupeds, is the giraff, or camel leopard, which was brought from Africa about two years ago, and threw all Paris into commotion. Thousands visited him daily, and belts, reticules, gloves, kerchiefs, and even cakes and blanc mangés were decorated with his image. It is said that he possesses both sagacity and sensibility, to prove which the following anecdote is related of him. As his keepers were bringing him to Paris, they were joined by a man on horseback, who continued to bear them company for several miles, until he came to another road. The giraff, which had manifested great delight when the traveller first appeared, then evinced deep distress, and even shed tears! Upon inquiry, it was found that the traveller's horse and the giraff were from the same part of Africa, and probably old acquaintances. This is a marvellous story, I must confess; nevertheless, many persons believe it. I will now tell you another less incredible, and which shews to what perfection the flower makers here carry their art. The giraff is very fond of rose leaves; and not long since, seeing a bunch of artificial roses in a lady's bonnet, and thinking them natural, he seized hold of them, and

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pulled with such force, that he soon had possession of hat and all. It must have been a ludicrous scene. He is so delicate, that strict attention is obliged to be paid to his food and lodging. The first consists of *delicate* vegetables, and the heat of the last is regulated by a thermometer; and his African attendant sleeps near to guard him and supply his wants. Leaving the quadrupeds, we proceeded to look at the birds, which are also admirably arranged. The water fowls have their pools and lakes—the ostrich its sands, and so on.

I have now detailed what we saw on Tuesday. On Wednesday we returned to the garden, and examined the Library, the Museum of Natural History, and the Cabinet of Comparative Anatomy, where, for the first time in my life, I beheld the human form, divested of its skin and flesh, and changed to a machine of dried bones and sinews, and bloodless veins! The sight made me shudder, and I felt relieved when we came away.

Not far from the Garden of Plants, at the corner of the Rue Mouffetarde, is the celebrated manufactory of Gobelin Tapestry, which derives its name from a dyer who first owned the establishment, and employed himself in coloring worsteds. Colbert, the patriotic champion of the arts and sciences, during his ministry, occasioned the rise and perfection of it in the following manner. He engaged workmen to weave tapestry in imitation of that of Flanders. The attempt succeeded, and such has been the proficiency of those who have since carried on the work, that their productions are now equal to any others of the kind. You may imagine what care and expense is required in the business, when I inform you that a single piece of tapestry frequently demands two years labor to finish it, and has cost almost three hundred pounds sterling!

The clock is striking two, and I must prepare for a ride in the Bois de Boulogne. It being a delightful afternoon, we shall no doubt find it alive with carriages, pedestrians and equestrians. Those who repair there in coaches, usually drive to a pleasant spot, and then descend to walk to and fro in the shade, for air and exercise, until the approach of the dinner hour, or some other engagement calls them elsewhere. Farewell.

LEONTINE.

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LETTER EIGHTEENTH.

Ceremony of taking the Veil—Palace of the Warm Baths, a Roman Ruin.

PARIS, ——.

Oh! Jane, how we wished for you yesterday! Early in the morning we received a note from Madame F—— saying, that if the ladies of our party would like to witness the ceremony of "taking the veil," and would repair to her house by nine o'clock, she would accompany them to a neighboring convent where it was to be performed about the hour of ten. The Abbess being her friend and cousin, she had obtained her consent to our attending on the occasion in case we wished it. We *wished* it, you may be sure, and her kindness was eagerly and thankfully accepted. On reaching the convent its portal was opened by two of the sisterhood, who greeted Madame F—— very cordially, made their curtsies to us, and then conducted us to the gallery of a small chapel, the main body of which was filled with nuns clad in black, and seated on rows of benches each side of the aisle. In the centre of it, upon a damask chair, sat a young lady richly dressed. She wore a yellow silk frock trimmed with lace, white satin shoes, long white kid gloves, and ornaments of pearl. A wreath of orange blossoms mingled and contrasted with her dark hair, and were partly concealed by a flowing veil. Madame F—— related her history, and to our surprise we learned she was an English girl who had been placed in the convent at an early age to be educated. As might have been expected, associating so constantly and closely with Catholics from childhood, she became one herself; and when her parents came over to France for the purpose of carrying her home, they found her resolved on becoming a nun. Having tried in vain to dissuade her from it, they at length yielded to her entreaties, and were even present when she took the vows; and as they did not appear distressed on the occasion, I suppose they had finally become reconciled to their bereavement. I wonder they did not *compel* her to relinquish her determination. But to proceed to the ceremony. Long prayers were said, incense scattered, and a fine hymn chanted—the novice kneeling down before a table covered with a crimson cloth, and reclining her head upon it, in humble submission to that Divine Power to whom she was dedicating her heart and days! When the music ceased the Abbess advanced, and taking her hand, led her out through a side door; and while they were absent, a nun distributed among the sisterhood a number of large wax candles, which she afterwards illumined. The Abbess now re-entered with her charge, and prayers and incense were again offered, a second hymn sung, and the novice had her hair, or a portion of it, cut off; she then prostrated herself before the altar, and a black pall was cast over her, to signify she was dead to the world. On rising, she retired a second time with the Superior, and in a few minutes re-appeared, clad in the habiliments of the cloister, and went round the chapel to receive the kiss of congratulation and welcome from each of the community; after which the lights were extinguished, and every one departed, leaving her to solitude, meditation and prayer, until the vesper bell should tell the hour for rejoining her. How awful I felt while a spectator of the solemn scene; and how strange, is it not? that reflecting beings who know the fickleness of human nature—that "nature's mighty law is change," can venture thus to bind themselves for life to stay in one limited space, and pursue one unvaried mode of existence! I hope and think I love religion truly; but I am sure if I were a *saint* upon earth, I should never hide my light in a monastery. I ought to mention, that except the father and brothers of the new nun, no gentlemen were admitted to the ceremony; and I ought also to state that *she* was very pretty. Leonora says that notwithstanding the scene and place, she was constantly imagining the interference of some brave youth, to save the fair creature from her fate, by rushing in and bearing her off by force; but alas! the age of chivalry is long past, and now-a-days a *hero* in *love* would be thought a prodigy and hard to find, unless perhaps, he was sought for in a certain old fashioned fabric in the vicinity of Morven Lodge. *There*, peradventure, such an *odd personage might be discovered.*

From the convent we drove to what is called the

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"Palace of the Warm Baths." This is a relic of Roman antiquity. In it, the Roman emperors, and after their dominion ceased in France, the French monarchs, used to reside. Its foundation is attributed to Julian the Apostate. The sole remaining apartments consist of an extensive and lofty hall, and some cells beneath it. The hall is lighted by an immense arched window, and its vaulted roof for several ages supported a garden. By this we may judge how firmly and strongly the Romans used to build. I cannot, for lack of space, express to you the kind messages with which I am charged. Suffice it to know, we all love you dearly.

LEONTINE.

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LETTER NINETEENTH.

Visit to Versailles—The Little Trianon—The Grand Trianon—Church of St. Louis, and Monument of the Duke de Berri—Mendon—Chalk Quarries—Tortoni's—Wandering Musicians—An Evening at Count Ségur's—Children's Fancy Ball.

PARIS, ——.

My dear Sister :—

I have really a great mind to give you a *scolding*, instead of a *description*, for your perusal. What are you all about at the Lodge, that you have not written to us for this fortnight. Papa and Mamma are quite out of patience with you, and desire me to request you will answer this the moment it reaches you. Indeed I hope you *will*, for they are evidently uneasy in consequence of your long silence.

Now let me tell you of our visit to Versailles. We spent Friday there, and carrying with us a cold dinner, partook of it under the trees near the Petit Trianon, having gained a keen appetite by first walking over the immense palace and its garden; of the splendors of both you are well aware. We were not much pleased with our rustic mode of eating on the grass, the premises of the table cloth being frequently invaded by insects. Like dancing on the turf, such arrangements are pleasanter in description than in reality. The Petit Trianon was the favorite residence of Marie Antoinette, and there she passed a great deal of her time, free from the bustle and formality of the court, and devoted to rural occupations. The place still exhibits evidences of her taste and innocent amusements. The grounds are diversified with grottos, cottages, temples, mimic rivers and cascades. Then there is a beautiful little music room, a labyrinth, a dairy, and a lake. The palace is a tasteful edifice, and a part of the furniture is the same that was used by the decapitated queen.

The Grand Trianon, another palace situated in the park of Versailles, is superior to this in elegance and embellishments, but not half so interesting. The parterre behind the mansion, teems with Flora's choicest gifts, and reminded me of the saying, that "Versailles was the garden of waters; Marly the garden of trees; but Trianon that of flowers." In the orangery at Versailles we were shown an orange tree which is computed to be three hundred years old! It is denominated "The Old Bourbon," and has been the property of several kings of that race. Its trunk and foliage are remarkably thick. The garden and park are five miles in circumference; and only think of these and the magnificent structure overlooking them, being completed in seven years! But perhaps did we know the number of workmen employed upon them during that period, the fact would not seem so amazing.

We rode through the wide streets of the town, visited the Church of St. Louis, where a simple monument is erected in honor of the Duke de Berri, and then turned our course homewards, stopping for an hour at Mendon, a royal chateau that Napoleon fitted up elegantly for his son; it is now unoccupied, though I believe the Duke de C—— sometimes spends a few weeks there. A noble avenue leads to the house, and from the terrace in front of it the prospect is very fine. As we traversed the grounds, guided by an old soldier, we were quite diverted at the astonishment he expressed, on discovering from an observation of Leonora's that she and her family were Americans. "Mais comme vous êtes blondes!" cried he, "et j'ai toujours entendu dire que les habitans d'Amerique étaient rouges ou noirs!"*

At the foot of the hill of Mendon, near the banks of the Seine, are large quarries of chalk, that we were told merited our attention; but it was too late to profit by the information, and we hastened on to Paris.

After resting ourselves and drinking tea, we sallied forth again, and strolled on the Boulevard as far as Tortoni's, to eat ices. He is master of a grand caffé, and famous for his ices and déjeunés à la fourchette. His establishment is splendidly illuminated every night, and so thronged with customers, that it is often difficult to procure a seat. Some prefer regaling themselves before the door in their carriages; and there is generally a range of stylish equipages in front of the house, filled with lords and ladies, and beaux and belles, partaking of the cooling luxuries of iced lemonade and creams, and listening to the bands of ambulatory musicians, that here are always to be found and heard, wherever there is a crowd. They select the popular airs of the theatres and those of the first composers of the day, which are as familiar to the common people as they are to amateurs.

We recently spent another delightful evening at Count Ségur's. We found him, as usual, surrounded by the learned and refined; and he met us with his accustomed smile of benevolence and bonhomie. There was a lively young relative of his present, and when most of his visiters had departed, she insisted on his joining her and myself in playing "l'Empereur est Mort," &c., and with the utmost amiability he complied with her wishes. The play of l'Empereur is similar to that termed the "Princess Huncamunca."

While we were at the Count's, Mr. and Mrs. Danville attended a levee at the Hotel Marine, and the girls accompanied a young friend of Marcella's, (a Miss Y—— from Soissons) to a fancy ball given by the children of Madame Clément's seminary. Miss Y—— being a pupil, had the privilege of inviting two acquaintances, and chose Marcella and Leonora as her guests. They were highly entertained. All the scholars wore costumes, and several supported the characters they assumed with proper spirit. There was a little round, rosy faced girl, of five years old, decked as a Cupid. She was entwined with a silken drapery, thickly studded with golden stars; sandals laced on her feet,

* But how fair you are! and I have always heard that the inhabitants of America are *red* or *black*.

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and a quiver slung over her plump and naked little shoulders! In her right hand she held a gilt bow, and her curls were confined by a glittering bandeau. They danced until ten o'clock, and as none of the masculine gender were admitted, the elder Misses played the part of beaux. I should have liked to join in the frolic, I confess, though not upon condition of foregoing the pleasure we had at No. 13, Rue Duphot, Count Ségur's residence.

Papa has presented me a beautiful watch, and intends purchasing another for you. With tender regards to aunt M—— and Albert, I remain your attached sister

LEONTINE.

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LETTER TWENTIETH.

Mechanical Theatre—The Boulevards—the derivation of the term.

PARIS, ——.

"Joy! joy!" cried I, on looking out of the window yesterday, and spying Arnaud returning from the post office with a letter, which, according to our wishes, proved to be from our naughty Jane. Arrant scribbler that I am, I hasten to answer it, though you must feel you do not deserve to be replied to so speedily. However, as this is the first time you have been negligent, we ought not to be relentless—so here is my *hand* in token of forgiveness and good will; but beware of repeating the offence.

Having finished my lecture, and knowing you are fond of listening to adventures, I will now recount a droll one that happened to us last evening. At sunset we were walking on the Boulevard du Temple, which abounds in every variety of the lower order of amusements, when suddenly a violent shower began to fall, and of course every body to scamper to some shelter. *We* took refuge in the portico of an illuminated building, entitled in large transparent letters over the door, "Theâtre Mecanique," and finally determined to enter and witness the acting within. We accordingly purchased tickets of the woman employed to sell them, and following her up a narrow flight of stairs, were ushered into a confined gallery, overlooking a dirty pit, the highest grade of whose occupants seemed to be that of a cobbler. Four tallow candles lighted the orchestra, where *two hard* plying fiddlers performed their tasks. We began to think we might be in "Alsatia!" and then the actors and actresses! what were they? Why, a set of clumsy wooden figures that tottered in and out, and were suspended by cords so coarse, as to be visible even amidst the gloom that surrounded them. A ventriloquist made these puppets appear very loquacious; and whenever they stopped to make a speech it was quite ludicrous, for they vacillated to and fro like the pendulum of a clock, for more than a minute. We would have rejoiced to get out, but the rain still poured, and we were compelled to remain. After the piece was concluded, and the fiddlers had put up their instruments, and were puffing out and pocketing the bits of candles, and we were reluctantly preparing to issue forth into the storm, up came the above mentioned vender of billets, (who it seems was manager likewise,) and calling to the musicians to resume their operations, begged us to be re-seated, in order to see the first act repeated, which we had lost by arriving too late. We availed ourselves of her politeness and *honesty*, but could scarcely refrain from laughing as we did so—and fortunately, during the half hour that succeeded, the weather cleared, and we were thus enabled to get home without the dreaded wetting; but the Boulevards not being paved, the walking was exceedingly muddy, and it was so long ere we reached a stand of carriages, that when we did, we thought it more prudent to continue our route on foot, than to risk sitting in our wet shoes.

As you may not know what is meant by the "*Boulevards*," I will tell you. They are wide roads, or streets, edged with spreading umbrageous elms, and formerly *bounded* the city, but now, from its increase in size, they are *within* it. Their appellation of "Boulevards" is derived from "bouler sur le vert," to "bowl upon the green"—being once covered with turf, and the frequent scene of playing at bowls. Here, nightly, the citizens forget the cares and labors of the day, and resign themselves to pleasure and mirth. Rows of chairs, owned and placed there by poor persons, may be hired for two sous a piece. Adieu.

LEONTINE.

———

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Burning of the Richmond Theatre.

The following lines are from the pen of a venerable lady of Virginia, widow of one of the patriots of the revolution. They were written in 1812, shortly after the conflagration, and are now for the first time published.

> What is this world? thy school, oh misery!
> Our only lesson is to learn to suffer,
> And they who know not *that* were born for nothing.
> (*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Whence the wild wail of agonizing woe
That heaves each breast, and bids each eye o'erflow?
Ah, me! amid the all involving gloom
That wrapt the victims of terrific doom,
While *palsied fancy* casts an anguish'd glance,
What *phrenzied* spectres to my view advance!
Appalled nature shrinks—my harrowed soul
Dares not the direful scene of death unrol;
Yet o'er the friends she loved the muse would mourn,
And weep for others' sorrows and her own;
To their sad obsequies would *grateful* pay
The heartfelt tribute of a mourning lay.
And lo! through the dark horrors of the night,
What form revered now rushes on my sight!
Ye blasting flames, oh spare the cheek of age!
Ah, heaven! they with redoubled fury rage!
Yet undismay'd she view'd the fiery flood,
Resign'd amid the desolation stood—
To God alone address'd her feeble cry,
Oh! save my child, and willingly I die!
Approving heaven propitious heard her prayer,
To bliss receiv'd her, and preserv'd her care.
Oh, long lov'd friend! oh, much lamented Page!
How did thy goodness every heart engage—
How oft for *me* thy generous tears have flow'd,
What kind attention still thy love bestow'd;
When sickness mourn'd or sorrow heav'd a sigh,
Thy useful aid benignant still was nigh;
The best of neighbors, and the truest friend,
O'er thy sad urn disconsolate we bend.

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Heardst thou that shriek? the accent of despair!
The mother's deep felt agony was there:
My only hope, Louisa, art thou gone?
Is thy pure spirit to thy Maker flown?
Oh! take me too! the mourner frantic cries,
When such friends part *'tis the survivor* dies!
She was my all—so gentle, good, and kind;
Then she is blest, and be thy heart resign'd!
And see, of sympathy, alas! the theme,
In woes experienc'd, and in griefs supreme!
Yon aged matron now to view appears,
One thought alone her anguish'd bosom cheers;
For while on vacancy she bends her eye,
She sees her children angels in the sky!
Juliana! Edwin! beauteous Mary too!
To yon bright realm from earthly suffering flew;
Well tried in fortune's ever changing scene,
A mourner now with calm resigned mien,
Who bears a name to every patriot dear,
Nelson! who long Virginia shall revere,
Ah, see! submissive to the direful stroke,
No murmurs from her pallid lips have broke;
Though lov'd Maria, long her age's stay,
Whose duteous care watch'd o'er her setting day,
The awful mandate bade, alas, depart!
"Lean not on earth—'twill pierce thee to the heart;"
Yet must our sorrows stain the mournful bier,
When virtue lost demand the flowing tear!
And youthful Mary shares Maria's fate,
Her gentle cousin and endearing mate;
For hand in hand they mount the ethereal way,
To brighter regions and unclouded day.
Great God! whose fiat gives the general doom,
Speaks into life, or lays within the tomb,
Oh! teach our hearts submissive to resign;
Thy will be done—be much obedience mine.
And lo! advancing from the deepest shade,
A generous youth sustains a sainted maid;
Down his pale cheeks the gushing tears o'erflow,
And fancy's ear attends the plaint of woe.
Oh, much lov'd Conyers! lov'd so long in vain,
Could but my death thy fleeting soul retain,
Far happier I, than doom'd, alas! to prove
The bitter pangs of unrequited love;
My constant heart disdains on earth to stay,
While thou art borne to native realms away—
Nor at my hapless fate can I repine,
Since bless'd in death to call thee ever mine!
Oh, gallant youth! Oh, all accomplish'd maid!
At your sad shrine shall votive rites be paid;
There oft at eve shall pensive lovers stray,
And future Petrarchs pour the plaintive lay;
For, ah! behold a faithful wedded pair,
Blest *too* in death, an equal fate to share!
In their sad breasts no *selfish* fears arise,
Each for the other *feels—each* in the *other dies!*
Yon man of woes, oh! mark his furrowed cheek;
What deep-drawn sighs his misery bespeak:
'Tis Gallego! Each bosom comfort flown,
In the dark vale of years he walks alone.
And now amid the victim train appears
A friend of worth, approv'd through twenty years;
Just, wise, and good, true to his country's cause,
He from opposing parties gain'd applause:
From life and usefulness forever torn,
Virginia long for Venable shall mourn;
And for her chief, lamented Smith, shall share
His orphan's grief, his wretched widow's care.
Nutall—a man obscure, of humble name,
Virtuous, industrious, tho' unknown to fame,
Escap'd in safety—heard his wife's sad cries!
"Safe tho' we are, alas! my daughter dies!"
He heard, nor paus'd, but dar'd again the fire,
Resolv'd to save or in the attempt expire;
Oh! noble daring—worthy to succeed—
But Heaven forbade, yet bless'd the generous deed:
The daughter lives—the father's toils are o'er—
Where sorrow, pain and want, can wound no more;
In the bright glow of youthful beauties bloom,
Ill-fated Anna sinks beneath the gloom:
Her lovely orphan—yet too young to know
Her cruel loss or the extent of woe—
In deepest grief while all around her mourn,
Still piteous cries, "When will Mamma return!"
What tender cries, what anguish'd moans prevail,
How many orphans join the plaintive wail!
For Gibson, Heron, Greenhow, Gerardin,
And Wilson, borne from the heart-rending scene!
While frantic husbands, mothers, widows rave,
O'er the *vast urn* the *all-containing grave!*
But ah! my muse the death-fraught theme forbear,
Nor longer tread the abyss of wild despair;
I sink with life's distracting cares oppress'd,
And fain with those would share eternal rest;
Yet impious, let me not presume to scan—
Great God—thy ways mysterious all to man!
But while for mercy humbly I implore,
"Rejoice with trembling," and resign'd adore.

M. L. P.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

I'll neither call thee beautiful
  Nor say that thou art fair;
I will not praise thy witching eye,
  Nor compliment thy hair;
I'll speak not of the roses sweet,
  That blush upon thy cheek,
Nor of the tresses richly hung
  About thy snowy neck.

For thou wouldst deem it flattery,
  Altho' it would not be,
And flattery would never do
  To win a smile from thee;
And surely I would proudly win,
  Without the help of guile,
A look that would be mellowed
  By the magic of thy smile.

JACK TELL.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

GIRL OF BEAUTY.

Girl of Beauty! can you tell,
Gazing in the crystal well,
Who it is that madly dreams
Of thine eye's bewildering beams?

Girl of Beauty! is the bird,
In the spring, with pleasure heard,
When the melody of song

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Leaps the listening boughs among?
If the birds delight the grove,
Can I hear thee, and not love?

Girl of Beauty! does the Bee
Love the rose's purity?
Does the Miser love his dross?
Does the Christian love his cross?
Then *I love thee*, gentle girl,
Dearer than the crown of earl.

Girl of Beauty! does the sky
Seem all beauteous to thine eye,
When the stars with silver rays
Brightly beam before thy gaze?
Thou art dearer far to me,
Than the stars *can be* to thee.

Girl of Beauty! does the tar
Love to dream of scenes afar,
When the mildly sighing gale
Fills the proudly swelling sail?
Then I love to dream of thee,
And thy sweet simplicity.

Girl of Beauty! does the boy
Kiss his sister's cheek with joy
When they meet in after years,
Having parted once in tears?
May you kiss your brother soon—
Ere the rounding of the moon.

JACK TELL.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE RECLAIMED.

It was a bright and beautiful summer evening. All nature seemed to speak the language of peace and joy; the birds warbled in the groves, the gentle breezes sported among the lofty trees, and all objects wore the soothing aspect of that benevolent spirit who had spread them before the eye of man. While indulging the pleasing sensations which scenes like this never fail to inspire, my attention was directed to an elegant mansion situated on the opposite hill, and my companion asked whether I had ever heard the history of its present inmates. To my reply in the negative, he remarked, that being personally acquainted with the family, and knowing their history, he would relate it, aware of the deep interest I felt in every thing which bore any relation to the subject, to which the narrative will afford a sufficient clue.

In the summer of 1824, Mrs. Loraine removed to this neighborhood with two children, a son and a daughter; the former twelve, the latter ten years of age. Her husband alike distinguished for talents and humanity in his medical profession as well as social relations, had died during the previous autumn in New Orleans, where he had removed shortly after his marriage with Miss Allen, who was adorned with the virtues and graces which are requisite to make the amiable wife, the prudent mother, and valuable friend. Deeply affected at the loss of a husband tenderly and deservedly beloved, and being herself a native of Virginia, and having relations in this county she resolved to remove to her native spot; preferring the retirement of the country to the gaieties of a city, not only on her own account, but also on that of her children. A young lady who had been for several years the instructress of her two children, agreed to accompany her and continue their education till such time as it might seem advisable to employ more extended means of instruction for one or both. In Miss Medway were happily blended a strong and energetic mind, a correct judgment and taste, affectionate heart, polished manners, and an education liberal and elegant. Born to high expectations, reared in the lap of wealth and indulgence, *loving* and *beloved*, a cruel tide of misfortune deprived her of all, and threw her at the age of nineteen, poor and dependant, on a cold and unfeeling world. But why descend to particulars which intercept the thread of our narrative? Of her much remains to be told, which you yet will hear, but for the present let it suffice to say, that in this state of sorrow Dr. Loraine became her friend and bountiful benefactor. At this retired and beautiful spot, the minds of William and Lavinia were not only expanded by the faithful care of their mother and tutoress in literature, but in the richer and far more valuable lessons of virtue, which were daily enforced by precept and example. Six years rolled round, and found little change in the domestic circle. William was now eighteen, and his mother determined to enter him the ensuing session at the college of ———, in order to prepare him for the study of that profession in which his father had excelled, and for which he seemed peculiarly adapted by the tender benevolence of his heart, and the discriminating powers of his mind. In William Loraine were strangely blended the softness and gentleness of woman, with the noble firmness and independence of man. Beloved by all who knew him, and reared up in the precincts of his mother's influence, it was not unreasonable to believe that he had grown sufficiently strong in the theory and practice of virtue, to stand uncontaminated, among the vices and follies of a collegiate life. But alas! how often is the morning which dawned in cloudless beauty soon succeeded by storm and tempest; and the bud which promised beauty and fragrance, withered ere it expands to maturity: and how often, thus linger on the bright visions of fancy and hope, while before us lie the sad realities of life.

With many tears, and tender caresses, and regrets, William left his peaceful happy home, to mix with strangers in a distant state. Deeply did he feel the trial, and while his mother's tender and ardent benediction and admonitions sounded in his ear, the tear of love and promised obedience trickled down his manly cheek. Soon after his introduction to the beings with whom he was to associate, he resolved to watch for awhile the conduct of all the students, and choose for his friend that youth whose feelings and conduct most nearly accorded with his own views and intentions. Nor did he wait long ere he found an object to love and confide in. There is in the heart of all a desire for friendship which nothing can satisfy but the belief that it is possessed. Various are the properties which may lead to a selection of the object in different minds, but congeniality in some respects is almost indispensable to the formation of friendship. James Drayton, of South Carolina, seemed to the confiding heart of William, the very being he had sought. In James Drayton was presented a union of the most opposite traits of character,

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yet so blended as to almost add effect and interest to each other. Singularly handsome, of polished and elegant manners—of a gay disposition, but a deeply reserved and shrewd mind—generous to a fault, and possessing every facility for the gratification of every wish—ardent but injudicious in attachments, and above all of a memory which required no exertion to make a conspicuous figure in his studies, he was at once beloved, envied, flattered, and caressed. In such a being the innocent heart of William confided, and to imitate him and gain his affection, constituted his great delight. Nor were his affections unreturned. Drayton loved him with a passion at once impetuous and sincere. Pleasures were but half enjoyed when William Loraine was not a participant, while his presence rendered pleasant scenes otherwise unpleasing. Twelve months rolled round and found their hearts fondly united, not only by scenes of profitable research and benevolent acts, but also by the baneful yet fascinating pleasures of wildness and dissipation. The regular examination which as usual concluded the collegiate year, was to them a time of real and almost unalloyed pleasure. Distinguished in their various studies, and improved by their teachers for moral deportment and dutiful demeanor, generally beloved by their companions, few youths seemed to enjoy a more enviable lot. It was determined that James should accompany William to Virginia, to spend the vacation at Roseville, with his friends and relations. Accordingly the day after the close of their examination, they took seats in the stage, and in about eight days arrived at the lovely spot. In silence we pass the meeting scene, and all the usual events which mark such periods, the welcome given the friend of their William, and the joy felt by all who knew the amiable inmates, at again seeing him among his friends. Time had dealt bountifully with Lavinia, and to the eye of her brother, every day had added to her charms, since they parted.

James saw her with admiration and delight. True she was young, being little over sixteen, but to the playful innocence of the child, was added the grace and dignity of manners, befitting the woman. She was not strictly beautiful, yet a spell seemed thrown around her, that insensibly drew the hearts of all who lingered in her presence. Tall and elegantly formed, her dark brown hair hung in natural ringlets on her white neck, the rose and lily mingled their choicest tints on her cheek, while her full dark eye spoke the strong and polished mind, the soft and innocent heart that illuminated it. Her features were not what the connoisseur would term unexceptionable, while the less critical observer would almost declare them perfect. Such was the *person* of Lavinia: but who can paint the endowments of her heart and mind? the casket was indeed pleasingly garnished, but the jewel within was of transcendent brightness. To the enthusiastic mind of Drayton, she was a being of unearthly mould; and while he almost gave to her his adoration, it was blended with a serious awe. In Lavinia Loraine he beheld a christian, and while he loved the woman he feared to approach what he deemed the saint. We have said Drayton was wild and dissipated: but it was not that grosser kind of dissipation which is visible and disliked by all. He loved the social card table and glass—the night spent in folly and mirth—but morning found him in the path of the gentleman, pure in honor, and unstained in truth.

William too loved the pleasures of his friend, and though he dipped deep in the gilded pool that allured him to its banks, he found it bitterness in the end. His mother's tender admonitions sounded in his ears—his sister's kind counsels, and the earnest appeals of his beloved friend Miss Medway, turned every cup to gall. Yet still he went on, and vainly hoped to find a solace in the thought, that to them he was a moral and religious youth. Two months flew on rapid wing, and the two young men were again to return to the college.

With many swelling emotions William left the maternal roof, and with many tender regrets bade adieu to the friends who had welcomed him to their mansion. But James felt what his proud soul could not own even to itself. He felt he left his heart with one who gave only friendship in return; whom he must honor and adore, feeling he could never be beloved, and for once the thought of his unworthiness of such a being darted with painful sensations through his heart. He knew he was not what the pure and pious mind of Lavinia would choose for a companion, and feeling his inferiority he had not dared to breathe his flame. Sadly he entered the halls he lately left, the gayest of the gay—coldly he received the greetings of his collegiates, and with loathing opened the learned volume it was his duty to explore. Even to William he was altered. He avoided his presence as though it conjured up some phantom to torment. Grieved at this change, William sought some means to draw from him the cause of his altered appearance and manner, but sought in vain. Six months at length passed by, and he gradually began to assume his former self. Again William was his favorite companion, and again they mingled in the same seductive joys. Gradually intemperance was seizing upon them, and in like manner they were becoming dead to the ennobling feelings of the heart.

The next vacation came. They still wore a mask that few could penetrate: again honors were awarded them, and William was now to accompany his friend to South Carolina. James welcomed him with feasts and revelry: his parents poured out the richest allurements to joy and indulgence. He seemed to be in Elysian fields, and almost forgot the quiet and rational delights of his own home. Splendid profusion marked the whole domain, while races, balls, and the like amusements filled up every hour.

Yet even here could *James* find room for ennui. He would sometimes stroll away from all, and seem lost in a deep and painful reverie. He appeared to enjoy few of the objects around them, and although he loved his parents, he avoided their presence, as though he dreaded to meet their scrutiny. With pleasure he welcomed the day that he was to be again seated among his books and papers—not that he delighted in their pages, but they drew his mind from other thoughts.

In six months the two young men were to complete their course, and James resolved then to visit Roseville again, and see the object of his ardent love. Their course is finished—they went together—and once more the heart of Drayton felt a gleam of joy. He saw Lavinia more beautiful than ever, and fondly fancied she was less indifferent; but he was still unhappy—he felt that he had been unworthy of her—that he had been seducing

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the heart of her brother from the path of piety she trod—and that he was endeavoring, by deep dissimulation, to win a being free from guile, and who knew vice but to detest it. Lavinia saw her William changed. She heard the unguarded expressions of profanity that sometimes escaped his lips; she saw him disposed to leave the family hearth, and go she knew not whither—yet feared to ask; she saw the smile of contempt that curled his lip when religion was the theme of conversation; nor could she fail to see that the society of his family was a painful restraint.

Young Drayton, deeply skilled in dissimulation, had as yet retained the esteem of Mrs. Loraine and Miss Medway, while the heart of Lavinia had owned his fascinating power. He saw he was not to her an object of indifference. The glowing cheek and downcast eye, when *he* approached her, he could not fail to understand. Six weeks he remained at Roseville, ere he dared to breathe to Lavinia the love that glowed in his bosom. One lovely evening, after a long conflict between inclination, hope and fear, he determined to pour out his heart, and hear from her own lips that doom which would either seal his weal or woe. According to his determination, he proposed a walk on the banks of the river, to which she reluctantly acceded. He then informed her of the ardor of his affection, and urged his suit with such address, that the heart of Lavinia almost resisted the voice of prudence and duty. But the conflict was to be but short, as the impetuous youth would hear of no postponement. Lavinia discarded him; but not without candidly acknowledging, that his want of true morality, proper sobriety and religion, (facts long suspected, but recently ascertained beyond a doubt,) had induced her to relinquish the hand of the only man she had ever loved. In vain he attempted to shake her resolution; and the next morning's sun rose not, till he was far from the hitherto happy Roseville.

When Lavinia arose, she was handed the following note:

"*Lavinia!*—A fond, a long, an eternal adieu. I leave you, and with you, all I ever valued or loved. I go where none will know my sorrow or my shame. Lost to all that made my life desirable, I go—where—it matters not what I may become. May you be happy, if the thoughts of my misery will allow it. *You* deserve it—*you* are virtuous; but as for me, I am only left to drink *that cup* of misery which a life of dissipation never fails to prepare for its votaries. Your brother's principles I have corrupted; and, wretch that I was, who have madly sought to unite an angel to a demon. Oh! Lavinia, I deserved you not. You are born to bless, and to be blessed—and I, alas! to curse, and to be cursed. *Farewell*—again *farewell!*—but know, that while life and memory last, you will be dear to the heart of the wretched JAMES DRAYTON."

The heart of Lavinia bled over every line of that impassioned note. She saw her brother changed from what he once had been—her mother's cheek pallid—and the fond friend and instructress of her youth sharing the sorrows of all.

Four years rolling round, brought to her many admirers—but to her they talked of love in vain. William had married a lovely, wealthy girl—but was bowing her happy spirit by his folly and extravagance. Her mother was gradually sinking; and but for the stay of religion, *she* too would have sunk under the pressure of her sorrows—but he whose promises she trusted, never forsook those who lean on his almighty arm. Renowned for piety and benevolence, beloved, admired, she moved around the circle of her acquaintance like a spirit of light and peace. But her youthful attachment haunted her riper years—of James no tidings had been heard—vain had proved her numerous endeavors to learn his fate. She was one day alone, when a young man of fine appearance knocked at the door. She arose and admitted him, when he asked if she had ever known a Mr. Drayton. To her reply in the affirmative, he arose and presented her the following letter, which she no sooner took, than bowing, he wished her a happy evening, and withdrew. Hastily she broke the seal, and read as follows:

"Will Lavinia now remember him whom once she knew, and who gave to her the only sincere portion of his nature which he possessed? Does she remember him whose follies and vices removed him from her and happiness? Yes, she cannot have forgotten the once wretched, but now comparatively happy Drayton. But you shall know what I owe you, and though I may be disregarded, you will joy that you have saved a being from misery and disgrace. But to my narrative.

"The day I left you, I resolved to join some lawless band, and strike your heart with sorrow by your hearing of my crimes. But the thought of your piety and virtue, were like a mountain between me and crime. I went from place to place, but found no peace. Home I dreaded to approach; but after three months of wandering, determined again to behold my parents, and fix on some course of conduct. I went—my father was on his death-bed. His illness was augmented by anxiety for my return, as he had not heard from me since I left Roseville. I received his dying blessing; and in less than two months my mother lay beside him. Watching and grief had been too much, and perhaps the folly of her son added another mortal wound. I was now left sole master of about fifty thousand dollars, and with it a heart almost lost to virtue. I sold out my lands, &c., vested nearly all the amount in stock, and embarked for the Indies, determined to see my native land no more. Tossed on the wide ocean, I was surrounded by ten thousand dangers, more lawless in feeling than the billows around, beneath, above me. I cared for nothing—regarded nothing—and often hoped to find a watery grave. A storm arose—we were shipwrecked—and the near approach of death brought with it the instinctive love of life. A vessel bound to England spied out the wreck; a few only had clung to its ruins. I was taken on board, and after a voyage of a few days was landed at Liverpool. I was then an altered man; five days of hunger, cold and suffering had brought me to reason. I had thought of what had caused all the woes I then endured. I thought of Roseville, and of you—of my native land, and all it once contained; *they* were, I felt, lost to me, and I sunk into despair. On board the English vessel I had found a pious Quaker and his family. I now longed again to behold them. Having sought them in vain in Liverpool, I advertised for tidings of them; and hearing they

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were in London, I went thither and found them. They received me like a child, and to them I related my history and my misery. They pointed out to me the only means of present and future happiness. I thought of you, Lavinia, and of your frequent, modest and affectionate exhortations to your brother and myself, to seek the pearl of matchless price. I resolved to strive to win the smile of heaven, and to give up all on earth.

"America I never expected again to behold, but the joys of religion to seek till life was o'er. Yes, often in the anguish of despair, I recollected some passage you had marked in the Bible I took as I left the house at Roseville for the last time. It lay on your work-table; I knew you loved it—I took it to give you a pang. I read it to cavil—to disbelieve. I was tempted to burn it; but it had been yours, and I could not give it up. In the horrors of the storm, I kept it near my heart. It raised my hopes—for I felt that though I had despised its truths, *they* were still immutable. Even now I have it—dear, precious volume. But I have wandered from my narrative.

"After many months of struggling—sometimes for truth, then to forget it—I at length gave up all as lost, and in anguish sought my friend. He bade me look to him who alone could save. I looked with faith—I seized the promises—I was blessed. Yes, Lavinia, I felt what was worth a world. I immediately resolved to engage in business, and not return to America, till I had tested the truth of my present feelings. I entered into a life of activity. I read and grew in knowledge, and I trust in grace. I thought of you, but feared to trust my heart. You had been, and might be again its idol. I resolved to tear it from the throne I had vowed to give to God. But I could not forget. Three years had at length rolled round since we had parted. You were, I doubted not, another's. But for me, I could not love again. I consulted my friend, who had returned to America, as to what course I should take. He advised me to return. Of my fortune I had not heard; but I was able to defray the expenses of my voyage. I left London; four months ago I landed in New York. From thence I went to Philadelphia—remained a month with the Quakers—thence to South Carolina, and was joyfully received by all except the 'nearest of kin.' Of you I could hear nothing. William I heard was married, and wild enough. I sent my friend Mr. Alston to Virginia. He heard you were single—saw you at church—heard the whole history of your family. He wrote me; I came to ——. He is the bearer of this. I there await an answer, saying whether or not you will again behold your ever faithful

J. DRAYTON."

Immediately after she concluded this interesting epistle, she poured out her heart in praise to God for preserving and reclaiming him for whom she had so often wept and prayed, and whom she had loved with unaltered fervor. She then hastened to communicate the glad tidings to her mother and Miss Medway, and to despatch a servant to the village to bring to Roseville the still dear Drayton. He came. Again he beheld the being he so long had loved. Again he saw William, and exercised his former influence—but in a holier channel. You can imagine the scene—the mutual relations—the ensuing courtship, and the result. Yes, my friend, Lavinia is the wife of Drayton. His large fortune is now useful in acts of pious benevolence and zeal. His fine talents are employed in dispensing good; his fascinating manners in winning others to admire that which made him what he is. William Loraine is snatched from ruin. His amiable mother is again blessed with duteous and devoted children. And whence the mighty change? In this simple narrative stands forth in glowing colors the truth of that maxim, that the influence of the female sex is great, when enlisted either on the side of virtue or of vice. Had Lavinia been less prudent and pious, how great would have been the contrast; and amidst all the blessings that have attended her through life, none diffuse such thrills of rapture through her grateful, peaceful heart, as when reflecting on the history of him, to whom is not inaptly applied the title of "The Reclaimed."

The evening was far spent. My friend and myself bade each other adieu, to return to our respective homes—but not without his promising at some future day to inform me of the history of that young lady, to whose eventful life he had briefly hinted. Ruminating on the moral of the narrative, I could but deplore that the fair sex of our state did not more nearly resemble Lavinia—refuse to unite their destinies with the slaves of dissipated pleasure, and thereby reclaim from vice thousands of her victims. PAULINA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE OCEAN.

I've stood and watch'd the inconstant Ocean's wave,
  Till it within my mind has grown to life,
And when the hoarse, loud storm did wildly rave,
  I've loved the dashing, boisterous, foaming strife;
And when the angry tempest died away,
  I've gazed upon its bright unruffled breast,
Till my responsive soul in quiet lay,
  Just like the scene it view'd—so calm—so blest.

Wide Ocean! I have mark'd thy silvery sheen,
  And when the dark cloud frown'd upon thy face,
I've felt my soul expanding with the scene,
  And glowing with thy bright enchanting grace;
But when I think that thy proud billows heave
  Between ten thousand hearts that once have twined,
And still to their lost friends would fondly cleave,
  A pensive sadness steals upon my mind.

'Tis hard that in our pilgrimage below,
  In all the storms and trials of the heart,
A friend, the only balm to sooth our woe,
  That from that friend we should be forced to part,
Proud Ocean, thou hast borne a brother o'er
  Thy heaving bosom to another strand;
Tho' not unfriended was the distant shore,
  Still, still, it was a strange and foreign land.

My brother—if my heart could but disclose
  Its warmest wish, it is with thee to be.
My brother—if the fondest feeling glows
  Within my bosom, it still points to thee.
My brother—does thy heart in transport hear
  The name of friends, of country, and of home?
My brother—does thy soul these things revere,
  As once in early days untaught to roam?

My brother—does a hope thy breast inflame,
  To clasp those dear loved objects to thy heart?
I fear the charm has faded from their name,
  The bliss forgot, that it could once impart:
No, no—upon thy heart are deep portray'd
  The home, the friends that thou hast left behind;
'Tis not in time's destructive power to fade
  Those generous feelings from a noble mind. J. M. C. D.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

DISSERTATION

On the Characteristic Differences between the Sexes, and on the Position and Influence of Woman in Society.

No. III.

Resignation—Fortitude.

In my first number I described woman as modest and timid, and man as bold and courageous, and endeavored to explain the causes of this characteristic difference between them. In the same number, however, I showed that so strong are the humane feelings of woman, so powerful are her kindly sympathies, that under peculiar circumstances she will sometimes conquer all the weaknesses of her nature, triumph over all opposing obstacles, and finally carry consolation and relief to man, when overwhelmed by misfortunes of so appalling a character as even to intimidate the hardier sex, and keep them at a distance. In my last I pointed out the religious differences between the sexes together with their causes, and the subject naturally invites me to compare them together in relation to their *fortitude and resignation* under calamities and misfortunes.

I think there can be no doubt that woman is generally more resigned than man under any very severe infliction which cannot be avoided. Her calm resignation under the severest strokes of fortune, has been the theme of eulogy for the poet, and the puzzle for the philosopher, from the earliest times to the present. She who in her "hours of ease" is so timid, so shrinking, so fearful of even a shadow, has always been found in the dark hour of adversity to bear up with more fortitude and resignation against the tide of woe than man. This character belongs to woman even in the most savage state. She supports, in that state, misfortunes both physical and moral with more resignation than man. Ask, says Gisborne in his "Duties of Woman," among barbarians in the ancient and the modern world who is the best daughter and wife, and the answer is "she who bears with superior perseverance the vicissitudes of the seasons, the fervor of the sun, the dews of night." In fine, she who is most resigned and meek under the heavy and intolerable burthen which is ever placed upon her.

Physicians tell us that woman supports sickness, pain and suffering, much better than man. We are told that in the great earthquake in Calabria, in 1783, which destroyed 40,000 persons, there was a very noted difference between the men and women in regard to their resignation. The very bodies of the sexes dug from the ruins marked the difference in this respect between them—those of the women exhibited calmness and resignation in the hour of death—their arms were generally found hanging by their sides, or calmly folded over their breasts; all struggle seemed to have ceased before death, and they quietly submitted to their fate. Not so with the men. Their bodies when dug from the ruins exhibited a mortal struggle to the last—a leg thrust out here, an arm protruded there, and the whole body thrown into an agonizing contortion, but too clearly marked the fearful conflict which endured till the moment of dissolution, and the great reluctance with which they let go their hold on life.

Let us then inquire into the causes of this difference between the sexes, and we shall find them to spring out of circumstances already pointed out and explained. I shall therefore be very brief on this point.

I have already said that woman is physically weaker and consequently less capable of laborious and constant exertion than man. The latter, therefore, occupies the front station, whilst the former takes possession of the back ground in the picture of human society. The former is more self reliant, more bold, more confident and active—the latter more modest, more timid, more dependent and passive. Man depends on his activity, his energy and his strength, for the mastery of all around him. Woman depends on her modesty, grace, beauty, in fine upon her fascinations to command those energies which she finds not within herself. *Activity* is eminently the character of the one, *passivity* of the other. Now I have already pointed out the effect of this dependence of woman on her feelings of devotion and religion. A similar effect is produced on her resignation when visited by some remediless calamity. Her weakness and dependence, at an early period of her life admonish her of the hopelessness of all conflicts with the mightier powers around her. When visited by any great misfortune, therefore, whether the work of nature or of man, she is more resigned and patient under her suffering, whilst man in the vain confidence of his powers is disposed to battle and struggle with fate even to the last.

Her religion, her superior devotional feelings, have likewise a mighty influence in the production of that calm resignation which woman so often exhibits amid the storms and calamities of this world. She has a more abiding and implicit faith in the protection of heaven—her trust, her reliance is greater; and whether she be overtaken by calamity upon the land, or on the sea, she at once throws herself into the arms of the divinity and quietly awaits the result. Man is like the mariner aboard the ship—he must be always on the alert—he must trim the sails, watch the midnight blast, and steer the ship on her way over the rolling billows. Woman is like the passenger in the vessel. She is carried forward by powers that are not hers, by energies that she is unable to control. When then the tempest comes, and the sea is lashed into the mountain wave—while every sailor is on the deck at his post, battling against the storm, she is calm and quiet within—she knows full well that all her efforts will be in vain—she therefore looks to heaven for aid and protection: she trusts in God whose arm alone is mighty, and able to save, and in the full devotion of a confiding and trusting heart, she can truly exclaim:

> "Secure I rest upon the wave
> For thou, my God, hast power to save,
> I know thou wilt not slight my call,
> For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
> And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
> Rock'd in the cradle of the deep."*

There is certainly nothing which contrasts so beautifully with the restless activity and feverish impatience of man, as the calm and subdued countenance of woman in the hour of resignation, amid the stern powers that are at work around her. How beautiful, how transcendently lovely does the Thekla of Schiller's Wallen-

* These beautiful lines are taken from the Ocean Hymn, published in the 10th number of the Messenger, from the pen of Mrs. Emma Willard.

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stein appear in the camp surrounded by soldiers encased in iron. I borrow from the graphic pen of M. B. Constant. "Sa voix si douce au travers le bruit des armes, sa form delicate au milieu des hommes tout couverts de fer, la pureté de son âme opposée a leurs calculs avides, son calm celeste qui contraste avec leurs agitations, remplissent le spectateur d'une emotion constante et melancholique, telle que ne la fait ressentir nulle tragedie ordinaire."

Again, I have already explained how it happens that woman is capable of suffering more than man in silence, without wearing even such an aspect of countenance as may betray the internal agony. For the same reason, of course, she has more resignation and fortitude.

Lastly, her physical organization renders her much more liable than man to constitutional derangements, to periodical sickness, and physical infirmities of all descriptions. Disease gradually inures the mind to resignation and patience, and at last teaches us to bear with fortitude all the ills we have. "We seldom," says Bulwer, "find men of great animal health and power, possessed of much delicacy of mind. That impetuous and reckless buoyancy of spirit which mostly accompanies a hardy and iron frame, is not made to enter into the infirmities of others;" and he might well have added, is not made to bear its own infirmities and calamities with resignation and fortitude, when at last overtaken by them. It is well, perhaps, in the order of nature, that we should be afflicted sometimes. It improves all our sensibilities, and strengthens our patience and resignation, to have our thoughts occasionally directed to

"The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm."

"Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco," is the noble motto which disease and infirmity have written on the heart of many a female.

Having thus cursorily pointed out the causes of the superiority of woman in regard to the resignation and fortitude with which she bears misfortune, I cannot refrain from indulgence in a few remarks on the admirable adaptation of the sexes to each other in this particular. There is nothing more grateful to the feeling of piety, than to be able to trace out in the works of nature, such adaptations as not only mark the intelligence and unity of divinity, but proclaim in language as clear as revelation itself, his unbounded benevolence and goodness. It is this superior resignation and fortitude of woman, which so well befits her to be the comfort and support of man in the hour of remediless misfortune. Man is necessarily an active, restless, energetic, impatient being. This character is generated by the functions which he has to discharge in this world. He must not too soon retire from the conflict. He must not bear too calmly and quietly, the misfortunes and ills of this life. He must arouse himself, and be in action. He must oppose and conquer all the obstacles around him. In the beautiful language of one of the ancients, "he must remember that nature has not intended him for a lowspirited or ignoble being, but brought him into life in the midst of this vast universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic solemnity, that he might be a spectator of all her magnificence, and a candidate for the high prize of glory." Under these circumstances resignation and patience could not, perhaps ought not to have been prominent traits in his character. Woman, however, moves in a different sphere, and acquires, of course, a different character. Her resignation and fortitude not only supports herself but man likewise, amid the calamities of the world. "As the vine," says Irving, "which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifled by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart."

It is in the conjugal state where all the kind and humane attributes of woman are augmented and softened by the mighty influence of human love, that we most frequently behold her supporting and cheering her partner, when visited by the rough blasts of adversity; and sometimes, when all hope on this side the grave has fled, when his doom is fixed, and disease or the execution of the law is quickly to hurry him into another world, we find woman still his dearest solace, sometimes encouraging him by examples which mark so much devotion, so much self-sacrifice, as frequently to rise into the region of the moral sublime. It is well known that the stoic religion of the ancients justified suicide, when the individual, after a due consideration of all the circumstances, came to the conclusion that he had fulfilled all his more glorious destinies on earth. Hence it was frequently considered a duty incumbent on man to put an end to his existence, when calamity and misfortune seemed to mark him out as a nuisance on earth. Hence, too, according to Dr. Smith, this religion may be considered as "the noblest death-song ever sung by man." We must go back then, to antiquity, when this religion was prevalent, and of course when suicide was justified, to see what woman is capable of doing to console or encourage her husband in the midst of his calamities.

Pliny the younger, tells us of a neighbor, in the humbler walks of life, who was visited by a loathsome, painful disease, of an incurable character. Himself and wife came to the conclusion that it would be better for him to end his existence; and in order that she might encourage him to execute this resolve, she determined to die with him. The death which she chose, was truly characteristic of that devoted affection which she had so constantly felt for him whilst alive. She was bound in his arms, and in this condition they precipitated themselves from a window into the sea beneath. Montaigne seems to have been particularly struck with this act of heroism on the part of a female who was of an humble and obscure family, and remarks, that "even amongst that condition of people, it is no very new thing to see some examples of uncommon good nature."

——— "Extrema per illos
Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit."

Seneca, the philosopher and tutor of Nero, was condemned to death by his pupil, in the decline of life, after having married Pompeia Paulina, a young and noble Roman lady, who loved and was loved devotedly by him. She too, in the plenitude of her grief and affection, nobly determined to die with her husband, and

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thus to encourage him by her example, quietly but firmly to bear the last struggle of humanity. She, however, was saved, after having opened her veins, by the emissaries of Nero, who feared the effect which this act of self-immolation might produce on the excitable populace of Rome.

Plutarch, in one of his most interesting Dialogues, makes Daphneus assert that there is something divine in the love of woman, and compares it to the sun that animates all nature. He places the greatest felicity in conjugal love, and gives us as an exemplification, the very interesting tale of the adventures of Eppopina, which passed before the eyes of Plutarch, as he was at that time living in the house of Vespasian. Sabinus, the husband of Eppopina, being vanquished by the troops of the Emperor Vespasian, concealed himself in a deep cavern between Franche Compté and Champagne. The unbounded affection of Eppopina and her untiring researches, soon enabled her to find the hiding place of him who commanded all the affections of her heart. She determined to be the consoler and the comforter of her husband, who was buried from the world. She accordingly shut herself up with him, attended on him in that dark cavern for many years, and bore children whilst there; and all this she encountered for his sake. When brought before Vespasian, who was astonished at her heroism and fortitude, she said to him, "I have lived more happily under ground, than thou in the light of the sun, and in the enjoyment of power."

But one of the most celebrated examples on record, of the ardent desire of woman to console and encourage her husband in the dismal hour of despair, is furnished by Arria, the wife of Cecina Pætus. This Pætus, after the defeat by the troops of the Emperor Claudius of the army of Scribonianus, whose party he had espoused, was condemned to death by the same emperor. It was the custom under the emperors, to leave condemned individuals to terminate their existence themselves, provided they could have the resolution to do it. Pætus wavered and hesitated. The dreadful struggle which it cost him, made a deeper impression upon the devoted and tender heart of Arria than even the sentence of death had inflicted. After caressing and encouraging him by the most tender offices to nerve himself to the act, she took the poniard which he wore by his side, and exclaiming, "Pætus, do thus!" she plunged it into her own bosom; then drawing it from the reeking wound, she presented the dagger to her husband "with this noble, generous, and immortal saying:" *Pæte non dolet!* "Pætus, it is not painful!"*

Such instances as these we do not find in modern times, because the introduction of a more humane and rational religion, together with juster and more philosophical notions upon the subject of morality, have taught us that under no circumstances short of *absolute necessity*, can suicide be justified. But we are not to infer that woman is not as kind, as tender now as in the days of antiquity, when her religious creed did not forbid suicide. What, for example, can show more kind solicitude, more tender anxiety about the last moments of a condemned husband, than the letter written by Lady Jane Grey to her husband Lord Guilford Dudley, a short time previous to his execution, when she herself at the same time was lying under a sentence of condemnation. "Do not let us meet, Guilford," she says, "we must see each other no more, until we are united in a better world. We must forget our joys so sweet, our loves so tender and so happy. You must now devote yourself to none but serious thoughts. No more love, no more happiness here upon earth! We must now think of nothing but death! Remember, my Guilford, that the people are waiting for you, to see how a man can die. Show no weakness as you approach the scaffold; your fortitude would be overcome perhaps, were you to see me. You could not quit your poor Jane without tears; and tears and weakness must be left to us women. Adieu, my Guilford adieu! be a man—be firm at the last hour—let me be proud of you." Well then might Guilford die like a hero, when he had such a wife to encourage and be proud of him. And who was this tender, kind, consoling wife, in the hour of death? Her political history is known to all. Almost forced for a moment to wear the crown of England, she incurred the guilt of treason, was condemned to death at the very time when she forgets herself in trying to impart resignation and fortitude to her husband, and was executed a few days afterwards. She is described as having been lovely beyond measure. Her features were beautifully regular, and her large and mild eyes were the reflection of a pure and virtuous soul, peaceful and unambitious. Yet even she could forget blood and royalty, and all the weakness of her own nature, and the terrors of her own execution, to impart moral courage and resignation to a husband about to die.

Many most affecting instances of the same kind might be cited from the French revolution; but my limits will permit me to adduce no more. I hope then, all my readers are ready to acknowledge the justice of the celebrated eulogy which the Duke de Lioncourt passed upon the merits of woman in this particular—a eulogy whose justice and truth his condition and career in life, seem to have well befitted his head to comprehend and his heart to feel. "Their friendship," says he, "is inviolable, their fidelity unshaken, their courage invincible. They are intimidated by no difficulty, and bid defiance to dangers. Amiable woman! while man desponds, she animates him with new hopes. When he is sick, she ministers unto him; when in distress, she comforts him, bids him live, and makes him in love with himself. And well can she sooth and comfort him: she is all patience, she is all fortitude. The endearments of her smiles, the melting accents of her voice, and her bewitching softness, beguile him of his sorrows, and make his prison a palace." Enough has been said to prove the admirable adaptation of the sexes to each other in the particular under discussion, and to show what a kind ministering angel woman can become in the dark hour of adversity.

It has been truly remarked, that when a married man falls into adversity, he is more apt to retrieve his

* This death has afforded Martial the subject of one of his most elegant epigrams, which has been thus rendered:

"'When to her husband Arria gave the sword,
Which from her chaste, her bleeding breast she drew,
She said, 'My Pætus, this I do not feel;
But, oh! the wound that must be made by you!'
She could no more—but on her Pætus still,
She fix'd her feeble, her expiring eyes;
And when she saw him raise the pointed steel,
She sunk—and seem'd to say, 'Now Arria dies!'"

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situation in the world than a single one," because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect is kept alive by finding that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home of which he is the monarch." He can truly say, "if I am unacceptable to all the world beside, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with joy and transport, and think herself obliged to double her kindness and caresses of me, from the gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need not dissemble the sorrow of my heart to be agreeable there; that very sorrow quickens her affection." Let every husband then remember this, and never keep from his wife his misfortunes, no matter how heart-rending they may be. Woman is always full of resources on these occasions, and will ever submit with cheerfulness to every privation which her altered circumstances may demand. There is many a husband who has never known the true character and value of his wife, until he has seen her resignation, fortitude, and almost angelic cheerfulness under the dark clouds of misfortune. It is then "she openeth her mouth in wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Then may the husband well acknowledge that he has found a truly virtuous woman, and her price to him at least, is far above all rubies. One of the most beautiful tales of Washington Irving, is that which is entitled "The Wife," and owes its great merit to the singular beauty with which he describes the fortitude and encouraging cheerfulness of a young wife whose husband is ruined. Women even who have been reckless and dissipated, and have ruined their husbands by their extravagance, have frequently reformed in adversity, and become the stay and solace of their husbands when stript of all their possessions. It is then we may truly say of the reformed woman in the language of holy writ, "she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." Even Bulwer, in his England and the English, makes his fictitious Mrs. Thruston, after ruining her husband by her extravagance, occasioned by vanity and ambition, consent with cheerfulness to assume the coarser and more homely garments of penury, and forget her own proud self in the desire to console and comfort her ruined husband. And Miss Edgeworth too, in that beautiful romance, "The Absentee," after misfortune had visited the Clonbronny family, makes the vain and haughty Lady Clonbronny, who was so desirous to reside in London, and whose very heart and soul yearned after the society of the fashionable circles of that great metropolis, consent to return to her deserted castle in Ireland, on the *reasonable condition* that she might never be mortified with the sight of the old *yellow damask curtains* which hung in the windows of the hall. Well then may we truly say of woman what Cicero so beautifully asserted of the genuine friend. She doubles our enjoyments by the pleasures which they afford her, and she halves our sorrows by the comforts, and consolations, and sympathies which *she* affords us.

> "'Tis woman's smiles that lull our cares to rest;
> Dear woman's charms that give to life its zest:
> 'Tis woman's hand that smooths affliction's bed,
> Wipes the cold sweat, and stays the sinking head."

Intellectual Differences between the Sexes.

I shall now proceed to the consideration of the differences between the sexes in regard to their intellectual powers; and here we shall find differences of the most marked and important character, which perhaps have more puzzled the philosophers, and given rise to more speculation, sophism and false reasoning, than any others observable between the sexes. At one time a spirit of gallantry and blind devotion, at another time of revenge and jealousy, has mixed itself more or less with the spirit of speculation upon this subject, and of course warped and biassed the conclusions of authors. Hobbes, in his writings, has asserted that if the interests or passions of men, could ever be steadily opposed to the mathematical axiom that the whole is equal to all the parts, its truth would quickly be denied and boldly reasoned against. It stands because neither interest nor feeling is opposed to it. Our feelings are more or less to be guarded against in all our moral speculations, but particularly in discussions relative to the comparative merits of the sexes.

Shortly after the revival of letters, when the institution of chivalry was still in successful operation, there seemed to be a combination among the literati in Europe, to place woman in every respect above man. The celebrated Boccaccio, the most beautiful writer, one of the most devoted lovers, and perhaps the greatest favorite of his time with women, led on the van of this band of gallant authors. In his work "On Illustrious Women," he runs through the whole circle of history and fable. He ransacks the Grecian, Roman and sacred histories, and brings together Cleopatra and Lucretia, Flora and Portia, Semiramis and Sappho, Athalia and Dido, &c.—and lavishes out his sweetest praises on charming woman. We are not to wonder then at his popularity and authority among the women of his age, when we remember his devotion and his eulogy. His harangue against the marriage of christian widows, did not however share the same popularity with those to whom it was addressed, although backed by quotations and ingenious explanations thereof, from the apostle Paul.

Boccaccio was followed by a host of imitators, singing the praises of the sex. Throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the tide of discussion, if I may be allowed the expression, ran almost wholly on the side of the females. Love, polytheism, christianity, and the worship of the saints, were strongly blended by the over-zealous gallantry of the times, into one incongruous heterogeneous compound, calculated to excite the smile of the philosopher, and the frown of the theologian. Ruscelli, for example, one of the most celebrated writers of his day, maintains the decided superiority of woman over man. "But the effect of his reasoning," says a modern writer, "is destroyed by the confused impression which is made on the mind of the reader by the mixture of divinity and platonism; by blending through the whole the name of God and woman; by placing Moses by the side of Petrarch and of Dante; and by giving in the same page, and even in the same period, quotations from Boccaccio and St. Augustine, from Homer and from St. John." "This however," says the same writer, "must necessarily be found in a country where we often meet with the ruins of a temple of Jupiter in the neighborhood of a church, a statue of St. Peter upon a column of Trajan, and a Madonna beside an Apollo."

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Throughout the whole of this period it seems to have been ungallant in the highest degree in an author not to place woman decidedly above man in every particular. Even in intellectual power she was considered as superior; and in perusing the voluminous proofs which were so industriously, and sometimes so ingeniously brought forward to prove it, we find ourselves as bewildered as the *femme de chambre* of Molière, under the learned remarks of the doctor upon the death of the coachman. The poor woman at last exclaims, "Le Medecin peut dire ce qu'il veut, mais le cocher est mort." Whatever may have been written or said in praise of the intellectual powers of woman during the very gallant period of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it is now a conceded point, that under the actual constitution of society, and with the superior education of our sex, the intellectual endowments and developments of man are generally found superior to those of woman at the age of maturity. In fact, the remark is susceptible of the greatest possible extension. Among all the barbarous nations—among the half civilized, as well as among the refined and polished, we find the intellectual powers of man every where and in every age superior to those of woman.*

It is fable alone which tells us of whole nations of Amazons. There is no well authenticated history of any people where the women have taken the lead, and governed the men by their superior intellectual endowments. Of course, as already remarked, individual exceptions prove nothing. We are here concerned with masses of individuals; and from the foundation of the world to the present time, we find that man has been uniformly the commander in the field; he has formed the material of the armies; he has led them to battle, won the victories and achieved the conquest. He has directed at the council board; his eloquence has been most powerfully felt in the senate and the popular assembly; he has established and pulled down dynasties—built up and overthrown empires, and achieved the mighty and convulsive revolutions of the nations of the earth. All the great, and learned, and lucrative occupations of life are filled by him. 'Tis he who studies the wondrous mechanism of our frame, the nature and character of our diseases and physical infirmities, and applies the healing balm to the suffering individual stretched on the couch of pain and sickness. 'Tis he who made the law—who studies its complicate details, its massive literature and profound reasoning, and traces out the chain of system and order, which like the delicate thread of the labyrinth, runs through the whole range of its subtleties and sinuosities. 'Tis he who has studied most profoundly and elaborately the record of man's fall and redemption. 'Twas he who conducted the children of Israel, under the guidance of heaven, out of Egypt, through the wilderness, into the promised land of Canaan. 'Twas a man who first preached the new gospel of Christ at Jerusalem, before the assembled nation, on the great day of Pentecost. It is man upon whom devolves the sacred functions of preaching and spreading the gospel through the world. It is

> "He that negotiates between God and man,
> As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
> Of judgment and of mercy."

It is he whose sublime and warning eloquence is heard from the pulpit, arousing and awakening the apathy of the listless, and stimulating the ardor of the pious. 'Tis man who carries forward, by his restless energies, all the complicate business of that great commerce, which binds together by the indissoluble ties of interest, all the nations of the earth. 'Tis he who creates the stocks, charters companies of enterprise, and works by his skill the mighty machinery of capital and trade. And if we look to the rich and varied fields of literature and science, we shall find his footstep every where, and see that his labors have reared the choicest fruit, and produced the most stately and enduring trees. We cannot then for a moment question his past and present intellectual superiority in society.

But whence arises this actual superiority? Is it the result of nature? or is it the result of education in that enlarged sense which I have already explained in my first number? Is the capacity of man naturally greater than that of woman? or are they born with equal natural endowments in this respect? and are the great differences which we observe in the full maturity of age, generated by the different circumstances under which they act, and the different positions which they occupy in society? I have already said that we have no data by which this question can be positively and satisfactorily settled; that long before the child arrives at that age at which we are able to detect the development of the intellectual powers, his education both physical and moral, has already advanced to such an extent as to render all our deductions from mere experiment and observation entirely fallacious. I am inclined however to the belief, that there is *no natural* difference between the intellectual powers of man and woman, and that the differences observable between them in this respect at mature age, are wholly the result of education, physical and moral. At all events, I think I shall be able to show that the difference in education is fully sufficient to explain these differences, without looking to any other causes.

First then, we find that the education which boys receive from teachers, is much more scientific and complete than that of the girls. The latter are sent to school but a few years, and those during the earlier period of their lives, before the development of the reasoning powers. What they learn at school, therefore, must be acquired by the exercise of memory alone, and not by the employment of the far higher powers of judgment, reason and reflection. These latter powers are not generally developed before the age of seventeen or eighteen, and in some cases still later. It is for this reason we so often find the mature man failing to fulfil the promise of his youth. In the early part of our lives we learn principally by memory, and the boy with the most ready memory therefore, is he who treasures up the knowledge generally acquired in youth with most facility. He, therefore, is apt to pass for the brightest genius. But it may happen that this bright youth may never develope to any extent the reasoning powers; and if so, he will rarely go much

* I do not mean to assert here that woman has been found inferior to man in *every* department or modification of the intellect; for in some kinds of intelligence she always has been, as we shall soon see, man's superior;—but my meaning is, that in the higher department of the intellectual powers, and in the general range of the mind, man is superior to woman.

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beyond the mere smartness and quickness of youth. Memory will ever be his principal and greatest faculty, and with it alone he can never travel out of the common routine of knowledge, or disenthral himself from the dominion of mere precedent and example. On the other hand, we frequently see the dull boy developing at the age of maturity a large share of the reasoning power, and infinitely surpassing, in stretch of mind and depth of research, the individual who far outstripped him in his boyhood Every man can readily call to mind illustrations of the remarks here made. Newton never exhibited any very great range of faculty till he commenced the study of the mathematics; and Dean Swift, the great wit and philosopher, is said to have been rather a dull boy.

Now then, just at the period when the reasoning faculties are about developing themselves—when a new intellectual apparatus is just coming into play, by which we are capable of achieving at school, in one or two years, more than we have done by all our past labors—the girl is taken from her studies, enters into society, plunges into all the scenes of gaiety and fashion, and is frequently married before that age at which the boy is sent to college. It is impossible then, under the prevalence of such a system as this, to give an education at all scientific to the female. Her mind at school is not sufficiently developed to receive such an education. You frequently find our female teachers professing to teach the higher branches of science, such as chemistry, natural philosophy, moral and mental philosophy, and political economy. I do not pretend to call in question the capacity of such teachers, or their ability to teach what they profess to do; but I do assert that most of our young ladies are not competent at the time they are sent to school to acquire such knowledge. They skip, at so early a period of life, as lightly and fantastically over the buried treasures of science, as they would over the floor of the ball room. I have never known an individual, no matter how apparently bright his intellect—no matter how much Latin and Greek, and Grammar and English he had studied, who was capable, at the age of sixteen, of mastering the abstruse principles of the philosophy of the human mind. Such a science as this absolutely requires a development of the higher powers of the mind, before it can be studied with any degree of success; and that development very rarely takes place before the age of seventeen, no matter how stimulating may have been the previous education of the youth.

But again: not only is the female stopped in her studies at a time of life when she is becoming most capable of acquiring knowledge, but, even whilst at school, her studies are of a lighter character, contributing more to *accomplishment and grace*, but far less to intellectual vigor than those of the boy. Much of her time is consumed in music, painting, needle work, &c. while the boy is laboring over his Greek and Latin. I do not pretend to condemn this difference in education. It arises principally from the opposite position of the two sexes in society, as we shall soon see. But I would like to see a classical education become more fashionable among the ladies than it has heretofore been. I would not insist upon such studies at a later period of life, when the mind might be capable of mastering those of a higher and more useful order; but between the ages of ten and fifteen, there is nothing with which I am acquainted that can be so advantageously studied as the Latin and Greek. "The grammatical education," it has been justly observed by D. Stewart, "which boys receive while learning Latin, by teaching them experimentally the aid which the memory derives from general rules, prepares them for acquiring habits of generalization when they afterwards enter on their philosophical studies." I am happy to find the great authority of Mr. Stewart to be decidedly in favor of giving to females a classical education. In a foot note of Vol. III of Philosophy of the Human Mind, he says: "Latin, I observe with pleasure, is now beginning to enter more into the system of female education, and nothing could have so long delayed so obvious an improvement, but those exceptionable passages with which the Latin classics abound, and from which it is devoutly to be wished that the common school books were carefully purged, in editions fitted for the perusal of youth of both sexes."

Not only, however, are boys confined to studies which invigorate and discipline the mind more thoroughly than those of the girls, but they are much more stimulated and encouraged by parents, guardians, and friends, to persevere in the arduous, and at first excessively disagreeable career of study and literary labor. Whilst the father is perfectly contented with the most superficial knowledge—with the little music, and the few graces and accomplishments which his daughter acquires at a boarding school—he watches narrowly the progress of his son. He stimulates him by every means to assiduity and exertion. He impresses upon his mind the important truth, that his standing, his career in after life, his ultimate success, all may depend upon these his preparatory exertions. It is to be expected, under this unequal system of stimulation, that the efforts of the boys will generally be greater than those of the girls.

Those who have not reflected much upon this subject, can form no adequate conception of the vast influence exerted over the minds of students by that discipline which depends upon a well directed system of opinion and encouragement, entirely extraneous to the school or the academy. Those who have attempted to teach the children of savages in New Zealand and New Holland, in the isles of the Pacific, or on our own continent, have all borne witness to the truth of this remark. For example, a teacher in New Zealand tells us that the first day his scholars met they were exceedingly anxious to learn; it was a new thing: they, and their parents too, expected some sudden, mysterious kind of benefit which was to result from this system, requiring no great lapse of time, or exertion on the part of the children. In a day or two the confinement and tedium of school hours became intolerable; the children became lazy in spite of all the efforts of the teacher. Parents knew not the advantages of an education, and consequently did not enforce the regular attendance of the pupils, nor stimulate them to exertion; and for this reason the school soon became a total failure.

From all these causes combined, we are not to wonder that the education of a boy up to the age of seventeen or eighteen, is of a more invigorating character than that of the girl. At this age the girl is taken

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home to be *turned out*, as it is termed, and the boy is sent, when the parent's circumstances will admit it, to college. The college education, therefore, of the young men, may be considered as a clear superaddition to that which young ladies receive. It is the college education which is decidedly the most efficacious, when properly conducted, in nurturing and developing the higher powers of the mind. The lecturers in well endowed institutions, are generally men of superior attainments and intellectual powers. The division of mental labor, in consequence of the number of professors, renders each one more perfect in his department. The library and apparatus are great advantages not possessed at common schools. Well delivered lectures too, upon the text of some good author, though they may not impart a greater fund of positive information than might be acquired by reading, yet they deeply interest the attention, and stimulate the exertions of the student; they awaken a spirit of inquiry and research; they teach him to examine and sift all he peruses with a skeptical mind. They break the charm which is created by mere precedent and written authority, and furnish, if I may so express myself, the leading strings by which we are gently led forth to more hardy and manly explorations in the field of science and literature. All these are advantages *exclusively* enjoyed by our young men, and hence, so far as the school education of the sexes is concerned, there is no question that men have decidedly the advantage over women.

This then must certainly be looked upon as one of the most powerfully operating causes of the intellectual differences between the sexes. But it is only a proximate cause, and the question immediately presents itself, how has it happened that the young men have been so much more universally and deeply educated in all ages and countries?

And here we are led to a consideration of the effects of that more enlarged and general education which arises from physical and moral causes, independently of mere teachers. I have already explained the causes which assign to woman the domestic sphere, and all the occupations pertaining to it, and to man the out of door world with all the business, occupations, and cares pertaining to its management. These separate, distinct, and widely different spheres in which the two sexes move, as we have already observed, generate characters distinctly marked and widely different. And it is not to be wondered at that these characters, so totally different, belonging to persons moving in different spheres, should require different kinds and degrees of intellectual powers. Woman is domestic in her habits, she requires therefore a knowledge of all those minutiæ—all those details which can best befit her for her domestic occupations. She is more concerned with the individual than with the multitude. She feels more deeply interested in a mere family, than in a whole nation. Hence she studies individual character, individual disposition, and the motives by which individuals are governed, more than she does the general traits of the multitude, the distinctive character of nations, or the great and general principles by which they are governed. Woman is the delight and ornament of the social circle. She therefore aims to acquire that knowledge, and become possessed of those graces and accomplishments which may cause her to be admired by all while she is walking the golden round of her pleasures and duties; her object is rather to please and fascinate the imagination than to instruct the understanding. She is more humane, more tender, sympathetic, and moral than man, and, consequently, she is more interested in the study of the feelings and the passions than in that of the understanding and the intellectual powers. In general she is more eager for the perusal of all that addresses itself to the fancy and the feelings, such as novels, romances, and poems, than for the study of philosophy and science. In fine she is much more literary than scientific.

Abstraction and Generalization.

We can now easily account for that great difference which we observe in the intellectual powers of the sexes, dependent on habits of abstraction and generalization. Undoubtedly one of the greatest and most useful powers of the human mind, is that by which we are enabled to classify and generalize our ideas—that power which enables us, from the observance of multitudes of facts and details, to seize on those which possess a resemblance, to arrange them together under genera and species, and thus to arrive at general principles or facts applicable to thousands of cases which may occur in our passage through life. It is this power of abstraction and generalization which may be truly said to give to our reasoning faculties the wings of the eagle. We are enabled thereby to soar to a height, and command an extension of prospect which cannot be reached by those who do not cultivate this power. It is the great labor saving machinery in the economy of the human mind, and belongs in all its perfection only to a few gifted and educated minds, capable of rising to an altitude far, very far beyond the common intellectual level. According to the degree in which this noble faculty is possessed, the metaphysicians have made a division of the human race, very unequal as to numbers, into *men of general principles* or *philosophers*, and *men of detail*. The former possessing minds inured to habits of abstraction and generalization, the latter more conversant with mere individuals and individual character, with the details and minutiæ of common life, and therefore better suited to the ordinary routine of every day duties in the common transactions of the world. But if I may borrow the sentiment of Mr. Burke, when the path is broken up, the high waters out, and the file affords no precedent, then men who possess minds of comprehension and generalization, are required to lead the way through the chaos of difficulties and dangers which surround them.

When we compare the sexes together in this particular, we see that man has generally, and *necessarily* must have, from the very nature and requisitions of that extended sphere in which he moves, a greater share of this power of abstraction and generalization than is commonly found developed in the female mind. The confined sphere in which woman moves, requires, as I have already observed, close attention to all the details and minutiæ of the little events daily and hourly transpiring around her. Instead of studying the general traits of character which belong alike to the whole human family, she studies most deeply the individual characters of those who compose her household, and her circle of friends and relatives. Her mind becomes one of detail and minute observation, rather than of abstrac-

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tion and generalization. The intellectual eye of woman is like the pleasing microscope; it detects little objects, and movements, and motives, upon the theatre of life, which wholly escape the duller but more comprehensive vision of our sex. Man, in the wider sphere in which he moves, deals not so much with the individual as with masses of individuals. Take for example the statesman. Is he a legislator? Then he must make laws not only for the few individuals with whom he has been raised, but for the whole nation. In doing this he is obliged to discard the mere individual from his mind, and look to the population in the aggregate. He must abstract himself from the consideration of the minutiæ, the little details and peculiar circumstances which operate *exclusively* on his own little narrow neighborhood, and attend to those general circumstances which affect alike the condition of the whole body politic. His intellectual vision should not be too microscopic. He must look to generals rather than particulars. The minute vision of the fly would perhaps best survey the little specks and blemishes that may exist on the vast and mighty fabric of St. Peter's church, but it requires the more comprehensive vision of a man to survey the whole building at a glance. In like manner the honest, high minded, intellectual statesman looks to the good of the whole—discards the more petty consideration of self and friends. In contemplating the compound fabric of mind, law, and human rights, if he survey mere individual peculiarities with too intense a vision he will never be able to form in the mind one comprehensive, connected whole with the position and relation of all the prominent and distinct parts fully exhibited and well defined. Now there are few women who can wholly abstract themselves from the influence of those peculiar circumstances which operate exclusively on the circle in which they move. The circle they live in, conceals from them the rest of the world. The general remark made on this subject by Madame de Stael in her *Corinne*, is particularly applicable to woman. "The smallest body," says she, "placed near your eye, hides from it the body of the sun; and it is the same with the little *coterie* in which you live. Neither the voice of Europe nor of posterity can make you insensible to the noise of your neighbor's family; and therefore whoever would live happily, and give scope to his genius, must first of all choose carefully the atmosphere by which he is to be surrounded."

Politics and Patriotism.

We can now easily explain why woman has, in general, less patriotism, and is more unfitted for the field of politics than man. The very intensity of her domestic and social virtues makes her less patriotic than man. The ardor with which she loves her husband, her children, her intimate friends and associates, concentrates the mind within the little circle by which she is surrounded, and clips the wings of that more expanded but less ardent love which embraces whole states and nations. Her *individuality* is much too strong for the feeling of patriotism. She is, in this respect, like the knight of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, who coveted individual honor and glory alone. He lived only for his mistress, his God, and himself, and did not like to share his glories and his honors with an army, a nation, or mankind. Hallam, in his "Middle Ages," has pronounced the Achilles of Homer to be the most beautiful picture that ever was portrayed of this character (of chivalry). And strange as it may appear, the political character of woman in general, bears a very close and striking analogy to that of Achilles; who has been pronounced by competent judges, to be the most terrific human personage ever portrayed in prose or poetry. In search of individual glory and renown Achilles consents to join the allied army of Greece, with his myrmidons, in the siege of Troy. He receives an insult from Agamemnon, the chief of the Grecian forces, who determines to take from him a captive female slave. Instantly he resolves on revenge; his patriotism yields to his intense feeling of individuality, and he sullenly withdraws his troops from the field of battle, remains unmoved while the Trojans are gaining victory after victory, until they begin to burn the ships; then the security of himself and his particular friends required that he should drive back the Trojan army. Reluctantly he consents that Patroclus might lead forth the myrmidons to battle, but with strict injunction to retire from the field the moment the Trojans were beaten from the ships. Patroclus goes forth and is slain by Hector, the great rival of Achilles in war. Then is the wrath and jealousy of Achilles raised against the Trojan hero who has slain Patroclus, for whom his bosom throbbed with the intensest friendship. He now arms himself for the fight, and consents to go forth to battle; not for any love he has for Greece, not for any hatred which he bears to the Trojan state, but because he loved Patroclus and his own glory, and hated Hector, who had wreathed his brow with the laurel won by the death of his dearest friend.

Such is the patriotism of woman. Her husband and children are more to her than her country. You never hear of woman consenting to sacrifice her son for the country's welfare; the reverse is much apter to be the result. She would sooner sacrifice the welfare of the nation, for the promotion and happiness of her family. In the various political contests of our country, it has sometimes been my lot to be present when ladies have received intelligence of the defeat of brothers, husbands, &c. in their political aspirations. Such defeats I have generally found to disgust them at once with the whole subject of politics, and almost instantly to extinguish the little patriotism which their political hopes had kindled. It is well known that misfortune of all kinds has a most wonderful influence in darkening the picture which the imagination sketches of the future. Pope has admirably hit off this feature of the mind in his allusion to the pensioner who suddenly has his pension stopped.

> "Ask men's opinions, Scoto now can tell
> How trade increases, and the world goes well;
> Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
> And Britain, if not Europe, is undone."

So have I known ladies, from the defeat of their husbands at a county election, to predict more disaster and calamity to the nation, than if an army were on the frontier or a revolution threatened from within. I have known brother arrayed against brother, and father against son in politics, so decisively as to attempt to defeat each other's election; but I do not know that I have ever yet seen a mother, sister, or wife, whose politics were of that stern, unbending character which would lead her to vote, if allowed, against a son, brother, or

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husband opposed to her in political sentiments. Their affections and sympathies for those connected with them, are sure to triumph over the general feelings of patriotism and justice.

Woman therefore cannot make a good politician, because she has too much feeling, too much sympathy and kindness for her friends; her very virtues lead to injustice. Let us take, on this subject, the testimony of a lady who is well acquainted with the whole moral and mental constitution of her sex. "I never heard," says Mrs. Jameson, "a woman *talk* politics, as it is termed, that I could not discern at once the motive, the affection, the secret bias which swayed her opinions and inspired her arguments. If it appeared to the Grecian sage so 'difficult for a man not to love himself, nor the things that belong to him, but justice only,' how much more for a woman." Bulwer, too, tells us that women always make prejudiced politicians in England. "No one will assert," says he, "that these soft aspirants have any ardor for the public—any sympathy with measures that are pure and unselfish. No one will deny that they are first to laugh at principles which, it is but just to say, the education we have given precludes them from comprehending—and to excite the parental emotions of the husband, by reminding him that the advancement of his sons requires interest with the minister." Again, he says, "how often has the worldly tenderness of the mother been the secret cause of the tarnished character and venal vote of the husband; or to come to a pettier source of emotion, how often has a wound or an artful pampering to some feminine vanity, led to the renunciation of one party, advocating honest measures, or the adherence to another subsisting upon courtly intrigues." Doctor Johnson is reported by Boswell to have said, that in these matters no woman stops short of integrity.

Women, therefore, whose husbands are engaged in political life, ought ever to recollect their foibles in this respect, and beware of yielding too much to their sympathies and partialities, lest they ruin the political reputation of their husbands, or alienate their affections by too much tampering in matters which do not belong to them. Madame Junot thinks that the constant interference of Josephine in politics, her constant, ardent desire to serve her friends, weakened very much the attachment of Napoleon for her. Nothing so much tormented Charles II, as the constant intermeddling of his mistresses in politics; and one reason of his very sincere attachment to Nell Gwyn was, that she rarely gave herself any concern about the political squabbles of the day. She never interfered, except on behalf of her own children and one or two friends.

But although woman is much apter to err in politics than man, we must ever bear in mind, as some mitigation and justification of her errors, that they arise in a great measure from those kindly feelings, those strong sympathies, those family endearments and social ties which, whilst they mark her unfitness for the ruder arena of political life, demonstrate unequivocally the goodness of her heart.

Even women of corrupt hearts do sometimes manifest strongly the most amiable feelings and tender sympathies in their political intrigues; take, for example, the Duchess de Longueville, that bold, arbitrary, intriguing, profligate, vain, facetious heroine of the *Fronde*, who is described as making rebels by her smiles—or if that were not enough, she was not scrupulous; without principle and without shame, nothing was too much! Now "think of this same woman," says a modern writer, "protecting the virtuous philosopher Arnauld, when he was denounced and condemned; and from motives which her worst enemies could not malign, secreting him in her house, unknown even to her own servants; preparing his food herself, watching for his safety, and at length saving him. Her tenderness, her patience, her discretion, her disinterested benevolence, not only defied danger, (that were little to a woman of her temper) but endured a lengthened trial, all the ennui caused by the necessity of keeping her house, continual self-control, and the thousand small daily sacrifices which to a vain, dissipated, proud, impatient woman, must have been hard to bear."

Again, let us look to the celebrated Duchess de Pompadour—the corrupt, profligate, and intriguing mistress of that weak, effeminate, heartless monarch, King Lewis XV, whose abandoned, lewd court, is so well described as plunged in the sink of corruption and debauchery, and dead to all shame of decency and morality. Even she is represented by some of the wisest men of the day, as being exceedingly kind and beneficent to her friends, or tender and sympathetic in the highest degree towards misfortune of all kinds, when the parties concerned had not in any manner wounded her feminine vanity or prejudices. How interesting even does this woman become in that scene in which Marmontel, pleading the claims of Boissy to a pension, so works on her feelings by the recital of the galling poverty of Boissy, as to make her exclaim, "Good God! you make me shudder. I'll go and recommend him to the king." Marmontel was so much influenced by her kind attentions to her personal friends, of whom he was one, that he every where speaks of her in the most grateful terms as one not only willing to do a kindness, but to do it in the most flattering, affectionate and pleasing manner, frequently adding little injunctions or recommendations, which communicated the highest pleasure whilst they imposed no heavy obligation. For example, when he applied to the king, through Mad. de P. for a favor relative to a work of his entitled the "*Poetique*," he says, "I owe this testimony to the memory of this beneficent woman, that at this simple and easy method of publicly deciding the king in my favor, her beautiful countenance beamed with joy. 'Most willingly,' said she, 'will I ask for you this favor of the king, and it will be granted.' She obtained it without difficulty, and in announcing it to me, 'You must give,' said she, 'all possible solemnity to this presentation; and on the same day all the royal family and all the ministers, must receive your work from your own hand.' "

When, however, any prejudice exists in the mind of woman, from pique at the conduct of a particular individual, or from any cause which wounds her feminine vanity, you may in vain expect such kindnesses and sympathy. All a woman's benevolence is dried up the moment the object of it becomes *disagreeable* to her. Madame de Pompadour disliked the king of Prussia, and she could never be prevailed on to do anything for d'Alembert, because he was a great admirer and eulogist of that celebrated monarch. Racine basked in the

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royal sunshine of courtly favor, while Madame de Maintenon was the ascendant at court. He happened one day, in presence of the king and Madame de M. in one of those fits of absence for which he was remarkable, to observe that the theatre had fallen into disrepute, because the managers selected plays of too inferior a character, such as those of Scarron, &c. Now Scarron had been the husband of Maintenon, and from that day poor Racine, the immortal tragedian of France, was never more invited into the royal presence, or loaded with the royal favors.

Not only, however, does woman's feelings, sympathies, prejudices, &c. make her an unsafe and most partial, and sometimes very unjust politician, but her mind is rarely of that order, from reasons already pointed out, which will enable her to take large, and comprehensive, and unbiassed views of political subjects. Woman's individuality is too strong for general principles and abstract considerations. She has too much pleasure in the particulars and details around her, to develope much of the higher and more comprehensive powers of generalization. She judges of the great characters who are moving forward the mighty drama of politics as she would judge of beaux in a ball room, or friends and relatives in a parlor. Henrietta, queen of Charles I, is an admirable specimen of female politicians. She viewed the characters of great men with all the sensations of a woman. "Describing the Earl of Strafford," says D'Israeli, in his Curiosities of Literature, "to a confidential friend, and having observed that he was a great man, she dwelt with far more interest on his *person*. 'Though not *handsome*,' said she, 'he was *agreeable* enough, and he had the finest *hands* of any man in the world.'" The same author tells us, that when "landing at Burlington Bay in Yorkshire, she lodged on the quay; the parliament's admiral barbarously pointed his cannon at the house; and several shot reaching it, her favorite Jermyn requested her to fly; she safely reached a cavern in the fields, but, recollecting that she had left a *lapdog asleep* in its bed, she flew back, and, amidst the cannon-shot returned with this other *favorite*." Well might this have been termed a complete *woman's* victory. With such feelings, and sympathies, and judgments as these, however amiable and pure they may be, you can never expect to meet with the comprehensive views and well arranged plans of the great statesman: a Jermyn or a lapdog may disarrange or defeat them.

The peculiarities and minuteness of woman's speculations may be observed on all subjects, even on the graver and more impressive topic of religion. Although the celebrated Eloisa was deeply learned in all the cumbrous learning of the schools and the fathers, yet when speaking of the apostles, she seems to forget their religious character in order that she might express her astonishment that "even in the company of their master, they were so *rustic* and *ill-bred*, that regardless of *common decorum*, as they passed through cornfields they plucked the ears and ate them like children. Nor did they *wash their hands* before they sat down to table." Pope, who in his Abelard and Eloisa, has followed with wonderful exactness, the real history of these two lovers, makes Eloisa, when speculating on the use of letters, think of no advantage but those furnished to lovers.

"Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid."

This is truly characteristic of the woman, and it manifests an order of mind admirably adapted to the circumscribed sphere in which nature seems to have destined her to move. But it does not suit the wide arena of the statesman. Go, for example, into the great deliberative body of this country, and listen to the polemical combats of the minds that are there brought together, and mark particularly the powerful effusions of that individual with the master mind of this country—I had like to have said of the age in which he lives—and you will be amazed at the vast power of generalization and consequent condensation which his capacious mind displays. Is it the complicate and difficult subject of the banking system which has fallen under his review, then observe how he passes by unheeded, the petty details and minute histories of the little institutions around him which engage the little minds of the body, and fixes his eagle gaze on the great and prominent points of the subject; shows you that the *general* nature of man, and the *general* nature of this institution, is the same at Amsterdam, at Venice, at London, as at Philadelphia, Washington, or Baltimore. He points out the great and general circumstances which lead on to the corruption and final destruction of the system, and shows you that the straining and breaking of our banks in by-gone times, was not the result of chance and accident, but of causes as fixed and unerring in their operation as the law of gravity or the force of elasticity. Or is he on the great subject of the dangers to be apprehended from irresponsible power in the hands of a dominant majority, then observe how his mind ranges over the history of the past, and culls from the page of Greece and Rome, and even from that more sacred one of Israel's people, the great lessons which they inculcate upon this point. He shows you that the contests of patricians and plebeians, the forcible establishment of the power of the tribunes in ancient Rome, and the division of a modern parliament into the lords and commons, or the fearful disputes between the *tiers etèt* and the nobles and clergy in France, all prove the same great truth and teach the same great lesson, *that every great interest to be safe, must have the means of defending itself.* Such a mind as this when it fails, fails (if I may use the language of the logician) from not attending to specific and individual differences in the application of general principles: it fails because while leaping from the Appenines to the Alps, and from the Alps to the Pyrennees, it does not perceive the rivulets, the flowers, the little hills and dales which lie beneath. Such a mind is the very opposite of that of woman.

But it may be said there are women who have reigned with glory and lustre, and merited well of their country and mankind. Christina, for example, in Sweden, Isabella in Castile, and Elizabeth in England, have merited the esteem of their age and posterity. The two Catharines in Russia, and Maria Theresa, during the long wars about the pragmatic sanction, have each manifested the abilities of statesmen. To this however, I would remark in the first place, that we are concerned here with general rules and not with particular exceptions. Now the general rule is what I have stated; women make bad politicians, unsafe depositaries of power, and most partial and unequal administrators of

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justice. In the second place, you will find that the weakness and errors of the good female sovereigns have almost always arisen from their feminine foibles or womanly judgments. Take, for example, Queen Elizabeth, whom Mr. Hume has pronounced to have been perhaps the greatest female sovereign who ever sat upon a throne. It was said of her that her inclinations and the coquetries of her sex, stole beneath the cares of her throne and the grandeur of her character. And it has been said, with perhaps too much truth, that if Mary Queen of Scotland had been less beautiful, Elizabeth had been less cruel; she always believed too readily, that the mere power of pleasing implied genius. The exaggerated but well-timed gallantries of Raleigh,* and the personal beauty and accomplishments of the earl of Leicester, made the fortunes of those individuals.

This celebrated queen has been described as passionately admiring handsome persons, and he was already far advanced in her favor who approached her with beauty and grace. It is said she had so unconquerable an aversion to ugly and ill-made men, that she could not endure their presence. Her aversion to boots was very marked, and highly characteristic of the woman. I think it is Sir Walter Scott who, in one of his romances, represents her as having had so much aversion to the boots of the Duke of Suffolk, who was brought forward by his party for the honor of knighthood, as to fly into a passion about it, and for some time to refuse to knight him in such a dress.† She is well known to have been a great coquette, giving all her suitors some hopes of finally obtaining her hand. She had likewise a most ardent desire to be thought beautiful. Raleigh was well aware of this excessive vanity, and made it a means of securing her favor and continuing in her good graces. Mr. Hume tells us that Sir Walter, in a love-letter written to the queen when she was sixty years old, after exhausting his poetic talent in exalting her charms and his devotion, concludes by *comparing* her to *Venus and Diana*. D'Israeli says that Du Maurier, in his Memoirs, writes: "I heard from my father, that having been sent to her, at every audience he had with her Majesty, she pulled off her gloves more than a hundred times, to *display her hands*, which were indeed beautiful and very white." And he says, "She never forgave Buzenval for ridiculing her bad pronunciation of the French language; and when Henry IV sent him over on an embassy, she would not receive him. So nice was the irritable vanity of this great queen, that she made her private injuries matters of state." Well then has it been said, that "the toilet of Elizabeth was indeed an altar of devotion, of which she was the idol, and all her ministers were her votaries: it was the reign of coquetry, and the golden age of millinery."

It is true, in spite of all these foibles and defects of character, she made a great sovereign; but it is easy to mark throughout the whole course of her administration, even in the graver matters of legislation, the constantly modifying influence of feminine weakness. It was Elizabeth who granted, more extensively than any other sovereign, privileges and monopolies to her favorites, which is one of the worst forms which the restrictive system can assume. In doing this, she seems to have been anxious to solve the problem of doing every thing for her friends and pretended admirers, without disturbing her conscience by the infliction of too much injury on the body politic. But experience has shown that she most wofully failed by her plan in the solution of the problem, and took by these monopolies and privileges even a great deal more out of the pockets of the people, than could ever come into those of her favorites and flatterers. Even the celebrated laws of this reign in regard to the paupers of England, in my opinion, mark the overweening humanity of the woman, combined with a deficiency of that power of generalization, which can alone enable us to arrive at just conclusions on so delicate and complicated a subject. When she ordered the overseers of the poor to see that every individual in the kingdom should be well fed, clothed and employed, the order, although a humane one, was certainly impracticable. Mr. Malthus asserts, that when king Canute seated himself on the sea shore, and ordered the rising tide not to approach his royal feet, he was not guilty of more vanity than this celebrated order of Elizabeth displayed; but there was certainly humanity in the intention.

In addition to the preceding remarks upon the incapacity of woman in general for the able discharge of political duties, we may observe that she is more disposed to despotism while in power than man. This may be ascribed to greater physical weakness, and consequent dependence in general. When, therefore, she wields the sceptre, she is constantly disposed to manifest her power—to let the world see she is really a ruler. She makes a show of her authority, precisely for the same reason that a newly created nobleman is more tenacious of his title than an old one, or a legitimate monarch less suspicious on the throne than a usurper. Thomas says that great men are more carried to that species of despotism which arises from lofty ideas; and women above the ordinary class, to the despotism which proceeds from passion. The last is rather a sally of the heart than the effect of system. The despotism of woman however, very rarely, except when stimulated by violent love and jealousy, leads on to cruelty; they have too much feeling, sympathy and kindness to be cruel. Their despotism arises rather from caprice, and a desire to promote the interest of friends and flatterers, than from any regular system of ambition and vice. Give them unlimited sway, and you rarely find them exercising that merciless tyranny which delights in blood. Their sensibility rarely forsakes them, even on the throne. Deny them power, and they make monarchs as jealous and suspicious as rival beauties in a ball room. There never was on the throne of England a more determined stickler for prerogative than Queen Elizabeth. She was exceedingly jealous of the powers of her parliament; and up to the very last hour of her long life, a shuddering came over her whenever she thought of a successor to the throne.

* Raleigh threw a new plush cloak into the mud over which the queen was passing; she stepped cautiously on it, and shot forth a smile upon the young captain. This cunning gallantry introduced him to the queen for the first time; his advancement was rapid, and the title of captain was soon changed for that of Sir Walter.

† In the Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes, it is stated that Madame Permon, mother of the Duchess, had a very great aversion to the boots of the Republican generals, particularly when wet and passing through the process of drying.

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Yet Elizabeth was far from being as cruel as many of the male sovereigns who have sat on the English throne.

The passion of love, however, is the most dangerous one in the breast of the female sovereign. As I have already observed, it is the strongest of our nature whilst it lasts, even in the breast of man; but with woman, it is not only the strongest, but like Aaron's rod, it swallows up all the rest. Elizabeth's lovers were her dependents, and she was withal a woman of strong masculine mind, cultivated by an education of the most classical and severe character, yet we have seen the mighty influence which even her lovers exerted over her, in spite of all her caution.

Mary, the sister of Elizabeth, the bigoted Catholic, is a melancholy instance of the influence of even unrequited love, upon the politics of a female sovereign. While married to Philip of Spain, England was very little more than a Spanish province. Perhaps it was the example of Mary which in a great measure deterred Elizabeth from ever marrying, although repeatedly pressed to it by the Parliament. The caricature gotten up during the reign of Queen Mary is an admirable burlesque of the errors and weaknesses of female rule. It represented her Majesty "naked, meager, withered and wrinkled, with every aggravated circumstance of deformity which could disgrace a female figure, seated in a regal chair; a crown on her head, surrounded with the letters M. R. A. accompanied with Maria Regina Anglie in smaller letters! A number of Spaniards were sucking her to the skin and bone, and a specification was added of the money, rings, jewels, and other presents with which she had secretly gratified her husband Philip."

To see what woman may be capable of doing under the influence of the passion of love accompanied by jealousy, let us at once recur to a state of semi-barbarism, where but little restraint is imposed on the feelings and passions, and where nature consequently manifests itself in all its most horrid deformities without wearing the mask which civilized manners and an enlightened and moral public opinion, aided by the printing press have imposed even upon the most hardy and most wicked in the polished countries of Europe. Among the Memoirs of Celebrated Women by Madame Junot, we find that of Zingha, a great African princess who ruled in her dominions with absolute sway. In the contemplation of her character we are fully disposed to acquiesce in the truth of Shakspeare's assertion, that "proper deformity shows not in the fiend so horrid as in woman." This princess was a perfect tigress when for a moment her argus-eyed jealousy conceived the least interruption to her amours, from the beauty, or the affections, or the accomplishments of another. We are told that "a young girl who waited on her had the misfortune to be attached to a man upon whom the queen had herself cast an eye of affection. Having discovered that the feeling was mutual between the youthful lovers, Zingha had them brought before her; and giving her poniard to the young man, ordered him to plunge it into the bosom of his mistress, to open her bosom and eat her heart! The moment he had obeyed this cruel order she turned to the wretched man, who perhaps expected his pardon, and looked at him as if to confirm this expectation. But she ordered his head to be severed from his body, and it fell upon the mutilated corpse of his mistress." On another occasion she had spared a particular female from among those doomed to destruction, when perceiving a paramour looking with tenderness upon her, she immediately recalled her executioner, and coldly said, "take this woman also and throw her into the grave with her companion." Such is the influence of the passion of love and jealousy upon the female mind even in *Negro land*, and well may we join Madame Junot in the remark, that "this memoir (of Zingha) which is strictly true may lead to much reflection in those who so bitterly attack the whites for their treatment of negro slaves. The latter in our colonies have *never yet undergone such degradation.*"*

A woman in love, whilst she is willing to sacrifice all for the object beloved, may occasionally demand all. She is very apt to be too capricious for wise and prosperous government. A little experiment in love matters might occasionally be of more moment to her, than the regulation of trade, the modification of the corn laws, or the raising or lowering of the taxes. We all know that woman is sometimes extremely capricious and even despotic in the wars of Cupid. She does sometimes make most fearful exactions merely to manifest her power, or to confirm her faith in the fidelity and devotedness of her lover. Now all this will do well enough in private life, because it chequers the path of love with the powerfully exciting alternations of hope and disappointment, and throws around the object of our affections all those attractions, and all that more ethereal and imaginative loveliness, which the extreme difficulty of attainment ever generates in the mind. Although the lover may sometimes groan under such a despotism, and even attempt to renounce it,† yet the public sustains no injury. But when this capricious lover is a queen upon the throne, or an ambitious aspirant for political power, then the consequences may be truly disastrous. Rousseau tells us upon the authority of Brantome, that during the reign of Francis I, a young girl had a lover who was a great *babbler*. So capricious was she, and so fond of the exercise of power, that she ordered him to keep an absolute and profound silence, as the condition of her love, until she might release his tongue. He actually remained silent two years, when every body believed him dumb. Then one day in the presence of a large assembly, she boasted that by *one word* she could restore speech to the *dumb*. She looked him in the face and said, "*parlez!*" "*speak!*" when the man began to speak again! Now in this case no one suffered but the poor man, and he had no doubt hours of ecstatic felicity in her occasional kindness, and sympathy, and love, for so much devotion. He gloried in the chains which he wore: he might be a little restive at times, under the caprice and whim of his mis-

* "Add to this the horrible superstitions of the Giagas," says the same wriker, "and our colonial slaves must have little to regret in their native country."

† We are informed that during the age of chivalry, a lady and her lover knight, at the Court of Vienna, were looking over a palisade at a very ferocious lion, when the lady designedly let fall her glove within the enclosure, and asked the knight to pick it up for her. Without hesitation he leaped the enclosure, threw a cloak at the lion, which diverted his attention for a moment, and escaped unhurt with the glove, and then in presence of the whole court renounced the lady and her love forever, because she had imposed so cruel and dangerous a test of his affections.

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tress, but was no doubt in all his difficulties ever ready to apply to her the language of one of Martial's Epigrams on the whimsical waywardness of a friend,

> "Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem
> Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te."

but when such love or caprice as this reaches the throne, the people pay for the folly. *Delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.*

The poor Dutch saw but little sport or justice in those harassing campaigns of Lewis XIV in Holland, undertaken principally to please and amuse his mistresses, and exalt himself in their estimation as a military chieftain. The English too saw nothing but degradation and misfortune while Mademoiselle Queraille, the celebrated Duchess of Portsmouth, was the favorite mistress of Charles, and by her predilections for France, and influence on Charles, made him the subservient tool of Lewis XIV, and England but a province to France. And the ill-fated Protestants of the same country had before but too mournfully lamented at the stake that England's Queen was the wife of the most sullen, dark, and ferocious bigot of his age.

But I have said enough, I hope, to show that the field of politics does not furnish the proper theatre for woman's glory and fame. It is strewed with too many brambles and thorns for her delicate and timid nature. It presents too many temptations to wander from the path of justice and equity, to be resisted by the modest gentleness and the unresisting pliancy of her sympathetic and humane temperament. Let her not then be over-ambitious in politics, lest she be brought to realize at last the maxim which is but too true—"Corruptio optimi pessima est." Let her ever remember that she who has the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, as Gisborne has well observed, enjoys a decoration superior to all the glories of the peerage. Not only, however, has the custom of the world generally excluded woman from political stations, but she has been excluded likewise from the right of suffrage or of voting. Her condition in society, her physical organization, the bearing and nursing of children, her delicacy, modesty, weakness and dependency on man, all concur to make such exclusion proper.* The *utilitarians* say, that no evil can result to the fair sex from this exclusion, because their interests are involved in the interests of the males, and consequently the former cannot be oppressed by the latter. Thus they say almost every woman has a husband, a brother, or a father, all of whom are interested in her welfare. She need not consequently fear an invasion of her rights, for those in power are interested in defending them. To a certain extent this assertion is true. But the condition of woman in past ages, and in the eastern nations, shows most conclusively that she may be oppressed by the stronger sex, and that her interests therefore have not been so completely involved in those of man as to make oppression impracticable. Well then, under these circumstances, does it behoove man, in the possession of *all* the political power, to guard against its abuse—to remember that the frailer and weaker member of our race is placed necessarily under his protection, and lies at his mercy—that humanity, magnanimity, and even self-interest, alike require that her rights should be guarded, and her condition ameliorated—that she who is the delight and ornament of society, the Corinthian capital of our race, should not be permitted to pine under neglect and oppression, but should be conducted tenderly to that exalted eminence whence she may diffuse her benign influence over all the ramifications of social intercourse. And the more I have been enabled to read the page of history have I become convinced, that the continued amelioration of woman's condition is one of the most unerring symptoms of the continuing prosperity and civilization of the world.

But although I would say that woman is not fitted to take the lead in politics, or to vote at elections, yet would I recommend to all men in political life, or in any other situation, generally to consult female friends before they act in any very important matters. Their opinions and counsels are rarely to be despised, even in politics. The politician ought always to be possessed of their views, though he should not be implicitly governed by them. There is a chain of connection running through and binding together all the events of this world, moral, social, religious, and political. The mind of man, to act with perfect wisdom in any department, must survey all the causes and events, both great and small, which may have a bearing either direct or remote on the issue at which he aims. Now, although man may be able to generalize more extensively, and take a wider and more comprehensive view of the events which are passing around him, yet that very generalization and comprehension of mind, do often make him overlook those little causes, those secret motives, those nice and evanescent springs of action, which are frequently the real causes of the greatest events transpiring in the political drama. "It was not from a massive bar of iron, but from a small and tiny needle," as my lord Bacon observes, "that we discovered the great mysteries of nature." And thus it frequently happens, that by looking attentively at apparently unimportant passions or small events, we are enabled to arrive at the true causes of individual and even national distinctions. It is in this latter department of knowledge that the sagacity of woman is infinitely beyond that of man. She divines more certainly than he all those secret motives of the heart, and detects more readily those delicate, invisible springs of action which so frequently control the course of events. She is more thoroughly acquainted with the nature and character of that mighty influence which woman exerts over man in every condition of life in which he may be placed, and therefore her advice is never to be neglected. In reading the history of any epoch, I always consider my reading as incomplete until I can peruse the histories and the memoirs written by females. They are almost sure to fill the chasms left by the writers of our sex. They frequently enter some of the *penetralia* of the mind and heart which are inaccessible to man; they perceive the vibration of certain chords invisible to our duller optics. Their views may often be partial, prejudiced, and incomplete, yet when taken in connexion with the more enlarged and philosophical accounts of other writers, they enable the future historian to form a more perfect, more consistent, and more philosophical picture of the whole.

* I do not then agree entirely with Talleyrand in the assertion that, "to see one half of the human race excluded by the other from all participation of government, is a political phenomenon that, according to abstract principles, it is impossible to explain."

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Historians have sometimes puzzled their brains to assign a philosophical cause for this or that course of conduct of a great statesman, when a woman would have told you at once that it originated from some little family feud, or perhaps from an ardent attachment to some sweet, coy, unobtrusive, timid creature, the bare mention of whose name on the page of history would crimson her cheeks with the deep blush of modesty. The historian may be puzzled to account for the sudden and injudicious march of Mareschal Villars, at the head of the grand army of France, towards Brussels. Reader, the true cause was that he was anxious to see his wife, who was staying in a small town on the road to Brussels.* It has been said that the course which Cicero pursued towards the conspirators in Rome, resulted principally from the instigation of Terentia, who had her private reasons for hating them. And the hatred of the great orator for Clodius the Demagogue was likewise inspired principally by his wife Terentia, on account of her jealousy of Clodia, the sister of Clodius, who had been anxious to marry Cicero. Now in regard to all those more impalpable and delicate causes which take their origin in the heart, the affections, the social relations, woman is much more sagacious than man; she sees them when they escape his vision; and consequently her penetration may enable her to make discoveries or applications which man would never have thought of. Hence, I repeat again, the counsel of woman ought ever to be taken before we enter upon important events. Dufresnay has shown that many conspiracies even have failed because not confided to woman. And many a man who has kept his transactions secret from his wife, has rued the consequences. Rousseau tells us that while travelling through Switzerland he frequently found the views and advice of *Therese* of the utmost importance; sometimes rescuing him from the great difficulties that surrounded him, and which could not have been so well overcome without her. And yet he tells us that she was not a well educated woman. The fact is, woman excels man, as has been well observed, in attaining her *present* purposes; her invention is prompt, her boldness happy, and her execution facile.

Even the warnings and cautions of women, for which no good reason can be assigned, ought not always to be disregarded. They are frequently inferences drawn from that nice discernment and tact so characteristic of the sex amid the little incidents of life, or from their capability of reading the varying features of the human countenance, or marking more distinctly the altered shades of manner, even when individuals are attempting to wear the mask of deception and hypocrisy. Cæsar's wife, we are told, implored him not to go to the Senate Chamber of Rome on the fatal day of the Ides of March; and although she could give no better reasons for her solicitude than dreams, visions, and strange feelings, yet it is more than probable that these were produced by the acute, the penetrating, microscopic observation of a woman's mind upon the events and characters which surrounded her in Rome. Brutus, Cassius, Dolabella, &c. might conceal their purposes during their daily intercourse, from him who had led the armies of Rome to victory in Gaul, and Britain, and Illirium, and had, by the majesty and force of his own mind, overturned the liberties of his country, and grasped in his single hand the sceptre of the world, but, in all probability, they were unable to wear that countenance and assume those manners which would impose upon the more minute discernment of Cæsar's wife, amid the troubles, solicitudes, and suspicions, incident to a season of revolution. Pontius Pilate would have released the Saviour of the world, and quieted a troubled conscience, if he had given heed to the solemn warning of his wife, to have nothing to do with that just man, (Jesus.) Yet she could give no better reason for her warning, than that she had suffered many things that day in a dream, because of him.

Conversation—Epistolary Writing.

I come now to the consideration of the relative merits of the sexes, in that most pleasing attitude in which we generally find them indulging familiar converse in the social circle. And here, I think, we shall be forced to assign the palm to the fair sex. The social talents of woman all over the world, where her education is not too much neglected, are superior to those of man. Her conversation we generally find more varied, more natural, more allied with the interesting incidents and events of life than that of man. She is a nicer, and more acute observer of what is passing around her. She treasures up more interesting details and occurrences; she is much better acquainted with that most interesting of all subjects, the play of the social and amorous affections; and she studies the most pleasing and fascinating manner of communicating her thoughts to others; hence she becomes the ornament and the boast of the social circle.

Some persons may imagine the conversational power to bear some proportion to the general strength of the intellect, and that, as man cultivates the higher powers of the mind more thoroughly than woman, he must therefore excel her in the social circle. This, however, is very far from being true. The beauty of conversation depends on two things: 1st. On the character of the facts, anecdotes, knowledge, &c. which form the staple of what is said. 2d. On the manner and style of communicating them. Now I conceive that the subjects most generally pleasing in promiscuous society, are not those of a deeply philosophical or abstract character, not those which require the greatest stretch of intellect to comprehend, but those subjects generally which have reference to the ordinary occurrences and transactions of life; those in which all are interested, and which all can comprehend: those, in fine, which concern ourselves *immediately* and particularly. Grave disquisitions and lectures on abstract subjects, are out of place in the drawing room; those who indulge much in them may be called learned, but they are generally considered intolerable *prosers*. The divine who is always talking to us about *grace* and its operation on the heart, the lawyer who is lavish of his profound learning on contingent remainders and executory devises, or the physician who tries to instruct us in the mysteries of animal life, by recounting theory after theory upon the subject, are ever looked upon as great bores in the social circle. Not only, however, is the character of the subject of importance in conversation, but there must be variety. No matter how important

* This celebrated general of Louis XIV. according to St. Simon, often turned his army aside from the great object which he had in view, from some such causes as these.

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and interesting the topic, the patience of a company will soon be worn out by even an intelligent and fluent man who will discourse of nothing else. The most insufferable of all bores, says the author of Vivian Grey, is the man whose mind is engrossed with one single subject, who thinks of no other, and of course talks of no other.

So far as the subject matter, or *materiel* of conversation is concerned, let us enter a little into the *metaphysics* of the subject, and see, upon philosophical principles, how woman becomes superior to man in this respect.

The principle of association, or of suggestion as it is termed by the more recent writers on the philosophy of the human mind, is the great and controlling law of the mental frame; it is that principle which enables us to supply all our wants, to adapt means to ends, to call up the knowledge of the past, to look into the undeveloped events of the future. It is this associating faculty which may be looked upon as truly the master workman of the mind. Its agency is requisite in the action of all our mental powers, and consequently in pointing out the intellectual differences between the sexes, it is proper never to lose sight of so important a modifier of mental character. Metaphysicians tell us that there are three principles or laws, according to which the association of ideas operates. 1st. Resemblance. 2d. Contiguity in time or place. And 3d. Contrast. Now if we examine into these three divisions, we shall find each one susceptible of a subdivision into two classes, marked and distinct. Thus 1st. There may be resemblance in the objects themselves. Or 2d. In the effects or emotions which they excite. For example, I see a man—he is like, in face and feature, to one I knew well in France—I think immediately of the Frenchman: here is resemblance in objects themselves. I see a violent hurricane—it reminds me of the desolating ravages of a Zenghis Khan, or Tamerlane: here is resemblance in the effects, and not in the objects themselves. I hear the cooing of the dove, and I think of the gentleness and innocence of the child. I hear a man reviling and blaspheming his God, and I think of midnight darkness: here is similarity in the emotions excited by the objects. A corresponding division may be made of contrast. Thus I see a dwarf, and he calls instantly to my mind the largest man I ever saw: this is contrast in the objects. I see a raging, destructive lion, and think immediately of the meek and humble Saviour of the world: here is contrast in the effects. I see the white and tender lily on the drooping stalk, and I think of the fiendish passions of a Macbeth or a Richard: here is contrast in the emotions excited by the objects. Lastly, contiguity in time and place may be divided into casual and fixed; thus I see a man today whom I saw yesterday in company with another: I instantly think of that other. I hear the last *eclipse* mentioned, I think of the place I was in at that time, the company I was with, the anecdotes told, &c. In the first instance we have casual contiguity in place, and in the second in place and time both. I see the moon on the meridian, and think of the tides in our rivers. I see a magnet, and I think of its attraction for iron; here is necessary contiguity in time, and in the last instance in place too. Upon this last species of contiguity is dependent that most important of all relations, the relation of cause and effect, and of premises and conclusions.

In unison with the division here made of the associating principles, it is easy to explain the character of three distinct orders of mind, which will of course appear widely different in the conversational displays of the social circle. There is, first, the *common mind*, associating its ideas together by palpable resemblance or contrast among them, and by the mere casual and loose contiguity in time and place. Secondly, *the poetical or sentimental mind*, associating principally by resemblance or contrast in the effects produced by objects or the emotions which they excite. And thirdly, the *philosophical mind*, associating principally by necessary contiguity in time and place, by cause and effect, premises and conclusions.

Such a mind as the first, is most impressed with the details and occurrences around. It never ascends to the original contemplation of ideas and thoughts which belong to the region of philosophy and poetry. It may, it is true, recollect sometimes, distant and beautiful analogies, or even philosophical associations, but it is purely because it has heard these things spoken of by others, and not from original conception. Such a mind has no creative power of its own; as it receives so does it pour forth, without alteration. It has been well compared to the cistern into which water is poured; you have nothing to do but turn the cock and out it comes (as one of our newspaper editors recently observed, in relation to a different subject,) "water, dirt, sticks, bugs, pine tags and all!" Such a mind has no *productive power* whatever. In this flood of details, you see no connecting principle like cause and effect, premises and conclusions, &c.—but this thing is remembered because it is like that. This fact is now related because it was spoken at the same time with that, or in the same place. Such an individual as this has, as Diderot expresses it, "une tête meublée d'un grand nombre de choses disparates," which he says resembles a library with mismatched books, or a German compilation garnished, without reason and without taste, with Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, and Latin.

Such individuals as these are more pleasing and amusing to us in conversation, when the mind is not otherwise engaged, than most of us are willing to allow. They spread before us a promiscuous feast of neighborhood news, and like Mathews the comedian, although there be but one speaker, they give you the *sayings*, the *conjectures*, the *shrugs*, and the *winks* of all the parties concerned, and thus give to their communications quite a dramatic effect. Barbers, midwives, seamstresses, hostesses, &c. cultivate this kind of association to the greatest pitch of perfection. Their professions may be said to demand it.

Such individuals, when called into court to give testimony, are sometimes exceedingly amusing, from the pertinacity with which they detail all, even the most minute circumstances, and when interrupted because of the irrelevancy or illegality of their testimony, they are very apt to begin again at the very beginning of their narrative. In the minuteness of their remembrances they are like Mrs. Quickly in the play, when she wishes to make Falstaff remember the time when he promised to marry her.* The *Cicerone* of Italy have generally memories of the same description.

* This has generally been adduced by the metaphysicians since the time of Lord Kames, as an exemplification of this

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Individuals of this character are the little chroniclers of the day. They are the little historians of the little events transpiring around them. They form a sort of cement for society—they furnish a species of connecting link between the past and the present. They embalm for a few years the memory of those who would otherwise have passed away and been forgotten. The smallest and greatest of the human race love fame. The temple at Ephesus was burnt down for fame, and it is the character which I have just been describing that gives a little fame to classes that would never have been heard of, and in old age such a being can tell the young around him of the deeds and achievements of their sires and grandsires and great grandsires. Such individuals as these are remarkable for very exact memories, and as they are never persons of much comprehension of mind, it has been generally imagined that good memories are rarely accompanied with good understandings. Hence the couplet of Pope,

"When in the mind the Memory prevails,
The more solid power of the understanding fails."

This however is but one form which the memory assumes, and consequently we must draw no enlarged inferences from it. Women have generally much more of this memory than men. The sphere in which they move, the occupations in which they are engaged, the lesser necessity on their part for original thought and action of mind, all tend to produce this character.

The second class of mind, according to the division made above, is the poetic or sentimental—that species of mind which associates by the more distant analogies and resemblances, or contrast in objects, in their effects, or in the emotions which they excite. Imagination is the essence of such a mind as this. It enables us to see resemblances and contrasts where others see none. "How many are there," says Doct. Brown, "who have seen an old oak, half leafless amid the younger trees of the forest, and who are capable of remembering it when they think of the forest itself, or of events that happened there! But it is to the mind of Lucan that it rises *by analogy*, to the conception of a veteran chief:

"Stat magni nominis umbra
Qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro."

What a scene for the enjoyment of love and friendship—what a group of delightful and beautiful images has Virgil brought together in two lines of his Eclogues!

"Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata Lycori,
Hic nemus: hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo."

Many have seen a starling in a cage, but it is a Sterne who in imagination sees a captive in his dungeon, half wasted away with long expectation and confinement. Pale and feverish, the western breeze for thirty years had not fanned his blood. He sees him sitting upon the ground in the farthest corner, on a little straw, alternately his chair and bed, with a little calendar of small sticks, and etching with a rusty nail another day of misery to add to the heap.

When this species of association is dwelt on too much the individual is characterized by a sort of sickly, morbid sentimentality, which is both highly unnatural, and very disagreeable. He is ever trying to display the effects of what Mary Woolstonecraft calls a "pumped up passion." Those writers whom Dr. Smith in his Theory of Moral Sentiments calls whining philosophers, possess minds of this order. They can never see happiness in one part of the world but to reflect on the misery which is experienced in another. Is our country at peace, happy and prosperous, then rejoice not at it, for there are millions of human beings suffering in China, Japan, Hindostan, and Bengal. Thompson's writings are deeply imbued with this whining philosophy, and so perhaps are Cowper's, as was to be expected from the state of his mind.

It is, however, the association by distant resemblances in objects, by analogies in effects and in emotions which furnishes the mind with perhaps the most interesting materials for social converse. Such a mind is what the world calls *brilliant*. We soon tire of it, however, if it does not occasionally relax, and give us a few of those details and minutiæ, which belong to the mind of the first order in our division. As was said of the poetry of Thomas Moore, we do not like always to feed upon the *whip syllabubs*, we soon become hungry for *bread and meat*.

Such a mind as the one I have just been describing, has rarely a very accurate or exact memory. The imagination is too active for the fidelity of the memory. Pope has well asserted, that

"Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away."

Men possessing such minds as these rarely make good historians or profound philosophers. They neither narrate with fidelity, nor can they philosophize with ability. Their imagination gilds and varnishes the knowledge they have accumulated. Events, as Boswell expresses it, *grow mellow* in their memories.* But for this very reason do they become exceedingly brilliant in conversation, when they have the power of communicating their ideas well. Mr. Stewart tells us that Boswell himself was a striking exemplification of his own remark, "for his stories," says Mr. S. "which I have often listened to with delight, seldom failed to *improve* wonderfully in such a keeping as *his* memory afforded. They were much more amusing than even his printed anecdotes; the latter were deprived of every chance of this sort of *improvement*, by the scrupulous fidelity with which (probably from [illegible] distrust of the accuracy

minute memory, and it illustrates so well the remarks which I have been making above, that I cannot forbear to add it in a foot note.

Falstaff. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Hostess. Marry, if thou wast an honest man, thyself and thy money too. Thou didst swear to me on a parcel gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin Chamber, at the round table, by a sea coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the prince broke thy head for likening him to a singing man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady, thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not good wife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound. And didst not thou when she was gone down staire desire me to be no more familiarity with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me Madame! and didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book oath, deny it if thou canst."—*See. Part, Hen. 4, Act 2d. Scene 2.*

* "I have of[illegible]enced," says Boswell in his tour through the [illegible] Dr. Johnson, "that scenes through which a man h[illegible] *improve by lying in the memory: they grow mellow.*"

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of his recollection) he was accustomed to record every conversation which he thought interesting, a few hours after it took place."

With regard to the order of mind which we have just been considering, it may be said that although a few men may cultivate it to a much higher pitch of perfection than it is generally found to exist among women, yet taking the sexes together, it is rather a characteristic of the weaker sex, at least in as much as the associations are dependent on similarity or contrast in emotions. Women, taking the whole sex together, have undoubtedly more imagination than men, especially in relation to what I would term the sentimental and romantic portions of our nature. They have nicer discernment and tact, more feeling, sympathy, emotion and curiosity of all descriptions, and so far as these furnish materials for association, they are superior to our sex. Now these are precisely the materials which are most interesting when properly clothed in the fascinating unaffected phraseology of a well educated lady. Moreover, although men may perhaps display more originality generally in the species of association falling under our second division, yet I apprehend for that very reason they have less variety, and, as we shall soon see, less quickness and ease in calling up their associations.

The third class of minds, according to our arrangements is the *philosophical* mind—that which associates principally by the relation of *necessary* contiguity in time and place, by cause and effect, premises and conclusions. This is undoubtedly the mind of the first quality, and much the rarest in the human family. Knowledge, however, which is acquired by associations of this character, is too abstruse and unintelligible to the great mass of mankind to be interesting in the social circle, and persons who have this order of mind rarely have the other two in any perfection, and consequently their conversation is not of that attractive character which pleases by its ease, grace, and variety. Individuals of this character very rarely display a good memory for mere words and details. Their knowledge is arranged under certain general principles, and when they wish to arrive at the detail, they are obliged to reason down from the principle to the fact which is arranged under it. Such a mind has rather a knowledge of general principles, than of particular facts and incidents. General abstract subjects rarely produce much impression on the mind of the mass. This is one reason why divines, who have the most grand and sublime theme to descant on, nevertheless often fail to produce much effect on their audiences. Their subject, although grand, is yet a general one. The vices against which they preach are the vices of the human race. The awful judgment of which they speak, is a judgment to come at some indefinite time hereafter. Mankind to be moved and interested must be addressed specially and personally. You must not come before them clothed in abstractions and generalizations. Look to that celebrated sermon of Massillon, pronounced by Voltaire in his article on Eloquence, in the *Encyclopedie Francaise*, to be one of the most eloquent effusions of modern times, and examine particularly that portion which had so startling an effect on the audience as to make them spring simultaneously from their seats, and you will see that it was just at that moment that the eloquent divine dropped all his abstractions and generalities and applied his subject to those very persons who were listening to him. "Je m'arrête à *vous*, mes freres, qui êtes *ici* assemblées. Je ne parle plus au reste des hommes," &c. And again, "Je suppose que c'est *ici* votre derniere heure, et la fin de l'univers; que les cieux vont s'ouvrir sur vos têtes—Jesus Christe paraitre dans sa gloire au milieu de *ce temple*," &c.

It is useless to say that men much oftener have minds of the third class in our arrangement than women; not because there is any natural difference between the sexes in this particular, but because ours is placed in a situation requiring the cultivation of this species of mind more than the other. Our professions and occupations exert, if I may say so, a more effectual demand for the development of this order of intellect, than those of woman. Men in their passage through life, are obliged to examine into the *necessary* connection between events; they must adapt means to ends; they must attain their purposes by well arranged plans, according to the relation of cause and effect. Woman, on the contrary, from the nature of the sphere in which she moves, and the character of the occupations in which she is engaged, is more conversant with objects than with their *necessary* connections and relations. She is not obliged to arrange so many concatenated plans; her mind is more alive to the perception of the objects around her, and less to the *causa rerum*. Her feelings and sympathies are most exquisite, but she attends less to their relations and dependences. She is in fine a creature of emotion rather than of philosophy.

It is for this reason that women rarely make good metaphysicians, although their feelings and sympathies are of the most exquisite character. Yet they are not in the habit of reflecting upon them—arranging them into classes, according to their necessary connections, and thence deducing the general principles and laws of the mind. Mr. Stewart says that the taste for the philosophy of the human mind is rarer among the sex, than even for pure mathematics. He seems to think that there are but two names in the whole catalogue of female authors, at all celebrated for deep metaphysical research—Miss Edgeworth and Madame de Stael; and he deems it not unfortunate for the world that the former was early diverted from such unattractive speculations, to that more brilliant career of literature which she has pursued with so unrivalled a reputation.*

* In regard to Madame de Stael, it is proper to remark, that although certainly an able metaphysician—perhaps the very ablest that has ever appeared of her sex—yet you see throughout her writings the character of the woman. Her isolated aphorisms and maxims are most splendid; but when you come to examine any one of her productions as a whole, you see the want of system and complete connection between the parts. Her descriptions of our emotions and feelings are almost unrivalled for pathos and beauty; but when she would put together the different parts of the mind, and sketch out a heroine or a hero—a *Corinne* or her *lover*—she presents incongruous beings such as nature never produces. Her mind, after all, was but the mind of a woman—a mind that could furnish the very best materials in the world for a philosopher to weave into his systems—a mind too susceptible of emotion to philosophize on abstract principles—a mind that relied on feeling, rather than reason, to guide it to truth. In her work on the French Revolution, though certainly very able, you see how her mind is warped by her affection for her father, (M. Necker.) You see how her conceptions of the Revolution as a whole, are biassed and prejudiced by too intense a consideration of the scenes and events transpiring

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Having described three distinct and separate orders of mind, remarkable for different kinds of associations, and all widely differing in the possession of that information suited to social converse, I come now to compare the sexes together, in relation to the second point essential to conversation, the power of communicating our knowledge pleasantly and attractively to others. He undoubtedly is the most pleasing companion in the social circle whose mind is of that capacious, well stored kind that is capable of ranging at will through the various classes of associations just pointed out, giving you at one time connections and relations of abstract principles, or philosophical deductions—at another, of analogies between objects, effects, and emotions—and at another, interesting and circumstantial details of the common events of every day life. "Conversation," says a modern writer, "may be compared to a lyre with seven chords—philosophy, art, poetry, politics, love, scandal, and the weather. There are some professors who, like Paganini, 'can discourse most eloquent music' upon one string only, and some who can grasp the whole instrument, and with a master's hand, sound it from the top to the bottom of its compass." Such individuals as these are very rare. Perhaps Dr. Johnson,* McIntosh and Coleridge might be cited as specimens in England, and Schlegel in Germany. Individuals of this character are very rare, because in the first place, there are very few whose minds are capable of ranging through the whole extent of knowledge; and secondly, it does by no means follow, that those possessing the information, might be able to communicate it to others with that brilliancy of diction, and judgment in the selection of matter and its quantity, which will insure complete success in the social circle.

I will make a few promiscuous remarks on these two points. Men of deeply philosophic minds, are almost sure, from the character of their speculations, to glide imperceptibly into habits of abstraction, and to withdraw their attention from the scenes and occurrences transpiring around them, to the contemplation of that world of thought in which they dwell. Their thoughts are not the thoughts of other men; the world in which they live is not the world of others. A Newton, while wrapt in these philosophic visions, can sit for hours in the cold, half dressed, eyes fixed, unconscious of all around him; he can forget to dine; he can, in fine, forget himself, his friends, and the world in which he lives. An Adam Smith, while studying the great laws which regulate the accumulation, distribution, and consumption of wealth, can so far forget himself and the world, as to mimic with his cane, a soldier, who presents arms to him through respect, and march after him when he moves off; he can be present when toasts are drunk, and know nothing of what is passing.† Minds of this order are almost sure to neglect associations of a lighter character. They fail to acquire that species of information which is most pleasing in conversation. And, moreover, they are apt to have what are called *slow* memories; they cannot call up their knowledge quick, and utter it with volubility. The process by which they hive their wisdom is slow and tedious, depending on patient thought, and persevering reflection. Such a mind has been compared, in the social circle, to a ship of the line run a ground in a creek. It is too massive and ponderous for the element and space in which it floats. It is said that Newton was rather slow and dull in conversation even upon philosophical subjects. Many an individual in Europe, of far inferior genius, was more brilliant in conversation than himself, even upon his own discoveries. Descartes, whose mind was of the first order, was silent in mixed company. It was said that he received his intellectual wealth from nature in *solid bars*, not in *current coin*.* Men like these are better pleased with the contemplation of the solid wealth in their possession, than with the means of making it glitter and attract the gaze of the world. They value ideas more than words—knowledge more than the *media* of communication. They think it better, as Spurzheim on Education says, to have two ideas with one mode of expressing them, than one idea with two modes of expression. Such men as these then are apt, unless stimulated by very peculiar circumstances, to be deficient, first, in that variety requisite for agreeable conversation, and secondly, in the style and power of communicating their ideas to others.

Again, men of poetic or miscellaneous minds, possessing that varied store of knowledge and thought so well calculated to form the staple of conversation, may nevertheless, from various causes, be unable to make any display in the social circle. They may write beautifully whilst they converse badly. Addison's dulness in company is well known. Peter Corneille, who has been called the Shakspeare of France, it is said, did not *speak* correctly that language of which he was so perfect a master in his composition. His answer to his friends, when laughing at his spoken language was, "*I am not the less Peter Corneille!*" Virgil is said to have been dull in the social circle. La Fontaine, whose writing was the very model of poetry, was coarse, heavy, and stupid in conversation. Chaucer's silence was said to be much more agreeable than his talking. And Dryden says of himself, "My conversation is slow and dull, my humor saturnine and reserved." Thus do we find that it is not only necessary that the mind should be stored with pleasing and varied knowledge, in order that we may converse well; but we must have besides the power of communicating that knowledge agreeably to others—a power which is by no means universally coupled with the knowledge.

Let us then for a moment examine into the character of woman in this respect. We have already seen that she has more of the *proper materiel* for conversation than

immediately around her, and concerning her family. Goethe seems to think that Madame de Stael had no idea what duty meant, so completely was she a creature of feeling.

* Johnson's style in conversation must have been too grandiloquent and studied, to have admitted of that variety and ease so necessary to the social circle.

† It is said that Dr. Smith was one day present, when the toast to "absent friends" was drank by the company. A friend who sat by the Doctor, told him that he had just been toasted, whereupon he thanked the company for the honor, and apologised for his absence of mind, very much of course to the amusement of his friends so well aware of his habits of abstraction.

* The character of Oliver Cromwell in this respect is well known. He did not, during his whole parliamentary career, make one single lucid, perspicuous speech. In fact, his speaking was almost unintelligible; and yet his course of conduct, although that of an usurper and tyrant, marks most generally, clearness of judgment, and great decision of character. Of course I am not here considering his moral character, which was detestable.

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man. If then her power and manner of communicating be better, she may certainly be pronounced his superior in the social circle. In the first place I would remark, that she has in general much less professional bias than man. When men arrive at the age of maturity, they generally engage in some one profession or occupation, which employs most of their time and exertion. Their intellectual characters are, to a very great degree, modelled by their employments. Hence an inaptitude to acquire what does not belong to one's business—an indocility upon all subjects not strictly professional. I recollect once to have been a member of a country debating society, in which we had divines, lawyers, doctors, farmers, schoolmasters, &c.; and upon all topics discussed, it was easy to determine at once the profession of the speaker. You saw immediately the professional bias and the professional language and knowledge. Woman is in general, except so far as affected by her husband, free from this influence, which is so unfavorable to that varied and brilliant conversation suited to promiscuous society.

Again, the social circle is the field in which woman wins her trophies, displays her accomplishments, and achieves her conquests. The art of pleasing by conversation is all and all to her. The power of colloquial display is her greatest accomplishment—her most irresistible weapon. Hence, while man in general aims to make himself plain and perspicuous, woman endeavors not only to be understood, but to delight and fascinate the hearer at the same time by her style and manner. "Man in conversation," says Rousseau, "has need of knowledge—woman of taste." We are instructed profoundly in a *few things* by the conversation of an intelligent man. The conversation of woman embraces *many things*, and though we may not be profoundly instructed in any, yet we have a living and moving panoramic view presented to the mind, which sooths and charms it by the beauty, variety, and brilliancy of the parts. Rousseau was so struck with the differences between the sexes in conversation, that he seems (I think erroneously) to imagine a natural difference in this respect between them. "Women," says he, "have a more flexible tongue: they speak sooner, more easily, and more agreeably than men. They are accused of speaking more. That is just as it should be; this should be considered an ornament of the sex, and not a reproach. Their mouth and eyes have the same activity, and for the same reason."

The occupations of women are generally of such a character as to allow full scope for their conversational talents, while their work is advancing. Knitting, sewing, &c. invite to a free use of the tongue, while the occupations of men will generally allow of no such indulgence. Moreover, the business of woman is oftener social; it can be carried on in society; whereas that of man cannot, being generally much more solitary. This difference in the occupations of the two, produces a much greater effect on the social differences between the sexes than most persons are aware of. Lastly, the greater *docility* of woman, her greater susceptibility to impression, have a tendency to generate more conversational talent than is developed in man. Woman, as we have frequently remarked, is made physically weaker than man; she is, therefore, dependent on him, and looks up to him as a protector. Man is the governing member of the human family all over the world. Woman submits to his guidance and direction. She adapts herself to him, and endeavors to conform to his nature. Hence a quiet submissiveness on the part of the weaker sex to control and dictation, even when very intelligent, and able to act for themselves. I have known intelligent women look up to their husbands for direction in most matters, and with pleasure submit to their will, when it was evident to the whole world that they were vastly superior in intellectual endowments to those whose dictation and direction they thus seemed to court. All a woman's ambition is for the promotion of her husband. Her own elevation is generally a secondary matter, because always derived from his. Shakspeare makes even the fiendish acts of Lady Macbeth, to proceed from a desire to elevate her own husband rather than herself. This condition of woman makes her more docile and susceptible of impression. Her nature becomes more pliant and flexible. At one period of her life she may be the wife of a divine, at another of a lawyer, and at a third of a physician: and she can quickly conform to these different natures with which she has to deal. Her docility is far superior to that of man. Mr. Stewart thinks that women learn languages even with greater quickness, and pronounce them much better than men. He says Fox spoke French better than any Englishman of his acquaintance, but he knew many females who spoke it better than he.

Now this greater docility and susceptibility of impression, while it admirably adapts the weaker to the stronger sex, at the same time improves greatly the conversational powers of woman. She is alive to all that is passing around; she sees what our duller eyes fail to behold. She thus gathers more, and details it more vividly and impressively. While we are gathering general and stale news, she collects that which is more special and impressive. Every one who has ever been in the habit of paying what are called morning visits, with intelligent ladies, must have remarked the great difference between the sexes in this respect.

Before leaving the subject of conversation, I shall take leave to make a few remarks on the practice so prevalent among the married and elderly gentlemen, of separating themselves from the rest of the company at dinner parties and evening gatherings, to talk among themselves on those topics more congenial to their feelings and business. Such an abstraction as this leaves the young to themselves, and frees them from a restraint which may sometimes be irksome, but is almost always salutary. The elderly portion are in the habit of excusing themselves, by saying the conversation of the young is too frivolous for their attention; that their tastes have changed, and they take now no pleasure in the gaieties, pastimes, and frivolities of youth. But they should recollect that this division is calculated to produce that very frivolity of which they complain. Separate the old and intelligent from the young and thoughtless, and you immediately give a loose to all the wild, buoyant feelings of youth. Lycurgus could never have succeeded in Sparta in enforcing so completely his celebrated system of laws, but for the public tables, which brought the old and young, intelligent and simple together. The young learned modesty in the presence of the old, and the ignorant imbibed wisdom from the instruction of the intelligent. If our most intelligent

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men would always mingle in the social circle, they would elevate the character of the topics discussed, while they would stimulate the young to more thought and intellectual exertion. The young would be improved by the instruction they would receive, and the laudable ambition that would be exerted by the example of the old and intelligent; and the latter would be compensated by the great improvement which social intercourse produces on all our finer feelings, tastes, and emotions, by the cultivation of talents which would otherwise become dormant and useless, and the consequent opening of new sources of enjoyment. But duty to the rising generation—particularly to that portion for whom we feel the warmest solicitude, because the weaker and more dependent—absolutely demands this intercourse. It would elevate the intellectual character of the sex, and thereby improve the general condition of society. Our wives and daughters would become fit companions for intelligent husbands, and the social circle would lose its unmeaning conversation and reckless frivolity in the presence of age and intelligence.

The social circles of France are greatly improved by the free and unrestrained intercourse of all ages together. There is no man in Paris, it matters not what is his standing or intelligence, but has social ambition; he aims at distinction in conversation, at reputation in the social circle, no less than he does at winning trophies in the field, or fame in the senate chamber. The consequence is, that, frivolous as we consider that people as a nation, they far excel us in the social circle, both in the dignity of the topics discussed, and the ability displayed by both sexes, especially by the females, in conversation. Women who enjoy the society and conversation of the wittiest and greatest men of their country will themselves become witty and clever. "I was talking," says Bulwer in his France, "one evening with the master of the house where I had been dining, on some subject of trade and politics, which I engaged in unwillingly in the idea that it was not very likely to interest the lady. I was soon rather astonished, I confess, to find her enter into conversation with a knowledge of detail and a right perception of general principles which I did not expect. 'How do you think,' said she, when I afterward expressed my surprise, 'that I could meet my husband every evening at dinner, if I were not able to talk on the topics on which he has been employed in the morning.'" Let us then at least imitate the French in this particular, certain that it will in the process of time be productive of the most marked and happy result.

For the same reason that woman surpasses man in conversation, she is superior to him in epistolary composition. Her letters are generally more varied, more lively and impressive, more replete with interesting facts and details, than those of our sex. A gentleman, in writing a mere letter of friendship, is engaged in a business which rather breaks in on his habits, and interrupts for a time the accustomed routine of his thoughts and tastes. He is very apt to run off upon the general news of the day, and commence prosing upon some subject which we would find perhaps infinitely better handled in the public prints than in his letter. He has no variety; he forgets to tell us of our friends, and of what they are doing and saying. He forgets that we have hearts, and thinks only of our heads. He omits to mention trifles, because he considers them "light as air," when some of these trifles might touch a chord that would vibrate to the heart, and fill the soul with joy and gratitude. When Mr. Dacre writes to the Duke of Fitzjames, in the Young Duke, and says in conclusion, "*Mary* desires me to present her regards to you"—this was worth all the letter besides to the young duke; 'twas this he read over and over again, and forgot his estates and his debts, while his heart was reeling with gratitude for just this little kindness from *her* whom he loved so devotedly. With woman, letter writing is in complete unison with her condition in society. The details of most interest to her correspondents are precisely those with which she is most conversant. She presents no mutilated picture; she gives that which delights. She is apt to know, too, the little Goshen of our hearts, and to pay all due attention to it. And she is sure to tell, as if by accident, precisely the *sweetest* things in the world to *us*. She writes with ease, variety, and interest—because she pursues the course of the celebrated Madame de Sévigné, (who has never perhaps had an equal in our sex for epistolary composition.) "Il faut un peu entre bons amis," says Madame de S. "laisser trotter les plumes comme elles veulent, la mienne a toujours la bride sur le cou."

I had intended, before concluding my remarks on the intellectual differences of the sexes, to offer some considerations in favor of improving the system of female education; but my number has already expanded to a size greatly beyond my anticipations when I commenced it. This subject I must therefore postpone for the present, and resume it in my next, if my time and occupations will permit me.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO F***.**

And could'st thou F——— then believe
  That I had thought thy guileless heart
Would prompt thee meanly to deceive,
  And stoop to play a treacherous part?

No, lady no!—I saw thee move,
  Artless in unsuspecting youth;
That heart I saw had learn'd to love
  The hallowed sanctity of *truth*.

Could F———'s throbbing bosom beat
  Victims on victims to ensnare:
Point to the lovers at her feet,
  And proudly count the captives there?

No, lady no! to honor true,
  Thou would'st not—could'st not thus appear—
Triumphs like these would seem to you,
  Too dearly purchased to be dear.

These, these are arts alone allied
  To spirits yet akin to earth;
The generous soul with nobler pride
  Spurns the poor trick, and trusts to worth.

Yes, lady yes! such worth as thine,
  Which kindred worth and genius rules,
To baser spirits may resign
  The mad idolatry of fools.

H.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO MARY.

Tune.—Gramachree.

The vernal month comes on with flowers
To deck the plains around,
No more the frown of winter lowers,
Or chills the fertile ground.

The snow-white lily, nature's pride,
Now blooms in every vale,
The rose breathes fragrance far and wide,
And perfumes every gale.

The vocal thrush pours forth her note
To hail the gladsome morn,
And every warbler strains his throat,
From garden, brake, and thorn.

Come then, dear Mary, let us fly
To join the impassioned lay,
And pluck each flower whose modest eye
Just opens into day.

And whilst we view the sweetest charms
That grace the new born year,
I'll fold thee gently in my arms,
And crush each budding care.

I'll say the blush upon thy cheek
Outvies the rose's hue,
The lily blooming o'er the vale,
No purer is than you.

But soon kind nature's sweetest flowers
Will wither and decay,
And that bright glow which decks thy cheek,
Like them will fade away:

But let not this alarm thy peace,
Nor tremble at thy doom,
For though the flush of youth will cease,
Thy soul shall ever bloom.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SONG.

I will twine me a wreath of life's withering flowers,
And bind with their brightness this aching heart,
And wear a smile through the long, long hours,
As if in their gladness I bore a part.

I will seek mid the gay and festive throng,
To check each thought of the love I cherished,
And playfully murmur his favorite song,
As if not a tone of its sweetness had perished.

Tho' the flowers of feeling are fallen and faded,
Yet the fragrance of memory may still remain:—
And the heart by their withered leaves o'ershaded,
May hide the wound though it nurse the pain.

And if ever we meet upon earth again,
He shall not know it by word or by token:
For the eye shall still sparkle, though only with pain,
And the lip wear a smile, while the heart may be broken.

MORNA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

REMEMBER ME, LOVE.

By the late Mrs. ANN ROY, of Mathews county, Virginia.

When afar thou art roaming love,
In sunny climes where maidens' eyes
Beam bright as their own glowing skies,
Where lofty domes and scented bowers
Gleam with the golden orange flowers;
And many a column and fallen fane
Tell of Italia's buried fame:
Oh! then remember me, love!

When woo'd by the proud and gay, love,
And mirthful smiles and voices sweet,
As angel's lutes united meet
Thy eager ear, thy raptured glance,
As they pass thee by in the joyous dance,
Ah pause and think of the *lonely* one,
Whose bosom throbs for *thee* alone:
Oh! then remember me, love!

Fame's glittering wreath allures thee, love;
Ah, when thou bindest it round thy brow,
And heartless crowds around thee bow;
When stern ambition's meed is won,
Ah, think of her who urged thee on
To climb the proudest height of fame,
And carve thyself a deathless name:
Oh! then remember me, love!

And should grief or death assail me, love,
While thou art o'er the dark blue wave,
And carest not to soothe or save,
My latest sigh shall be breathed for thee,
On my fading lips thy name shall be,
And my dying words shall be a prayer
To heaven that thou mayest love me there:
Oh! then remember me, love!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO SARAH.

When melancholy and alone,
I sit on some moss-covered stone
Beside a murm'ring stream;
I think I hear thy voice's sound
In every tuneful thing around,
Oh! what a pleasant dream.

The silvery streamlet gurgling on,
The mock-bird chirping on the thorn,
Remind me, love, of thee.
They seem to whisper thoughts of love,
As thou didst when the stars above
Witnessed thy vows to me;—

The gentle zephyr floating by,
In chorus to my pensive sigh,
Recalls the hour of bliss,
When from thy balmy lips I drew
Fragrance as sweet as Hermia's dew,
And left the first fond kiss.

In such an hour, when are forgot,
The world, its cares, and my own lot,
Thou seemest then to be,
A gentle guardian spirit given
To guide my wandering thoughts to heaven,
If they should stray from thee.

SYLVIO.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

BON-BON—A TALE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

"Notre Gulliver"—dit le Lord Bolingbroke—"a de telles fables."—*Voltaire.*

That Pierre Bon-Bon was a Restaurateur of uncommon qualifications, no man who, during the reign of ———, frequented the little Café in the Cul-de-sac Le Febvre at Rouen, will, I imagine, feel himself at liberty to dispute. That Pierre Bon-Bon was, in an equal degree, skilled in the philosophy of that period is, I presume, still more especially undeniable. His *Patés à la fois* were beyond doubt immaculate—but what pen can do justice to his essays *sur la Nature*—his thoughts *sur l'Ame*—his observations *sur l'Esprit?* If his *omelettes*—if his *fricandeaux* were inestimable, what *literateur* of that day would not have given twice as much for an '*Idée de Bon-Bon*' as for all the trash of all the '*Idées*' of all the rest of the *savants?* Bon-Bon had ransacked libraries which no other man had ransacked—had read more than any other would have entertained a notion of reading—had understood more than any other would have conceived the possibility of understanding; and although, while he flourished, there were not wanting some authors at Rouen, to assert "that his *dicta* evinced neither the purity of the Academy, nor the depth of the Lyceum"—although, mark me, his doctrines were by no means very generally comprehended, still it did not follow that they were difficult of comprehension. It was, I think, on account of their entire self-evidency that many persons were led to consider them abstruse. It is to Bon-Bon—but let this go no farther—it is to Bon-Bon that Kant himself is mainly indebted for his metaphysics. The former was not indeed a Platonist, nor strictly speaking an Aristotelian—nor did he, like the modern Leibnitz, waste those precious hours which might be employed in the invention of a *fricassée*, or, *facili gradu*, the analysis of a sensation, in frivolous attempts at reconciling the obstinate oils and waters of ethical discussion. Not at all. Bon-Bon was Ionic. Bon-Bon was equally Italic. He reasoned *a priori*. He reasoned also *a posteriori*. His ideas were innate—or otherwise. He believed in George of Trebizond. He believed in Bossarion. Bon-Bon was emphatically a—Bon-Bonist.

I have spoken of the philosopher in his capacity of Restaurateur. I would not however have any friend of mine imagine that in fulfilling his hereditary duties in that line, our hero wanted a proper estimation of their dignity and importance. Far from it. It was impossible to say in which branch of his duplicate profession he took the greater pride. In his opinion the powers of the mind held intimate connection with the capabilities of the stomach. By this I do not mean to insinuate a charge of gluttony, or indeed any other serious charge to the prejudice of the metaphysician. If Pierre Bon-Bon had his failings—and what great man has not a thousand?—if Pierre Bon-Bon, I say, had his failings, they were failings of very little importance—faults indeed which in other tempers have often been looked upon rather in the light of virtues. As regards one of these foibles I should not have mentioned it in this history but for the remarkable prominency—the extreme *alto relievo* in which it jutted out from the plane of his general disposition. Bon-Bon could never let slip an opportunity of making a bargain.

Not that Bon-Bon was avaricious—no. It was by no means necessary to the satisfaction of the philosopher, that the bargain should be to his own proper advantage. Provided a trade could be effected—a trade of any kind, upon any terms, or under any circumstances, a triumphant smile was seen for many days thereafter to enlighten his countenance, and a knowing wink of the eye to give evidence of his sagacity.

At any epoch it would not be very wonderful if a humor so peculiar as the one I have just mentioned, should elicit attention and remark. At the epoch of our narrative, had this peculiarity *not* attracted observation, there would have been room for wonder indeed. It was soon reported that upon all occasions of the kind, the smile of Bon-Bon was wont to differ widely from the downright grin with which that Restaurateur would laugh at his own jokes, or welcome an acquaintance. Hints were thrown out of an exciting nature—stories were told of perilous bargains made in a hurry and repented of at leisure—and instances were adduced of unaccountable capacities, vague longings, and unnatural inclinations implanted by the author of all evil for wise purposes of his own.

The philosopher had other weaknesses—but they are scarcely worthy of our serious examination. For example, there are few men of extraordinary profundity who are found wanting in an inclination for the bottle. Whether this inclination be an exciting cause, or rather a valid proof of such profundity, it is impossible to say. Bon-Bon, as far as I can learn, did not think the subject adapted to minute investigation—nor do I. Yet in the indulgence of a propensity so truly classical, it is not to be supposed that the *Restaurateur* would lose sight of that intuitive discrimination which was wont to characterize, at one and the same time, his *Essais* and his *Omelettes*. With him Sauterne was to Medoc what Catullus was to Homer. He would sport with a syllogism in sipping St. Peray, but unravel an argument over Clos de Vougeot, and upset a theory in a torrent of Chambertin. In his seclusions the Vin de Bourgogne had its allotted hour, and there were appropriate moments for the Côtes du Rhone. Well had it been if the same quick sense of propriety had attended him in the peddling propensity to which I have formerly alluded—but this was by no means the case. Indeed, to say the truth, *that* trait of mind in the philosophic Bon-Bon *did* begin at length to assume a character of strange intensity and mysticism, and, however singular it may seem, appeared deeply tinctured with the grotesque *diablerie* of his favorite German studies.

To enter the little *Café* in the *Cul de Sac* Le Febvre was, at the period of our tale, to enter the sanctum of a man of genius. Bon-Bon was a man of genius. There was not a *sous-cuisinier* in Rouen, who could not have told you that Bon-Bon was a man of genius. His very cat knew it, and forbore to whisk her tail in the presence of the man of genius. His large water-dog was acquainted with the fact, and upon the approach of his master, betrayed his sense of inferiority by a sanctity of deportment, a debasement of the ears, and a dropping of the lower jaw not altogether unworthy of a dog. It is, however, true that much of this habitual respect might have been attributed to the personal ap-

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pearance of the metaphysician. A distinguished exterior will, I am constrained to say, have its weight even with a beast; and I am willing to allow much in the outward man of the *Restaurateur* calculated to impress the imagination of the quadruped. There is a peculiar majesty about the atmosphere of the little great—if I may be permitted so equivocal an expression—which mere physical bulk alone will be found at all times inefficient in creating. If, however, Bon-Bon was barely three feet in height, and if his head was diminutively small, still it was impossible to behold the rotundity of his stomach without a sense of magnificence nearly bordering upon the sublime. In its size both dogs and men must have seen a type of his acquirements—in its immensity a fitting habitation for his immortal soul.

I might here—if it so pleased me—dilate upon the matter of habiliment, and other mere circumstances of the external metaphysician. I might hint that the hair of our hero was worn short, combed smoothly over his forehead, and surmounted by a conical-shaped white flannel cap and tassels—that his pea-green jerkin was not after the fashion of those worn by the common class of *Restaurateurs* at that day—that the sleeves were something fuller than the reigning costume permitted—that the cuffs were turned up, not as usual in that barbarous period, with cloth of the same quality and color as the garment, but faced in a more fanciful manner with the particolored velvet of Genoa—that his slippers were of a bright purple, curiously filagreed, and might have been manufactured in Japan, but for the exquisite pointing of the toes, and the brilliant tints of the binding and embroidery—that his breeches were of the yellow satin-like material called *aimable*—that his sky-blue cloak resembling in form a dressing-wrapper, and richly bestudded all over with crimson devices, floated cavalierly upon his shoulders like a mist of the morning—and that his *tout ensemble* gave rise to the remarkable words of Benevenuta, the Improvisatrice of Florence, "that it was difficult to say whether Pierre Bon-Bon was indeed a bird of Paradise, or the rather a very Paradise of perfection."

I have said that "to enter the *Café* in the *Cul-de-Sac* Le Febvre was to enter the sanctum of a man of genius"—but then it was only the man of genius who could duly estimate the merits of the sanctum. A sign consisting of a vast folio swung before the entrance. On one side of the volume was painted a bottle—on the reverse a *Paté*. On the back were visible in large letters the words *Œuvres de Bon-Bon*. Thus was delicately shadowed forth the two-fold occupation of the proprietor.

Upon stepping over the threshold the whole interior of the building presented itself to view. A long, low-pitched room of antique construction was indeed all the accommodation afforded by the *Café* in the *Cul-de-Sac* Le Febvre. In a corner of the apartment stood the bed of the metaphysician. An array of curtains, together with a canopy *à la Gréque* gave it an air at once classic and comfortable. In the corner diagonally opposite appeared, in direct and friendly communion, the properties of the kitchen and the *bibliothèque*. A dish of polemics stood peacefully upon the dresser. Here lay an oven-full of the latest ethics—there a kettle of duodecimo *melanges*. Volumes of German morality were hand and glove with the gridiron—a toasting fork might be discovered by the side of Eusebius—Plato reclined at his ease in the frying pan—and cotemporary manuscripts were filed away upon the spit.

In other respects the *Café* de Bon-Bon might be said to differ little from the *Cafés* of the period. A gigantic fire-place yawned opposite the door. On the right of the fire-place an open cupboard displayed a formidable array of labelled bottles. There Mousseux, Chambertin, St. George, Richbourg, Bordeaux, Margaux, Haubrion, Leonville, Medoc, Sauterne, Bârac, Preignac, Grave, Lafitte, and St. Peray contended with many other names of lesser celebrity for the honor of being quaffed. From the ceiling, suspended by a chain of very long slender links, swung a fantastic iron lamp, throwing a hazy light over the room, and relieving in some measure the placidity of the scene.

It was here, about twelve o'clock one night, during the severe winter of ———, that Pierre Bon-Bon, after having listened for some time to the comments of his neighbors upon his singular propensity—that Pierre Bon-Bon, I say, having turned them all out of his house, locked the door upon them with a *sacre Dieu*, and betook himself in no very pacific mood to the comforts of a leather-bottomed arm-chair, and a fire of blazing faggots.

It was one of those terrific nights which are only met with once or twice during a century. The snow drifted down bodily in enormous masses, and the *Café* de Bon-Bon tottered to its very centre, with the floods of wind that, rushing through the crannies in the wall, and pouring impetuously down the chimney, shook awfully the curtains of the philosopher's bed, and disorganized the economy of his Paté-pans and papers. The huge folio sign that swung without, exposed to the fury of the tempest, creaked ominously, and gave out a moaning sound from its stanchions of solid oak.

I have said that it was in no very placid temper the metaphysician drew up his chair to its customary station by the hearth. Many circumstances of a perplexing nature had occurred during the day, to disturb the serenity of his meditations. In attempting *Des Œufs à la Princesse* he had unfortunately perpetrated an *Omelette à la Reine*—the discovery of a principle in Ethics had been frustrated by the overturning of a stew—and last, not least, he had been thwarted in one of those admirable bargains which he at all times took such especial delight in bringing to a successful termination. But in the chafing of his mind at these unaccountable vicissitudes, there did not fail to be mingled a degree of that nervous anxiety which the fury of a boisterous night is so well calculated to produce. Whistling to his more immediate vicinity the large black water-dog we have spoken of before, and settling himself uneasily in his chair, he could not help casting a wary and unquiet eye towards those distant recesses of the apartment whose inexorable shadows not even the red fire-light itself could more than partially succeed in overcoming.

Having completed a scrutiny whose exact purpose was perhaps unintelligible to himself, Bon-Bon drew closer to his seat a small table covered with books and papers, and soon became absorbed in the task of retouching a voluminous manuscript, intended for publication on the morrow.

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"I am in no hurry, Monsieur Bon-Bon"—whispered a whining voice in the apartment.

"The devil!"—ejaculated our hero, starting to his feet, overturning the table at his side, and staring around him in astonishment.

"Very true"—calmly replied the voice.

"Very true!—what is very true?—how came you here?"—vociferated the metaphysician, as his eye fell upon something which lay stretched at full length upon the bed.

"I was saying"—said the intruder, without attending to Bon-Bon's interrogatories—"I was saying that I am not at all pushed for time—that the business upon which I took the liberty of calling is of no pressing importance—in short that I can very well wait until you have finished your Exposition."

"My Exposition!—there now!—how do *you* know—how came *you* to understand that I was writing an Exposition?—good God!"

"Hush!"—replied the figure in a shrill under tone; and arising quickly from the bed he made a single step towards our hero, while the iron lamp overhead swung convulsively back from his approach.

The philosopher's amazement did not prevent a narrow scrutiny of the stranger's dress and appearance. The outlines of a figure, exceedingly lean, but much above the common height, were rendered minutely distinct by means of a faded suit of black cloth which fitted tight to the skin, but was otherwise cut very much in the style of a century ago. These garments had evidently been intended *a priori* for a much shorter person than their present owner. His ankles and wrists were left naked for several inches. In his shoes, however, a pair of very brilliant buckles gave the lie to the extreme poverty implied by the other portions of his dress. His head was bare, and entirely bald, with the exception of the hinder part, from which depended a *queue* of considerable length. A pair of green spectacles, with side glasses, protected his eyes from the influence of the light, and at the same time prevented our hero from ascertaining either their color or their conformation. About the entire person there was no evidence of a shirt; but a white cravat, of filthy appearance, was tied with extreme precision around the throat, and the ends hanging down formally side by side, gave, although I dare say unintentionally, the idea of an ecclesiastic. Indeed, many other points both in his appearance and demeanor might have very well sustained a conception of that nature. Over his left ear he carried, after the fashion of a modern clerk, an instrument resembling the *stylus* of the ancients. In a breast-pocket of his coat appeared conspicuously a small black volume fastened with clasps of steel. This book, whether accidentally or not, was so turned outwardly from the person as to discover the words "*Rituel Catholique*" in white letters upon the back. His entire physiognomy was interestingly saturnine—even cadaverously pale. The forehead was lofty and deeply furrowed with the ridges of contemplation. The corners of the mouth were drawn down into an expression of the most submissive humility. There was also a clasping of the hands, as he stepped towards our hero—a deep sigh—and altogether a look of such utter sanctity as could not have failed to be unequivocally prepossessing. Every shadow of anger faded from the countenance of the metaphysician, as, having completed a satisfactory survey of his visiter's person, he shook him cordially by the hand, and conducted him to a seat.

There would however be a radical error in attributing this instantaneous transition of feeling in the philosopher to any one of those causes which might naturally be supposed to have had an influence. Indeed Pierre Bon-Bon, from what I have been able to understand of his disposition, was of all men the least likely to be imposed upon by any speciousness of exterior deportment. It was impossible that so accurate an observer of men and things should have failed to discover, upon the moment, the real character of the personage who had thus intruded upon his hospitality. To say no more, the conformation of his visiter's feet was sufficiently remarkable—there was a tremulous swelling in the hinder part of his breeches—and the vibration of his coat tail was a palpable fact. Judge then with what feelings of satisfaction our hero found himself thrown thus at once into the society of a—of a person for whom he had at all times entertained such unqualified respect. He was, however, too much of the diplomatist to let escape him any intimation of his suspicions, or rather—I should say—his certainty in regard to the true state of affairs. It was not his one to appear at all conscious of the high honor he thus unexpectedly enjoyed, but by leading his guest into conversation, to elicit some important ethical ideas which might, in obtaining a place in his contemplated publication, enlighten the human race, and at the same time immortalize himself—ideas which, I should have added, his visiter's great age, and well known proficiency in the science of Morals might very well have enabled him to afford.

Actuated by these enlightened views our hero bade the gentleman sit down, while he himself took occasion to throw some faggots upon the fire, and place upon the now re-established table some bottles of the powerful *Vin de Mousseux*. Having quickly completed these operations, he drew his chair *vis à vis* to his companion's, and waited until he should open the conversation. But plans even the most skilfully matured are often thwarted in the outset of their application, and the *Restaurateur* found himself entirely *nonplused* by the very first words of his visiter's speech.

"I see you know me, Bon-Bon,"—said he:—"ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—hi! hi! hi!—ho! ho! ho!—hu! hu! hu!"—and the devil, dropping at once the sanctity of his demeanor, opened to its fullest extent a mouth from ear to ear so as to display a set of jagged, and fang-like teeth, and throwing back his head, laughed long, loud, wickedly, and uproariously, while the black dog crouching down upon his haunches joined lustily in the chorus, and the tabby cat, flying off at a tangent stood up on end and shrieked in the farthest corner of the apartment.

Not so the philosopher: he was too much a man of the world either to laugh like the dog, or by shrieks to betray the indecorous trepidation of the cat. It must be confessed, however, that he felt a little astonishment to see the white letters which formed the words "*Rituel Catholique*" on the book in his guest's pocket momentarily changing both their color and their import, and in a few seconds in place of the original title, the words *Regitre des Condamnés* blaze forth in characters of red. This startling circumstance, when Bon-Bon replied to

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his visiter's remark, imparted to his manner an air of embarrassment which might not probably have otherwise been observable.

"Why, sir,"—said the philosopher—"why, sir, to speak sincerely—I believe you *are*—upon my word—the d——dest—that is to say I think—I imagine—I *have* some faint—some *very* faint idea—of the remarkable honor ——"

"Oh!—ah!—yes!—very well!"—interrupted his majesty—"say no more—I see how it is." And hereupon, taking off his green spectacles, he wiped the glasses carefully with the sleeve of his coat, and deposited them in his pocket.

If Bon-Bon had been astonished at the incident of the book, his amazement was now increased to an intolerable degree by the spectacle which here presented itself to view. In raising his eyes, with a strong feeling of curiosity to ascertain the color of his guest's, he found them by no means black, as he had anticipated—nor gray, as might have been imagined—nor yet hazel nor blue—nor indeed yellow, nor red—nor purple—nor white—nor green—nor any other color in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. In short Pierre Bon-Bon not only saw plainly that his majesty had no eyes whatsoever, but could discover no indications of their having existed at any previous period, for the space where eyes should naturally have been, was, I am constrained to say, simply a dead level of cadaverous flesh.

It was not in the nature of the metaphysician to forbear making some inquiry into the sources of so strange a phenomenon, and to his surprise the reply of his majesty was at once prompt, dignified, and satisfactory.

"Eyes!—my dear Bon-Bon, eyes! did you say?—oh! ah! I perceive. The ridiculous prints, eh? which are in circulation, have given you a false idea of my personal appearance. Eyes!!—true. Eyes, Pierre Bon-Bon, are very well in their proper place—*that*, you would say, is the head—right—the head of a worm. To *you* likewise these optics are indispensable—yet I will convince you that my vision is more penetrating than your own. There is a cat, I see, in the corner—a pretty cat!—look at her!—observe her well. Now, Bon-Bon, do you behold the thoughts—the thoughts, I say—the ideas—the reflections—engendering in her pericranium?

There it is now!—you do not. She is thinking we admire the profundity of her mind. She has just concluded that I am the most distinguished of ecclesiastics, and that you are the most superfluous of metaphysicians. Thus you see I am not altogether blind: but to one of my profession the eyes you speak of would be merely an incumbrance, liable at any time to be put out by a toasting iron or a pitchfork. To you, I allow, these optics are indispensable. Endeavor, Bon-Bon, to use them well—*my* vision is the soul."

Hereupon the guest helped himself to the wine upon the table, and pouring out a bumper for Bon-Bon, requested him to drink it without scruple, and make himself perfectly at home.

"A clever book that of yours, Pierre"—resumed his majesty, tapping our friend knowingly upon the shoulder, as the latter set down his glass after a thorough compliance with this injunction.

"A clever book that of yours, upon my honor. It's a work after my own heart. Your arrangement of matter, I think, however, might be improved, and many of your notions remind me of Aristotle. That philosopher was one of my most intimate acquaintances. I liked him as much for his terrible ill temper, as for his happy knack at making a blunder. There is only one solid truth in all that he has written, and for that I gave him the hint out of pure compassion for his absurdity. I suppose, Pierre Bon-Bon, you very well know to what divine moral truth I am alluding."

"Cannot say that I ——"

"Indeed!—why I told Aristotle that by sneezing men expelled superfluous ideas through the proboscis."

"Which is—hiccup!—undoubtedly the case"—said the metaphysician, while he poured out for himself another bumper of Mousseux, and offered his snuff-box to the fingers of his visiter.

"There was Plato too"—continued his majesty, modestly declining the snuff-box and the compliment—"there was Plato, too, for whom I, at one time, felt all the affection of a friend. You knew Plato, Bon-Bon?—ah! no, I beg a thousand pardons. He met me at Athens, one day, in the Parthenon, and told me he was distressed for an idea. I bade him write down that "*o nous estin augos.*" He said that he would do so, and went home, while I stepped over to the Pyramids. But my conscience smote me for the lie, and, hastening back to Athens, I arrived behind the philosopher's chair as he was inditing the '*augos.*' Giving the gamma a fillip with my finger I turned it upside down. So the sentence now reads '*o nous estin aulos,*' and is, you perceive, the fundamental doctrine of his metaphysics."

"Were you ever at Rome?"—asked the *Restaurateur* as he finished his second bottle of Mousseux, and drew from the closet a larger supply of Vin de Chambertin.

"But once, Monsieur Bon-Bon—but once. There was a time"—said the devil, as if reciting some passage from a book—'there was an anarchy of five years during which the republic, bereft of all its officers, had no magistracy besides the tribunes of the people, and these were not legally vested with any degree of executive power'—at that time, Monsieur Bon-Bon—at that time *only* I was in Rome, and I have no earthly acquaintance, consequently, with any of its philosophy."*

"What do you think of Epicurus?—what do you think of—hiccup!—Epicurus?"

"What do I think of *whom?*"—said the devil in astonishment—"you cannot surely mean to find any fault with Epicurus! What do I think of Epicurus! Do you mean me, sir?—*I* am Epicurus. I am the same philosopher who wrote each of the three hundred treatises commemorated by Diogenes Laertes."

"That's a lie!"—said the metaphysician, for the wine had gotten a little into his head.

"Very well!—very well, sir!—very well indeed, sir"—said his majesty.

"That's a lie!"—repeated the Restaurateur dogmatically—"that's a—hiccup!—lie!"

"Well, well! have it your own way"—said the devil pacifically: and Bon-Bon, having beaten his majesty at an argument, thought it his duty to conclude a second bottle of Chambertin.

* Ils ecrivaient sur la Philosophie (*Cicero, Lucretius, Seneca*) mais c'etait la Philosophie Grécque.—*Condorcet.*

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"As I was saying"—resumed the visiter—"as I was observing a little while ago, there are some very *outré* notions in that book of yours, Monsieur Bon-Bon. What, for instance, do you mean by all that humbug about the soul? Pray, sir, what *is* the soul?"

"The—hiccup!—soul"—replied the metaphysician, referring to his MS. "is undoubtedly"—

"No, sir!"

"Indubitably"—

"No, sir!"

"Indisputably"—

"No, sir!"

"Evidently"—

"No, sir!"

"Incontrovertibly"—

"No, sir!"

"Hiccup!"—

"No, sir!"

"And beyond all question a"—

"No, sir! the soul is no such thing." (Here the philosopher finished his third bottle of Chambertin.)

"Then—hic-cup!—pray—sir—what—what is it?"

"That is neither here nor there, Monsieur Bon-Bon," replied his majesty, musingly. "I have tasted—that is to say I have known some very bad souls, and some too—pretty good ones." Here the devil licked his lips, and, having unconsciously let fall his hand upon the volume in his pocket, was seized with a violent fit of sneezing.

His majesty continued.

"There was the soul of Cratinus—passable:—Aristophanes—racy:—Plato—exquisite:—not *your* Plato, but Plato the comic poet: your Plato would have turned the stomach of Cerberus—faugh! Then let me see! there were Nævius, and Andronicus, and Plautus, and Terentius. Then there were Lucilius, and Catullus, and Naso, and Quintius Flaccus—dear Quinty! as I called him when he sung a *secularе* for my amusement, while I toasted him in pure good humor on a fork. But they want *flavor* these Romans. One fat Greek is worth a dozen of them, and besides will *keep*, which cannot be said of a Quirite. Let us taste your Sauterne."

Bon-Bon had by this time made up his mind to the *nil admirari*, and endeavored to hand down the bottles in question. He was, however, conscious of a strange sound in the room like the wagging of a tail. Of this, although extremely indecent in his majesty, the philosopher took no notice—simply kicking the black water dog and requesting him to be quiet. The visiter continued.

"I found that Horace tasted very much like Aristotle—you know I am fond of variety. Terentius I could not have told from Menander. Naso, to my astonishment, was Nicander in disguise. Virgilius had a strong twang of Theocritus. Martial put me much in mind of Archilochus—and Titus Livy was positively Polybius and none other."

"Hic—cup!"—here replied Bon-Bon, and his majesty proceeded.

"But if I *have* a *penchant*, Monsieur Bon-Bon,—if I *have* a *penchant*, it is for a philosopher. Yet let me tell you, sir, it is not every dev—I mean it is not every gentleman who knows how to *choose* a philosopher. Long ones are *not* good, and the best, if not carefully shelled, are apt to be a little rancid on account of the gall."

"Shelled!!"

"I mean taken out of the carcass."

"What do you think of a—hiccup!—physician?"

"*Don't* mention them!—ugh! ugh! (Here his majesty retched violently.) "I never tasted but one—that rascal Hippocrates!—smelt of asafœtida—ugh! ugh! ugh!—caught a wretched cold washing him in the Styx—and after all he gave me the cholera morbus."

"The—hiccup!—wretch!"—ejaculated Bon-Bon—"the—hic-cup!—abortion of a pill-box!"—and the philosopher dropped a tear.

"After all"—continued the visiter—"after all, if a dev— if a gentleman wishes to *live* he must have more talents than one or two, and with us a fat face is an evidence of diplomacy."

"How so?"

"Why we are sometimes exceedingly pushed for provisions. You must know that in a climate so sultry as mine, it is frequently impossible to keep a spirit alive for more than two or three hours; and after death, unless pickled immediately, (and a pickled spirit is *not* good,) they will—smell—you understand, eh? Putrefaction is always to be apprehended when the spirits are consigned to us in the usual way."

"Hiccup!—hiccup!—good God! how *do* you manage?"

Here the iron lamp commenced swinging with redoubled violence, and the devil half started from his seat—however with a slight sigh he recovered his composure, merely saying to our hero in a low tone, "I tell you what, Pierre Bon-Bon, we *must* have no more swearing."

Bon-Bon swallowed another bumper, and his visiter continued.

"Why there are *several* ways of managing. The most of us starve: some put up with the pickle. For my part I purchase my spirits *vivente corpore*, in which case I find they keep very well."

"But the body!—hiccup!—the body!!!"—vociferated the philosopher, as he finished a bottle of Sauterne.

"The body, the body—well what of the body?—oh! ah! I perceive. Why, sir, the body is not *at all* affected by the transaction. I have made innumerable purchases of the kind in my day, and the parties never experienced any inconvenience. There were Cain, and Nimrod, and Nero, and Caligula, and Dionysius, and Pisistratus, and—and a thousand others, who never knew what it was to have a soul during the latter part of their lives; yet, sir, these men adorned society. Why is'nt there A——, now, whom you know as well as I? Is *he* not in possession of all his faculties, mental and corporeal? Who writes a keener epigram? Who reasons more wittily? Who —— but, stay! I have his agreement in my pocket-book."

Thus saying he produced a red leather wallet, and took from it a number of papers. Upon some of these Bon-Bon caught a glimpse of the letters MACHI....., MAZA..., RICH....., and the words CALIGULA and ELIZABETH. His majesty selected a narrow slip of parchment, and from it read aloud the following words:

"In consideration of certain mental endowments which it is unnecessary to specify; and in farther con-

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sideration of one thousand *louisd'or*, I, being aged one year and one month, do hereby make over to the bearer of this agreement all my right, title, and appurtenance in the shadow called my soul." (Signed) A . . . . .* (Here his majesty repeated a name which I do not feel myself justifiable in indicating more unequivocally.)

"A clever fellow that A . . . . ."—resumed he; "but like you, Monsieur Bon-Bon, he was mistaken about the soul. The soul a shadow truly!—no such nonsense, Monsieur Bon-Bon. The soul a shadow!! ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—hu! hu! hu! Only think of a fricassée'd shadow!"

"*Only* think—hiccup!—of a f-r-i-c-a-s-s-e-e-d s-h-a-d-ow!!" echoed our hero, whose faculties were becoming gloriously illuminated by the profundity of his majesty's discourse.

"Only think of a—hiccup!—fricasseed shadow!!! Now damme!—hiccup!—humph!—if *I* would have been such a—hiccup!—nincompoop! *My* soul, Mr.—humph!"

"*Your* soul, Monsieur Bon-Bon?"

"Yes, sir—hiccup!—*my* soul is"—

"What, sir!"

"*No* shadow, damme!"

"Did not mean to say"—

"Yes, sir, *my* soul is—hiccup!—humph!—yes, sir."

"Did not intend to assert"—

"*My* soul is—hiccup!—peculiarly qualified for—hiccup!—a"—

"What, sir?"

"Stew."

"Ha!"

"Soufflée."

"Eh?"

"Fricassée."

"Indeed!"

"Ragout or Fricandeau—and I'll let you have it—hiccup!—a bargain."

"Could'nt think of such a thing," said his majesty calmly, at the same time arising from his seat. The metaphysician stared.

"Am supplied at present," said his majesty.

"Hiccup!—e-h?"—said the philosopher.

"Have no funds on hand."

"What!"

"Besides, very ungentlemanly in me"—

"Sir!"

"To take advantage of"—

"Hiccup!"

"Your present situation."

Here his majesty bowed and withdrew—in what manner the philosopher could not precisely ascertain—but in a well-concerted effort to discharge a bottle at "the villain," the slender chain was severed that depended from the ceiling, and the metaphysician prostrated by the downfall of the lamp.

The Unities.

Aristotle's name is supposed to be authority for the three unities. The only one of which he speaks decisively is the unity of action. With regard to the unity of time he merely throws out an indefinite hint. Of the unity of place not one word does he say.

* Quære—Arouet?—*Editor.*

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Lines in remembrance of Thos. H. White,

Who died in Richmond, Va. October 7, 1832, aged 19 years.

When nations prosper, they grow proud and vain,
And give the reins to luxury and pleasure,
Spurn their Creator and defy his power:
To check their pride, Jehovah from his throne,
Scatters his judgments o'er a guilty world.
Forth from that idol land, where on the Ganges,
The Mother to false Gods devotes her offspring,
Or mounts the funeral pile—o'er half the earth
Speedeth the Pestilence. Nor cold, nor heat,
Mountains nor seasons can its course arrest.
Realm after realm hath bowed beneath its power,
Till o'er the vast Atlantic to our shores
It brings the work of death. In early life
I fell a victim to this deadly foe.
Thanks to that blessed volume, which hath brought
Light, Life and Immortality to Man,
Death has no terror to the heir of heaven—
It is the portal to his Father's throne.
This world is full of care, and toil, and suff'ring;
Its joys are transient, vain and fleeting all,
Illusive as a shadow. Happy he
At peace with God, who quits it earliest
For purer bliss. Rather rejoice than mourn
That I so soon have earth exchanged for heaven.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A MANIAC'S ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

Thou pale!—thou beautiful!—to thee I kneel,
Watching thy wandering thro' yon dark blue sky
In silent gaze—as if my heart could feel
Deep adoration for thee, and was nigh
To a bright being that had look'd on me
Ev'n from the first days of my infancy.

Is it not so? Near to those yellow shores
Where roll my native streams, oh! hast thou not
Seen my young pleasures, when our busy oars
O'er the cool wave at dusky night would sport
On that bright pathway where thy silvery beam
Fell beautiful upon the glossy stream.

When thou didst rise at evening's twilight hour,
A mighty crescent o'er the broken tower,
Then would I wander 'neath the crumbling wall,
Or chase my playmates thro' the ruined hall,
Nor fearing any Spectre-Knight would play
His frightful gambols in thy harmless ray.

Away—away!—and when we there did sweep
The deep black billows of the roaring ocean,
Still high amid the heavens thou didst keep
Steady and bright; and with a wild emotion
Guiarra trembling did look up to thee
To guide him safely o'er that dismal sea,
And kindly light his weary hands to spread
The rattling canvass o'er his giddy head.

These skies are foreign, and I tread the ground
My fathers saw not: yet while thou art flinging
Upon the hills, the woods, the vales around
Thy gentle beam, ev'n though my heart be clinging

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To other lands, still it can hold most dear
This stranger home since it can meet thee here.

We'll climb yon hill—we'll wander o'er yon plain—
  We'll skim yon lake: Moon! we will roam together
Till mother earth call home her child again:
  Then part we!—part we! fair Moon!—aye, for ever!
'Tis not for a bright thing like thee to glow
In the deep shades where the departed go.

Yet thou canst look upon the road that leads
  To my far dwelling place: there will be flowers
And fresh green blades, and moss, and harmless weeds
  To point the passage. Oh! at midnight hours
Wilt thou not smile upon those things that bloom
All wild, all heedlessly above my tomb?

I sit, and weave beneath thy gentle light
  A wreath of cypress and of roses bright,
And ere it wither, or its glow be fled,
  I'll gaily bind it round my dying head.
'Twill still the throbbing of my fever'd brow
  To wear those flowers pluck'd from the tender stem
Where they were springing beautiful—and thou
  As beautiful wast shining above *them*.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

To an Infant Nephew in England.

By the late Mrs. ANN ROY, of Mathews county, Virginia.

Tho' Ocean's *pride* be thy home, my boy,
I have heard thy laugh of infant joy;
Tho' Albion's breezes fan thy rest,
I have seen thee smile on thy mother's breast.

Like the forms that float in the summer heaven,
Fair Fancy's dreams have often given
Thy cherub beauty to my sight
Than those fairy tints more soft, more bright.

Yes, I have watched in sleep thine eye,
More darkly blue than the starlit sky,
By thy fringed lids now hid—now beaming
Like harebells mid a snow-wreath gleaming.

And I've longed thy ruby lip to press,
And I've sighed thy sunny brow to bless,
And to teach thee thy father's land to love,
So come o'er the wave, my island dove!

For here the sun doth brightly beam
Mid the feathery foam of the mountain stream,
And o'er the lake's clear beautiful face,
The dark trees bend with a shadowy grace.

And in rosy bowers the Eglantine
With the golden blossoms of Jasmine twine,
And the fruits and flowers wear a brighter hue,
And the heavens look on us more cloudlessly blue;

And from each hearth at the quiet even,
The voice of prayer ascends to heaven;
And the wild birds carol with joyous glee,
In our own fair land of the happy and free.

Come list to the music of every rill,
Which sends through our bosoms a magical thrill;
Dream not of the depths of the dark blue sea,
For the heavens will surely smile on thee.

Sweet scion of Columbia's race,
Come to thy kindred's fond embrace!
Come to the land once thy parents home,
Never again from her shores to roam!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES.

BY ALEX. LACEY BEARD.

O! there are many brilliant things
  To light this darksome life,
And many bright imaginings
  With wild enjoyment rife.
The flashing of the sparkling stream—
  The billows bounding free—
The glittering of the sunny beam
  Upon the dark green sea.
The lightning flash that rends the air—
  The meteor's dazzling light
That fiercely gleams with fitful glare
  Amid the starless night.

And there are many lovely things
  That grace the smiling earth—
The gushing of a thousand springs—
  The laughing streamlet's mirth—
The swift deer bounding through the wood—
  The merry singing bird;—
Its sweet tones in the solitude
  Of lonely forests heard.
The greenwood and the grassy plain—
  The silent mountain glen
Where nature sways her wild domain,
  Far from the haunts of men.

The mountain where the cedars high
  Bend to the passing breeze—
The murm'ring pines that softly sigh—
  The music of the trees—
The sparkling dew-drop on the grass—
  The river's golden sand—
The flitting of the shades which pass
  In grandeur o'er the land.
The whippoorwill's sad cry at night,
  Heard from some lonely dell—
The streaming of the pale moonlight,
  Old nature's magic spell.

The rainbow's arch that spans the sky—
  The shining stars above—
The glancing of a kindling eye—
  The tones of one we love.
The glowing kiss all fondly pressed
  On lips both warm and true—
The beating of a tender breast,
  Which only throbs for you.
These gild with sunshine and delight
  The paths of life, and throw
Upon its darkling streams a bright,
  And never fading glow.

By what *bizzarrerie* does it happen that Sardanapalus is discovered in Greek literature under the name of Tenos Concoleros?

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EXTRACTS FROM MY MEXICAN JOURNAL.

Visit to Tescuco—Bath of Tescusingo—Otumba—Aqueduct of Zempoala—Agave Americana—Pyramids of Teotihuacán.

DECEMBER 25, 1825. Mr. P. and myself left Mexico at half past nine this morning for *Tescuco*. We travelled in a Mexican coach, equipped in the usual style, and loaded with the usual encumbrances of beds, &c. Following the road which leads towards *Vera Cruz* as far as the little Indian town of *Los Reyes*, we there left it to cross the dry bed of the lake of *Tescuco*, upon the border of which we had been riding, to the small village of *La Magdalena;* and soon reached a pretty and well cultivated country, strewed thickly with villages and farmhouses *(haciendas)*. After passing Chiquluapa and Quautlalpa, we again were in view of the lake, which an intervening ridge had intercepted. On the left, less than a league from Tescuco, is the fine *hacienda* of Chapingo, owned by the Marquis of Vivanco. Between this and the town, we passed what is called "El puente de los Bergantines"—a pile of strongly cemented stone, through which the road is cut, presenting not the slightest resemblance to a bridge. But this is classic ground, for here Cortes is said to have launched his vessels into the lake upon that memorable occasion which preceded the destruction and capture of the seat of the Mexican Empire. On entering a place so celebrated in the histories of the Conquest, the wretched adobe-built houses near the gate of the town, might well diminish the enthusiasm of the traveller and the antiquarian, were not his attention caught by a large artificial pile, now in ruins, without the gate to the right. Every thing connected with this remarkable people is interesting, even although the remaining vestiges are too slight to enable one to trace them distinctly and satisfactorily. Such is the nature of this ruin; but the presumption may not be altogether unfounded, that this was the site of an ancient temple, and perhaps the centre of this once great city.

We arrived at two o'clock, the distance from Mexico being seven leagues by the route we were obliged to travel, but only five across the lake. After an introduction to the ladies of the house, to which we had been kindly invited, we were conducted to the cock-pit, where we were presented to our host. We found it filled with men, women, and children, all taking a lively interest in the scene; but as we were less ardent sportsmen, we soon left the place, eager to commence our rambles in search of antiquities.

We were directed first to the Aduana—custom house—in the *patio* or court of which lay a coiled rattlesnake, tolerably well sculptured out of a block of gray porphyry—its head, however, appeared disproportionally large. It still wears the mark of paint, although it has been exposed many years to the weather. Several other figures were shown to us—one a female with a finely turned shoulder—another was the arms of Spain, made probably shortly after the conquest—the rest were imperfect. Thence we were conducted to a house, outside the door of which was planted for a seat, a part of a human figure, of large size. In the degraded position it occupied, we could form no opinion of its excellence.

Thence we strolled to what is called the palace of the Tescucan kings. Its site fills the western side of the *Plaza*. Traces of its great extent are every where visible, but not clearly defined, for the ground it covered has been long cultivated, and a part of it is planted in *magueyes*. Several large stones still retain the position they must have occupied in the edifice—those which no doubt formed a corner, being squared and cut nicely, in a manner which would not be discreditable to the workmen of the present day in Mexico. At regular distances of about fifteen feet were placed others, the upper surfaces of which are rounded irregularly. In an excavation distant a few paces is a portion of a column, so covered that we could not discover its dimensions. If a conjecture can be hazarded, these stones were parts of corridors, supported by stone columns—possibly an excavation may disclose apartments below. It is, however, futile to form plans upon such insufficient data. The cutting of a ditch through the western section of the ruins, has exposed to view stones curiously scooped out, as if for the use of the founder; and near the centre of the square is another of a different figure, cut apparently for the same purpose—perhaps to mould a kettle which should rest on three corners or feet—the bottom hollowed. We continued our investigations until nearly dark, when we walked to the church of *San Francisco*, near by, in the pavement before the door of which, are several of these anciently wrought stones—some of very large dimensions—one is circular with a carved surface, but so much worn that we could not trace its figures.

The walls of the fortress which Cortes is represented to have constructed for his quarters, were next shown to us. Their height is about twenty feet—their width at the base about six or seven, decreasing towards the top. Some pronounce this the work of a more remote age, but the manner of its construction is sufficient evidence to the contrary. That it is a work of the Conqueror is a more reasonable conjecture, though even this is beset with difficulties. The time Cortes is said to have occupied the city of *Tescuco*, appears too short to have completed so huge a building: to this, however, it may be said, that he possessed ample means, with so many thousand Indians under his orders. But where was the necessity of raising such strong walls against adversaries so feeble, when, without so much severe labor, he

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might have defended himself equally well, and in the event of his being compelled to abandon it, he would have encountered less difficulty in recovering possession of it?

Thence we proceeded some distance—the moon shone brightly—to see other remains of an ancient structure, but being unsuccessful in our search, we returned to the house of our kind friends, the Camperos.

The town of *Tescuco* now contains about 5,000 inhabitants—the houses are of one story only—with regular but unpaved streets, not very neat. Its modern mediocrity must contrast strongly with its ancient magnificence, if the early historians of Mexico are to be credited. During the revolution a ditch was dug around it, in order to repel the attacks of cavalry. It was assailed several times, and suffered some injury. It is by no means a pretty town, but is situated amid a pretty country, and supplied with good water.

Dec. 26. We appointed to-day to visit the mountain of *Tescusingo*. Before setting out, we made another circuit about the town, and found on a wall in front of one of the churches, a circular stone, the circumference of which was curiously carved. Near the northwestern corner of the *Plaza* is a well constructed arch of *tetzontli*, cemented with lime, which had been discovered in opening a ditch—the extent and purpose of it are alike unknown. We next visited the house of the Most Holy Trinity, La Casa de la Santissima Trinidad, to examine an arch of stone, said to have been taken from the ruins of the palace. Its figure is beautiful—the whole is well wrought—and would do credit to any edifice. If an antique, of which there seems very little doubt, it proves beyond any thing I have yet seen, the civilized state which the Indians of Mexico had attained prior to the conquest. The arch of three pieces, and four stones which support it, believed to have once formed a portal in the palace, are perfect. The latter now are the sides of an entrance to a stable, the arch lies neglected in the yard—two stones are wanting to complete the supports to the arch.

We continued our walk to the ruins of an extensive building, upon which are growing numerous plants of the *maguey*. The layers of cement are seen distinctly—very smooth and hard. An old woman who lives near, has collected large pieces of this cement with which she has paved the *patio* of her house; so solid is it, that one of our companions believed it to be stone, until he had tested it with the hammer.

At eleven o'clock we set out in our coach for the mountain distant near two leagues to the eastward of *Tescuco*. About a quarter of a mile from the town, we observed two circular carved stones which we had not time to examine. After riding a league over the plain, we stopped at the Molino de las Flores—mill of flowers—a most romantic spot. Great labor has been expended upon the race for conducting the water to the mill from the natural dam of rocks, over which the stream during the rainy season, dashes in torrents into a rugged bed. The plain from thence to the foot of the mountain being broken by deep *barrancas*—gullies—our carriage was unable to proceed farther. We were, therefore, compelled to walk, against our inclinations, for the sun was scorching, and we were aware of the labor we must encounter in the ascent of the mountain.

A walk of two miles brought us to the foot of the mountain of Tescusingo, the steep sides of which covered with *nopal*,* we began to climb slowly. After winding about midway up on the western side, our guide conducted us to the mouth of an apparently artificial cavern, with an entrance about six feet high—descending a dozen steps it takes a new direction. Having no lights we were obliged to leave it unexplored. Continuing to ascend, we passed towards the southern declivity, and soon met with cement, which in various parts of the mountain denotes extensive remains of ancient edifices—with walls constructed of *tetzontli*—and particularly with a large square stone hollowed neatly like a drain; and a reservoir for water appeared to have existed below it. We were now about three-fourths of the distance up the mountain, and had attained a terrace, along which we walked to the *Bath of Tescusingo*—the chief object of our visit. This remarkable work is cut out of a solid rock—hard feldspar porphyry—which hangs like a bird's nest upon the steep side, which faces to the south. An irregular platform of seven feet and a half diameter appears to have been first cut into the rock—the sides of the rock forming a wall smooth on the inside, nearly two feet and a half high, the outside left as nature made it—in the centre of this platform a circular bath is cut out, with a diameter of four feet seven inches, two feet deep, with two steps to descend into it. A perforation in one part of the platform shows where the water was admitted, and it escaped from the bath by a cleft which extends from top to bottom. The bath was probably covered with a roof—cavities in the rock seeming to indicate where posts once stood.

The view from this spot is the most beautiful that could have been selected on the mountain; and warmed by the sun, and sheltered from the winds of the north, it was, also, the most delightful. The city of Mexico is seen distinctly, the lake of *Tescuco* and populous plains intervening, in the southwest; and to the south rise the snowy mountains of *Puebla*.

From the bath, we continued our walk along the terrace, upon which still exist traces of an aqueduct, which, at the eastern extremity of *Tes-*

* *Nopal*, a species of cactus.

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cusingo, crossed from the contiguous mountain upon an artificial pile of stone, conveying water, we were informed, a distance of seven or eight leagues. We were yet several hundred feet from the top. Ascending farther, we encountered other remains of structures, and came to a levelled surface about fifty feet square. All these are convincing proofs of the numerous edifices which once existed upon this mountain, but we must ever remain ignorant of their nature and purpose. Upon the summit, which commands a fine view of the surrounding country, is a rock of huge size, in which seats have been cut.

In our descent on the northern side, which is very rough and steep, we discovered accidentally a flight of seven steps cut out of a single rock—of these, our guide, an Indian antiquarian of *Tescuco*, had heretofore been ignorant. Many objects worthy of investigation will no doubt reward those who should diligently extend their researches upon the mountain of *Tescusingo*. We reached the foot without further incident, and rejoined our carriage at the mill, much fatigued with our ramble under a burning sun. Soon after four we were again under the roof of our kind host.

After dinner, our friend, Don Nicolas Campero, conducted us to the ruins which I have already mentioned to be just without the gate of the town. Their structure and extent are marked by the revolutionary trenches which surround them. The occasional layers of cement are perpendicular as well as horizontal, and between them are laid *adobes*—unburnt bricks—which compose the work. Judging from appearances, it would not be rash, perhaps, to conjecture that this was the site of the west Temple, which, we are assured, was always constructed upon eminences like this. Its distance from the palace amply proves the extent of the ancient city of *Tescuco* to have been very great.

Dec. 27. After breakfast, we rode a league to see the *ahuahuetes**—cypress trees—of large dimensions, some of them are not less than fifty feet in circumference. A large edifice, it is believed, stood once in the midst of them. There are traces of buildings. The regularity with which these trees are disposed, proves, beyond a doubt, that they were planted. They are so regular, that in order to enclose three sides of a square it was necessary to lay a few *adobes* only between them. Two rows of these trees form a long street. This grove of *ahuahuetes* is seen distinctly from the city of Mexico, their deep green contrasting strongly with the dry and open plain which surrounds them.

We employed the afternoon in revisiting the antiquities of *Tescuco*. We were also conducted to the garden belonging to the convent of San Francisco, where a remarkable carved stone lies neglected under a tree. It is round and represents a man, whose nose is prodigious, in a kneeling attitude, holding something—what it is we could not discover—in his hands; behind him is another figure, which defied all our efforts to decipher it.

At night, we accompanied the young ladies of the house to a ball given by the principal merchant of the town. The room was filled with men, women, and cigar smoke. This compelled us to make an early retreat, for our eyes were not yet insensible to its effect.

Dec. 28. After an early breakfast, and the completion of some repairs to our coach, we took leave of the excellent family who had entertained us most hospitably. We now directed our steps towards *Otumba*. Passing several small villages—some of them are very picturesque, with their enclosures of the *cactus cylindricus*, which grows to the height of fifteen or eighteen feet—the country became barren and uninteresting, until we reached the fine hacienda of *San Antonio*. Here we deviated from the direct route, but were compensated for the loss of time by the sight of an extensive stone wall, built to contain water for the purpose of irrigating the estate, and for the use of the cattle. This large *presa*—or pond—was the work of the Jesuits, who formerly owned the finest property in New Spain, and who were sagacious and industrious in improving their possessions. Retracing our steps, we passed the extensive buildings of *San Antonio*, leaving immediately upon our left its beautiful wheat fields, which the laborers were then engaged in watering. This is the dry season, and wheat will grow only where it can be irrigated frequently.

Beyond the village of *San Pedro*, we ascended the *tepetate** lomes—*lomas*—of the eastern side of the plain of Mexico, upon which soil the roads are always worn deep and rough. On arriving at the summit of a low ridge which we were crossing, the Pyramids of Teotihuacán unexpectedly presented themselves to our view. Though ignorant that we were so near to them, yet we could not mistake them, their figure is still so well preserved, whilst centuries have rolled away since their construction.

Leaving the pyramids and village of San Juan de Teotihuacán to our left, we travelled on two leagues farther to *Otumba*, where we arrived at three o'clock, having been six hours on the road from *Tescuco*. We were told the distance was was only seven leagues. It is true we once lost our way, and our kicking mules occasioned some

* *Cupressus disticha.* The largest tree known of this description is at the village of Atlixco, in the state of Puebla. It is in circumference 23.3 metres, or 76¼ English feet.—*Humb. New Spain, l.* 3. *c.* 8, *p.* 154. *Ed. of* 1827.

* A hard white clay peculiar to the plains of Mexico, devoid of vegetation, and very painful to the eyes under a burning sun. The *lomas* are the rising ground between the plains and the mountains.

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detention, but I think another league may be safely added.

A gentleman of *Otumba*, to whom we had brought a letter of introduction, being unfortunately absent, we were directed to the only *meson*—public house—in the place, where we took a hasty meal in the kitchen, having, in the mean time, sent our letter to the gentleman's brother, who might, we thought, aid us in our research for antiquities. But this man sent us an uncourteous answer, and we sallied out in quest of the curate, who was absent also; but we found what perhaps was better—a remnant of an ancient column in the churchyard. We met a well dressed man, from whom we expected to glean some information. He proved to be a stupid lay-priest, who knew nothing of the existence of any antique in *Otumba*, but he undertook to inquire at a store near the *plaza*. Those he asked were as ignorant as himself; but our foreign appearance having by this time excited some curiosity, several of the inhabitants collected around us, and learning our wish to find an ancient column which we understood to exist there, conducted us to the centre of the *plaza*, where the object of our search was lying prostrate. It is a column of reddish sand stone, the base, and a portion of the shaft only remaining, the entire length of which is eight feet two inches. The shaft is an octagon of unequal sides, and carved with diamond figures interchained with each other. The lower part of the shaft, one foot and a half next the base, is of a bulbous figure, also carved. The diameter of the column is one foot and three quarters. In another spot, a cleft fragment was shown, seven feet two inches long, said to have formed a part of the column above described—if so, augmenting its entire length to fifteen and a half feet, without the capital, of which we could discover no traces. We were told that this column, previously to the revolution, was standing in the *plaza*, supporting the arms of Spain. During the war it was thrown down—has been broken for various purposes, and its remains now lie neglected, an object of interest to the curious traveller only.

All our new friends now volunteered to show us something, and we had nearly seen nothing in the contest of each to carry us to different places. At length, we effected a compromise, and were carried to search a *corral* or cattle yard for the capital of the column. We looked in vain in yard and stable, notwithstanding one present assured us he had seen it. We abandoned the pursuit of the evanescent block, and were conducted by an old man (who was called Cortés, and who affected to be of pure Indian blood, and to despise all others who were not,) to his house, in a corner of which was worked a carved stone—evidently an antique, but it was a work posterior to the conquest, for it represented an armed man on horseback. Cortés then carried us to the rear of the church, to see another carved stone, but it was placed so high in the wall that we could scarcely distinguish it, but enough appeared to convince us that it bore the arms of Spain. These instances prove how cautious we must be in adopting the opinions of the natives on antiquarian matters.

It was now dark, and we returned to our *meson*, as miserable and cheerless a house of entertainment as traveller ever entered. We made, nevertheless, a good supper of eggs, *frijoles* (beans), and wine, of which we partook in the kitchen.

On making inquiries respecting a celebrated aqueduct which we understood to exist in the vicinity of *Otumba*, we learned that it was distant nearly five leagues. We had intended to return to Mexico on the morrow, but we now determined to visit this work. During the evening, one of our lately formed acquaintances called to introduce one of his friends, who politely offered us horses, a favor which we gladly accepted.

Dec. 29. We rose early, and joined by three of our new acquaintances, were soon on horseback. One of those who attended us, was manager of two fine *haciendas*, which we visited on our way to the arches of Zempoala. The first, Soapayuca, owned by the *Conde de Tepa*, a Spanish nobleman, is about a league from *Otumba*. Having been burnt during the revolution it has been rebuilt on an extensive scale. Our road ran along the *lomes* of the mountains, through fields of the *maguey*. About two leagues and a half from *Otumba*, we were shown, on our left, the plain of *San Miguel*, where Cortes is represented to have gained his celebrated victory, in the retreat from Mexico to *Tlascala*. A ride of three leagues brought us to the *hacienda* of *Ometusco*—an estate from which *pulque* only is made, which gives to its owner, Don Ignacio Adalid, of Mexico, a nett profit, as we were informed, of $15,000 a year. Here we took breakfast, and after viewing the buildings, pursued a narrow path through the *magueyes* to the *Arcos de Zempoala*.

These arches are sixty-eight in number, crossing a deep valley from north to south, and are eleven hundred paces in length. The greatest height is one hundred twenty-two and a half feet, where two arches, one supported above the other, are thrown across the deep *barranca*. The width above is four feet and a half, with a narrow, and shallow channel in the centre for the conveyance of the water. This is a work of great antiquity, constructed about the year 1540, under the direction of a Franciscan Monk, to supply Otumba with good water, of which it is sadly in want. Though made at an immense expense, the aqueduct is now wholly useless, but the arches are in an excellent state of preservation.*

* Torquemada relates—Monarquia Indiana, l. 20, c.

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After taking a rough measurement of this magnificent work, we retraced our steps to the *hacienda* of Ometusco, where our kind host showed us the entire process of making *pulque*. A good plant of the *Agave*,* under the most favorable circumstances, reaches maturity in eight years. This state is indicated by a disposition in the central leaves to throw up a stalk, which, when permitted to grow, rises to the height of twelve or fourteen feet, branching at the top not unlike a chandelier. In this critical state a large incision is made with a sharp iron bar in the heart; a large basin, as it were, is scooped out with much care, and being then filled with dry leaves or rubbish, is permitted to rest unmolested for about six months, when it begins to yield juice in abundance and of good quality. On being taken from the plant, which operation an Indian performs morning and evening with a long gourd acting as a syphon, the *agua miel*, or honey water, as it is then called, is of a sickening sweetness; but after being poured into large vats—made of untanned hides, with the hair inside—in one week it effervesces; but when poured, as in common, upon the lees of old *pulque*, it is prepared in one or two days, and is carried to market in hogs' skins. After yielding during six months, from 200 to 250 gallons, and sometimes more, the plant dies, and a young sucker is planted to succeed it. A plant ready to yield, is worth from eight to twelve dollars, and produces three or four *cargas*, or mule loads: a *carga* is sold in market at four dollars.

Pulque is intoxicating to those who use it too freely. The taste is far from pleasant to me, and the odor of it is sickening; but it improves with use, and when taken moderately is thought to be wholesome.

The *Agave Americana* is a most valuable plant. Independently of its agricultural profits upon barren soils where little else would grow, it serves a great variety of uses. From *pulque*, a strong brandy is distilled. This and *pulque* are the common drink of the people. The fibres of the leaf of the *maguey* are manufactured into coarse cloths, which are used for bagging, as saddlecloths, and for the *aparejos*, packsaddles; they form thread of every texture, twine, and rope of the largest size; and the juice of the leaf is efficacious in the cure of ulcers, especially of the galls and sores of brute animals: the leaf itself acts in place of gutters and spouts for the cabins of the Indians, and makes a roof to their rude dwellings: its prickle or thorn, is a needle in case of necessity; and at certain stages of its growth the *maguey* may be taken as food, and was so used during the revolution by many hungry wanderers.

Thus this plant may be the food, drink, and clothing of the Mexicans; and from the variety of purposes to which it may be applied, the *Agave Americana* may safely be said to be the most valuable of the vegetable creation.

It was dark when we returned to our lodgings in *Otumba*, having consumed the whole day in seeing what we might have accomplished in a few hours; but our friends were so polite, that we were obliged to submit to their dilatory movements.

Dec. 30. Provided again with horses, we set out at an early hour for the Pyramids, leaving our carriage to join us at *San Juan de Teotihuacan*. After a ride of nearly two leagues, we alighted at the foot of the smaller pyramid, which, although the ascent was steep, rough, and overgrown with weeds, we soon surmounted. This, more dilapidated than the larger one, still preserves its pyramidal shape, so as easily to be distinguished. The construction seems to be of stones thrown indiscriminately together, and, at occasional intervals, a layer of lime crosses it horizontally. Upon its summit are the remains of a small stone building, which bears abundant evidence of being the work of the

63—that a Franciscan Friar, Francisco de Tembleque, undertook and accomplished this work, achieving an exploit "which great and powerful kings would scarcely have undertaken to accomplish, nor would he have engaged in such a work (although the poet says, fortune favors the bold) if he had not been inspired by heaven, and aided especially by divine grace, which overcomes all obstacles and provides the means of easily surmounting the greatest difficulties." The time taken to execute this work was 16 or 17 years, five of which were consumed on the principal arches; "which," our author says, "may be regarded as one of the wonders of the world." According to his statement, there are sixty-seven arches (we counted sixty-eight) extending 1059½ *varas*—about 975 yards. The middle arch is 42½ *varas*, about 118 feet high—and 23½ *varas*, about 21½ yards wide, "which fills with astonishment and wonder those who see so marvellous a work." There are two other ravines, one crossed by thirteen the other by forty-six arches. The entire length of the aqueduct was 160,496 Spanish feet—more than fifteen leagues. Torquemada gives no dates, but this work appears to have been constructed soon after Tembleque arrived from Spain, which was in 1538; and our author mentions, that though built seventy years (he wrote about 1610 or 12) it had not sustained the smallest injury.

As a specimen of Torquemada's credulity, I extract the following "most pure truth"—*purisima verdad*. He says that "the good Father Francisco de Tembleque, had no other companion during this long and painful work than a large yellow cat, which hunted in the fields by night, and at daybreak brought to his master the fruits of his hunt, hares or partridges, for the day's subsistence, which may seem incredible, but it is a most pure truth: many clergy witnessed this wonderful thing, who, passing by, stopped at the hermitage at night for the sole purpose of seeing the fact, and of convincing themselves of the care of the cat, for it was commonly reported through the land, how he sustained himself and his master."

* The American aloe.

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Conquerors. It was probably a chapel, built to fill the place of the temple which it usurped. At the southern foot of this pyramid is a circle surrounded either by diminutive pyramids, or by the ruins of small edifices, or perhaps both intermingled. Near the centre of this circle is a similar ruin, from which proceeds a regular street forty or fifty feet wide, running north and south, and bounded on both sides by ruins of apparently small pyramids, on which are distinct traces of the walls of houses divided into small apartments. At the head of the street is a large rough stone, with a circle sculptured on one side of it; beyond the wall of this circle, on the west, we were shown a singularly cut stone of large size. It is ten feet three inches long, five feet one inch wide, and four feet five inches high above the ground, in which it seems partly buried. We collected every where various wrought pieces of obsidian.

The larger pyramid is a little distant from the street to the east of it. As our time was limited I ascended it hastily, and found that, except in size it differs only in one respect from the other: about midway a terrace extends around it. The faces of both pyramids correspond with the four points of the compass. The view from them extends over the lake of *Tescuco* to the city of Mexico, and beyond the western barrier of the plain to the snow-capped mountain of *Toluca*.

The large pyramid of *Teotihuacan* is called *Tonatiuh Ytzaqual*, or House of the Sun. According to *Oteyza's* measurements* its base is 208 metres—682½ English feet—its perpendicular height is 55 metres—180.4 feet. The base of the other pyramid is much less than that of the former. This is called *Mextli Ytzaqual*, or House of the Moon: its height is 144.4 feet.

The construction of these pyramids is ascribed to the *Tolteck* nation, in which event they were built in the eighth or ninth century.† It has been asserted that these and the other Mexican Pyramids are hollow; but as far as investigations have been carried, their solidity seems established. Constructed as they are, if they were hollow the destructive influence of so many centuries which have elapsed since their erection, would have discovered it. The supposition is equally ill-founded that they are mere casings or crusts to natural eminences. So far as rains have laid them open, or the hand of man exposed to view their interior, all is artificial. It is idle to argue that if they were completely artificial, the materials which form them must have been dug from some contiguous spot, and that this has no where been discovered. Places are seen from which the materials have been collected; and the circumjacent plain is strewed thickly with *tetzontli*, quite abundant enough to build other pyramids, without being reduced to the necessity of digging into the earth.

At *San Juan*, about half a league from the pyramids, we rejoined our carriage, and at 11 A. M. set out for Mexico, distant ten leagues. We travelled rapidly over a dreary but not a bad road, and passing *Tblolcingo*, crossed the dry bed of the lake of *Tescuco*, shortening our ride a league or so. At a *venta*, or small inn, near *Santa Clara*, we had the good fortune to meet with an idol, dug up in the vicinity, which we bought; it represents a naked female, her hands crossing her breast, her nose of prodigious size, and hair plaited down the back. The figure is about two feet high.*

We arrived at *Guadalupe* at 3 P. M. and an hour's ride over a good *calzada*, bordered with pretty aspins, brought us to the capital. Our jaunt has been very delightful, and we have met with great kindness. From what we have seen of the antiquities of Mexico, we are impressed with a far more favorable opinion than we had entertained of the civilized state of the Indians before the Conquest.

* Humb. T. 2. l. 3. c. 8. p. 66.

† Humb. T. 2. l. 3. c. 8. p. 67.

* This idol was sent to the museum of the college at Charleston, S. C.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Mr. White:

The subjoined copy of an old Scotch ballad, contains so much of the beauty and genuine spirit of by-gone poetry, that I have determined to risk a frown from the fair lady by whom the copy was furnished, in submitting it for publication. The ladies sometimes violate their promises—may I not for once assume their privilege, in presenting to the readers of the Messenger this "legend of the olden time," although *I promised not?* Relying on the kind heart of the lady for forgiveness for *this breach of promise*, I have anticipated the pardon in sending you the lines, which I have never as yet seen in print.

SIDNEY.

BALLAD.

They have giv'n her to another—
They have sever'd ev'ry vow;
They have giv'n her to another,
And my heart is lonely now;
They remember'd not our parting—
They remember'd not our tears,
They have sever'd in one fatal hour
The tenderness of years.
Oh! was it weal to leave me?
Thou couldst not so deceive me;
Lang and sairly shall I grieve thee,
Lost, lost Rosabel!

They have giv'n thee to another—
Thou art now his gentle bride;
Had I lov'd thee as a brother,
I might see thee by his side;
But *I know with gold they won thee*,
And thy trusting heart beguil'd;
Thy *mother* too, did shun me,
For she knew I lov'd her child.

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Oh! was it weal to leave me?
Thou couldst not so deceive me;
Lang and sairly shall I grieve thee,
Lost, lost Rosabel!

They have giv'n her to another—
She will love him, so they say;
If her mem'ry do not chide her,
Oh! perhaps, perhaps she may;
But I know that she hath spoken
What she never can forget;
And tho' my poor heart be broken,
It will love her, love her yet.
Oh! was it weal to leave me?
Thou couldst not so deceive me;
Lang and sairly shall I grieve thee,
Lost, lost Rosabel!

From the Baltimore Visiter.

THE COLISEUM. A PRIZE POEM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length, at length—after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage, and burning thirst,
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,)
I kneel, an altered, and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory.

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!
Silence and Desolation! and dim Night!
Gaunt vestibules! and phantom-peopled aisles!
I feel ye now: I feel ye in your strength!
O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls;
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat:
Here, where the dames of Rome their yellow hair
Wav'd to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle:
Here, where on ivory couch the Cæsar sate,
On bed of moss lies gloating the foul adder:
Here, where on golden throne the monarch loll'd,
Glides spectre-like unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones.

These crumbling walls; these tottering arcades;
These mouldering plinths; these sad, and blacken'd shafts;
These vague entablatures; this broken frieze;
These shattered cornices; this wreck; this ruin;
These stones, alas!—these gray stones—are they all—
All of the great and the colossal left
By the corrosive hours to Fate and me?

"Not all,"—the echoes answer me; "not all:
Prophetic sounds, and loud, arise for ever
From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,
As in old days from Memnon to the sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men. We rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds.
We are not desolate—we pallid stones;
Not all our power is gone; not all our fame;
Not all the magic of our high renown;
Not all the wonder that encircles us;
Not all the mysteries that in us lie;
Not all the memories that hang upon,
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES

Written in the Village of A——, Virginia.

Sweet village of the mountain glen!
Thy verdant shades are dear to me;
I shun the busy haunts of men,
And to thy peaceful bosom flee;
For smiling nature's summer home
Is found beside thy flashing rills,
And when the winter-tempests come,
She reigns upon thy rugged hills.

Upon thy rocks the tow'ring pine,
The hemlock and the cedar grow;
And high the wild and flow'ring vine,
Its tendrils round their branches throw.
'Tis sweet to stray thy paths along,
Beside some bright and rippling stream
Whose waters with a murm'ring song,
Glance gaily in the sunny beam.

Through distant lands my feet may roam,
In foreign climes my dwelling be,
Unchang'd where'er I make my home,
My heart will still abide with thee.
Yes! still with thee, in joy or woe,
On desert land, or stormy sea,
In pain or bliss, where'er I go,
My love will ever dwell with thee. A. L. E.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Extracts from the Auto-biography of Pertinax Placid.

MY FIRST NIGHT IN A WATCHHOUSE.

CHAP. II.

This was our hero's earliest scrape; but whether
I shall proceed with his adventures is
Dependent on the public altogether:
We'll see, however, what they say to this.
[*Don Juan.*

We found Fenella in much trouble. That buoyant mind which the vicissitudes of a changing and precarious profession could not sadden or subdue, proved itself vulnerable to the weapons of ridicule.

"And so, my young deserter, you have come at last. Here have I been grieving myself to death at the malice of Mc——, and you have felt no sympathy in my trouble, or have been too indolent or indifferent to give me one word of comfort. Shame on you! Is this your friendship?"

I made my excuses with the best grace I could assume, and assured her I had just learned the cause of her uneasiness. She readily believed me, for she was too sincere herself to doubt the sincerity of others.

"I do not know," said she, "but my annoyance at this affair may seem overstrained. To those who call

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themselves philosophers, it may appear childish in me to grieve at such an attempt to render me ridiculous. But I am a mere woman, and no philosopher; besides, my case is a peculiar one. On the stage we have so often, I might say so habitually, to overstep what by other women are considered the bounds of modesty, that she who preserves the essential principle of that great charm of the sex, is most jealous in keeping her claim to it inviolate. The world gives us credit for but little feminine delicacy—and the world reasons correctly in doing so. But correct reasoning does not always reach the facts of peculiar cases. It may be thought strange, but I know it to be true, that a woman who in the presence of hundreds suffers herself to be embraced, kissed, and fondled by men of gross character and disgusting manners, and who embraces and caresses them in turn, should revolt at the idea of permitting such liberties in private. I know this to be so in my own case. And even were all those women whose lot is unfortunately cast upon the stage, as licentious as both the virtuous and the vicious are pleased to suppose them, they must indeed be debased and degraded, to yield themselves to that indiscriminate licentiousness which the world's censure would imply. Few know how far the enthusiasm of an artist, his aspirations after excellence, his love of abstract beauty, may check and overcome every prurient thought, every low born imagination. The sculptor, when he moulds the beings of his fancy into forms of loveliness, is alive only to the spirit of his art; his mind is filled with the beauty of his conceptions, and is purified by the intenseness of his desire to attain the summit of excellence, from every grovelling idea. He is not, surely, to be classed with those who, looking upon his works with vulgar eyes, find in them food for lascivious thoughts, and stimulants to unhallowed passions. So it is with acting. The actress has placed before her a mark of excellence which she is ambitious to attain, and in striving for its attainment, all minor considerations are thrown aside. The exhibition of a passion must not be shorn of its accessories; and whatever is necessary to its full development she yields to, with as little thought of grossness or indelicacy in caressing an individual who represents her husband or her lover, as the artist indulges when painting Eve in the undress of nature. It would be well for such as suppose that these exhibitions indicate a want of modesty, to know how totally the mind is absorbed in the desire to embody the conceptions of the poet, when an actress in Belvidera or Monimia gives a loose rein to the passions, and regardless of the being with whom she is associated, contributes, by the very freedom which the over-virtuous delight to censure, in producing the delusion of the scene. In playing her part, not one thought is given to the man whom she embraces. No—she is for the time a fictitious character—the character of the scene, insensible to any other feeling but that which the poet has delineated. But how differently do the work-a-day world argue this matter. They seldom, if ever, separate the *actress* from the *woman*—and every action is judged of according to the gross ideas of the vulgar minded, or the fastidious scruples of those who measure a dramatic representation by the rules which prevail in private society. I know full well the invidious position which, as an actress, I occupy in the opinion of the public; and a consciousness that in my unfortunate profession, every step towards the achievement of excellence must be gained by a sacrifice of personal respect, often gives me melancholy sensations. Do you then wonder at the pain I have suffered from this malignant endeavor of Mc———'s to render me ridiculous?"

"But still," said Nichols, "the attack in itself is unworthy of notice. The same talent might render the proudest woman in the city an object of equal ridicule."

"Very true, but it would not find the public disposed to laugh with the caricaturist. The general sentiment would be against him, for he would have outraged what every man would be ready to defend—the sanctity of female privacy, and the decencies of social life. But such a case is strongly contrasted with mine, and it is that which renders it to me so peculiarly painful. The actress lives in the full glare of public observation, and the libeller who holds her up to contempt, invades no sanctuary which all hold sacred; he only makes her subservient to public amusement in a new character. If her pride be wounded, if her delicacy be shocked—she has few to sympathise with her, for few believe she possesses either pride or delicacy, and none deem it their duty to defend her from the attacks of her enemy."

Fenella paused, and I saw the tears glisten upon her cheek; but she turned away her face, and hastily brushed them off, as if ashamed that her weakness should be observed.

"You do your friends injustice," said I. "You do indeed. There are a few who do not think thus lightly of your feelings, and who are ready to defend you from assaults of whatever kind."

"Doubtless there are a few," said she, "who feel for me. It would be unjust in me to doubt it. But it is the want of that *general* feeling of sympathy which would be excited in favor of any other woman, that I feel most keenly. To know that in proportion as my professional exertions are admired, my private feelings are disregarded, gives point to the malice of Mc——, and renders that a cause of pain and mortification which ought to be the object of contempt. But we will say no more upon the subject. Perhaps I have said too much, for I see that you and Nichols are distressed by my complaints. I will not repeat them; but endeavor to display more of what Nichols calls philosophy."

The train of our conversation was broken off by the entrance of Selden and Cleaveland. Fenella's spirits were soon restored, and she became as gay and fascinating as usual. Various topics were discussed, and much pleasant *badinage* filled up the time until tea—which Fenella particularly patronized, in spite of the fashion—made its appearance.

"Pray, Master Pertinax," said Fenella, "how have you employed your time since I last saw you? You have lost a deal of green room scandal, and missed seeing some of the finest of green room absurdities, by your long estrangement from the Theatre."

"Well, saving your presence, I have been occupied with better things—a hard student have I been—and although the merry bells of the Driving Club sounded their peals under my windows twice during my seclu-

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sion; although I saw their gorgeous train of *carioles* piled with buffalo robes, and flaunting in blue and crimson trimmings, glide merrily by; and though among the furred and feathered *demoiselles* who sat within them, I knew there was one whom it would have been delightful to be near; nay more, although under a silver-grey Chinchilla bonnet, there shone forth two lustrous black eyes—yet did I resist the lure, and turn again to my studies. I have declined three balls where I knew I should meet that "Cynthia of the minute," with whom, at this particular time, I cannot but believe I am most foolishly in love. I have resisted the temptation of skating, and a special invitation from the Curling Club to witness an important match. All these and many more allurements have failed to withdraw me from my books."

"Bless me, what a Solomon you will become, if you persevere in your labors! But your stoicism surprises me. Can it be possible that Marian Lindsay's *load-stars* failed in attraction?"

"Nonsense! I have said nothing of Marian Lindsay or her load-stars, as you are pleased to call them. Her eyes are not *black*, nor are they those I spoke of."

"What, a new attraction! Well, I see that I must relinquish the task of keeping you steady. I had hopes, when I prudently endeavored to prevent your falling in love with me, (which you cannot deny you had more than half a mind to do,) by directing your amorous disposition towards a proper object, that your fancy would endure at least a month or two. Do you not now perceive what a folly I should have been guilty of, had I suffered you to dangle, as you wished, at my apron string?"

"I do indeed. Still, I may say with honest Jack Falstaff, 'ere I knew *thee*, I knew nothing.'"

"Yes," said she, "and I can finish the sentence with equal truth—'and now art thou little better than one of the wicked.' But I deny your declaration, for you have confessed to the truth of your intrigues with the little Canadian milliner, and the blue eyed *Irlandaise*."

"I admit it; but those were unsophisticated flirtations."

"Unsophisticated! Mercy on us!"

"Oh yes," said Selden, "and he stoutly denies having ever sighed to you, Fenella; and talks a deal of nonsense about friendship, as though such a feeling ever existed between a lad of nineteen and a lady under twenty-five."

"Upon that subject," replied Fenella, "we can at least keep our own counsel."

"Come, Cleaveland," said I, "we are bound in the same direction. I have a few words to say to you, and if you are at leisure we will walk."

"I hope I have not driven you away," said Selden.

"Pshaw! I am not so easily driven."

Tea was over, and Cleaveland and I rose to depart. Fenella accompanied us to the door, and said to me in a monitory tone: "Now, Pertinax, be careful what you do in relation to the caricature. Keep out of difficulty with Mc——. You cannot be of any service to me in that affair, and may injure yourself by your interference. I know your disposition to serve me; but I also know that your impetuosity is more likely to involve you in difficulty than to bring me out of it. Be cautious, I beseech you."

"Do not be alarmed," said I, somewhat piqued, "my *indifference* will be my protection."

"I do not believe that, nor do I believe that you are indifferent to my feelings; and the caution I now give you is a proof that I do not think so."

A pressure of the hand was my only reply to this conciliatory speech; and we left the house.

It was early in the evening, and quite dark, as we mounted the ice in the middle of the street, preferring the risk of being run down by *traineaus* or *carioles*, on that narrow pass, to stumbling against steps, cellar doors, and other obstructions on the *trottoir* of an avenue, feebly lighted by here and there a dim and solitary lamp. We pursued our way down St. Paul's street, and in passing the shop where "Timothy Crop, Fashionable Hair Dresser and Perruquier," shone in gilt letters, illuminated by a lamp, a glance shewed us two copies of Fenella's effigy, displayed with most provoking prominence in a bow-window, which was brilliantly lighted.

"Curses on that fellow," said I. "Is there no way in which this nuisance can be prevented? You are fertile in schemes, Cleaveland; cannot you contrive some plan, if not to stop the issue of these libels, to revenge the insult offered to our friend?"

"Not I indeed, unless we hire *Felix Sans Pitié** to thump the artist, or get *Piquet*,† the retired bully, to break his right arm."

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* There was a family of *Sans Pitiés*, belonging to a neighboring seignory, celebrated for their muscular frames and pugilistic powers. They were *Voyageurs* in the service of the North West, or Hudson's Bay Companies, at the time when those associations were at deadly feud, out of which grew the massacre at Red River. In the spring, previous to the setting out of the North West expeditions, the *voyageurs* of these companies had their rendezvous in Montreal for a day or two, during which they were generally intoxicated, and scarcely an hour passed that was not distinguished by a pugilistic combat in the old market place, which was their peculiar haunt. The *Sans Pitiés* when present, were the champions, and challenged all comers with nearly uniform success. I have never seen more magnificent forms than these brothers displayed, when stripped for a fight. Their chests and shoulders would have been fine models for a Hercules, so muscular were they, and devoid of superfluous flesh. Their style of hitting was peculiar, and differed entirely from the English system, being far more rapid and eccentric. In general an English pugilist was more than a match for the best Canadian bully; but in one instance the youthful gladiator referred to in the text, was triumphant over a skilful pupil of Crib. It is worthy of remark, that the English bully, when completely *served up*, (to use a phrase of the prize ring) declared in a faint voice, that he had been beaten contrary to all rule, and that *Sans Pitié* knew no more about boxing than a horse. But the Canadian champion was once well beaten by an antagonist as little skilled as himself in the arts and mysteries of the Five's Court. I was witness to this conflict between him and an English sailor, not half his weight. The Jack-tar completely overcame his Herculean opponent, when it seemed to me that had his frame been made of any material softer than iron, he must have been demolished by *Sans Pitié's* blows.

† Monsieur *Piquet* was about this time a member of the Provincial Parliament. How he got there I do not exactly know: the station seemed rather inconsistent with the situation occupied by him in early life. He was a man of uncommon muscular vigor; and had

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"Not bad ideas, but impracticable. Felix is at Red River, or thereabouts—and Piquet is in Parliament, which should argue that his powers of maiming are fully employed upon the laws of the province."

We had paused involuntarily before the window. The shop was thronged with customers, and we saw the barber take down one of the caricatures and exhibit it to an individual, who laughed immoderately as he examined it. My blood boiled as I witnessed this scene. I had been deeply impressed by Fenella's description of her defenceless condition, and the absence of that general feeling of resentment in her case, which would have existed had any other woman been the object of such ridicule. The hearty laugh of the examiner of the picture—the gusto with which he enjoyed the ludicrous figure before him, inspired me with most unchristian feelings, and I could, with the greatest good will, have tweaked his nose with the hot curling irons which the map of hair was applying to his head.

As we moved away, I vowed that I would be revenged on the malicious barber—that he at least should not escape. A few moments brought us to my lodgings in the *Vieux Marché*. We sat down by a hot stove, and after having listened to Cleaveland's description of the last party at Madame Feronnier's, without hearing one word, I broke silence.

"Cleaveland," said I, "will you join me in a scheme which I have been revolving since we left that infernal barber's?"

"I shall be better prepared to give you an answer, when you tell me what you propose."

"Then you will not enlist until you know my plan."

"Not I. It is my luck to engage in so many hair-brained scrapes of my own, that I will be led blindfold into none of your planning."

"But you must not fail me. I have set my heart on your assistance. If I had asked it of Selden, he would have stifled me with prudent advice. Nichols has not hardihood enough for any wicked act; and Marryatt is so completely bewitched with his brunette beauty in the Recolet Suburbs, that he cannot find time for any other roguery. Now for a stirring adventure you are just the lad—first, because you like it, and secondly, because you have the spirit to go through with it."

"Really you speak of your enterprize in the Hotspur vein, for like him it seems you are about to

——'read me matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.'

But be it what it may, propose to me any reasonable mischief, and *je suis a vous*."

"It is nothing very dangerous in the performance, and the consequences must take care of themselves. I only intend to smash, and that shortly, the bow-window of our friend the barber—to scatter his perfumes about his own head, and give his next door neighbor, the glazier, a job?"

"Is that all? Bless me, how reasonable! Selden himself could not have advised a more rational and moral mode of punishing this impudent barber.—Why, Pertinax, I did not think you capable of a conception so brilliant. As to breaking the window and scattering the perfumery, 'we may do it as secure as sleep'—and for the consequences, I have nothing to say on that subject, because they come *afterwards*; and as Father De Rocher used to tell us, questions must be considered in their proper order: besides, all the wise ones say that *fore*-thought is better than *after*-thought. But independent of these considerations, it would be inconsistent in me, who never yet gave a thought to consequences, to do so now; and some political proser in the *Spectateur*, said the other day that consistency was a jewel."

"Then you enlist in the service."

"Yes, my Hotspur; 'it is a good plot as ever was laid—an excellent plot. My Lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action.' So here is my hand. We will take some pains to do that which will cost Timothy Crop many panes to remedy; and if we escape the pains and penalties therefor, all will be well."

"We must rely upon our heels for that. Give me six yards the start, and I defy any barber in the Canadas to overtake me. We must show Master Timothy that we have not played at cricket, or run foot races on the wind-mill common for nothing."

"But what missiles shall we use?—have you thought of that, *Mon Général*?"

"What can be better than these?" said I, taking up a couple of billets of oak from the stove-pan.

"Admirable! And when shall we proceed to business?"

"Now—this very hour—we cannot wish a darker night; and the sooner we carry our design into effect the better."

"Very true, for Shakspeare says, that

'Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.'

We will dream as little upon it as possible."

"*Allons donc!* Take your billets, and let us march."

We sallied forth into the street. It was about nine o'clock, and all was quiet. The light from Crop's window shone brightly in the distance, and invited us to our revenge.

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in his youth been employed by the North West Company, as the *bully* of their expeditions. His duty was to punish any refractory subordinate by the application of the fist. The *voyageurs* were an ignorant and lawless set of men, engaged by the company to navigate their *batteaux*, and to carry the merchandize which constituted their freight, across the portages. The goods were arranged in sacks containing about ninety pounds each and were transported (or perhaps *toted* would be a more proper word in our latitude) by the *voyageurs* where the navigation failed. Their labors were consequently very severe; and it may readily be believed that few but the most reckless and unworthy characters enlisted in these expeditions. They were generally accompanied and conducted by one or two clerks or partners, who required some strong executive power to keep their followers in due submission. Some trusty individual of uncommon strength and hardihood was selected to perform this duty—and such was the situation held by *Piquet*. He was successful in his enterprizes, and as I was told amassed considerable wealth. At any rate, I knew him as a legislator. I was once in company with this man, when he related some of his early adventures; particularly one, in which, being necessitated to quell the turbulent spirit of a refractory *voyageur*, he broke the arm of the brawler with one blow of his fist—an achievement of which Monsieur *Piquet* seemed not a little proud.

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The heavy falls of snow are a serious inconvenience in the narrow streets of Montreal, and the manner in which it is disposed of, gives to them a peculiar appearance. When a storm subsides, the whole town is alive with the business of shovelling the snow from the side-walks into the middle of the street, which in the course of a few weeks after the winter sets in, is elevated several feet above its natural level. On the top of this ridge vehicles of all descriptions are forced to pass, and while guiding a *cariole* along the height, you nod to your pedestrian friends on the side-walks, many feet below you, and peep, if you have any curiosity, into the windows of your neighbor's second story. By gradual packing and freezing, this *high*-road becomes a complete rampart of ice, along which *carioles* and *traineaus* are driven with alarming velocity—to a strange eye presenting the constant prospect of their being hurled down to the side-walk. But such accidents seldom happen. In their own awkward fashion, the Canadian drivers are uncommonly expert, and their hardy little horses are equally so.

We kept the side-walk until we reached the corner of St. Nicholas and St. Paul streets, and here we stopped to confer.

"By the way," said I, "we had better decide upon the manner of running away. Crop is a tall fellow and long in the legs. It will not do for us to keep together. My plan is this—I will dive into the alley, leading up to the city hotel, cross St. Peter's street and get into the Jesuits's grounds.* You had better take to the opposite side-walk, for you will be perfectly safe there, as you may turn the left corner of St. Peter, and skim away towards the *Sœurs Gris*, before Tim can climb to that side of the street. When we have confounded the chase, we will rendezvous in front of the *Petit Seminaire*, in College street. We shall be near the Mansion House, where we may refresh ourselves with a bottle of Martinant's London particular, and call at Fenella's on our way home."

"I see no objection to your plan, Pertinax, only that your part of it is the most hazardous. If Crop pursues, he will naturally stick to his own side-walk, and you must leap in front of him from the street into the alley."

"Oh, never fear for me—I shall be scudding through the old Jesuits's elms, long before he will find the hole by which I make my escape. Recollect the rendezvous at the College."

Our plan of retreat having been settled, we mounted into the middle of the street, and were in two minutes opposite the devoted shop-window. The lights burned brightly, and at a glance we saw that there was no one within but Crop and a little boy. The window was filled with bottles of *Eau de Cologne*, *Eau de jasmin*, *extrait de bergamotte*, with pots of *pommade extraordinaire*, and the like; and there still hung the offending caricatures. We were elevated some feet above the window, and it presented the finest imaginable mark.

"Now," said Cleaveland, "let us separate a few paces, that we may give our object a raking fire, and do the more execution."

We were just about to proceed to business, when the sharp sound of a horse's hoofs rang upon the ice near the corner of St. Peter's street. We drew back from the glare of the window to allow the horse and his rider to pass—when, as they approached us, we perceived Marryatt, mounted on his shaggy Shetland pony.

"Hey dey," said he, as we made our appearance—"what mischief is in the wind now?"

"Stay a moment," said I, "and see us demolish Crop's bow window."

"Oh ho, is that the project? Well I will witness the crash, as I have especial means of escape. I cannot say as much for you or Cleaveland. Crop will catch one or both of you to a certainty."

"That is our own concern—but he shall have a race for it. Stay where you are Marryatt, and witness the performance."

Cleaveland and I then approached the window, and levelling our billets simultaneously, they fell with unerring aim in the centre of the window, scattering pictures, pomatum and perfumery in every direction. A second billet from each of us completed the work of destruction, and we took to our heels. Cleaveland slipped down to the pavement on the opposite side, and vanished in an instant. I was about ten paces from the alley, (which entered St. Paul street on the same side with the barber's shop,) but before I had cleared that short distance, I was sensible that Crop was in pursuit. From the high ridge of ice on which I stood, to the pavement was at least five feet, and on coming opposite the alley I made a flying leap across the side walk into its entrance. But alas for human hopes!—I had neglected to substitute a pair of shoes for my boots on coming out, and my boot heels were covered with plates of brass, in conformity to a very ridiculous fashion. I cleared the side-walk in gallant style; but I alighted on my heels in a spot covered with the smoothest ice. The consequence was, that my feet flew from under me, and I fell prostrate. But this was not the worst—I struck my knee upon the ice with a force which might have broken a joint of iron. I made an effort to rise,

* These grounds have since been devoted to public use, and are now intersected by Lemoine, St. Helen, and Recolet streets. They were formerly attached to the religious establishment of the brotherhood, the building of which faced upon Notre Dame street, and were filled with noble elms, all of which have I believe fallen beneath the axe. The accommodations were spacious; but the buildings, with the exception of the Recolet church, which occupies nearly a centre position, had been appropriated to other than monastic uses long before my recollection. During and just after the last war they were used as the barracks of a regiment of British infantry, and at the grated windows which once let in the light upon the ascetic pursuits and rigid ceremonials of these bigoted religionists—soldiers were seen scouring their muskets or whitening their belts. More recently, the southern portion has been occupied as a Young Ladies Seminary, and the northern as the City Watch-house. The buildings had become public property by the operation of some condition relative to the decrease of the numbers of the order. One only was alive in my time; and he was often seen in the streets, wearing a small black skull cap, and a long black robe fastened around his body by a white woollen girdle The Recolet church is to this day a place of Catholic worship, opened on stated days and uncommon occasions. Whether it has been embellished or altered since I saw it, I know not—but at that time it presented a melancholy appearance of decay and dilapidation. It was remarkable for a rude carving over the entrance representing two hands and arms issuing out of the sea, and crossing each other. The carving was colored most unnaturally, and the waves of the sea resembled a congregation of pewter platters.

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which was at first ineffectual. The sound of Timothy's feet struck on my ear as he turned the corner. He was within two paces of me, and in a second more would have stumbled over me in the dark. But the idea of being captured gave me sudden vigor, and overcame the pain of my bruised knee. I sprang upon my feet, and bounded away towards the entrance of the City Hotel, turned short to the left, and crossing St. Peter's street by another alley, kept on under the wall of Thatcher's livery stables.

Rapidly as I had taken leave of Timothy, he had not lost sight of me for a second, until I turned the farther corner of the stables. At this point there had been, a few weeks previous, a gap in the enclosure of the Jesuits's grounds, through which I had often passed; and by means of this opening I had intended to lead the chase into those grounds, with all the turnings of which I was well acquainted, and where a number of old elms would serve to cover my retreat.

What was my consternation on reaching the spot, to find that the opening had been closed! I was completely cornered, without means of escape, except by the steep path up which I had come. Along that path I heard the footsteps of my pursuer, as he picked his way in the dark. Not a moment was to be lost, and my determination was instantly taken. I again turned the corner of the stables, and ran down the path with my utmost speed, intending to overthrow Timothy by running against him. As I approached him, he stopped, and seeming to comprehend my object, veered a little from the path, so as to break the force of the shock, and grasped at me with both his hands.

And here but for my boot heels I might have escaped; but again they failed me, I slipped, and Timothy and I were rolling on the ground together—he clutching to hold me fast, and I struggling to get away. By mutual consent we soon rose upon our feet—he still holding on with the tenacity of a bull-dog, upon the collar and breast of my clothing.

I had not lived five years in Montreal without becoming sensible of the value of *science* in the use of the fist, and I had taken a series of rude lessons from an Irish sergeant—Fuller not having then appeared in Canada to teach the 'manly art of self-defence.' The moment that we were on our feet, I attacked Timothy, in hopes that he would loosen his hold in showing fight, and give me another opportunity of escape. But he was a philosopher in his way, and did not regard pugilistic *punishment* so much as the retention of his prisoner. He allowed me therefore to *mill* him without mercy, dodging to avoid my blows, but making no offensive demonstration. I pommelled him severely, and might possibly have broken his hold by my repeated attacks, but for the slippery place on which we stood. Several times I lost my footing and came to the ground. At last yielding to necessity, I relinquished the contest and walked quietly with him to the street, determined when on better ground, to make another effort for liberty.

Instead of returning towards his shop, as I supposed he would have done, he turned up St. Peter's street, and led the way towards Notre Dame. I did not then perceive his object—perhaps I was too much flurried to think of it. We paced along in a very friendly manner, until we reached the corner of St. Sacrament street, running midway between and parallel with St. Paul's and Notre Dame. Here the snow was firm, and the spot inviting to my purpose, for St. Sacrament offered me a number of places of retreat, where I might have defied the scent of my antagonist.

At this corner therefore I made a halt, and while Timothy was endeavoring to force me forward, I struck him a right handed blow in the face, which made him bound from his feet and brought him down like a shot. But true to his object he still held to my coat with his right hand, and while I was endeavoring to disengage his grasp, he rose again to his feet, and matters assumed their former aspect. Grown desperate by my disappointment, I fell upon Timothy without mercy, hitting right and left whenever I could bring him within the range of my blows—for he avoided many of them by leaping aside. At length a chance blow took effect on his throat and I was momentarily freed from his hold, but I was so weakened by my exertions that I stumbled, and again measured my length on the snow. Before I could recover myself, Timothy had as firm a grasp upon me as ever.

Up to this time, not a syllable had passed the lips of either: but at this juncture, Timothy opened his mouth, and to some purpose, bellowing "Watch!" at the top of his voice. Instantly the rattles were heard at no great distance; and Timothy repeating the call, we were soon surrounded by half a dozen watchmen, with staves, rattles and lanterns.

I saw plainly that the game was up with me, and yielding with a good grace, I followed them in silence. I was much surprised to find that we had turned the left corner of Notre Dame Street, and were entering the decayed gate of a building which was once an appendage of the Recolet Church, and part of the establishment of the decayed brotherhood of Loyola. This building had recently been occupied as a watchhouse; a fact of which I was ignorant, or master Timothy Crop would not have led me so easily into the lion's den.

We entered the building, and found ourselves in a rude barrack-like room, around which were the "guardians of the night," as they are poetically termed, sitting, standing, and lying—eating, drinking, and smoking. They were nearly all Canadians; and in their blue and grey *capots*, with the addition of slouched hats, they might have been taken for a gang of banditti in their cavern.

When the door closed upon us, and not 'till then, Timothy Crop loosened his hold upon my raiment. I turned to look at him, and saw sufficient proof that my blows, although aimed in the dark, had not been made in vain. His visage exhibited various contusions, and streams of *claret* were trickling from his nostrils. But Timothy, to do him justice, was true *game;* and he returned the smile which his pickle brought into my face, with a triumphant expression that raised him much in my estimation.

While we were eyeing each other an inner door opened, and the captain of the watch made his appearance. Timothy gave me in charge, and the man of authority conducted me with all due ceremony into his innermost den, where he invited me to take a seat by the stove, and pointing to a dirty straw pallet in a corner of the room, gave me to understand that upon it I was to spend my first night in a watch-house.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

The following translations pretend to no other merit than fidelity. The only aim of the translator has been to give as literal a version as the genius of the languages would permit. He has not presumed to blend his own with the pure conception of his author, or to obscure with ornament the inimitable beauty of his chaste, unaffected expression; he regrets that the necessity of a measure has obliged him more than once perhaps, to expand a thought whose concentration he admired:—the sin, however, was involuntary.

Lib. 1. Ode v. Ad Pyrrham.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus in liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplex munditiis? heu! quoties fidem,
Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ:
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis! miseri, quibus
Intenta nites. Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

Translation.

What slender youth whom liquid odors lave,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave
Pyrrha?—for whom with care
Bind'st thou thy yellow hair
Plain in thy neatness? Oft alas! shall he
On faith and changed Gods complain, and sea
Rough with black tempests ire
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous—all gold—
For him still vacant, lovely to behold
Hopes thee: of treacherous breeze
Unmindful. Hapless these
To whom untried thou seemest dazzling fair.
Me Neptune's walls, with tablet vowed, declare
My shipwrecked weeds unwrung
To the sea's potent God to have hung.

—

Adrianus ad Animulam.

Animula, vagula, blandula;
Hospes, comesque corporis!
Quo nunc abibis in loco
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec ut soles dabis jocos.

Translation.

Little rambling, coaxing sprite,
Tenant and comrade of this clay,
Into what distant regions say
Pale, naked, cold, wingst thou thy flight?
Nor wilt thou joke as wont in former day.

—

Lib. 1. Ode xxxv. Ad Fortunam.

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos:
Te pauper ambit solicitâ prece
Ruris colonus; te dominam æquoris,
Quicunque Bithynâ lacessit
Carpathium pelagus carinâ.
Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,
Urbesque, gentesque, et Latium ferox,
Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni,
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam; neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.
Te semper anteit sæva Necessitas,
Clavos trabales et cuneos manu
Gestans ahenâ; nec severus
Uncus abest, liquidumque plumbum.
Te Spes, et albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno, nec comitem abnegat,
Utcunque mutatâ potentes
Veste domos inimica linquis.
At vulgus infidum, et meretrix retro
Perjura cedit: diffugiunt cadis
Cum fæce siccatis amici,
Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.
Serves iturum Cæsarem in ultimos
Orbis Britannos, et juvenum recens
Examen Eois timendum
Partibus, Oceanoque Rubro.
Eheu! cicatricum et sceleris pudet,
Fratrumque: quid nos dura refugimus
Ætas? quid intactum nefasti
Liquimus? unde manum juventus
Metu Deorum continuit? quibus
Pepercit aris? O! utinam novâ
Incude diffingas retusum in
Massagetas Arabasque ferrum.

Translation. To Fortune.

Goddess whose mandate lovely Antium sways,
Prompt at thy will from humblest grade to raise
Weak mortals, or proud triumphs turn
To the sad funeral urn!
Thee the poor rustic sues with anxious prayer:
Thee, Arbitress of Ocean all revere,
Who with Bithynian keel adventurous brave
The rough Carpathian wave.
Thee wandering Scythians, thee the Dacian boor
Cities and nations, Latium fierce adore:
Mothers of barbarous kings grow pale,
Tyrants in purple quail
Lest with insulting foot thou spurn'st their proud,
Unshaken column: lest th' assembled crowd
Laggards to arms, to arms should wake,
And their dominion break.
Ruthless Necessity before thy band
Forever walks: in her resistless hand
Wedges and spikes: the hook severe
And molten lead are near.
Thee Hope attends, and spotless Faith so rare,
Robed in pure white: nor these depart whene'er,
With vestments changed and hostile lower,
Thou leav'st th' abodes of power.
But shrink the faithless herd and perjured queen:
Friends too skulk off, the casks drained dry, unseen:
Too treacherous equally to brook
Adversity's hard yoke.

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Guard Cæsar bound 'gainst Britain's distant land,
Limit of earth—preserve the new-formed band
Of Youths, by Eastern realms to be
Feared, and by the Red Sea!
Alas! I blush for public crimes and rage;
For brothers too: what have we, hardened age,
Eschewed? what vice untried disdained?
When have our youth restrained [spared?
Their hands through fear of Heav'n? what altars
Grant to reforge, on anvil new-prepared,
From civil strife our blunted swords,
'Gainst Scythian and Arabian hordes!

—

Lib. 3. Ode iii.

Justum, et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente qualit solidâ, neque Auster,
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.
Hâc arte Pollux, et vagus Hercules
Innixus, arces attigit igneas:
Quos inter Augustus recumbens
Purpureo bibit ore nectar.
Hâc te merentem, Bacche pater, tuæ
Vexêre tigres, indocili jugum
Collo trahentes: hâc Quirinus
Martis equis Acheronta fugit:

Translation.

The upright man tenacious of design,
Nor civil rage commanding acts malign,
Nor tyrant's frown,* in fierce career,
Shakes in his firm resolve with fear:
Nor Auster, restless Adria's stormy king,
Nor Jove's strong hand upraised the bolt to wing.
Should Heaven's burst vault sink on his head
The wreck would strike him undismayed.
Pollux, and wandering Hercules, sustained
By arts like these, the starry summits gained,
Mid whom reclining Cæsar sips
Rich nectar with empurpled lips;
Thee, Bacchus, thus deserving virtue's prize
With yoke on neck indocile to the skies
Thy tigers bore—thus Rhea's son
On steeds of Mars 'scaped Acheron.

—

Lib. 2. Ode xvi. Ad Grosphum.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis;
Otium bello furiosa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetrâ decori,
Grosphe, non gemmis, neque purpurâ ve-
Nale, nec auro.
Non enim gazæ, neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.
Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensâ tenui salinum;
Nec leves somnos timor aut Cupido
Sordidus aufert.
Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exsul
Se quoque fugit?
Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
Cura; nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocior cervis, et agente nimbos
Ocior Euro.
Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est
Oderit curare, et amara lento
Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.
Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem:
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus:
Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negârit,
Porriget hora.
Te greges centum, Siculæque circum
Mugiunt vaccæ; tibi tollit hinnitum
Apta quadrigis equa: te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ
Vestiunt lanæ: mihi parva rura, et
Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camenæ
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere Vulgus.

Translation. To Grosphus.

For ease, to Heaven the seaman prays,
Caught in the wide Ægean seas
When black clouds wrap the sky,
Nor moon nor well known star to guide
His barque along the treacherous tide,
Shines to his practised eye.
For ease the Thracian fierce in fight
And Parthian graced with quiver light,
To Heaven incessant sigh.
Ease, which nor gold, nor gems can buy,
Nor robes of Tyria's costly dye.
For wealth or power can quell
No wretched tumults of the breast,
Nor cares, aye fluttering without rest,
Round sculptured domes, dispel.
Well does he live in humble state,
Whose father's salt-stand—his sole plate,
Shines on his frugal board.
Nor fears to lose disturb his rest,
Nor sordid avarice goads his breast
To gain a useless hoard.
Why daring aim beyond our span,
Through distant years at many a plan
When life so brief we find?
Why long 'neath other suns to roam?
What exile from his native home
Has left himself behind?
Fell care ascends the brazen poop,
Nor yet forsakes the horseman's troop,
Outstrips the stag and wind.
Pleased with the present—ills beyond,
The man who loves not to despond,
To trace will wisely shun:
And when they come with tempering smile
The bitter of his cup beguile
Or sweeten ere 'tis done.

* *Glance* would perhaps be more expressive.

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In youth the great Peleides sunk,
With tardy age Tithonus shrunk,
For nought is wholly blest.
So time perhaps extends for me
The hour he still denies to thee,
Of choicest gifts possest.
Thee—numerous flocks and herds surround,
Thy neighing coursers paw the ground,
For princely chariot meet.
Rich fleeces steeped in murex bright
Invest thy limbs with purple light
And flow around thy feet.
To me content, veracious heaven
A little farm to till has given
In independence proud,
A gentle breath of Grecian muse
Its airy visions to infuse
And scorn the envious crowd.

Critical Notices and Literary Intelligence.

Visit to the American Churches, by Doctors Reed and Matheson; 2 vols. New York: Harpers.—This work is excellent in its way—being a fine addition to the already numerous commentaries of the English upon our country. The writers, in the present instance, were delegated, about two years since, by the dissenting churches in Great Britain, to visit the United States, for inquiry into our religious condition and character, and were favorably received by our countrymen. They have shown themselves peculiarly free from unworthy prejudice, and have gleaned, with indefatigable zeal, and surprising accuracy, a mass of secular as well as religious information in relation to the United States. The book consists of six hundred closely printed pages, abounding with acute comment, and replete with valuable statistical details. It has a value, too, particularly its own, as exhibiting the real views of two well-educated English clergymen upon the *religious*, more especially than upon the political and social aspect of our land. The volumes are well written, and likely to do much good in England as well as in the United States. Our readers will remember Doctor Reed as the author of *No Fiction*, and *Martha*, both of which publications were favorably noticed in a former number of the Messenger.

The Black Watch, by the author of the Dominie's Legacy; 2 vols. E. L. Carey and A. Hart.—This is perhaps the best of all the writings of this author. The *soubriquet* of "The Black Watch" is familiar in the anecdotary annals of our country. We all remember its celebrity at Crown Point, and among the wild doings at Lake George. We should be pleased, did it not interfere too much with our arrangements, to give an extract from this novel in our present number. We must, however, confine ourselves to a general recommendation.

Magpie Castle; 1 vol: by Theodore Hook. E. L. Carey and A. Hart.—This is one of the finest trifles we have had the pleasure of looking into for many years. Hook is a writer more entirely original in his manner of thinking and speaking than many of his literary brethren who possess a greater reputation.

The American Journal of Science and the Arts, by Benjamin Silliman, M. D., L. L. D. &c. Vol. XXVIII—No. 11. New Haven: Hezekiah Howe & Co.—We are glad to see that this admirable Journal is no longer in immediate danger of decline. It is the only work of the kind in the United States, and it would be positively disgraceful to let it perish from a want of that patronage which, in the opinion of all proper judges, it so pre-eminently deserves. We perceive a suggestion in the New York American on this subject—an appeal to the lovers of sound knowledge, calling upon them for their aid in behalf of the Journal, and urging them not to let slip any opportunity of speaking a word in its favor. To this appeal we take pleasure in cordially responding. We positively can call to mind, at this moment, *no work whatever*, more richly deserving of support; and it *must* be supported, if only for the justice of the thing—it *will* be supported, we believe, for the credit of the country. The present number, among many well written articles of pure science, contains not a few of universal and practical interest to the people. We beg leave also to call the attention of our readers to the very interesting paper entitled "An Ascent to the summit of the Popocatepetl, the highest point of the Mexican Andes, eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea." We have been nearly tempted to extract the entire article.

The Manual of Phrenology; 1 vol. 350 pp. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. This is a summary of Dr. Gall's system, and a translation from the fourth Paris edition. We might as well make up our minds to listen patiently.

Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha, by Beckford, the author of Vathek, have been recently published in London. We have had occasion before to speak of the author of Vathek, and, without having seen this his last production, we have taken up an idea that it must bear a family resemblance to that heterogeneous, tumid, and blasphemous piece of *Easternism*, by which Mr. Beckford has acquired so much notoriety. We hope not, however, for the writer's sake, who is undoubtedly a man of genius and fine imagination. However this matter may eventuate—whether we prove to be true prophets, or false—one thing is certain: the work of which we are now speaking, as indeed any book whatever from the same pen, will be read with eagerness; and this for no better reason which we can discover, than that the world have habituated themselves to mix up in their fancy the mind and writings with the former fine house and furniture of Mr. Beckford—the gorgeous nonsense of Vathek, with the vast and absolute magnificence of the Abbey of Fonthill. We predict for the book a rapid sale in this country. The notices which we have seen merely speak of it as a charming specimen of a book made up from nothing at all. It is said, however, to give a faithful picture of monastic life, and a sprightly view of Portugal in 1794.

P. S. It appears that we have not been altogether mistaken in our pre-supposition touching this book. The *Recollections* consist of little more than a glowing description of monastic epicurism and *gourmandise*.

The Wife and Woman's Reward, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, editress of the London Court Journal, has been republished by the Harpers. We have merely glanced at the book, and can therefore say very little about it. Mrs. Norton's name however is high authori-

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ty. She has written some of the most touching verses in the language, imbued with poetry and passion: and since we saw her lately at breakfast in Frazer's Magazine, we have fallen positively in love with her, and intend to look with a favorable eye upon each and all of her future productions.

The Brothers, a Tale of the Fronde; 2 vols. New York: Harper and Brothers.—This novel is from the pen of Mr. Herbert of New York, one of the editors of the American Monthly Magazine. Detached chapters of it have appeared from time to time in that journal, and gave indication of the glowing talent which is now so apparent in the entire work. As an historical novel, in excellent keeping, written with great fluency and richness of diction, we know of (nothing?) from the American press possessing higher claims than *The Brothers* of Mr. Herbert.

Letters to Young Ladies; by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. W. Watson of Hartford, has just published a second edition of this little volume. It contains 200 pages, and consists of twelve letters on subjects appertaining to the female character. Mrs. Sigourney blends a strong and commanding good sense, with the loftier qualities of the poet. She has written nothing which is not, in its particular way, excellent.

Hilliard, Gray & Co. have just published *The Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language, with Pronouncing Vocabularies of Classical, Scriptural and Modern Geographical Names, by J. E. Worcester; 1 vol. 12 mo.* Also—*An Elementary Dictionary for Common Schools, &c. &c.; by the same.* The latter of these two works is merely a condensation of the former; and is in so much to be preferred, as it omits references and authority—giving, in cases of doubt, what is deemed upon the whole the proper pronunciation. The Comprehensive Dictionary was first published in 1830. Several editions have been since printed. It contains 6000 words more than Walker.

Matsells, of Chatham, New York, has published *A Few Days in Athens, being a translation of a Greek M.S. discovered in Herculaneum; by Frances Wright.*—We have been sadly puzzled what idea to attach to this very odd annunciation—the book itself we have not yet been able to obtain. What it is, and what it is not, must deeply concern every lover of Fanny Wright, pure Greek, and perfect independence.

We perceive that J. N. Reynolds' Voyage of the United States' Frigate Potomac—Dr. Bird's Infidel—Tocqueville's Democracy in America—Professor Longfellow's Outre-Mer—and John P. Kennedy's Horse-Shoe Robinson—all of which we noticed favorably in the Messenger—are highly praised in the London Literary Gazette. Outre-Mer sells in that city for nearly $5—Horse-Shoe Robinson, and the Infidel, for $6 50 each.

A superb work has appeared in Paris—*Descriptions of the French Possessions in India*, viz: Views of the Coromandel and Madras Coasts—Sketches of the Temples, Gods, Costumes, &c. of the inhabitants of French India. The book is richly ornamented with lithographic plates of exquisite finish, and altogether the publication is worthy of the government under whose direction it has been gotten up.

The July number of the London New Monthly Magazine contains a portrait of Mrs. Hemans (from the bust by Angus Kecher,) engraved on steel by Thompson. This is the only likeness of Mrs. Hemans ever published. There is also an article by Willis entitled *The Gipsey of Sardis.* Since the secession of Campbell in 1831, Samuel Carter Hall has edited the New Monthly—the editorship of Bulwer only enduring for a short interval.

Robert Gilfillan, of Edinburg, the Scottish lyrical writer, has published a second edition of his songs. Some of them are said to be of surpassing beauty.

Mr. Hoskins' *Travels in Ethiopia above the Second Cataract of the Nile*, are very highly spoken of. The work is a large quarto; and the expense of getting it up has been so great, as to leave its author no chance of remuneration. It contains ninety illustrations, by a Neapolitan artist of great eminence. The risk attending the publication of so valuable a book, will operate to deter any American bookseller from attempting it.

The new number of Lardner's Cyclopædia is *A History of Greece, vol. 1, by the Rev. C. Thirwall, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.* There will be three volumes of it. Alas, for our old and valued friend, Oliver Goldsmith! The book is said to be faithful—but very stupid.

Anecdotes of Washington, illustrative of his patriotism and courage, piety and benevolence, is the title of one of the last of the "*Books for the Young.*" It is a Scottish publication.

Sir James Mackintosh has just issued *A View of the Reign of James II, from his accession to the enterprize of the Prince of Orange. The History of the Revolution in England in 1688*, a late work by the same author, sold for three guineas: it was reprinted by the Harpers. The present book is said to be nothing more than a part of the former work in a new dress.

The Honorable Arthur Trevor has issued a volume of *The Life and Times of William III, King of England, and Stadtholder of Holland.*

Irving's Crayon Sketches, Parts I and II, have been reprinted in Paris by Galignani. *Fanny Kemble* has been also reprinted there.

Captain Ross, the hero of the North Pole, is losing ground in public favor. Singular discrepancies are said to have been discovered in his last volume, between his map and his text.

Sketches of American Literature, by Flint, are in course of publication in the London Athenæum. They are not very highly spoken of—being called abstruse and dull.

The finest edition ever yet published of Milton's Paradise Lost, is that of Sir Egerton Brydges, of which the first volume is already issued. It contains the first six books—an engraving from Romney's picture "Milton Dictating to his Daughter," and a fine vignette, "The Expulsion," by J. M. W. Turner, R. A. The edition will be completed in six vols.

The Right Hon. J. P. Courtney has in press "*Memoirs of the Life, Works, and Correspondence of Sir William Temple.*

James, the author of Darnley, has completed the *Life of Edward the Black Prince.*

Lady Dacre, who wrote the *Tales of a Chaperon*, has published *Tales of the Peerage and Peasantry.* The work is ostensibly *edited* by Lady Dacre, but there can be no

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doubt of her having written it. Every lover of fine writing must remember the story of *Ellen Wareham* in the Tales of a haperon. Positively we have never seen any thing of the kind more painfully interesting, with the single exception of the Bride of Lammermuir. The Tales in the present volumes are *The Countess of Nithsdale*, *The Hampshire Cottage*, and *Blanche*.

Willis' *Pencillings by the Way* are regularly republished in the Liverpool Journal.

The *Canzoniere of Dante* has been translated by C. Lyell with absolute fidelity, and of course with correspondent awkwardness.

Barry Cornwall's *Life of Edmund Kean* is severely handled in Blackwood's Magazine for July.

The seventh Bridgewater Treatise has appeared in two volumes. It is by the Rev. W. Kirby, the naturalist, and treats of *The History, Habits, and Instincts of Animals*. The article on the Bridgewater Treatises in the London Quarterly (we believe,) is one of the most admirable essays ever penned—we allude to the paper entitled *The Universe and its Author*.

A second edition of *Social Evils*, by Mrs. Sherwood, has appeared. Mrs. S. is now well advanced in years.

A political novel is also in press—*Mephistopheles in England, or the Confessions of a Prime Minister*.

The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, is in preparation by Lister, author of Granby.

Joanna Baillie is about to issue three new volumes of *Dramas on the Passions*. She is, in our opinion, the first literary lady in England.

The London Quarterly Review is especially severe on Fanny Kemble's Journal—while an article on the same subject in the last New England Review is as particularly lenient. The paper in the Quarterly is from the pen of Lockhart.

Dr. Bird is preparing for the press a new novel under the name of *The Hawks of Hawk's Hollow*. The adventures of a band of refugees, who during the revolutionary war infested the banks of the Delaware, will form the groundwork of the story.

Halleck's Poems are in press, and will speedily be published. This announcement has been received with universal pleasure. As a writer of light, airy and graceful things, Halleck is inimitable.

Mr. Simms, author of the *Yemassee*, has in preparation a novel founded upon incidents in the war of the revolution in South Carolina. He will thus find himself at issue with Mr. Kennedy in Horse-Shoe Robinson. De Kalb, Marion, Gates, and a host of other worthies will figure in the pages of Mr. Simms.

We are looking for *The Gift* with great anxiety. This annual will have few, perhaps *no* rivals any where. Its embellishments are of the very highest order of excellence; and a galaxy of talent has been enlisted in its behalf. It is edited by Miss Leslie, and will be issued from the press of Carey and Lea early in September.

In conclusion. Charles Kemble is reported to have said that Fanny's is, beyond doubt, the best and truest book ever published, with the exception of Byron and the Bible.

To Readers and Correspondents.

It has been our custom, hitherto, to offer some few *Editorial Remarks* explanatory, complimentary, or otherwise, upon each individual article in every Messenger. For this we had many reasons which it will be unnecessary to mention in detail. But although, in the infancy of our journal, such a course might have seemed to us expedient, we are *now* under no obligation to continue it. We shall therefore, for the future, suffer our various articles to speak for themselves, and depend upon their intrinsic merit for support.

In our next will appear No. VIII of the Tripoline Sketches: No. III of the Autobiography of Pertinax Placid: and many other papers which we have been forced for the present to exclude. Many poetical favors are under consideration.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity again to solicit contributions, especially from our Southern acquaintances. While we shall endeavor to render the Messenger acceptable to all, it is more particularly our desire to give it as as much as possible a *Southern* character and aspect, and to identify its interests and associations with those of the region in which it has taken root.

As one or two of the criticisms in relation to the Tales of our contributor, Mr. Poe, have been directly at variance with those generally expressed, we take the liberty of inserting here an extract from a *letter* (signed by three gentlemen of the highest standing in literary matters) which we find in the Baltimore Visiter. This paper having offered a premium for the best Prose Tale, and also one for the best Poem—*both* these premiums were awarded by the committee to Mr. Poe. The award was, however, subsequently altered, so as to exclude Mr. P. from the second premium, in consideration of his having obtained the higher one. Here follows the extract.

"Among the prose articles offered were many of various and distinguished merit; but the singular force and beauty of those sent by the author of the *Tales of the Folio Club*, leave us no room for hesitation in that department. We have accordingly awarded the premium to a Tale entitled *MS. found in a Bottle*. It would hardly be doing justice to the writer of this collection to say that the Tale we have chosen is the best of the six offered by him. We cannot refrain from saying that the author owes it to his own reputation, as well as to the gratification of the community, to publish the entire volume, (the Tales of the Folio Club.) These Tales are eminently distinguished by a wild, vigorous, and poetical imagination—a rich style—a fertile invention—and varied and curious learning.

(Signed) JOHN P. KENNEDY,
J. H. B. LATROBE,
JAMES H. MILLER."

We presume this letter must set the question at rest. Lionizing is one of the Tales here spoken of—The Visionary is another. The *Tales of the Folio Club* are sixteen in all, and we believe it is the author's intention to publish them in the autumn. When such men as Miller, Latrobe, Kennedy, Tucker, and Paulding speak unanimously of any literary productions in terms of exalted commendation, it is nearly unnecessary to say that we are willing to abide by their decision.

In every publication like ours, a brief sentence or paragraph is often wanted for the filling out a column, and in such cases it is customary to resort to selection. We think it as well, therefore, to mention that, in all similar instances, we shall make use of *original* matter.

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. I.] RICHMOND, SEPTEMBER 1835. [No. 13.

T. W. WHITE, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR. FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

☞ The present number closes the first volume of the Messenger; and accompanying it, the Publisher will transmit to each subscriber a title page and copious Index to the volume. Gratified that his past endeavors to please, have been crowned with success—the Publisher anticipates with confidence that, with the continued patronage of the public, the forthcoming volume shall in no respect be behind, if it does not greatly outstrip its predecessor.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

And Present Condition of Tripoli, with some account of the other Barbary States.

NO. VIII.—[*Continued.*]

In the beginning of April 1816, Admiral Lord Exmouth, Commander of the British naval forces in the Mediterranean, arrived at Algiers commissioned by his Government to negotiate with the Dey, in favor of some of the inferior powers, which were in alliance with or under the protection of Great Britain, and in order to give greater weight to his arguments, he was accompanied by a fleet consisting of six sail of the line, and nineteen frigates and smaller vessels.

The particulars of this negotiation have never been made public; from what has transpired, it appears that the Admiral began by exacting conditions much less favorable to Algiers, than those which he finally subscribed. Whatever may have been those terms, the Dey refused to admit them, and demonstrations were made on both sides, of an appeal to arms; the negotiations were however renewed, and on the 4th, engagements were concluded, to which upon the whole the Dey could have made no objections. The Ionian Islands which had been placed under the protection of Great Britain, were to be respected as part of the British dominions; and thirty-three slaves, natives of Malta and Gibraltar (British possessions) were liberated without ransom. A treaty of peace was made with Sardinia, by which that country was placed on the same footing with Great Britain, except that a present not exceeding in value five thousand pounds sterling, was to be paid on the arrival of each of its Consuls at Algiers; the Sardinian captives were to be restored, on payment by that Government of five hundred dollars per man. These terms may be considered as fair, and the King of Sardinia who had just received Genoa from the hands of the British, acknowledged his obligations for this additional favor. But the treaty by which the Government of the Two Sicilies was bound to ransom its subjects at the price of one thousand dollars each, and to pay an annual tribute of twenty-four thousand dollars, besides Consular presents, could scarcely have been considered as a boon in Naples, and it must have consoled Omar for the concessions made to other two powers.*

Before the departure of Lord Exmouth, an American squadron of two frigates and two sloops of war, under Commodore Shaw, came to Algiers with the ostensible purpose of presenting to the Dey a copy of the treaty, signed in the preceding year, with the ratifications by the President of the United States. Other circumstances however had rendered its appearance necessary.

The treaty concluded with the United States under the guns of Decatur's ships, was more mortifying to the Algerines than any which had previously been made with a Christian nation; captives had been surrendered without ransom, property seized had been restored, and the right of demanding tribute or presents had been distinctly renounced. The Dey saw that his credit would be seriously impaired when these engagements should become publicly known; he suspected that had he held out longer, he might have escaped the humiliation, and he flattered himself that he might still retrieve what had been lost. No Barbary sovereign ever considered it incumbent on him to observe a treaty longer than it was compatible with his interests; yet every man, however rude may be his ideas of moral conduct, knows the advantage of being, or of seeming to be in the right. With these views Omar determined to seek, and he accordingly soon found a pretext for quarrel.

It has been stated that the Algerine brig taken by the Americans and sent into Carthagena, had been there detained by the authorities, on the plea of irregularity in the capture, but really in order that the Spanish Government might obtain some concessions from the Dey in return for the vessel. Omar did not fail to express to the Consul, at first his surprise, then his indignation at this delay, which he insisted was a violation of the treaty. Mr. Shaler endeavored to reason with him, and renewed his assurances that the brig would be soon restored; but he became daily more open in his threats, and more insulting in his language, until the Consul not knowing to what lengths his arrogant folly might lead him, requested Commodore Shaw who had just reached Mahon, to come with his whole force to Algiers.

Immediately after the arrival of the squadron the Consul demanded an audience of the Dey, and presented to him the ratified treaty, in which no alteration had been made by the American Government. Omar was at that moment elated by his success in obtaining such immense sums from Sardinia and Naples, through the agency of their kind and generous patrons the British, and he determined if possible to make the Americans pay as dearly for his friendship. He therefore at first pretended not to understand the meaning of this second treaty as he termed it; he however admitted though with apparent unwillingness the explanation of Mr. Shaler, and having called for the original Arabic copy signed in the preceding year, compared it with that now offered. This examination being ended, the

* The King of Sardinia, besides the Island from which his title is derived, possesses Savoy, Piedmont and Genoa on the continent of Europe; he likewise styles himself sovereign of Corsica, Sicily, Rhodes, Cyprus and Jerusalem. The King of Naples is styled the King of the Two Sicilies.

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Dey insisted that the treaty ratified by the President was essentially different from his own copy; that several clauses had been varied, and others which he had been particular in having inserted, were altogether omitted; among the latter he cited one binding the United States to pay a certain sum on the presentation of each of their Consuls, which indeed existed in the Arabic version but had been fraudulently introduced without the knowledge of the American Commissioners. He dwelt on the delay in restoring the brig, as an instance of flagrant disregard of engagements on the part of the Americans, who he considered had thus shewn themselves unworthy of confidence, and concluded by declaring that the treaty with them was null and void. The next day the Prime Minister returned the ratified copy to Mr. Shaler using the most insulting language on the occasion; and when the Consul warned him of the consequences which might ensue, he replied with a sneer that his master entertained no apprehensions, "as he had been assured by the British that the Americans had neither ships nor money."

Mr. Shaler at this immediately retired on board the squadron; Omar then became more reasonable, and after some days negotiation, he agreed to submit the questions of the brig and of the future relations between the two countries to the President of the United States in a letter from himself, and to observe the treaty of 1815 until the answer could be received. He accordingly wrote to the President on the 24th of April, recapitulating, according to his own views, the occurrences which attended the signature of the treaty, and declaring that as it had been violated by the Americans themselves, a new one must be made, to which effect he proposed a renewal of the treaty of 1796.

Lord Exmouth having obtained the results above stated at Algiers, sailed with his fleet for Tunis where similar arrangements were subscribed at once by the Bey; the Sardinian captives were restored without ransom, and the Neapolitans were liberated on payment by the Sicilian Government of three hundred dollars for each. The Pasha of Tripoli also willingly got rid of his remaining slaves from those countries at the prices proposed by the British Commander, and the Sovereigns of both these Regencies promised, that prisoners taken in war with Christian nations should not in future be made slaves. The Admiral then returned to Algiers, where he at length ventured to require from the Dey a similar abolition of slavery in his dominions. Omar in reply manifested his surprise at this demand, which was indeed at variance with those made and assented to a few weeks before; he however submitted it to his Divan* and soldiery, and having received assurances of their support, he declared that as Algiers was a dependency of the Porte, he could not enter into such an engagement without authority from his Suzerain, and he therefore required six months delay before he could give a final answer. Lord Exmouth granted him but three hours, and gave evidences of an intention to bombard the city. Omar showed no backwardness, and considering the war begun, he imprisoned the British Consul, and sent orders to the Governors of the other ports of the Regency to seize all vessels which might be lying in them under the flag of his enemies; the Admiral however thought proper to agree to a truce during the time demanded by him, and even sent a frigate to bear his Ambassador to Constantinople.

The treaty between the United States and Algiers having been by this time published in Europe, its conditions excited great attention, as they were infinitely less favorable to the latter party than those which had been obtained up to that period, by any Christian Power; numerous speculations were formed by politicians as to the probability of their being maintained, and the movements of the American squadron in the Mediterranean were attentively noted in the public prints. The eighteenth article of this treaty provides—that American armed vessels should be allowed to bring their prizes into the ports of the Regency and to dispose of them there, while those of nations at war with the United States were to be obliged to depart with their prizes as soon as they had procured the requisite supply of provisions and water. The evident partiality displayed in this article induced Lord Exmouth to demand explanations on the subject from the Dey; Omar however soon satisfied his Lordship by an assurance that he had no intention to observe it or any other stipulation contained in the treaty.

The British fleet quitted Algiers about the middle of May and returned to England where a great portion of the seamen were discharged, and the ships were ordered to be dismantled. No official announcement had been made of the results of the expedition, but the general tenor of the engagements entered into were sufficiently understood, and the newspapers of England and France were filled with articles, in which they were severely reprobated and contrasted with those dictated by the Americans with the aid of a trifling force. In Parliament Mr. Brougham on the 18th of June, called for the production of the treaty which had been made with Algiers, declaring that if the terms were really such as were supposed, "a great stain would be fixed on the character of the country, as they distinctly acknowledged the right of depredation exercised by these Barberians by providing a ransom for the slaves whom they had made." Lord Cochrane insisted that "two sail of the line would have been sufficient to compel the Dey of Algiers to any terms." Lord Castlereagh the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs evaded the call for the treaty, stating however "that the cause of humanity had been materially advanced by the negotiations which had been carried on, as it was for the first time agreed to by the Dey of Algiers, that captives should be considered and treated on the European footing as prisoners of war, and set at liberty at the conclusion of every peace." This declaration was probably considered by that ingenious statesman as *a necessary fiction*. The British Government however felt that more was required of it by the nation, and a circumstance soon occurred which afforded an excuse for the employment of

* The Divan of Algiers consisted originally of all the soldiers and civil officers of the Government; it had however become a mere name, and was scarcely ever convened, until Omar formally assembled one, on a much more limited scale however, in order to deliberate upon the propositions of Lord Exmouth. It then again acquired importance; which it lost when the Dey in 1817 transferred his residence to the Casauba. The members of the Government of Algiers besides the Dey were, the Hasnagee or Minister of Finance, the Aga who was Commander in Chief and Minister of War, the Vikel Adgee or Minister of Marine, the Khogia de Cavallas or Adjutant General, and the Bet el Mel or Judge of inheritances.

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measures better calculated to secure the public voice in its favor.

The rocks at the bottom of the sea near some parts of the shores of Algiers and Tunis are covered with coral of the finest quality; on these coasts, the British and French have long maintained establishments, to which persons provided with their license annually resorted in the spring in order to fish for this substance. The establishments of the French were at Calle and Bastion-de-France, where they had forts and even claimed the sovereignty of the territory, paying however a large sum yearly to the Governments of those Regencies. The coral fishers under British license were nearly all natives of the Italian States and islands; they assembled principally at Bona, a small and ruinous place in Algiers about four hundred miles west of the capital, occupying the site of the celebrated ancient city of Hippo-Regius, where resided a Vice Consul of Great Britain, and a number of magazines were erected for the reception of the coral and of goods brought for sale; there was no fort and no pretension was made to jurisdiction over the territory. While the British fleet was lying before Algiers, and the Dey was momentarily in expectation of an attack, he despatched an order to his Aga or Governor of Bona, to secure all persons living there under the protection of Great Britain. Owing to the great distance from Algiers, this order did not arrive until the 23d of May, by which time the truce with Great Britain had been agreed to, and the fleet had quitted the African coast. The Aga on receiving the commands of the Dey, instantly sent out his whole force to seize the Christians, but the latter being more numerous than the Algerines, made resistance and several persons were killed on both sides. The people of the country and neighborhood, however coming to the aid of the soldiers, the Europeans were overpowered, some escaped in their boats, and some were murdered by the exasperated soldiers and populace; the rest were dragged to prison, and their magazines and dwellings including that of the British Vice Consul were pillaged. This is a simple statement of the facts as subsequently ascertained; the occurrence was indeed to be lamented, but there is no reason for attributing it to any predetermined motive either on the part of the Dey or of his agents; it might have happened in the best regulated country, and as Shaler observes, is by far more defensible than the massacre of the American prisoners by the British soldiers at Dartmoor. That the Dey had a right to order the seizure of persons living in his dominions under the flag of a nation with which he conceived himself engaged in hostilities, cannot be disproved; and the Europeans by their resistance subjected themselves to the chances of war. Mr. Shaler justly censures Lord Exmouth for not having taken measures to protect the sufferers at Bona which he might easily have done as he passed by the place on his way from Tunis.

The British government however chose to regard the affair as an act of signal atrocity, and without waiting to demand explanations on the subject, prepared immediately to avenge the cause of humanity, and to chastise the Algerines for the insult offered to the national flag. A fleet of five sail of the line, five frigates, five sloops of war and forty smaller vessels, accordingly sailed from Gibraltar under Lord Exmouth on the 14th of August, 1816; and having been joined by a Dutch squadron of five frigates and a sloop, under Admiral Van Capellen, the whole armament appeared before Algiers on the 27th of that month. Before detailing the operations of this force, it will be proper to give some account of the situation and defences of the place against which it was sent.

Algiers stands on the western side of a semicircular bay, the shore of which between the two Capes at its extremities, extends about fifteen miles. Of these Capes the eastern is called Cape Matifou; the shore of the bay on this side and on the south, is low and level, offering every where facilities for landing, which circumstances induced Charles the Fifth to disembark his army there, on his unfortunate expedition in 1541. Since that period, a number of strong batteries have been erected along the edge of the bay, connected by lines which if well manned would render landing impracticable. The western side of the bay is formed by a ridge of hills, which terminate on the north in a bold promontory called Ras Acconnater or Cape Caxine; this ridge separates the bay of Algiers from that of Sidi Ferruch where the French forces landed in 1830.

The city is built upon the declivity of a steep hill, about three miles south-east of Cape Caxine. Its general form presents a triangular outline, and the houses being all white it has the appearance of a sail when seen from a distance at sea. One side is on the bay, the walls on the other two sides extend up the hill from the water's edge; they are about thirty feet in height and twelve in thickness, built of brick, with towers at intervals, and a shallow ditch on the outside. At the place where these walls meet, is situated the Casauba or citadel, an octagon fort separated from the houses of the town by a deep moat, and which has served since 1817 as the treasury and palace of the Dey. About a mile south-east of the Casauba on a hill completely commanding the city, was a square castle of brick, mounting sixty guns, called the Kallahai or Emperor's Castle, which name it derived from occupying the spot where Charles the Fifth pitched his tent. Two other forts situated near the shore, one north of the city called Akoleit, and the other south called Babazon, mounting about thirty guns each, completed the fortifications of the place on the main land as they existed in 1816. They were of little importance in a military point of view, being intended principally to keep the inhabitants in order; they however served as effectual protections against the attacks of the Arabs and Kabyles. The whole circumference of the town does not exceed a mile and a half, and there are scarcely any suburbs, the ground around the walls being devoted to cemeteries and gardens. The houses are closely built, the streets being with one or two exceptions narrow tortuous lanes, many of them covered over: the mosques, bazaars and public buildings are generally inferior in size and style. The population has been variously estimated, but the researches made by the French since their capture of the place, show that it has never exceeded fifty thousand, including the Turkish garrison, the number of which varied between seven and ten thousand.

The defences on the sea side were indeed formidable. Opposite and eastward of the city, at the distance of two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards was a

little island, from which the place derives its name *Al Gezeir* or *the island;* it has been however connected with the main land by a solid causeway of stone, and the whole together forms a continued mole. The space of sea opposite the city thus partially enclosed by the mole is the harbor, which opens directly to the south, and does not exceed seven acres in extent. On the mole are the offices and magazines of the marine department which are surrounded by fortifications, mounting at that time two hundred large guns and fourteen mortars.

The Dey had received notice of the approach of this expedition, and made every exertion to place his capital in a state to resist it. The ships were all called in and disposed in the harbor so as to present of themselves a formidable show of guns; the fortifications were strengthened, and temporary batteries were thrown up on proper points which made the whole line not less than three miles in length. In addition to the garrison on the bay a number of Arabs said to be forty thousand, were collected to secure the place against an attack by land.

The combined squadrons having every thing in readiness, on the morning of the 27th a flag of truce was sent to Algiers, to urge the Dey once more to accept the conditions of peace; after a delay of three hours, the flag returned without any answer having been received. Omar did not think proper, or did not dare assent to the terms offered; there was probably however much discussion in the Divan: it is otherwise difficult to account for the circumstance that the British Consul was not disturbed until after the action was begun, or for the oversight committed by the Algerines, in allowing the enemy's ships to advance and take their stations without interruption. Lord Exmouth was so much surprised at this inaction, that as he says, "he began to suspect a full compliance with the terms offered." Omar afterwards endeavored to excuse his fault, by asserting that he had been deceived by the advance of the British, under the false pretext of the flag of truce.

The British Admiral being thus undisturbed, passed the morning in arranging his forces according to the plan previously resolved on, which was to concentrate their effects entirely on the mole and shipping, his object being to destroy the fortifications and navy as soon as possible, and to do no injury which could be avoided to the town. His own ship the Queen Charlotte of one hundred guns was drawn up and anchored within fifty yards of the southern extremity of the mole, the others were distributed at points more or less distant from the batteries, but all much nearer than had been customary on previous occasions of a similar nature. At three o'clock the action was begun by a shot from the mole at the Queen Charlotte which being instantly returned the action became general. In twenty minutes the marine batteries were silenced, and the defenders endeavoring to escape from them along the causeway, were mowed down by the guns of the ships; they however returned to their posts and kept up a desultory fire throughout the afternoon. At eight o'clock the whole of the Algerine shipping in the harbor was in flames, presenting a spectacle of terrific sublimity; the fortifications of the mole were soon after abandoned by the defenders, being reduced to an untenable state by the effects of the bombardment and of the explosion vessels. At ten o'clock the ammunition of the attacking fleet began to fail, but the British Admiral saw that sufficient damage had been done; he therefore took advantage of a breeze which sprung up at that time and drew off his ships.

The next morning Lord Exmouth again sent to know whether the Dey would accept the terms offered on the 27th. Omar declared his own unwillingness to yield, and his readiness to abandon the city in preference; but he was overruled by his Divan, and having reluctantly agreed to submit to them, the Chevalier d'Ankarloo the Swedish Consul, (since Chargé d'Affaires of Sweden in the United States,) was requested by him to go on board the British fleet and make the necessary arrangements in behalf of Algiers. On the 29th a convention was signed, the conditions of which were—the delivery of all slaves in Algiers without ransom, and the abolition of christian slavery in those dominions for ever—the restitution of all sums paid as ransom within the year 1816, including three hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars which had been paid by Naples and twenty-five thousand five hundred by Sardinia, according to the terms of the treaty signed in April preceding—reparation to the British Consul for all losses sustained by him in consequence of his confinement, and an apology to be made by the Dey publicly in presence of his ministers and officers.

Of the combined fleets no vessel was lost; the number of killed on board them was one hundred and fifty-one, of wounded seven hundred and fifty-seven. On the side of the Algerines, there is no means of ascertaining with precision the amount of killed and wounded; the result of the inquiries made, however, gives every reason for believing it to have been much less than that sustained by the attacking party. The city was severely damaged; the houses bordering on the harbor being but little protected by defensive works, were nearly demolished; among these was the dwelling of the American Consul, who did not leave it during the action, but continued at his post calmly recording his observations, while the shells were bursting around him. The fortifications of the mole were much injured; the arsenal and magazines of the marine, with the greater part of the timber, ammunition and stores were destroyed; and the whole navy, consisting of four large frigates, five corvettes, and thirty gun-boats was consumed.

Information of what had been effected at Algiers, was instantly communicated to the British Consuls at Tunis and Tripoli, who were instructed to recommend to the sovereigns of those Regencies the instant liberation of their Christian slaves. To this, under the influence of their fears, they immediately assented; and since that period, it is supposed that no Christians have been held in slavery in any part of Barbary; captives have however been since compelled to labor, and ransom has been paid for them. Treaties were also negotiated on terms of equality between each of them, and the Kingdoms of Sardinia and of the Two Sicilies. The Dutch Admiral also concluded a treaty, "renewing and confirming all the articles of peace and friendship agreed to in 1757, between the States' General and the Government of Algiers." He then sailed with his victorious fleet for Tripoli, where he signed another convention, by which his Government engaged to pay to that Regency an annual tribute of five thousand dollars!!

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The bombardment of Algiers by the combined fleets was made the subject of triumph in Great Britain, and of congratulation throughout Europe; it was extolled as "one of the most glorious achievements in the history of naval warfare," and "as most truly honorable to the British nation, which had, with its characteristic generosity, entirely at its own expense, and purely for the general benefit of mankind, performed this great public service of putting down, with the strong hand, a system of rapacity and cruelty." We may be permitted to examine how far this eulogium is merited.

From the accounts already given of the occurrences in April and May preceding the expedition, some judgment may be formed of the motives by which it was occasioned. It has been stated that the British Admiral in May, gave up the immediate prosecution of the demands to enforce which he had visited Algiers with his immense fleet, agreeing to await the decision of the Sultan, with regard to their admission by the Dey. Now the independence of Algiers had long been recognized by treaties, and was known to exist *de facto;* the reference to the Porte could only have been a pretext on the part of the Dey, in order to adjourn the decision of the question, and it is difficult to conceive how Lord Exmouth could have viewed it in any other light. However the British Government on his return must either have calculated upon the Dey's accession to the conditions required, or have determined to abandon their enforcement; for certainly we cannot otherwise account for the dismantling of the fleet, and the discharge of the seamen, when they would have been required at the end of six months. The probability is strong, that the ministry had no intentions to quarrel with "their ancient ally," until public opinion forced them to do so; and that they seized on the "massacre at Bona," as the pretext, when there was no other means of escaping the necessity.

The British expedition against Algiers was indeed prepared and supported entirely at the expense of the British nation, and conducted to its conclusion with that skill and gallantry, for the display of which the experience of ages gave the strongest assurance. For the first time also, was the abolition of Christian slavery in general, and the delivery of all Christian slaves required of a Barbary Power. These were indeed benefits to mankind, and the fact that Christians have not been since enslaved in Barbary, would seem of itself to offer a sufficient justification of the expedition; but history in every page warns us against estimating the propriety of measures by the importance of their consequences, however well ascertained. The engagement made by the Dey to abolish slavery in his dominions, was only of value as it gave those to whom it was made, a right to enforce its observance; experience had already proved that national faith was unknown in Barbary, and within three years after the promise had been given by Omar, his successor refused to abide by it. Algiers was left by Lord Exmouth in enjoyment of all the rights of an independent nation; the Dey could make war on whom he pleased, provided he did not enslave his prisoners, that is to say compel them to labor. Now this enslavement was but a small portion of the evil caused by the Barbary States; the number of persons reduced to servitude in them was never large, and the produce of their labor added to the sums received for their ransom, was scarcely more than sufficient to pay the expense of keeping them; their condition was indeed generally better than that of the prisoners of war in other countries. Piracy was the true ground of complaint against the Barbary Regencies, and more on account of the restraint it imposed upon the commerce of the lesser nations, than of the outrages actually committed. Without the support and encouragement of Great Britain, it would long since have ceased, and if the world owes her Government any thanks, it is for the adoption of a more just course of conduct by itself, for the abandonment of that selfish policy to which the Barbary States had so long been indebted for their impunity. Those who now entertain the political opinions which guided the British Administration in 1815 regard the bombardment of Algiers as a blunder, similar to the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino, and the Conservative Journals of London occasionally express their regrets at the pursuance of that system which allows the vessels of all nations to navigate the Mediterranean without dreading the pirates of Africa.*

Notwithstanding the Dey's promise to Mr. Shaler, that he would observe the treaty of 1815 with the United States, the Consul saw from various circumstances, that he had determined to break it on the first favorable opportunity; and as a large American force was expected in the Mediterranean in the course of the summer, he sent letters to Gibraltar requesting the officer who might command it, to visit Algiers as soon as convenient. The American squadron consisting of a ship of the line, three frigates and two sloops under Commodore Isaac Chauncey, entered the Mediterranean about the middle of August, and appeared before Algiers immediately after the departure of the combined fleets. On its arrival Omar saw that he had been deceived as to the power of the Americans, and he therefore at once requested, that things might remain as they were until the receipt of the President's letter. Algiers was then entirely defenceless, the fortifications were in ruins, the soldiers dispirited and the people rebellious; a few broadsides from the American force would have battered the town to pieces. But it was determined between the Consul and Commodore Chauncey, that no advantage should be taken of the condition of things, to exact a specific acceptance of the treaty, and the Dey's request was acceded to; Mr. Shaler however quitted Algiers with the squadron, which sailed for Gibraltar to await the arrival of orders from the United States.

The President's reply came in December; it is but justice to the eminent persons (Madison and Monroe) who signed it, to say that it is remarkable for the dig-

* That no war was expected, appears clearly from the statement made in the House of Lords on the 3d of February, 1817, by Viscount Melville, then first Lord of the Admiralty, that "in the month of June when Lord Exmouth returned from the Mediterranean, with the fleet under his command, as usual at the close of a war, that fleet was dismantled and the crews paid off and disbanded. When the expedition against Algiers was determined upon, it became necessary to collect men," &c. On the same day Lord Castlereagh stated in the House of Commons, that "during the last session, when the thanks of the House were given to several of our gallant officers for their conduct in the late war, he entertained an earnest hope that a long course of years would have elapsed before it would be again necessary to perform that ceremony."

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nity and temperance which pervade it. A series of arguments based on abstract principles of International Law or Political Economy, would have been addressed in vain to a merely clever barbarian, while diplomatic finesse would have been equally ineffectual, with those who never sincere themselves always suspect knavery in others. The impropriety of the complaints respecting the delay in restoring the brig, is simply and dearly exposed; and the fixed determination of the American Government with regard to a return to the principles on which the treaty of 1798 had been based, is conveyed in the assurance that "the United States while they wish for war with no nation, will buy peace with none, it being a principle incorporated into the settled policy of America, that as peace is better than war, so war is better than tribute." In conclusion, Mr. Shaler and Commodore Chauncey were authorized to communicate with the Dey, "for the purpose of terminating the subsisting differences by a mutual recognition and execution of the treaty of 1815."

The Commodore and Mr. Shaler on receiving their commissions, instantly sailed for Algiers with two of the ships, and proposed that the negotiation should be immediately commenced. Omar had been actively engaged, since the departure of Mr. Shaler in repairing his fortifications; but not considering them yet able to withstand an attack, he endeavored to gain time by insisting that the *statu quo* should continue for eight months, on the plea that the President had taken that space to make a reply to his letter. The Commissioners refusing to admit of any delay the Dey yielded; accordingly, the conduct of the negotiation on the part of the United States having been committed entirely to Mr. Shaler, he landed and on the 17th of December presented a note containing the *ultimatum* of his Government. The Dey was required to admit as a preliminary, that the stipulations of the treaty with regard to the restoration of the vessels had been scrupulously fulfilled by the United States; this being admitted, the treaty was to be renewed exactly in its original form, except that the eighteenth article might be altered, so as to annul that portion of it, which gave to the United States advantages in the ports of Algiers over the most favored nations; finally, as it was ascertained that a clause had been introduced into the Arabic translation of the said treaty, contrary to the understanding between the Dey and the American Commissioners who signed it, by which the United States were made to engage to pay a certain sum to Algiers, on the presentation of each of their Consuls, it was distinctly declared, "that no obligation binding the United States to pay any thing to the Regency or to its officers on any occasion whatever, will be agreed to."

The Dey struggled to avoid this additional humiliation, which he had brought upon himself by his ill-timed breach of faith; for he saw clearly that by submitting to it he was hastening the downfall of Algiers and his own destruction. But Shaler possessed in an eminent degree, these two essential qualities of a negotiator, courage and knowledge of the human heart; his contempt of danger had been manifested during the bombardment of the 27th of August; he had never deceived Omar, nor ever suffered him for a moment to suppose that he had been deceived by him, and by thus acting always, fairly and honestly towards him, he had acquired his respect and confidence. After a few days of discussion, the Dey in despair declared, that as misfortune had deprived him of the means of resistance, he would agree to the terms proposed or to any others which might be demanded, provided the Consul would give him a certificate under his hand and seal, that he had compelled him to do so. This was a strange request from an absolute sovereign; however Shaler saw that the unfortunate Omar was no longer at liberty to act as he pleased, but was the mere agent of his Divan; he therefore gave him the required acknowledgment, and the treaty was signed as dictated by the American Commissioners on the 23d of December, 1816.

From that period to the overthrow of the Algerine Government, the intercourse between the United States and this Regency was strictly peaceful. The treaty was rigidly observed by both parties, and a few trifling differences of a personal nature which occurred between the officers of the Government and those attached to the Consulate, were speedily and satisfactorily arranged. This continuation of pacific intercourse, is to be attributed in a great measure to the personal character of the American Consuls, to the respect which they acquired, nay, we are even warranted in saying, to the influence which they maintained over the members of the Algerine Government.

Omar continued his exertions to repair the losses occasioned by the bombardment, and he soon placed the city in a defensible condition; the Sultan presented him with a frigate and two corvettes, and he caused other ships of war to be built at Leghorn. But his popularity had been destroyed by the many adverse circumstances which had marked his reign; he was stigmatized as the *unlucky*, and a plague which ravaged Algiers in 1817 was attributed by the ignorant populace and soldiery to the influence of their ruler's evil star. Several conspiracies were formed against him, which he eluded by his vigilance, but he saw that his end was near, and with honorable forethought, he placed his mother and relations out of danger, by sending them back to his native isle of Mytelene. A plot was at length arranged, which was successful; the principal contrivers were Ali, a violent and fanatical Turk, who had assumed the title of Khogia or *the scribe*, a high literary and theological distinction, and Hussein an officer of repute for his talents, bravery and military skill. The soldiery and Divan entered into the conspiracy, and Omar was strangled on the 8th of September, 1817, without a hand or a voice having been raised in his defence.

Ali Khogia was immediately proclaimed Pasha, and he showed his gratitude to his coadjutor Hussein by making him his Prime Minister. The new Sovereign soon proved himself to be a monster of vice and cruelty, which were rendered still more shocking by his affectation of superior learning and sanctity. "When on public occasions, he was visited by the foreign Consuls," says Shaler, "they, after stumbling over scores of murdered carcases on their way to the hall of audience, always found the Pasha superbly dressed, surrounded by his guards, with a book in his hands, in the contemplation of which he would affect to be interrupted and precipitately lay it aside on their entrance." He set at naught the treaties with foreign nations, acting with violence towards persons living under the protection of their flags, and sending his cruisers to sea with orders

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to search their vessels, while the plague was raging in Algiers. By the active interposition of Mr. Shaler, the commerce and flag of the United States were respected, but several French and Sardinian vessels were taken under various pretences and brought into the ports of the Regency.

Ali Khogia was one of the many Deys, who endeavored to get rid of the foreign soldiery, and to render the crown hereditary in his own family. With this view he transferred his residence and the immense treasures of the State, from the old palace in the city, to the more secure residence of the Casauba, where he surrounded himself by a guard formed of natives; he then commenced his attacks on the Turks, of whom he is said to have despatched fifteen hundred during his short reign of four months. His course was suddenly arrested by the plague, of which he died in January, 1818.

On the death of Ali Khogia, Hussein his Prime Minister assumed the crown, without election and without opposition. He was a native of Salonica, and then about fifty-four years old, a man of bold and unscrupulous character, possessing much sagacity, and even some ideas of true policy; but his irascibility often led him into difficulties, from which his haughtiness and obstinacy prevented his retreating. He was supposed to have councilled the persecution commenced against the Turks by his predecessor; but if so, he must have despaired of its success, for he instantly put an end to it, and invited other soldiers from the East to supply the place of those who had fallen. He however retained the Moorish guards, and continued to reside at the Casauba.

In November, 1818, a Congress composed of Representatives of the Sovereign Powers of Europe, was convened at Aix la Chapelle; where among other things, a resolution was taken, to oblige the Barbary States to conform with the usages of Christian nations, in their intercourse or wars with them; that is to say, to abstain from piracy, not to require tribute as the price of peace, and not to enslave their prisoners taken in war, but to treat them with humanity until they were exchanged. The Kings of Great Britain and France were charged by the other Powers with carrying this resolution into effect; and in consequence a combined English and French squadron under Admirals Freemantle and Jurien de la Graviere appeared at Algiers on the 1st of September, to make known to the Dey the will of their Sovereigns, and to require his compliance. Hussein after deliberating some days, formally refused "to surrender rights, which had been recognized by solemn treaties, and respected by all the world during a succession of ages;" and declared that he would "maintain his privilege to enslave the subjects of those nations with which he had no treaties, or which paid him no tribute." This reply was certainly at variance with the engagements to Lord Exmouth in 1816, but the Admirals could get no other by negotiation, and their force was not sufficient to authorize an attack on the place; perhaps also, they conceived that the appeal made by the Dey to the past, might find a responsive echo in the bosoms of those by whom they were commissioned, and who were so careful in resisting innovations in their own States. The squadrons therefore sailed for Tunis where the answer obtained from Mahmoud was even less satisfactory. In Tripoli, the Pasha met them by expressing his surprise that such a demand should be made of him, when it must have been well known, that he had long reprobated the practice, and shewn every disposition to live in harmony with Christian nations. This latter reply was trumpeted throughout Europe, as a signal advantage secured for the interests of humanity, through the exertions of France and England, while those given by the rulers of Algiers and Tunis were studiously concealed.

This appears to have been the only effort made by the European powers in concert, to enforce the observance by the Barbary States of the principles which regulate intercourse and warfare among more civilized nations; the Governments of Britain and France however, as we shall see, continued separately to maintain those principles; of the other powers each acted for itself, paying, threatening or fighting, as it conceived most proper for its own interests and honor.

In 1812 and 1823, when the insurrection of the Greeks had already assumed so formidable a character, as to require the utmost exertions on the part of the Sultan, each of the Barbary States sent ships to his aid; on this occasion, the Government of Great Britain exacted from the Bey of Tunis a declaration that the Greeks who might be taken by his forces should not be enslaved, but be treated as prisoners of war. No such promise appears recorded on the part of the Dey of Algiers, and the propriety of requiring it for the interests of humanity, may be doubted; a powerful incentive to the continuance of the war against the Greeks would indeed be thus removed; but on the other hand, it might have been supposed that little mercy would be shown to captives who if preserved were to be supported at an expense, while nothing was to be obtained from their labor or for their ransom. This supposition is strengthened by the fact, that an Algerine Ambassador who was sent to London in 1819, propounded to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs the question—"Whether, as his Government had engaged to make no Christian slaves, its cruisers might without offending Great Britain, put to death those of their prisoners whom by treaty they could not reduce to slavery?"

The Algerines sent eight ships to the Archipelago, which returned in the autumn of 1823; how they conducted themselves in the war it is not easy to ascertain; the Dey chose to consider that they had acquired a title to immortal renown, and while elated by their real or fancied successes, he ventured to commit an act of violence against the British Consul, which caused Algiers to undergo another humiliation.

The greater part of the laborers and domestic servants of Algiers, particularly those employed by Foreign Consuls, are of the race of Kabyles, who as before stated, inhabit the mountainous districts of the Regency, and are with good reason supposed to be the descendants of the aboriginal *Nomades*. One of these tribes having made some attacks on the people in the vicinity of Bugia, the Dey on the 22d of October, ordered all the Kabyles in Algiers to be put in confinement. The Consuls of some of the smaller European powers, after a little hesitation, surrendered those in their service; the Agent of the Netherlands offered to his the choice of remaining under his protection, or of escaping; they chose the latter, and his premises were not disturbed. The French Consul at first made a show

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of refusal to deliver his domestics, but afterwards adroitly got rid of the difficulty, by *paying and discharging them;* they were of course immediately arrested. Mr. Shaler and the British representative Macdonnell each indignantly resisted this invasion of privileges, which had always been held as most sacred in Barbary. Mr. Shaler placed his Kabyle servants in his cabinet, where he remained with them, declaring to the Dey that they could only be removed from thence by force, and warning him of the consequences which would attend such an insult to his nation; this determined conduct produced the desired effect, the guards were withdrawn, and the servants of the American Consulate were effectually protected. In treating with semi-barbarians, much depends on the personal character of the agent; Mr. Macdonnell, a mild and amiable old gentleman, devoted to rural pursuits, could not secure for himself that respect, which was enjoyed by the shrewd, energetic and intrepid Shaler; so that notwithstanding he had hoisted the flag of his nation, and placed its seal on the doors of his house, it was forcibly entered by the Algerine guards, and its most private apartments were ransacked in search of the unfortunate servants.

Mr. Macdonnell complained to his Government of this insult, and a frigate was in consequence despatched to Algiers in January 1824, for the purpose of demanding satisfaction, and of requiring that the rights of British Consuls should be guarantied by additional articles to the treaty. These articles were presented to the Dey for his signature; he refused to agree to them, and Mr. Macdonnell embarked with his family on board the frigate, leaving his property under the care of Mr. Shaler.* A large British force was soon collected before the city under the command of Admiral Sir Harry Burrard Neale, who endeavored to negotiate the acceptance of the conditions proposed; the Divan were unanimous in wishing to yield points so unimportant, but Hussein was obstinate, and although he at length on the 28th of March agreed to admit the articles, he would not consent that Mr. Macdonnell should return as Consul to Algiers. The Admiral then declared that war was begun, and that the place was blockaded; but he continued his endeavors to make peace on the terms he had first proposed. At length on the 24th of July, the British force being increased to twenty-three sail, a fire was commenced on the city and batteries, which was instantly returned. On this occasion, a steam vessel was employed, for the first time it is believed in naval warfare; its appearance excited much astonishment on the part of the Algerines, and caused them to direct their fire particularly at it, which was done with so much effect that the wheels were in an instant rendered useless. After a few minutes the Admiral displayed a flag of truce, which having been answered by a similar signal from the Casauba, the firing ceased on both sides, and an officer was sent on shore again to submit the demand which had first been made. Two days having been spent in messages and negotiations, the affair was adjusted; the Dey signed the articles containing stipulations for the protection of the British Consul and the support of his rights, and confirmed the engagement made with Lord Exmouth in 1816, that in any future wars with European powers, the prisoners should not be consigned to slavery, but be treated with humanity until regularly exchanged. Respecting the return of Mr. Macdonnell nothing is said in the documents signed by the Dey; in the negotiation, he declared that he had no personal objections to that gentleman, yet that he had made himself most obnoxious to the inhabitants, and that no assurance could be given of his safety should he attempt to land. This was notoriously untrue, yet the Admiral thought proper to waive a point which he had before considered so important, and after the trouble and expense of a four months blockade and an attack upon the city, he accepted exactly what had been offered in March. Thus by the determination of the American Consul, were his privileges maintained, and a rupture between his Government and that of Algiers was prevented; while the agent of the most powerful nation on earth, from possessing less energy, was himself insulted, and his country placed in the necessity of requiring satisfaction by arms.

Ro. [illegible]

* Mr. Shaler quitted Algiers in 1829 having been appointed Consul of the United States in Havana, where he died of cholera in the spring of 1833. He was succeeded as Consul General for the Barbary Regencies, by Henry Lee of Virginia, who remained in that office at Algiers, until the city was taken by the French.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE VICTIM OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

'Tis vanishing!—'tis vanishing!—
The last bright star that shed
Its cheering light upon a path,
Whence all light else had fled!

'Tis vanishing!—'tis vanishing!—
As night steals on the day,
And slowly wraps the glowing west,
In its dark cloak of gray.

So, silently, o'er me advance
The shades of dark despair,
And fade away the hopes that shone
But yesterday, so fair!

Aye! when they shone so fair, and seemed
As soon to be enjoyed,
And I (fond fool!) believed so, came,
The blight that hath destroyed!

I might have known it would be so!
There is an evil sprite,
That, ever present, watches me,
My every joy to blight!

I never grasp'd the cup of bliss,
And, raising, thought to sip,
But, straight, the envious demon came,
And dash'd it from my lip!

I never keenly strove to win
What heart was set upon,
But, when I thought it surely mine,
And grasp'd at it—'twas gone!

And now, the cherished dream, that hath
So long, so deeply blessed—
That gave me heart to struggle on,
Hath vanished—*with the rest!* P. H.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MR. WHITE,—Having long believed that Education was by far the most important subject on which the talents of either public or private men could be exercised, I have ever deemed that man in some degree a public benefactor, who contributed even a mite towards its promotion. To the study therefore of *this subject*, much more than of any other, I have devoted my time and thoughts for the last twenty or thirty years; vainly perhaps, hoping that I also might contribute something in aid of this most momentous work. How far the labor has been productive of any good, must be determined by others; but *their* approbation, although it would certainly gratify my feelings, has operated, I trust, only as a secondary motive. To contribute something, be it ever so little, towards the good of my fellow creatures, has been the chief purpose of my existence since I came to years of serious reflection; and the consciousness of having achieved this good in any degree, would be (could I once possess it) my highest reward in the present life.

Influenced by such sentiments and considerations, I now send you five manuscript lectures, delivered about two years ago, before the Lyceum of Fredericksburg, "On the Obstacles to Education arising from the peculiar faults of Parents, Teachers, Scholars, and those who direct and control our Schools and Colleges."

Trite as the subject of Education is, it can never cease to be deeply—nay, vitally interesting, so long as the happiness of the whole human race—both in their private and public relations—both in this world and the next, so entirely depends upon the nature of the objects embraced by it, and the manner in which it is conducted. Deep and deadly too will be the guilt of any wilful neglect, error, or perversion, on the part of all those who direct the physical and intellectual training of the youth of our country. Unless both become what they should be, neither our forms of government, nor our political nor literary institutions, can ever accomplish any of the great ends for which they were designed.

I remain, dear sir, yours with regard,

JAMES M. GARNETT.

Elm-Wood, August 1835.

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INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

To a Course on "The Obstacles to Education arising from the peculiar faults of Parents, Teachers, Scholars, and those who direct and control our Schools and Colleges," delivered before the Fredericksburg Lyceum, by James M. Garnett.

Once more, my friends, I am about to address you—although at present, on a subject by far the most important that can engage the attention of intelligent, social, and moral beings. This subject is *Education;* in regard to the true meaning and object of which, as many and as fatal errors have been committed, as in relation to any other term in our language—although nothing less than our happiness in both worlds depends upon its being rightly understood, and properly applied. From the earliest ages to the present day, men have differed widely, not only as to the particulars which should be comprehended under the term itself, and the modes and the means by whose instrumentality they should be taught; but a large portion of society have attached the utmost importance to certain acquirements which others have deemed at least useless, if not actually and deeply pernicious. Literally, Education means an elicitation, a drawing or leading forth—and when applied to a human being, should be understood to indicate such a full development of all his powers and faculties, both physical and intellectual, as will best promote his own happiness, and that of his fellow-creatures; in a word, it embraces "every influence by which man becomes what he is, or may be made what he should be," and never ceases until death terminates our earthly pilgrimage. Every one, I think, may agree that any other general definition less comprehensive of this all-important term would be false, and consequently lead to mistakes. But the great misfortune is, the moment we approach the details, vital differences of opinion present themselves, which often give rise to practices decidedly hostile to each other—thereby demonstrating, that until all such as are erroneous can be exploded, the good will be unavoidably counteracted if not entirely superseded, by the bad. The removal then, of all the obstacles to the universal adoption of the former, is the great, the truly arduous task to be performed; and the first step towards its achievement, will be to show what these obstacles really are.

Although perfectly aware that many of the ablest writers in every age and nation, have been so frequently and long engaged in efforts to promote the cause of Education, as almost to preclude the possibility of saying any thing new on the subject, still I believe there is one view of it which has not yet been taken to a sufficient extent for all the salutary purposes to be accomplished by it:—I mean a connected and full exposure, apart from all other matter, of the various obstacles which have long impeded, and still greatly retard its progress among us. These I propose to examine thoroughly, and to trace to their respective sources, in such a manner as to lead, if possible, to their final removal. All of them, I believe, will be found in what may be called the peculiar mental maladies, and moral diseases, (if I may so express myself,) of parents, teachers, scholars, and that portion of society by whom our literary institutions are directed and controlled. This shall hereafter be made more fully to appear. In the meantime, before I commence the very delicate task of apportioning censure among such large classes of

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my fellow-citizens, I beg to premise that special care shall be taken so to generalize my remarks, that no just cause of offence shall be afforded either to any individual persons or schools. Nothing shall intentionally be said which can, by possibility, be fairly construed into invidious personalities, nor be with justice ascribed to any motives whatever but such as I have avowed. Having no other object in view—none other at heart, than to mark for universal reprobation and avoidance the many fatal obstructions to the general adoption of those great fundamental principles of instruction, without which neither public nor private Education can ever become what it should be, my hearers may rest perfectly assured, that every example, allusion, argument, or illustration I may use, shall be directed, in perfect sincerity and good faith, to this end and to this alone. Previously however, to any specifications of the obstructions interposed by either of the classes of persons already enumerated, I beg to be indulged in several general observations. These appear to me essential, by way of introduction to that minute exposure of their respective prejudices, faults, and vices which I design to exhibit—not like a faint hearted recruit, who shuts his eyes when he pulls trigger, and recoils from the report of his own piece—but with the resolute purpose of killing, if I can, what I wish to destroy.

The attainment of most of the objects of human pursuit, would be a work of comparative ease, if nothing was necessary to be done but to devise the best ways and means of acquiring them. By far the most difficult achievement is to remove those numerous obstacles to their attainment which the ignorance, the folly, and the vices of mankind either create entirely, or aggravate; for unless *this* be first done, all our labor will be utterly thrown away, or must fall very short of accomplishing what otherwise might be effected. While these obstacles remain, the task of applying the proper ways and means, and producing the desired end, is little less discouraging than to begin building a house without foundation or scaffolding, or to render the earth productive of wholesome food without first clearing away the stumps and roots, the briers and noxious weeds with which it is encumbered. To nothing within the whole scope of our desires and efforts does this remark apply with more truth and force, than to the great object of Education. Hindrances and impediments, vast in number, and formidable in degree, surround it on almost every side. Many of these have their source in long established, but very erroneous practice—while others are intrenched in some of the most deeply rooted prejudices of mankind. Hence they oppose barriers of nearly insurmountable strength to all individual skill, however great—to all isolated exertion, however well directed.

The most prominent and pernicious of these barriers or obstacles are so glaring, that any attempt to point them out will escape, I hope, all imputation of presumption. No extraordinary sagacity is necessary to detect, nor any great power of language to expose, what all who have had any thing to do with the business of Education must long have experienced, and deeply deplored. In fact, the undertaking to educate the youth of our country as they should be educated, will be almost a hopeless task, until most of these impediments are removed; and the fortunate individual who could discover the effectual means to eradicate them, would much better deserve a public triumph for so glorious a victory over human prejudices and passions, than any warrior ever gained by the most splendid of his conquests. The more free our government and institutions generally, the more necessary will good Education continually become to preserve them, since neither sound morals, nor wise and salutary laws, nor social and political happiness can exist without its general diffusion. But before such Education can possibly be imparted to any great extent, the minds of all the parties concerned must be entirely disenthralled from every opposing obstacle. In regard to bodily maladies, to know the cause and nature of the disease is said to be half the cure. Why then, may it not be equally true in relation to the mind? Experience tells us that so much depends upon this previous knowledge, as to render the course both of the mental and bodily physician exceedingly dangerous without it. Neither must make a quackery affair of his business. No guess-work nor chance-medley will do in either case; for the death both of soul and body often follows the administration of improper medicine. Many constitutions of excellent original stamina have been utterly destroyed by physic, when all that was really wanting was healthful diet, and proper exercise; and numerous minds of the fairest promise have been blasted forever, by the equally injudicious—equally fatal application of unsuitable intellectual regimen. This surely ought to happen much less frequently than in bygone times, since schools of every grade, especially for females, have greatly multiplied of late years—and consequently, many more mothers than formerly, ought to be qualified so far as schools can effect it, for the arduous task of imparting to children at least the elementary branches of knowledge. Yet I believe it is unquestionably true that private, domestic Education, is less common than it used to be. But two rational explanations can be given of this fact. Either mothers and fathers must be so naturally averse to teaching their own children as very rarely to do it when avoidable, and therefore less often attempt it, since it has become easier to transfer the duty to others—or the prevalent systems of Education itself have had the

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effect of preventing parental affection from exerting itself in this way. To the last cause I hope it must be ascribed; for it would be shocking to believe that parents generally were so barbarous, as voluntarily to surrender the care and instruction of their helpless, innocent offspring, to others, when they themselves were equally well qualified for this most tender and all-important office; at the same time that nature herself seems evidently to have destined them to fulfil, whenever practicable, these paramount duties. *Home* is, unquestionably, the best place suited in all respects, at least for *female* education; nor should it ever be relinquished for any other, but in cases of the strongest, most obvious necessity—such as a thorough conviction of incompetency on the part of the parents, and of very superior qualifications in those to whom the sacred trust is to be confided. It is under the parental roof, and immediately under the parental supervision and guidance, that young girls can most easily be protected from the corrupting influence of bad companions and bad examples. It is there, if *any where*, that all the best affections of the heart can be most readily excited and cultivated; and it is *there alone* that they can best acquire all those admirable domestic virtues and habits, to the exercise of which much the greater part of their lives, after they leave school, should be devoted, as the sure means of imparting to private life its greatest charm and highest embellishment. If this be admitted, as I think it must, then the nearer the management of any public school, whether large or small, especially for girls, can be made to resemble that of a well regulated private family, the better it will be calculated to attain the true, legitimate purposes of all seminaries of Education. The more easy will it be also to prove, when this point is conceded, that there are very many radical defects in a large portion of such establishments in our country. For example, in what well regulated private family will you ever find numerous restraints enforced, which obviously have nothing else in view but the more ease and convenience of the heads of the establishment, entirely apart from all moral influence to be produced on the individuals upon whom these restraints are imposed? In what family of the kind do you see the children often *exhibited for show*, as at public examinations—always encouraged and goaded to strive with might and main for victory over each other in all their scholastic exercises, and continually stimulated to toil and struggle for public applause, as the highest earthly felicity; and all this too without the least regard for the sufferings and mortifications of the unsuccessful competitors? So far is this from ever being done in any private family under proper management, that every imaginable cause of jealousy, ill-will, heart-burning and envy, is most carefully avoided—every symptom of distrust and animosity anxiously removed—and brotherly love of the most tender, affectionate kind, sedulously cultivated, as the best possible preparation of the intellectual soil for the reception, growth and maturity of the seeds of knowledge and virtue. Here then, at once, in the very threshold of our temples of public instruction, do we meet with an obstacle of such magnitude, as effectually to bar, if it be not removed, all attempts to decorate and embellish the interior of the building with any ornaments, such as good taste, sound judgment, and just principles would deem most appropriate. In the moral code of far too many of these temples, the admirable virtue of true Christian humility—that virtue which so pre-eminently adorned the character of the blessed Saviour himself, has no abiding place whatever; but numerous expedients and artifices are adopted to prevent the possibility of its entrance. The pupils are not even taught what it means, unless they find it out while turning their dictionaries for other words; and so far are they from ever being required to act on the principle of not letting one hand know what the other doeth, that every effort, both of hands and head, is most studiously directed towards giving the greatest possible publicity to all their proceedings: first, and above all, that the fame of their school and its teachers may be widely diffused; and secondly, that they themselves may be talked about every where. To accomplish this, weeks and months are spent by the students in preparing for public examinations, during which no advances are made in the general course of their studies, but the whole time is sacrificed to the feeding their vanity and ambition at the expense of real utility, common sense, and intellectual progress in useful knowledge. A great portion of this period of strenuous uselessness is consumed, by all the aspirants after collegiate honors, in composing, writing, committing to memory and reciting again and again something which is to be called an oration. This too, is often in a language utterly unintelligible to nine-tenths of the auditors, or rather spectators, commonly assembled upon such occasions, who are drawn together more by idle curiosity than by any other motive. I will readily admit that occasional revisions of past studies may be useful to fix them in the memory; I will also admit, that to be examined in them by or before good judges, convened especially for the purpose, *but without any notice to the scholars of the precise time when such examination would take place*, would also be beneficial, particularly in schools for boys. But *any thing* beyond this, whether it be called examination, commencement, or what you please—especially if exhibited (after many weeks preparation) before hundreds and thousands of spectators who know little or nothing of what is going on—is, to speak the plain, unvarnished truth, sheer waste of time, if nothing worse. It is to treat young men

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as if they were always to be children, incapable of being interested in any thing much above the toys and playthings of childhood. Such *shows*, for they deserve no better name, should never be suffered in female schools; for their only use *there* is to discourage the timid, the bashful, the modest—and to render the bold, the forward, and the presumptuous still more conspicuous for these disgusting, unfeminine qualities. Already too anxious, like rival milliners, always to be displaying their finery at their shop-windows, to the public gaze, the more opportunities you give them for making this exhibition, the more eager they become to attract visiters, admirers, and purchasers. Flattery is the chief thing they covet; base as it really is, it is the treasure upon which this kind of scholastic training learns them to set their hearts, and seldom are they paid with any thing better. Whatever they do is to be done because it will be popular, becoming, and will make a great noise—not because it is recommended and enjoined by the precepts of our holy religion. Moreover, to insure that the former shall be the ruling, all-efficient motive of action, the ever restless, soul-corroding spirit of emulation is infused into them in every possible way that ingenuity can devise. That this is utterly incompatible with the pure spirit of Christian humility, it needs no argument to prove; in fact, oil and water could just as soon coalesce, or enter into complete chemical union. Does it not, then, most deeply concern us all to inquire whether this principle of emulation, which may truly be called the present master-spirit of nearly all our literary institutions, should still be suffered to prompt and to govern all their operations? Can any societies—but especially such as have been avowedly established for the great, the Godlike purpose of making men wiser and better, be rationally expected to thrive, if they run counter to the plainest dictates of wisdom and virtue, which command us to do nothing that the gospel of Christ either expressly forbids, or impliedly, but plainly discountenances? Does not this code most explicitly enjoin us to "be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another." "That nothing be done through strife or vain glory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than themselves." And does it not class emulations with "idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings," &c.? Are these nothing more than mere abstract texts for ministers of the gospel to preach on; or are they practical, imperative rules of conduct to govern us both for time and eternity? If they are the latter, as all true believers in the gospel of Christ pronounce them to be, how can they possibly be obeyed, when every effort of our bodies and our minds, while at school, is made to induce the world to prefer, to honor, and to esteem *us* far above all our companions and associates, at whatever expense of mental suffering and anguish it may be done to them? Shall we be told that such feelings should not be indulged by those whom we conquer or surpass in the scholastic struggle for pre-eminence, and therefore, that their mortification, however deep and distressing, should not disturb us? But how can they help it, when *they* also have been taught that *their* greatest honor, *their* highest pleasure, was to consist *in conquering and surpassing us*, and that *we had disappointed them!* Yet this principle of emulation is a cardinal article in the creed and practice of almost every public school of which I have any knowledge; indeed, I might add, of a great majority of private families. To this article might be added several others, all going to prove that the whole course of proceeding in these schools, whatever may be the religious principles of their managers, partakes much more of the compromising spirit of worldly wisdom and worldly ethics, than of the unbending, self-denying morality of the gospel of Christ. It can never be a question among true Christians, which should govern not only all schools, but all mankind; yet it would be well worth the attention of all who are *not Christians*, to inquire which would be best, *even for the present life only*. I would send them no farther on this search for proof than to the past history of the government—the monied institutions, and trading associations of our own country. In this history they would most assuredly find, that for every cent which these bodies had lost by any acknowledged member of any Christian society, they had been defrauded and robbed of thousands upon thousands by the open scoffers at, and known despisers of religion. This fact alone speaks volumes of most salutary instruction to the present generation, if they would only read them right. It proclaims as intelligibly as if it were written on the vault of heaven by the finger of God himself, in letters visible as the cloudless sun, that the much lauded code of your mere worldly morality, (admitting every thing that can be said in its favor,) is utterly insufficient even for this poor world; although it is admitted that thousands have lived, and do live under it alone, with very fair, amiable characters. It is, however, like living in the midst of contagious, pestilential and deadly diseases, without any sure charm or antidote to protect us from destruction. I say not this to wound unnecessarily the feelings of any one—no, God forbid! but because I consider it a most momentous truth, which should be placed before the public in as strong relief as language can exhibit it—since it involves the safety, welfare and happiness, not only of thousands yet living, but of millions yet unborn. If this highly boasted code, founded merely on human opinion, subject to all its fluctuations, and which tolerates drunkenness on the pretext of conviviality, while it makes murder a duty under the term *duelling*,

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will not, with any thing like certainty, restrain its professors from the meanest, most degrading vices, from the most shocking and atrocious crimes, what can it possibly avail in withholding them from committing acts of far more dubious character, but often little less injurious to the peace, order, and happiness of society? Could this code bear any sort of comparison with that which we have ventured to contrast with it, as furnishing the best possible rules for human conduct, even considering the present life as the *only one*, would it not be able to support its claim to our preference, by producing a greater number of persons reclaimed from the paths of vice by *its superior power*, than have ever been recovered by the influence of *the Christian code?* But how stands the fact? Examine it, I beseech you, as impartially as possible. I may answer, I believe, without fear of contradiction, that while the Christian code can show its thousands, rescued by its agency from the lowest depths of profligacy and crime, not one solitary case can be found, nor indeed has ever been heard of, wherein the code of worldly morality has alone effected any such restoration. The utmost scope of *its* power has never extended beyond carrying a small minority of its votaries through the world, with fair characters, who have never been strongly tempted to give them up for something which they more passionately desired. Its influence, at best, is merely of the *preventive*, not the *reclaiming* kind, and therefore never brings back, under the power of its own laws, any who have once broken through the feeble barriers which they interpose. The worldly code, besides sanctioning many practices which the Christian code pronounces criminal, looks not beyond the outward seeming of our actions, because when man, who is made the sole judge of its fulfilment, attempts to penetrate to their source, he is incapable of doing more than making mere approximations to the truth. On the other hand, the Christian code, having an all-wise, infallible God for *its* judge, allows no actions to be *right*, but such as proceed from *right motives*. These being the only certain test—the test by which every Christian assuredly believes that we shall all be finally tried, make the latter code, from this circumstance alone, as far superior to the former, as absolute certainty is, at all times and under all circumstances, much better than uncertainty. All who faithfully obey the requisitions of the last, must really *be* what they *seem to be*, or they are *not moral* in the Christian sense. Whereas the professors of the last, who look only to the present life for their rewards, can obtain them all, simply by feigning well the character they wish to possess.

No sweeping denunciation is here intended against those who have the unspeakable misfortune to be destitute of religion; for I know many, and doubt not that many more are to be found in every class of society, who fulfil the duties of the present life in such an exemplary manner, as to be well worthy of our esteem and love. What I mean to assert, and deem it all important for the cause of Education to establish, is, that the above fact furnishes no adequate proof of the sufficiency of the worldly code of morals, either to preserve or to reclaim mankind from vice and crime. If their propensities happen to be vicious, their desires criminal, no obstacle whatever exists to their indulgence, but the ever variable opinions of the particular society in which they live, and the fear of detection by mere human, frail, and fallible witnesses. Their code may well be called a system of compromise between sensual appetites and regard for appearances—a calculation of chances and probabilities—a rule for conduct whose standard has no well defined, certain marks, by which right and wrong can always be accurately distinguished—no omnipotent sanction to sustain all its requirements; and consequently, that, as the governing principle of our whole lives, it will bear no just comparison whatever with the Christian code of morality, where every thing is not only sure, but forever unchangeable—full not only of the happiest assurances in regard to the present life, but of the most soul-cheering hopes as to that which is to come.

I have expressed the belief, justified, as I think, by my own observation, that the prevalent system of Education, has had the effect of diminishing the number of instances wherein mothers teach their own children. Yet it is unquestionably true, that the progress and improvement which girls or boys either make at public schools, depend much more upon this domestic, elementary Education, than upon any subsequent course of scholastic discipline under which they may be elsewhere placed. First impressions, and above all, *those made by a mother*, are always more permanent than almost any that can be made at a later period of life, after parental instruction is changed for that of strangers. In confirmation of my own observations, teachers of great experience have assured me, that where natural talent has been equal, they have invariably found those pupils the most docile, most intelligent, most correct in their conduct, and best informed, who have longest received the benefit of a parent's tuition, although they may not actually have gone to school longer than others who have been taught only in public seminaries. It is therefore of the highest imaginable importance that the lessons given to children at home, previously to going abroad to school, should all be such as are calculated to give them good tempers, amiable dispositions, and sound moral principles; for unless this all essential work be performed under the parental care, it is rarely, if ever accomplished afterwards. The power indeed, of *feign-*

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ing them, may be acquired by the constant suggestion of worldly and prudential considerations; but the actual possession is scarcely ever gained under any other instructer than the parent. Nay, *how can it be*, when the proportion of pupils under public teachers, compared with the children of one mother, is often ten, fifteen, twenty to one; when the indispensable attention of the instructers to the usual scholastic exercises of their scholars, engages nearly their whole time; and when the forming the heart to virtue, the regulation of the passions, the strengthening the understanding and judgment, which are the only really valuable ends of all Education, cannot possibly be attained in the very short time commonly allowed for the public instruction, (at least of our daughters,) and under all the circumstances in which they must necessarily be placed at all large public schools. Hence, in a great measure, the numerous failures of the best public teachers to do what is too often expected of them; that is, in a few months, or even in a year or two, to reform the dispositions and characters of their pupils, at the same time that their minds are required to be stored with all imaginable learning; although the conviction alone of the vicious propensities and bad habits which they may have contracted at home, would require a much longer period than the whole time usually allotted for all scholastic acquirements put together. Public schools may well be called *moral hospitals*, which, like some others of a different kind, contain not only many patients the removal of whose diseases requires a very long course of most skilful and judicious treatment, but others who may well be designated "*incurables*"—rendered so too, by moral distempers contracted under the parental roof, but for which these hospitals and their doctors have very often to bear all the blame.

Well aware that the charges which I have brought against our prevalent systems of Education, both private and public, (greatly improved as I admit them to be in many important respects) are of a very serious nature, I feel myself bound to endeavor to establish them. But in these introductory remarks, I shall do no more, in addition to what has already been said, than give the general heads of my accusation—reserving "the counts in the indictment" (as the lawyers would say) for another time. These heads are—that mere external observances are much too often substituted for internal principles—that a puerile smattering in many comparatively trivial things, has been made to pass for thorough knowledge in essentials—that *emotions* of the body and limbs in attitudinizing (if I may so express myself,) at the harp, at the piano, and in the dance, have been much more cultivated than the *emotions* of the heart and soul; and that the mere mechanical operations of the fingers and feet have been preferred to that heavenly operation of the spirit of God on the mind, which alone can give any real value to actions, or intrinsic worth to character. The sciences and arts for acquiring wealth, fame, and aggrandizement—for securing bodily comforts, luxuries, and amusements are taught every where, with quite as much assiduity and zeal as any can believe they deserve. But the great art of extracting from all the events, circumstances, and conditions of life, whatever true substantial good and happiness they are capable of affording, and using the whole as a preparation for entering into *another* state of existence, where we must account for all we have done in *this*, is no where systematically taught, unless from the pulpit. Even there it is far too often pretermitted, for the sake of indulging in vague speculations which lead to no profitable result, and the useless discussion of those deeply mysterious doctrines which all believe it passeth man's understanding to comprehend, except those rash theological sciolists who vainly imagine that it is given to them alone to penetrate them.

The great majority of mankind who judge solely from appearances, are deceived by this external Education, into a pernicious belief that all must be right *within*, because all which they behold *without*, is fair to the eye and agreeable to contemplate; and so superficial is their examination generally, that if they find all the pupils presented for their inspection, have pleasing exteriors, and voluble tongues in their public exercises, every thing else is taken for granted. It is never even suspected, that like the trees of the forest, many may be hollow-hearted and worthless, although all their branches and leaves appear in the full vigor of perfect health. Boys who go passably well through certain evolutions, for which they have been regularly drilled for weeks and months together, doing little if any thing else the whole time, are held forth in all public journals as rapid and successful travellers in the high road to the greatest attainable mental improvement—while a large portion of the individuals engaged in this pernicious puffing, know little or nothing of the real progress of the pupils thus lauded, who may, for aught their eulogists can tell, have only the parrot's knowledge of nearly all they have been heard to repeat. Many instances I have known of this in our colleges, and still more in schools of inferior grade. Here many of the examiners (as they are called,) are not unfrequently persons destitute of literature and science themselves, who still boldly certify to the quantum of each possessed by those whom they are supposed to examine; and their awards go forth to the world, as satisfactory proofs of the excellence of particular schools, and the proficiency of the scholars in them, when in fact, such testimonials are proofs of nothing but the inexcusable vanity or thoughtlessness of the certifiers. The case of girls, at *their*

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public examinations, is far worse. Much less being expected from them, fewer qualified judges assemble to witness *their* performances; and if they manage to appear with clean faces and frocks, in regular marchings to and fro, with nicely measured steps, with prim and demure looks in the presence of their unknown viewers, a rapid volubility in their often repeated recitations, and all this finished off with a little music, dancing, and drawing, they pass with their surface-skimming spectators for marvellously accomplished girls. But woful indeed is often the mistake, and pregnant with evil consequences. The constant tendency of such exhibitions, although not always producing their full effect, is to make the pupils of such schools greatly undervalue that species of acquirement, which, although it can hardly become the subject of newspaper notice, should always be considered of transcendent importance in every school for either sex; I mean moral and religious knowledge—moral and religious habits. It is true, that there is almost always a kind of general promise promulgated of great and unremitted attention to these matters. But every body's experience, who has taken much notice of the manner in which schools are generally conducted, is sufficient to convince them that such promises are more matters of profession than practice; or, that they are complied with in such a way, as unavoidably to impress the pupils with a belief that it is rather an affair of form than substance. Does any one doubt this fact? let him only take the trouble to ask the majority of the scholars of any school the following questions, and his skepticism will soon vanish. "What has been the course of your moral and religious instruction? What books have you read, or have been read to you on these subjects? What do you know of the principles of Ethics and Christianity? How many times a week or month have you received lessons on them? If nothing has been read specially on these all-important topics, what has been the manner in which they have been recommended to your attention? Has it been both by precept and example, or by the first only; and what rank have your teachers assigned to such studies, in the scale of importance?" Need I add, that unless such questions can be answered to the entire satisfaction of all such persons as really believe that the eternal welfare of the rising generation is a matter of infinitely deeper interest than any thing which can possibly happen to them in the present life, the conclusion is inevitable, that *in all such cases*, by far the most important part of Education has been either shamefully neglected, or miserably and wickedly perverted. Let such tests be applied to *all* schools, from the highest to the lowest, and we shall soon remove much the most powerful of the many causes which prevent them from answering so fully as they ought to do, the great purposes for which they have been established and should be sustained, until the heads of every family become capable of educating their own children—the girls *entirely*, and the boys until the few last years of their pupilage.

The neglect of moral and religious instruction in schools generally, may arise, in a great measure, from a belief in the teachers, that this all essential work has been properly attended to at home. But it should never be forgotten, that the injunction "to train up a child in the way he should go," should be deemed obligatory during the whole period of pupilage, on all concerned in his Education, lest if it be intermitted at any time, the effects of the whole previous training should be lost. It should always be remembered too, by those who have the care of youth of either sex, that the oftener the young coursers are permitted to run out of this track of moral and religious training, the more apt they will be "to fly the way," not only while the training is managed by others, but after it becomes their own exclusive duty. It *must therefore*, be made a primary and vital object, throughout the entire course of Education—not only at home, but abroad—not only in the private, domestic circle, but in every public school to which young people may be sent, or the great moral ends and purposes of instruction will inevitably be defeated. The *hearts* of the pupils must first be educated, and all their motives and dispositions brought, as nearly as practicable, to what they ought to be, or it will be utterly vain to expect that *their actions* can be either generally or permanently right. It is true, that a right action—that is, one so called—because beneficial to others, may sometimes be performed from a wrong motive. But this can do no possible good to the agent, whose condemnation in the eyes of God is only the greater, when he plays the hypocrite to gain his ends.

I will not go so far as to affirm that the prevalent systems of our schools will certainly make vain, ambitious, worldly minded men of our sons, and actresses and *figurantes* of our daughters, rather than qualify the boys for fulfilling all their moral and religious duties in the best possible manner, and the girls for becoming modest, virtuous, intelligent, exemplary wives and mothers. But I *will say*, that if these systems do not work such mischief in most cases, it will be more owing to some powerfully counteracting anterior cause, over which they have had no control, than to the doctrines which they inculcate, the branches of human learning which they most recommend, or the practices which they cause to be followed. It is entirely immaterial *what*, or *how much* instruction they profess to give, or really do impart in all other things, but such as will insure the fulfilment of our moral and religious duties; the vital objects of all correct Education will be utterly lost, if mat-

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ters are so managed in our schools, that the ever restless, insatiate desire for general admiration becomes the main spring of action, rather than the love of knowledge for its own sake, and for the power it will give us of contributing to human happiness. If once *such* desire be substituted for *such* love, the fountain head of our whole conduct is literally poisoned. No pure water can possibly flow from such a source; no essential good—none I mean, which can impart real value to character, or contribute one mite towards the eternal felicity of the individual, can ever be effected by him. The only result to be calculated on with any certainty is, that an eager pursuit of merely external arts and showy attainments, will take the place of sincere, steady, deep solicitude to enrich the heart and adorn the understanding with all those principles of really useful knowledge and exemplary conduct, which alone can fit us both for time and eternity. Let the project be tried when, where, and by whom it may, of stamping indelibly on the human heart such principles of action as all admit it should have, at least all whose opinions should be regarded in so momentous and vital a concern, and it will prove abortive as certainly as it is undertaken, unless "religion, pure and undefiled" as it came from the voice of God himself, be made the basis of the whole proceeding. *Is this generally done in our schools, either public or private?* I most conscientiously believe it is not—at least, as the gospel commands us—"line upon line, and precept upon precept;" or even as a matter to be taught first and above all others. But if any man attempt "*to build on other foundation*,"—if he strive ever so much to erect the edifice of Education on any other groundwork, he may possibly rear a very showy and even attractive house, but most assuredly his materials will be nothing better than "straw and stubble," continually liable to take fire from every flying spark—forever in danger of being blown down by every assailing wind.

In determining on the proper course of Education for our children, is it not of the highest importance, first to decide in regard to the situations in which they will probably be placed, and the circumstances under which they are most likely to spend their lives, that all the instruction given may have some bearing on such destination—some peculiar aptitude to fit them for the particular stations which they will fill? Until society is organized differently from what it is, all the various honest trades, professions and callings into which it is divided, must have persons specially educated for them. But how can this all essential plan be accomplished, if our children are made too proud for any thing but playing ladies and gentlemen, or following some two or three professional pursuits, distinguished from the rest by the dignified title—"*liberal?*" Ought it to suffice with people in their sober senses, to hear it urged in opposition to so reasonable a scheme as that of adapting early Education to the probable destiny of each individual in after life, that *in our country* every child ought to be educated for all imaginable conditions in what is called high life, because any, possibly, may be attained by any? Surely this would be the perfection of folly, unless it amounted almost to certainty that a very large majority of our youth of both sexes would reach such elevated situations. But it so happens that there is a moral certainty the other way, and that an infinitely larger portion of mankind will live and die in obscurity, than can ever become conspicuous for the possession of wealth, extraordinary talent, or official station. This obscurity however, would be no bar to the enjoyment of great happiness, provided half the pains were taken to inculcate principles, tastes and habits suitable to the future circumstances in which they would probably be placed, that are very frequently taken to impress their minds with insatiate cravings after all the highest conditions of society. *This world*, and this alone, with all its vanities, follies, and seductive vices, is made the God of their idolatry; and every thing in future life which is calculated to impede their worship, becomes a source of unavailing discontent, if not of actual and lasting misery. To pursue such a course with children is little short of real madness, even on the supposition that there is no other state of existence but the present; unless indeed, this life had been made a scene of uninterrupted enjoyment, instead of one abounding with much unavoidable suffering—a scene in which to escape sickness, pain, and poverty, is among our greatest blessings—a scene whose modicum of happiness consists not in any of those merely selfish, sensual pursuits, so generally deemed the chief good of life, but in the diligent culture and exercise of all the powers of our mind—of all the best affections of our hearts. How is this to be done, especially in our female schools, which in fact are the great laboratories for forming elementary teachers for our whole population,—if nearly, or quite half the time of the pupils be taken up in learning to dance, to draw, to play on musical instruments, and to acquire polite manners, by going at stated times to private assemblies, to plays, and operas, as we have heard is the practice in some city schools. One of two things invariably follows from this course; either the whole stock of accomplishments, (as they are called,) however costly it may have been, is entirely abandoned the moment the girls get married, because the acquisition has always been to them a kind of up-hill work, for which they had not the smallest taste—or, such a passionate fondness is contracted for them, that they can find pleasure in no other occupation. The fatal disease of discontent is the result in both those cases. But suppose the last

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to be the most common. Are domestic habits, so indispensable to the comfort and happiness of married life, to be formed by acquiring a passion for public spectacles, for company-keeping, and for all the preparatory equipments of costly apparel, and other personal decorations? Can the tranquil pleasures of retirement, the occupations of house-keeping, the necessary management of all the domiciliary concerns of which the mistresses of families must always take cognizance, have any charms for ladies educated in what is called the fashionable style? Will not all such things rather be insupportably irksome, if not actually disgusting? How will such ladies be prepared to meet the numerous inconveniences and troubles, the many unpleasant, and often painful occurrences that take place, sometimes even in the happiest families? How can they bear all the fatigues, the various trials of temper, the actual labors incident to domestic life, if the sole object of the chief lessons which they have received at school, has been to attract attention and admiration to themselves? What, but the most inordinate selfishness and vanity can be the fruit of such training? Will such preparatory studies teach them how to keep their houses and families in order—to train their offspring in the paths of knowledge and virtue—to administer consolation to the sick and the dying—in a word, to turn all the numerous incidents of domestic life to the moral and religious improvement of those over whom it is their business and sacred duty to exercise a constant and parental supervision? Alas! my friends, there is scarcely any thing in all nature so illy qualified to fulfil these momentous obligations, as a young lady educated in what is called the fashionable style—unless, by the providence of God, she may have been first imbued under the parental roof, with moral and religious principles too strong to be overcome by such powerful engines of destruction as are constantly at work to destroy them, in what are called, by way of pre-eminence, "fashionable schools." I do not mean to say that the extirpation of moral and religious principle is really the object there aimed at. No, far from it; for I dare affirm that many of the persons thus busily engaged, perhaps the whole of them, really believe that they are fast accomplishing a very great and good work. But the sum and substance of it, when stript of all its vain illusions, is nothing more nor less, in fact, than a very laborious and excessively expensive process to unfit the unfortunate subjects of it for every kind of life but such as they are taught to lead at school; *and that is*, to value all merely external acquirements far above every moral qualification, and to seek their chief happiness in the amount of admiration they can procure for these very superficial and comparatively worthless attainments. They come forth admirably prepared for a life of alternate excitement and gratification; but for the real Christian life of self-control, self-denial, and humble righteousness, they probably have not so much as heard of it, unless perchance when they have gone to church. They can use their hands, feet and eyes most exquisitely in attracting admiration; but when compelled to apply themselves to any of the homely, but really essential purposes of life, they find themselves most sadly embarrassed, if not utterly at a loss how to proceed. Are the poor girls to blame for all this? Far from it; they must have been something more or less than human beings to turn out differently. The fault—nay, I *must* call it the crime—if such misapplication of the talents which God has given them for far different purposes be criminal, lies chiefly at the parent's door. *But for them* there would be no such course of Education in the world. It is indeed a course which prepares them admirably for what may truly be called *public life;* instead of qualifying them to adorn that which is almost entirely private and domestic—that in which an immense majority of females are destined to live and to die. What is the consequence of this incongruity—this manifest disagreement between the matters taught, and the ends to which they must generally be applied? What is the aptitude of the means to the great purposes which parents should aim to accomplish? Are they favorable or not to domestic happiness? If music, drawing, dressing, and dancing, with a smattering of some living foreign language, garnished with a few beggarly elements of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Geology, and Botany, are the principal ingredients in *this happiness*, then are the chief pursuits of fashionable female Education eminently calculated to promote it. But if the following view from one of our most distinguished moral and religious writers of what female Education *should be*, has any truth or justice in it, our prevalent systems of fashionable Education exhibit a most lamentable deficiency in almost all essential points. This admirable writer says, in the form of advice to a young man—"For my own part, I call *Education*—not that which smothers a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to consolidate a firm and regular system of character—that which tends to form a friend, a companion, a wife. I call Education, not that which is made of the shreds and patches of useless arts, but that which inculcates principles, polishes taste, regulates temper, cultivates reason, subdues the passions, directs the feelings, habituates to reflection, trains to self-denial, and *more especially*, that which refers all actions, feelings, sentiments, tastes, and passions to the love and fear of God." Elsewhere the same author remarks—"In character as in architecture, just proportion is beauty. The ornaments which decorate, do not *support* the edifice." Again it is said—"A man of sense who loves home, and lives

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at home, requires a wife who can and will be at half the expense of mind necessary for keeping up the cheerful, animating, elegant intercourse which forms so great a part of the bond of union between intellectual and well bred persons. The *exhibiting, the displaying wife* may entertain your company; but it is only the informed, the refined, the cultivated woman, who can entertain yourself; and I presume whenever you marry, you will marry primarily for *yourself*, and not for *your friends;* you will want a companion—*an artist you may hire.*"

Should any person doubt the preference usually given to what are called accomplishments, over matters of infinitely higher real value, let them ask as many pupils as they please, "what inquiries do your parents, guardians, and friends most frequently make relative to your studies and progress at school?" The answers will furnish undeniable proof; for a very large proportion will be found to have been substantially like the following: "How do you come on in your Music, your Dancing, your Drawing, or your French?" according as they have been striving to acquire one or more of these inestimable outfits for their progress through Time to the realms of Eternity. It is pitiable, most pitiable, to see the thousands of innocent little girls throughout our country, many of them without the slightest taste or talent for these things, still laboring four, five, or six hours in every twenty-four, to gain a little elementary knowledge of what they will generally abandon immediately after leaving school, or at farthest, as soon as they get married—to gain which knowledge has been the chief object, the painful toil for so many irrevocable years of all this warring against nature, common sense, and moral fitness. But suppose the success of such training as ample as heart can wish, and the poor little creatures are made prodigies of early proficiency in arts, which are very soon to be of little or no real use to them? Is it politic—is it wise—in fact, is it not a most sinful breach of parental duty, to impart to our daughters, as among the most desirable things in life, strong tastes which they can scarcely gratify at all without frequently seeking company abroad, nor often indulge at home, unless by neglecting some of those important, indispensable domestic employments which devolve exclusively on the mistress of the family?

Let it not be inferred from any of the foregoing remarks, that I am an enemy to what are called fashionable schools—my enmity extends *only to some of their practices.* Let *them* be reformed, and I shall have no enmity whatever to the title "fashionable," if it be deemed essential to gain scholars for those who keep them. Let them make it fashionable to fit their pupils for private life, and for all its necessary duties, by giving them genuine moral and religious principles first and above all things; then let accomplishments follow in their proper, but very subordinate place, and they will have no warmer friend than myself.

I am well aware that I subject myself to the charge of great presumption in censuring, as I have done, many of the principal matters taught at present in fashionable, as well as other schools, both for boys and girls; and to this charge I am prepared patiently to submit, provided it be made, if at all, after a full, fair, and candid examination of all that I have said on these topics. To retract however, my accusations, will be impossible, unless I could rid myself of the conscientious belief, and thorough conviction, that not only the temporal, but eternal happiness, both of the present and future generations, depends on a radical change being made in regard to the principal objects of Education, as well as in the means of attaining them. These *must be* to prepare us for this life—not as an *end*, but only as the means of attaining happiness in the next.

My business, however, being more to point out faults, than remedies—rather to describe diseases, than to offer nostrums for their removal, I shall leave the curative process to other hands, sincerely hoping that it may be attempted by some much abler moral physicians, who will apply themselves to the Herculean task with a degree of zeal, vigor, and perseverance fully commensurate to the difficulty and vital importance of the undertaking. There can be no greater object of human ambition—no more exalted purpose for human effort—nor any human occupation, the results of which, if the laborers in this sacred vineyard be successful, can compare with this either in degree or extent—since human happiness, both temporal and eternal, is its end, and must be its final consummation. Riches often perish, and are followed by poverty, wretchedness, and extreme suffering. Honors frequently fade away, or are snatched from us, to be succeeded by persecution, calumny, hatred, and disgrace. Sensual gratifications may never come at all, or *if they do*, bitter recollections, bodily diseases—nay, incurable remorse for their indulgence, rarely fail to come soon after; and all this too in defiance, as it were, of what the world generally calls "good Education." But pure Religion and true Christian morality impart a peace to the soul which nothing in nature can destroy, nor even long disturb; while the unutterable joys and delights of a well spent life are the sure fruits, the certain rewards of every system of instruction well followed out, which, without any exclusion either of science, literature, foreign languages, or tasteful accomplishments, makes the gospel of our blessed Saviour its beginning, its middle, and its end.

Milton is indebted for some of the finest passages in the Paradise Lost to Marino's "Sospetti D'Herode."

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LOSS OF BREATH.

A TALE A LA BLACKWOOD. BY EDGAR A. POE.

O breathe not, &c.—*Moore's Melodies.*

The most notorious ill-fortune must, in the end, yield to the untiring courage of philosophy—as the most stubborn city to the ceaseless vigilance of an enemy. Salmanezer, as we have it in the holy writings, lay three years before Samaria: yet it fell. Sardanapalus—see Diodorus—maintained himself seven in Nineveh: but to no purpose. Troy expired at the close of the second lustrum: and Azoth, as Aristæus declares upon his honor as a gentleman, opened at last her gates to Psammitticus, after having barred them for the fifth part of a century.

* * * * * *

"Thou wretch!—thou vixen!—thou shrew!"—said I to my wife on the morning after our wedding—"thou witch!—thou hag!—thou whippersnapper!—thou sink of iniquity!—thou fiery-faced quintessence of all that is abominable!—thou—thou—" Here standing upon tiptoe, seizing her by the throat, and placing my mouth close to her ear, I was preparing to launch forth a new and more decided epithet of opprobrium which should not fail, if ejaculated, to convince her of her insignificance, when, to my extreme horror and astonishment, I discovered that *I had lost my breath.*

The phrases "I am out of breath," "I have lost my breath," &c. are often enough repeated in common conversation, but it had never occurred to me that the terrible accident of which I speak could *bonâ fide* and actually happen! Imagine—that is if you have a fanciful turn—imagine I say, my wonder—my consternation—my despair!

There is a good genius, however, which has never, at any time, entirely deserted me. In my most ungovernable moods I still retain a sense of propriety, *et le chemin des passions me conduit*—as Rousseau says it did him—*à la philosophie veritable.*

Although I could not at first precisely ascertain to what degree the occurrence had affected me, I unhesitatingly determined to conceal at all events the matter from my wife until farther experience should discover to me the extent of this my unheard of calamity. Altering my countenance, therefore, in a moment, from its bepuffed and distorted appearance, to an expression of arch and coquettish benignity, I gave my lady a pat on the one cheek, and a kiss on the other, and without saying one syllable, (Furies! I could not,) left her astonished at my drollery, as I pirouetted out of the room in a *Pas de Zephyr.*

Behold me then safely ensconced in my private *boudoir*, a fearful instance of the ill consequences attending upon irascibility—alive with the qualifications of the dead—dead with the propensities of the living—an anomaly on the face of the earth—being very calm, yet breathless.

Yes! breathless. I am serious in asserting that my breath was entirely gone. I could not have stirred with it a feather if my life had been at issue, or sullied even the delicacy of a mirror. Hard fate!—yet there was some alleviation to the first overwhelming paroxysm of my sorrow. I found upon trial that the powers of utterance which, upon my inability to proceed in the conversation with my wife, I then concluded to be totally destroyed, were in fact only partially impeded, and I discovered that had I, at that interesting crisis, dropped my voice to a singularly deep guttural, I might still have continued to her the communication of my sentiments; this pitch of voice (the guttural) depending, I find, not upon the current of the breath, but upon a certain spasmodic action of the muscles of the throat.

Throwing myself upon a chair, I remained for some time absorbed in meditation. My reflections, be sure, were of no consolatory kind. A thousand vague and lachrymatory fancies took possession of my soul—and even the phantom Suicide flitted across my brain; but it is a trait in the perversity of human nature to reject the obvious and the ready, for the far-distant and equivocal. Thus I shuddered at self-murder as the most decided of atrocities, while the tabby cat purred strenuously upon the rug, and the very water-dog wheezed assiduously under the table, each taking to itself much merit for the strength of its lungs, and all obviously done in derision of my own pulmonary incapacity.

Oppressed with a tumult of vague hopes and fears, I at length heard the footstep of my wife descending the staircase. Being now assured of her absence, I returned with a palpitating heart to the scene of my disaster.

Carefully locking the door on the inside, I commenced a vigorous search. It was possible, I thought, that concealed in some obscure corner, or lurking in some closet or drawer, might be found the lost object of my inquiry. It might have a vapory—it might even have a tangible form. Most philosophers, upon many points of philosophy, are still very unphilosophical. William Godwin, however, says in his "Mandeville," that "invisible things are the only realities." This, all will allow, is a case in point. I would have the judicious reader pause before accusing such asseverations of an undue quantum of absurdity. Anaxagoras—it will be remembered—maintained that snow is black. This I have since found to be the case.

Long and earnestly did I continue the investigation: but the contemptible reward of my industry and perseverance proved to be only a set of false teeth, two pair of hips, an eye, and a bundle of *billets-doux* from Mr. Windenough to my wife. I might as well here observe that this confirmation of my lady's partiality for Mr. W. occasioned me little uneasiness. That Mrs. Lacko'breath should admire any thing so dissimilar to myself was a natural and necessary evil. I am, it is well known, of a robust and corpulent appearance, and, at the same time somewhat diminutive in stature. What wonder then that the lath-like tenuity of my acquaintance, and his altitude which has grown into a proverb, should have met with all due estimation in the eyes of Mrs. Lacko'breath? It is by logic similar to this that true philosophy is enabled to set misfortune at defiance. But to return.

My exertions, as I have before said, proved fruitless. Closet after closet—drawer after drawer—corner after corner—were scrutinized to no purpose. At one time, however, I thought myself sure of my prize, having, in rummaging a dressing-case, accidentally demolished a bottle (I had a remarkably sweet breath) of Hewitt's "Seraphic and Highly-Scented Extract of Heaven or Oil of Archangels"—which, as an agreeable perfume, I here take the liberty of recommending.

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With a heavy heart I returned to my *boudoir*—there to ponder upon some method of eluding my wife's penetration, until I could make arrangements prior to my leaving the country, for to this I had already made up my mind. In a foreign climate, being unknown, I might, with some probability of success, endeavor to conceal my unhappy calamity—a calamity calculated, even more than beggary, to estrange the affections of the multitude, and to draw down upon the wretch the well-merited indignation of the virtuous and the happy. I was not long in hesitation. Being naturally quick, I committed to memory the entire tragedies of ——, and ——. I had the good fortune to recollect that in the accentuation of these dramas, or at least of such portion of them as is allotted to their heroes, the tones of voice in which I found myself deficient were altogether unnecessary, and that the deep guttural was expected to reign monotonously throughout.

I practised for some time by the borders of a well-frequented marsh—herein, however, having no reference to a similar proceeding of Demosthenes, but from a design peculiarly and conscientiously my own. Thus armed at all points, I determined to make my wife believe that I was suddenly smitten with a passion for the stage. In this I succeeded to a miracle; and to every question or suggestion found myself at liberty to reply in my most frog-like and sepulchral tones with some passage from the tragedies, any portion of which, as I soon took great pleasure in observing, would apply equally well to any particular subject. It is not to be supposed, however, that in the delivery of such passages I was found at all deficient in the looking asquint—the showing my teeth—the working my knees—the shuffling my feet—or in any of those unmentionable graces which are now justly considered the characteristics of a popular performer. To be sure they spoke of confining me in a straight jacket—but good God! they never suspected me of having lost my breath.

Having at length put my affairs in order, I took my seat very early one morning in the mail stage for ——, giving it to be understood among my acquaintances that business of the last importance required my immediate personal attendance.

The coach was crammed to repletion—but in the uncertain twilight the features of my companions could not be distinguished. Without making any effectual resistance I suffered myself to be placed between two gentlemen of colossal dimensions; while a third, of a size larger, requesting pardon for the liberty he was about to take, threw himself upon my body at full length, and falling asleep in an instant, drowned all my guttural ejaculations for relief, in a snore which would have put to the blush the roarings of a Phalarian bull. Happily the state of my respiratory faculties rendered suffocation an accident entirely out of the question.

As however, the day broke more distinctly in our approach to the outskirts of the city, my tormentor arising and adjusting his shirt-collar, thanked me in a very friendly manner for my civility. Seeing that I remained motionless, (all my limbs were dislocated, and my head twisted on one side,) his apprehensions began to be excited; and arousing the rest of the passengers, he communicated, in a very decided manner, his opinion that a dead man had been palmed upon them during the night for a living *bonâ fide* and responsible fellow-traveller—here giving me a thump on the right eye, by way of evidencing the truth of his suggestion.

Thereupon all, one after another, (there were nine in company) believed it their duty to pull me by the ear. A young practising physician, too, having applied a pocket-mirror to my mouth, and found me without breath, the assertion of my persecutor was pronounced a true bill; and the whole party expressed their determination to endure tamely no such impositions for the future, and to proceed no farther with any such carcasses for the present.

I was here accordingly thrown out at the sign of the "Crow," (by which tavern the coach happened to be passing) without meeting with any farther accident than the breaking of both my arms under the left hind wheel of the vehicle. I must besides do the driver the justice to state that he did not forget to throw after me the largest of my trunks, which, unfortunately falling on my head, fractured my skull in a manner at once interesting and extraordinary.

The landlord of the "Crow," who is a hospitable man, finding that my trunk contained sufficient to indemnify him for any little trouble he might take in my behalf, sent forthwith for a surgeon of his acquaintance, and delivered me to his care with a bill and receipt for five and twenty dollars.

The purchaser took me to his apartments and commenced operations immediately. Having, however, cut off my ears, he discovered signs of animation. He now rang the bell, and sent for a neighboring apothecary with whom to consult in the emergency. In case, however, of his suspicions with regard to my existence proving ultimately correct, he, in the meantime, made an incision in my stomach, and removed several of my viscera for private dissection.

The apothecary had an idea that I was actually dead. This idea I endeavored to confute, kicking and plunging with all my might, and making the most furious contortions—for the operations of the surgeon had, in a measure, restored me to the possession of my faculties. All, however, was attributed to the effects of a new Galvanic Battery, wherewith the apothecary, who is really a man of information, performed several curious experiments, in which, from my personal share in their fulfilment I could not help feeling deeply interested. It was a source of mortification to me nevertheless, that although I made several attempts at conversation, my powers of speech were so entirely *in abeyance*, that I could not even open my mouth; much less then make reply to some ingenious but fanciful theories of which, under other circumstances, my minute acquaintance with the Hippocratian Pathology would have afforded me a ready confutation.

Not being able to arrive at a conclusion, the practitioners remanded me for further examination. I was taken up into a garret; and the surgeon's lady having accommodated me with drawers and stockings, the surgeon himself fastened my hands, and tied up my jaws with a pocket handkerchief—then bolted the door on the outside as he hurried to his dinner, leaving me alone to silence and to meditation.

I now discovered to my extreme delight that I could have spoken had not my mouth been tied up by the pocket-handerchief. Consoling myself with this reflection, I was mentally repeating some passages of the

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———, as is my custom before resigning myself to sleep, when two cats, of a greedy and vituperative turn, entering at a hole in the wall, leaped up with a flourish *à la Catalani*, and alighting opposite one another on my visage, betook themselves to unseemly and indecorous contention for the paltry consideration of my nose.

But, as the loss of his ears proved the means of elevating to the throne of Cyrus, the Magian or Mige-Gush of Persia, and as the cutting off his nose gave Zopyrus possession of Babylon, so the loss of a few ounces of my countenance proved the salvation of my body. Aroused by the pain, and burning with indignation, I burst, at a single effort, the fastenings and the bandage. Stalking across the room I cast a glance of contempt at the belligerents, and throwing open the sash to their extreme horror and disappointment, precipitated myself—very dexterously—from the window.

The mail-robber W———, to whom I bore a singular resemblance, was at this moment passing from the city jail to the scaffold erected for his execution in the suburbs. His extreme infirmity and long-continued ill health, had obtained him the privilege of remaining unmanacled; and habited in his gallows costume—a dress very similar to my own—he lay at full length in the bottom of the hangman's cart (which happened to be under the windows of the surgeon at the moment of my precipitation) without any other guard than the driver who was asleep, and two recruits of the sixth infantry, who were drunk.

As ill-luck would have it, I alit upon my feet within the vehicle. W———, who was an acute fellow, perceived his opportunity. Leaping up immediately he bolted out behind, and turning down an alley, was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye. The recruits aroused by the bustle, could not exactly comprehend the merits of the transaction. Seeing, however, a man, the precise counterpart of the felon, standing upright in the cart before their eyes, they were of opinion that "the rascal, (meaning W———) was after making his escape," (so they expressed themselves) and, having communicated this opinion to one another, they took each a dram, and then knocked me down with the but-ends of their muskets.

It was not long ere we arrived at the place of destination. Of course nothing could be said in my defence. Hanging was my inevitable fate. I resigned myself thereto, with a feeling half stupid, half acrimonious. Being little of a cynic, I had all the sentiments of a dog. The hangman, however, adjusted the noose about my neck. The drop fell. My convulsions were said to be extraordinary. Several gentlemen swooned, and some ladies were carried home in hysterics. Pinxit, too, availed himself of the opportunity to retouch, from a sketch taken upon the spot, his admirable painting of the "Marsyas flayed alive."

I will endeavor to depict my sensations upon the gallows. To write upon such a theme it is necessary to have been hanged. Every author should confine himself to matters of experience. Thus Mark Antony wrote a treatise upon drunkenness.

Die I certainly did not. The sudden jerk given to my neck upon the falling of the drop, merely proved a corrective to the unfortunate twist afforded me by the gentleman in the coach. Although my body certainly *was*, I had, alas! no breath *to be* suspended; and but for the shaking of the rope, the pressure of the knot under my ear, and the rapid determination of blood to the brain, should, I dare say, have experienced very little inconvenience.

The latter feeling, however, grew momentarily more painful. I heard my heart beating with violence—the veins in my hands and wrists swelled nearly to bursting—my temples throbbed tempestuously—and I felt that my eyes were starting from their sockets. Yet when I say that in spite of all this my sensations were not absolutely intolerable, I will not be believed.

There were noises in my ears—first like the tolling of huge bells—then like the beating of a thousand drums—then, lastly, like the low, sullen murmurs of the sea. But these noises were very far from disagreeable.

Although, too, the powers of my mind were confused and distorted, yet I was—strange to say!—well aware of such confusion and distortion. I could, with unerring promptitude determine at will in what particulars my sensations were correct—and in what particulars I wandered from the path. I could even feel with accuracy *how far*—to *what very point*, such wanderings had misguided me, but still without the power of correcting my deviations. I took besides, at the same time, a wild delight in analyzing my conceptions.*

Memory, which, of all other faculties, should have first taken its departure, seemed on the contrary to have been endowed with quadrupled power. Each incident of my past life flitted before me like a shadow. There was not a brick in the building where I was born—not a dog-leaf in the primer I had thumbed over when a child—not a tree in the forest where I hunted when a boy—not a street in the cities I had traversed when a man—that I did not at that time most palpably behold. I could repeat to myself entire lines, passages, names, acts, chapters, books, from the studies of my earlier days; and while, I dare say, the crowd around me were blind with horror, or aghast with awe, I was alternately with Æschylus, a demi-god, or with Aristophanes, a frog.

* * * * * *

A dreamy delight now took hold upon my spirit, and I imagined that I had been eating opium, or feasting upon the Hashish of the old Assassins. But glimpses of pure, unadulterated reason—during which I was still buoyed up by the hope of finally escaping that death which hovered, like a vulture above me—were still caught occasionally by my soul.

By some unusual pressure of the rope against my face, a portion of the cap was chafed away, and I found to my astonishment that my powers of vision were not altogether destroyed. A sea of waving heads rolled around me. In the intensity of my delight I eyed them with feelings of the deepest commiseration, and blessed, as I looked upon the haggard assembly, the superior benignity of *my* proper stars.

I now reasoned, rapidly I believe—profoundly I am sure—upon principles of common law—propriety of that law especially, for which I hung—absurdities in political economy which till then I had never been able to acknowledge—dogmas in the old Aristotelians now

* The general reader will I dare say recognize, in these *sensations* of Mr. Lacko'breath, much of the absurd *metaphysicianism* of the redoubted Schelling.

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generally denied, but not the less intrinsically true—detestable school formulæ in Bourdon, in Garnier, in Lacroix—synonymes in Crabbe—lunar-lunatic theories in St. Pierre—falsities in the Pelham novels—beauties in Vivian Grey—more than beauties in Vivian Grey—profundity in Vivian Grey—genius in Vivian Grey—every thing in Vivian Grey.

Then came, like a flood, Coleridge, Kant, Fitche, and Pantheism—then like a deluge, the Academie, Pergola, La Scala, San Carlo, Faul, Albert, Noblet, Ronzi Vestris, Fanny Bias, and Taglioni.

* * * * * *

A rapid change was now taking place in my sensations. The last shadows of connection flitted away from my meditations. A storm—a tempest of ideas, vast, novel, and soul-stirring, bore my spirit like a feather afar off. Confusion crowded upon confusion like a wave upon a wave. In a very short time Schelling himself would have been satisfied with my entire loss of self-identity. The crowd became a mass of mere abstraction.

About this period I became aware of a heavy fall and shock—but, although the concussion jarred throughout my frame, I had not the slightest idea of its having been sustained in my own proper person; and thought of it as of an incident peculiar to some other existence—an idiosyncrasy belonging to some other Ens.

It was at this moment—as I afterwards discovered—that having been suspended for the full term of execution, it was thought proper to remove my body from the gallows—this, the more especially as the real culprit had now been retaken and recognized.

Much sympathy was now exercised in my behalf—and as no one in the city appeared to identify my body, it was ordered that I should be interred in the public sepulchre early in the following morning. I lay, in the meantime, without signs of life—although from the moment, I suppose, when the rope was loosened from my neck, a dim consciousness of my situation oppressed me like the night-mare.

I was laid out in a chamber sufficiently small, and very much encumbered with furniture—yet to me it appeared of a size to contain the universe. I have never before or since, in body or in mind, suffered half so much agony as from that single idea. Strange! that the simple conception of abstract magnitude—of infinity—should have been accompanied with pain. Yet so it was. "With how vast a difference," said I, "in life and in death—in time and in eternity—here and hereafter, shall our merest sensations be imbodied!"

The day died away, and I was aware that it was growing dark—yet the same terrible conceit still overwhelmed me. Nor was it confined to the boundaries of the apartment—it extended, although in a more definite manner, to all objects, and, perhaps I will not be understood in saying that it extended also to all *sentiments*. My fingers as they lay cold, clammy, stiff, and pressing helplessly one against another, were, in my imagination, swelled to a size according with the proportions of the Antœus. Every portion of my frame betook of their enormity. The pieces of money—I well remember—which being placed upon my eyelids, failed to keep them effectually closed, seemed huge, interminable chariot-wheels of the Olympia, or of the Sun.

Yet it is very singular that I experienced no sense of weight—of gravity. On the contrary I was put to much inconvenience by that buoyancy—that tantalizing *difficulty of keeping down*, which is felt by the swimmer in deep water. Amid the tumult of my terrors I laughed with a hearty internal laugh to think what incongruity there would be—could I arise and walk—between the elasticity of my motion, and the mountain of my form.

* * * * * *

The night came—and with it a new crowd of horrors. The consciousness of my approaching interment, began to assume new distinctness, and consistency—yet never for one moment did I imagine *that I was not actually dead*.

"This then"—I mentally ejaculated—"this darkness which is palpable, and oppresses with a sense of suffocation—this—this—is indeed *death*. This is death—this is death the terrible—death the holy. This is the death undergone by Regulus—and equally by Seneca. Thus—thus, too, shall I always remain—always—always remain. Reason is folly, and Philosophy a lie. No one will know my sensations, my horror—my despair. Yet will men still persist in reasoning, and philosophizing, and making themselves fools. There is, I find, no hereafter but this. This—this—this—is the only Eternity!—and what, O Baalzebub!—*what* an Eternity!—to lie in this vast—this awful void—a hideous, vague, and unmeaning anomaly—motionless, yet wishing for motion—powerless, yet longing for power—forever, forever, and forever!"

But the morning broke at length—and with its misty and gloomy dawn arrived in triple horror the paraphernalia of the grave. Then—and not till then—was I fully sensible of the fearful fate hanging over me. The phantasms of the night had faded away with its shadows, and the actual terrors of the yawning tomb left me no heart for the bug-bear speculations of Transcendentalism.

I have before mentioned that my eyes were but imperfectly closed—yet as I could not move them in any degree, those objects alone which crossed the direct line of vision were within the sphere of my comprehension. But across that line of vision spectral and stealthy figures were continually flitting, like the ghosts of Banquo. They were making hurried preparations for my interment. First came the coffin which they placed quietly by my side. Then the undertaker with attendants and a screw-driver. Then a stout man whom I could distinctly see and who took hold of my feet—while one whom I could only feel lifted me by the head and shoulders. Together they placed me in the coffin, and drawing the shroud up over my face proceeded to fasten down the lid. One of the screws, missing its proper direction, was screwed by the carelessness of the undertaker deep—deep—down into my shoulder. A convulsive shudder ran throughout my frame. With what horror, with what sickening of heart did I reflect that one minute sooner a similar manifestation of life, would, in all probability, have prevented my inhumation. But alas! it was now too late, and hope died away within my bosom as I felt myself lifted upon the shoulders of men—carried down the stairway—and thrust within the hearse.

During the brief passage to the cemetery my sensations, which for some time had been lethargic and dull

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assumed, all at once, a degree of intense and unnatural vivacity for which I can in no manner account. I could distinctly hear the rustling of the plumes—the whispers of the attendants—the solemn breathings of the horses of death. Confined as I was in that narrow and strict embrace, I could feel the quicker or slower movement of the procession—the restlessness of the driver—the windings of the road as it led us to the right or to the left. I could distinguish the peculiar odor of the coffin—the sharp acid smell of the steel screws. I could see the texture of the shroud as it lay close against my face; and was even conscious of the rapid variations in light and shade which the flapping to and fro of the sable hangings occasioned within the body of the vehicle.

In a short time however, we arrived at the place of sculpture, and I felt myself deposited within the tomb. The entrance was secured—they departed—and I was left alone. A line of Marston's "Malcontent,"

"Death's a good fellow and keeps open house,"

struck me at that moment as a palpable lie. Sullenly I lay at length, the quick among the dead—and *Anacharsis inter Scythas.*

From what I overheard early in the morning, I was led to believe that the occasions when the vault was made use of were of very rare occurrence. It was probable that many months might elapse before the doors of the tomb would be again unbarred—and even should I survive until that period, what means could I have more than at present, of making known my situation or of escaping from the coffin? I resigned myself, therefore, with much tranquillity to my fate, and fell, after many hours, into a deep and deathlike sleep.

How long I remained thus is to me a mystery. When I awoke my limbs were no longer cramped with the cramp of death—I was no longer without the power of motion. A very slight exertion was sufficient to force off the lid of my prison—for the dampness of the atmosphere had already occasioned decay in the woodwork around the screws.

My steps as I groped around the sides of my habitation were, however, feeble and uncertain, and I felt all the gnawings of hunger with the pains of intolerable thirst. Yet, as time passed away, it is strange that I experienced little uneasiness from these scourges of the earth, in comparisons with the more terrible visitations of the fiend *Ennui.* Stranger still were the resources by which I endeavored to banish him from my presence.

The sepulchre was large and subdivided into many compartments, and I busied myself in examining the peculiarities of their construction. I determined the length and breadth of my abode. I counted and recounted the stones of the masonry. But there were other methods by which I endeavored to lighten the tedium of my hours. Feeling my way among the numerous coffins ranged in order around, I lifted them down, one by one, and breaking open their lids, busied myself in speculations about the mortality within.

"This," I reflected, tumbling over a carcass, puffy, bloated, and rotund—"this has been, no doubt, in every sense of the word, an unhappy—an unfortunate man. It has been his terrible lot not to walk, but to waddle—to pass through life not like a human being, but like an elephant—not like a man, but like a rhinoceros.

"His attempts at getting on have been mere abortions—and his circumgyratory proceedings a palpable failure. Taking a step forward, it has been his misfortune to take two towards the right, and three towards the left. His studies have been confined to the Philosophy of Crabbe.

"He can have had no idea of the wonders of a *Pirouette.* To him a *Pas de Papillon* has been an abstract conception.

"He has never ascended the summit of a hill. He has never viewed from any steeple the glories of a metropolis.

"Heat has been his mortal enemy. In the dog-days his days have been the days of a dog. Therein, he has dreamed of flames and suffocation—of mountains upon mountains—of Pelion upon Ossa.

"He was short of breath—to say all in a word—he was short of breath.

"He thought it extravagant to play upon wind instruments. He was the inventor of self-moving fans—wind-sails—and ventilators. He patronized Du Pont the bellows-maker—and died miserably in attempting to smoke a cigar.

"His was a case in which I feel deep interest—a lot in which I sincerely sympathize."

"But here," said I—"here"—and I dragged spitefully from its receptacle a gaunt, tall, and peculiar-looking form, whose remarkable appearance struck me with a sense of unwelcome familiarity—"here," said I—"here is a wretch entitled to no earthly commiseration." Thus saying, in order to obtain a more distinct view of my subject, I applied my thumb and forefinger to his nose, and, causing him to assume a sitting position upon the ground, held him, thus, at the length of my arm, while I continued my soliloquy.

—"entitled," I repeated, "to no earthly commiseration. Who indeed would think of compassionating a shadow? Besides—has he not had his full share of the blessings of mortality? He was the originator of tall monuments—shot-towers—lightning-rods—lombardy-poplars. His treatise upon 'Shades and Shadows' has immortalized him.

"He went early to college and studied Pneumatics. He then came home—talked eternally—and played upon the French horn.

"He patronized the bag-pipes. Captain Barclay, who walked against Time, would not walk against *him.* Windham and Allbreath were his favorite writers. He died gloriously while inhaling gas—*levique flatu corrumpitur*, like the *fama pudicitiæ* in Hieronymus.* He was indubitably a"——

"How *can* you?—how—*can*—you?"—interrupted the object of my animadversions, gasping for breath, and tearing off, with a desperate exertion, the bandage around his jaws—how *can* you, Mr. Lacko'breath, be so infernally cruel as to pinch me in that manner by the nose? Did you not see how they had fastened up my mouth—and you *must* know—if you know any thing—what a vast superfluity of breath I have to dispose of! If you

* *Tenera res in feminis fama pudicitiæ et quasi flos pulcherrimus, cito ad levem marcessit auram, levique flatu corrumpitur—maxime, &c.*—Hieronymus ad Salvinam.

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do not know, however, sit down and you shall see. In my situation it is really a great relief to be able to open one's mouth—to be able to expatiate—to be able to communicate with a person like yourself who do not think yourself called upon at every period to interrupt the thread of a gentleman's discourse. Interruptions are annoying and should undoubtedly be abolished—don't you think so?—no reply, I beg you,—one person is enough to be speaking at a time. I shall be done, by and bye, and then you may begin. How the devil, sir, did you get into this place?—not a word I beseech you—been here some time myself—terrible accident!—heard of it I suppose—awful calamity!—walking under your windows—some short while ago—about the time you were stage-struck—horrible occurrence! heard of 'catching one's breath,' eh?—hold your tongue I tell you!—I caught somebody else's!—had always too much of my own—met Blab at the corner of the street—would'nt give me a chance for a word—could'nt get in a syllable edgeways—attacked, consequently, with Epilepsis—Blab made his escape—damn all fools!—they took me up for dead, and put me in this place—pretty doings all of them!—heard all you said about me—every word a lie—horrible!—wonderful!—outrageous!—hideous!—incomprehensible!—et cetera—et cetera—et cetera—et cetera"———

It is impossible to conceive my astonishment at so unexpected a discourse; or the extravagant joy with which I became gradually convinced that the breath so fortunately caught by the gentleman—whom I soon recognized as my neighbor Windenough—was, in fact, the identical expiration mislaid by myself in the conversation with my wife. Time—place—and incidental circumstances rendered it a matter beyond question. I did not however, immediately release my hold upon Mr. W.'s proboscis—not at least during the long period in which the inventor of lombardy poplars continued to favor me with his explanations. In this respect I was actuated by that habitual prudence which has ever been my predominating trait.

I reflected that many difficulties might still lie in the path of my preservation which extreme exertion on my part would be alone able to surmount. Many persons, I considered, are prone to estimate commodities in their possession—however valueless to the then proprietor—however troublesome, or distressing—in precise ratio with the advantages to be derived by others from their attainment—or by themselves from their abandonment. Might not this be the case with Mr. Windenough? In displaying anxiety for the breath of which he was at present so willing to get rid, might I not lay myself open to the exactions of his avarice? There are scoundrels in this world—I remembered with a sigh—who will not scruple to take unfair opportunities with even a next door neighbor—and (this remark is from Epictetus) it is precisely at that time when men are most anxious to throw off the burden of their own calamities that they feel the least desirous of relieving them in others.

Upon considerations similar to these, and still retaining my grasp upon the nose of Mr. W, I accordingly thought proper to model my reply.

"Monster!"—I began in a tone of the deepest indignation—"monster! and double-winded idiot!—Dost *thou* whom, for thine iniquities, it has pleased Heaven to accurse with a two-fold respiration—dost *thou*, I say, presume to address me in the familiar language of an old acquaintance?—'I lie,' forsooth!—and 'hold my tongue,' to be sure—pretty conversation, indeed, to a gentleman with a single breath!—all this, too, when I have it in my power to relieve the calamity under which thou dost so justly suffer—to curtail the superfluities of thine unhappy respiration." Like Brutus I paused for a reply—with which, like a tornado, Mr. Windenough immediately overwhelmed me. Protestation followed upon protestation, and apology upon apology. There were no terms with which he was unwilling to comply, and there were none of which I failed to take the fullest advantage.

Preliminaries being at length arranged, my acquaintance delivered me the respiration—for which—having carefully examined it—I gave him afterwards a receipt.

I am aware that by many I shall be held to blame for speaking in a manner so cursory of a transaction so impalpable. It will be thought that I should have entered more minutely into the details of an occurrence by which—and all this is very true—much new light might be thrown upon a highly interesting branch of physical philosophy.

To all this, I am sorry, that I cannot reply. A hint is the only answer which I am permitted to make. There were circumstances—but I think it much safer upon consideration to say as little as possible about an affair so delicate—so *delicate*, I repeat, and at the same time involving the interests of a third party whose resentment I have not the least desire, at this moment, of incurring.

We were not long after this necessary arrangement in effecting an escape from the dungeons of the sepulchre. The united strength of our resuscitated voices was soon efficiently apparent. Scissors, the Whig Editor, republished a treatise upon "the nature and origin of subterranean noises." A reply—rejoinder—confutation—and justification followed in the columns of an ultra Gazette. It was not until the opening of the vault to decide the controversy, that the appearance of Mr. Windenough and myself proved both parties to have been decidedly in the wrong.

I cannot conclude these details of some very singular passages in a life at all times sufficiently eventful, without again recalling to the attention of the reader the merits of that indiscriminate philosophy which is a sure and ready shield against those shafts of calamity which can be neither seen, felt, nor fully understood. It was in the spirit of this wisdom that, among the ancient Hebrews, it was believed the gates of Heaven would be inevitably opened to that sinner, or saint, who with good lungs and implicit confidence, should vociferate the word "*Amen!*" It was in the spirit of this wisdom that when a great plague raged at Athens, and every means had been in vain attempted for its removal, Epimenides—as Laertius relates in his second book of the life of that philosopher—advised the erection of a shrine and temple *to prostekonti Theo*—"to the proper God."

The "Acajou et Zirphile" of Du Clos is a whimsical and amusing Fairy Tale, ingeniously composed in illustration of a series of grotesque, and extravagant engravings, whose figures, rats, apes, butterflies, and men, have no earthly meaning or connection but that given by the pen of the writer.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

CUPID'S SPORT.

"And is this Cupid's realm?—if so, good by!
Cupid, and Cupid's votaries I fly:
No offering to his altar do I bring—
No bleeding heart, nor hymeneal ring."

In the third number of the Messenger, my good reader, you and I were engaged in taking a peep at Cupid's Sport. Unless you have fallen out with me, (as I certainly have not with you,) we will again travel together, in a half merry, half serious mood, through some three or four pages. We shall perhaps be forced to scramble over hedges matted with brambles, or amble along some grassy mead or velvet lawn; it may be we

"Must pore where babbling waters flow,
And watch unfolding roses blow."

You no doubt remember in what a sad plight we left our young friend Timothy Wilberforce; how he had been gradually led on by Cupid, buoyed up and transported, till he attained within a step of the pinnacle of bliss—and then, how the mischief-making God had precipitated him to the very brink of despair; how, like Sisyphus,

"Up the high hill he heav'd the huge round stone;"

and how

"The huge round stone resulting with a bound,
Thunder'd impetuous down, and smoked along the ground."

In fine, he had been caught and caged, manacled, cuffed, and then *kicked*, (that's the word,) by our good little, sweet little Molly, to his heart's content. Alas! this truly is one of the miseries of human life. Had Tim received a kick from a man fashioned like himself, he might at least have returned the blow. Had it been bestowed by one fashioned after the manner of the Houyhnims, with hock and hoof, or had it been driven full in his face by an ass, shod with a double set of irons, he might have consoled himself with the reflection that some skilful surgeon would replace the mangled elements, or kind nature reproduce a healthy action. But the impress of a damsel's foot upon a generous heart was far more difficult to efface. The wound it inflicted, had baffled through all ages the skill of anatomists, phrenologists, and philosophers. Tim then, could only bewail the hopelessness of his situation in the mournful strains of the gentle Corydon:

"She is faithless, and I am undone.
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure."

These were the first sensations of his softened soul, but as time moved on with his unslackened wing, other thoughts unbidden sprung upon his mind. Memory indeed, for awhile continued to brood over "the ills that flesh is heir to," but the good Tim, at last, came to the same conclusion with the wise McPherson, that

"To cut his throat, a brave man scorns,
So, instead of his throat, he cut—his corns."

Tim, like all honest bachelors, swore most roundly, that he would never more be caught by woman's wiles; that she was heartless, faithless, deceitful, "and desperately wicked." Alas! poor Tim knew not the susceptibility of his own heart; and Cupid but smiled to think how easily he could hold our hero in magic thraldom. Tim indeed could cry out in the agony of woe,

"Have I not had my brain sear'd, heart riven,
Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, life's life lied away?"

but still, blindfold and unconscious, he would find himself worse than ever entangled and ensnared. A ringlet tastefully displayed, a soft melting eye, it might be a keen piercing one, it mattered not to him, a dimpled cheek, a laughter making mouth, were to him more attractive, than a diamond to a miser, a ship with her canvass swelling to the breeze to the jolly tar, or a well fed steed to a Dutchman's fancy. The very hopes he once cherished, now nipped and blighted; his former fondness for society which he now shunned and despised, served by the contrast to make him doubly gloomy and alone,

"Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay."

Feeling so doubly lone, Tim would again seek a partner to sympathize in his sorrows, and to whom could he go? to man—cold calculating man? What is man worth in sorrow? Has he the tender sensibility, the warm hearted sympathy that is ever alive in a female's bosom? If you tell him your love sick tale, he will laugh you to scorn, he will frown you down for a puling blockhead; but woman will listen to your griefs, will alleviate your pain, assuage your sorrow, and if she but smiles, Tim would exclaim,

"How she smiled, and I could not but love."

With feelings such as these, Tim *accidentally* became acquainted with "the lass with the auburn curls." These accidents occur sometimes, so happily and apropos, that we are tempted to believe them not merely the result of casualty; my own opinion is, that they are all devised, planned and executed by that wily urchin cupid, to bring those together, upon whom to sport his strange fantastic freaks.

One autumn's eve, when the sun was low, Catherine and her Cousin Tony issued forth, to ramble along the winding banks of the James River Canal. They were admiring the beauty of the scenery, and occasionally turning to view the dazzling brilliancy of many of the windows in the city, caused by the reflection of the setting sun, producing the effect of an illumination shifting from house to house as they changed their position.

They had progressed along the canal as far as the first water-fall, the situation of which, many of my readers will no doubt remember; not as it is at present, but as it existed a few years ago, before the polishing hand of art had shorn it of half its beauties. There is an arch turned there, spanning the ravine, over which the canal passes at its usual level, and is thus raised, some thirty feet perhaps, above the base of the ravine. Under this arch a pellucid rivulet gently ripples, till reaching the brink of the acclivity below, it leaps and bounds towards the river. Above the sides of this arch, the waste water from the canal rushed headlong, mingling with the clear waters of the rivulet, and dashing foamingly along, or eddying and bubbling among a rugged bed of granite. On the east side of this fall, there was once a rock, raised high above the rest, by the side of which a little cedar grew, over and around whose boughs the wild grape and sweet brier inter-

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twined their branches until they hung a verdant canopy above. This place, adorned as it was with its native drapery, had obtained the name of "Cupid's Cavern,"—for here, many a loving couple, after an evening's walk, would rest, feasting upon the beauties of the surrounding scenery. And here, many a tale of love had been told, which the roar of the water-fall deafened to all, but the ears into which they had been whispered. On the rock just mentioned, by the side of the cavern, Tony and Kate at length seated themselves, and will you believe it, Tony was actually endeavoring to persuade his *cousin* to permit him, to call her, by a more endearing title.

Tim too, had been attracted by the delicious softness of the evening, to gaze upon the same beauties; he was a little behind them during the walk, but had been so absorbed with his own reflections, that he had scarcely noticed that any one was before him. Here, he had often walked with his once sweet Molly in the days of his happiness, and although he now boasted that his heart was free as air, association necessarily brought to his mind, her whom he wished to banish, and spite of himself, he more than once repeated,

> "Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
> I could wander with pleasure alone."

A few yards above the fall I have vainly endeavored to describe, there was a little bridge across the canal, then formed of two logs, each about a foot wide, but without railing or safeguard of any kind. From its proximity to "Cupid's Cavern," it might well have been termed the "Bridge of Sighs." These logs had been so long exposed to the weather, and were so much used and worn, as to have become very much decayed and absolutely dangerous. Still, through mere habit, they were daily crossed by many, and their dilapidated condition was scarcely noticed. One had evidently, already, partially given way near the middle, while the other was not in a much more sound condition.

Upon the end of this bridge, Tim determined to rest, and while thoughtfully musing, his eyes fell upon the cousins I have just described, seated on the rock below.

Reader, I cannot tell you all that Tony or Kate said; I wish I could. A word or two must suffice. It is not what they said I care about. I desire you to look at Kate, and then tell me if you can blame Tim for looking too.

"Cousin Kate," said Tony, "Did you ever feel as if you would choke when you attempted to speak?" This was a plain, common place question, and Catherine might have answered straight forward, "Yes, cousin Tony, I have,"—or "No, Tony, I have not;" or "I do not know cuz;"—but, some how or other, girls are strange beings. Catherine said not one word, but began to blush. "I have called you *cousin*," said Tony, "long enough, Kate." Here the perspiration stood upon Tony's brow, and Kate blushed crimson. "Cousin Tony," said Kate, "It is time for us to be returning home." "Ah Kate," said Tony, "you know how long and how ardently I have loved you; may I not, one day, drop that epithet of Cousin?" Tony looked at Kate for some reply. "Cousin Tony," said Catherine, summoning up all her courage, "we can never be more than friends and cousins." Then Kate's brow began to cool, but whenever Tony would press the matter, all he saw was new blown blushes, for Kate had seen that Tim's eyes were fastened upon her, and from Tony's eager gaze and manner, she well knew a stranger's suspicions must be roused.

Gentle reader, I have told you thus much of Tony's courtship, that you, as well as Tim, might see a few of Katy's blushes. She was as delicately refined in thought and sentiment as you can possibly conceive. Her's was

> "A beautiful transparent skin,
> Which never hides the blood, yet holds it in;"

so soft, and thin, and white, that you might perceive each pulse as it ebbed and flowed; indeed, whenever her heart was excited by any sudden emotion, the delicate ruby would come and go, till the consciousness of blushing would make her doubly crimson. She would endeavor to conceal her emotions,

> "But o'er her bright brow flashed a tumult strange,
> And into her clear cheek the blood was brought,
> Blood red, as sunset summer clouds, which range
> The verge of heaven."

Good reader, I hate formal introductions, and therefore I have not introduced you formally to my heroine, but since I have let you into the secret that Kate's foible was blushing, I must go a little further; when she did blush, she had a habit, as if to cool her brow, of parting her ringlets, and then, carelessly, throwing them back, there wantonly hung

> "Down her white neck, long floating auburn curls,
> The least of which, would set ten poets raving."

You are not to consider this a description of Katy's person; when I attempt such a delineation, it will be with a flourish of trumpets, louder and longer than Joshua made, when he encompassed the walls of Jericho and blew them into fragments. At present, you see our Catherine in a simple, neat, white dress, which

> "Like fleecy clouds about the moon, play'd 'round her."

All this time, Tim, that most notorious contemner of beauty, and the man of all others who could most manfully resist loveliness, "in any shape, in any mood," sat drinking in these unconscious exhibitions of Katy's character and mind. He saw not Tony, much less did he hear or imagine what he said. All he perceived was Catherine's face, and those rich, floating curls. It was indeed cruel in Cupid to place him there. At every succeeding blush, a poisoned arrow flew from his silver bow, and Tim's poor heart fluttered in his bosom. Determining for once, however, to out general Cupid, Tim gallantly resolved upon a hasty flight; accordingly, he took himself across the little bridge, and began sauntering away on the opposite hill.

About the same time, Catherine again insisted upon returning, and Tony finding all effort at persuasion perfectly hopeless, began to put upon the matter the best face he could muster. Taking his cousin's arm he insisted she should vary the walk, by crossing to the other side of the canal, and return to the city in that direction. Kate expressed her uneasiness at crossing this insecure bridge, but as Tony was importunate, she reluctantly consented, not desiring farther to add to his mortification by a positive refusal. Tony, as a man of gallantry naturally would do, placed Catherine upon the soundest of the logs, he himself walking by her side on the weaker of the two, not reflecting that the weaker log would much more easily bear her weight than his. As fate would have it, Catherine became alarmed by the trembling of the bridge, and leaned the more heavily

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upon Tony for support, and as he was not in a mood to care much whether he broke his own neck or not, he insisted upon proving to his cousin, that the bridge was perfectly secure, and that all her fears were totally groundless. So taking her by the arm, in a careless way, and telling her gaily, "Now mind what you are about," he raised himself upon his feet several times, so as to produce an oscillating motion in the log. At this moment, Tim had turned about to cast one lingering look, merely to inquire with himself, what lassie that might be, when perceiving the danger they were in, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Take care!"—but it was too late,—down went the log with a terrible crash, and poor Tony and sweet Kate were precipitated into the water below, in the middle of the canal, at the deepest point. If ever you have seen in the hand of some ruthless urchin, an innocent bird (which he has just succeeded in securing from his trap,) flurried, gasping and panting with fright, you will have a correct idea of Katy. She gave one shriek as she fell, and then rose almost breathless, gasping and panting in an agony of alarm. Luckily the water was not more than waist deep. Tony went down feet foremost, following the decayed timbers, (pity he had not fallen on his head,) but Catherine, clinging to his arm at the time of the accident, and having her support suddenly taken from her, was precipitated at full length into the water. In an instant, Tim rushed to the spot. Into the canal he went, and catching the terrified Kate in his arms, he brought her safely to the shore. Tony did all he could, but poor fellow he was completely involved among the broken fragments, and though he strove to rescue Kate, it was as much as he could do to extricate himself. Tim knew there was no danger of Tony's drowning, and so he left him to struggle for himself, giving all his attention to Kate, who was truly an object worthy of his care, and yet not the less of his admiration. She, though thoroughly wet, withal looked so grateful, and her countenance expressed so many thanks, and her pitiable situation, together with the freshness of the water, heightened the bloom of her cheek to such a degree, that Tim never once noticed her dress. Well might he have imagined her the beauteous Goddess Thetis, with her silvery drapery, as she issued from her watery mansion. But when she took off her fragile bonnet, to adjust her dishevelled hair, and he viewed

> "O'er her white forehead the gilt tresses flow,
> Like the rays of the sun on a hillock of snow,"

who could have blamed him, if he had given way to his raptures, and exclaimed,

> "My heart for a slave to gay Venus I've sold,
> And barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold."

As for Tony, if you could have seen him, as he crept out of the water, with his "long tailed blue," tapering to a point, and dripping like an old rooster under a cart, on a rainy day, with his head up and his tail down, you really would have pitied him; he knew not which way to look, nor what to say. I have seen a dog caught in the act of killing sheep; have seen a wet rat creeping out of a tub; and I saw the gay Tony sneaking out of the canal after having been turned off by his sweetheart, and each of these animals, dog, rat, and Tony, had the same identical sickly phiz. The dog slunk to his kennel, the rat crept to his hole, but Tony was forced to his mistress, who with all imaginable sweetness forgave him in an instant. He ought, if he could, to have crept into an augur hole and hid himself there forever.

However, finding Tim was an old friend of his, he thanked him kindly for his timely assistance, and introduced him to her, of all others, with whom Tim most desired some farther acquaintance.

In a little time, our three friends began to laugh the matter over as well as they could, and being thoroughly drenched, they endeavored to keep each other in countenance, on their way homeward. Tim accompanied Kate to her door, and then, wishing she might experience no farther inconvenience from her accident, and having received a polite invitation to visit the family, retired with Tony to procure a drier suit.

My kind reader, you must listen to me with patience; hereafter, I will not ramble so much at large, but will hasten on with my story. Time's magic wing sped on, and days, weeks and months rolled by. In the mean time, Tim continued his visits to Kate. Sometimes, at an interval of a fortnight; at other times but a week would elapse; then this short week began to appear an entire month; finally, weeks were reduced to days, and days to hours, and Tim was not satisfied unless he paid a visit at least twice a day.

The gossips of the city were thus furnished with a new theme to run riot with, and Tim and Catherine were bandied about at a merciless rate. Some thought it passing strange—others thought it natural enough. "Did you hear Mr. Wilberforce was courting?" said one; "Did you know Miss Catherine was engaged?" said another; "I'll bet my life they will be married!" "I know she has turned him off!" "She will never have him in the world," said a third, "for she is already engaged to her cousin Tony." And thus, Tim was known to be courting, engaged, turned off and jilted, before he himself had ascertained what his fate would be; but the latter opinion, that he was certainly turned off, gained the more currency, particularly as our friend was suddenly called off, by business, to a distant city, where he was compelled to remain for several months. The busy bodies could not but notice, with what a heavy heart he departed, and there could be no possibility of doubt about it. Tim had certainly received his walking papers. No matter, friend Tim, thou must learn

> "What it is to admire and to love,
> And to leave her we love and admire."

My best wishes attend thee wherever thou goest.

Most persons would suppose, that after the honest denial, and the decent ducking Tony had obtained, that the ardor of his love would have been somewhat cooled, and that he would have been the last person who would ever have attempted again to mention love in Catherine's presence. Not so, Tony. He had been more than once rejected already by his cousin, but because they were cousins, and Catherine had always treated him kindly, Tony was still induced to harbor hope, when almost any other person would only have welcomed despair. He found it impossible "to look and not to love." He was one of those luckless wights, who love and are not beloved, and yet cannot bring themselves to give up the loved object—who, though driven from the presence of their fair ones, continue to cast a lingering look behind, to catch a glimpse of relenting compassion. He reminded me of the glowing descrip-

tion of Lot's wife, once given by an humble divine, when he endeavored to explain to his flock why it was that she continued to look back as she fled from the ill-fated Sodom. "Ah, my brethren," he said, "no doubt the good woman had a pleasant little garden there, filled with all kinds of vegetables, and the remembrance of her greens, and her turnips, her potatoes, tomatoes, her squashes and beans, about which she had experienced many moments of anxiety and vexation, caused her heart to cling to the world, and so from the top of every little knob, she looked,—and looked,—and there she stands, a pillar of salt." If Tony but received a look of recognition, it was sufficient encouragement for him. If he accidentally received a civil bow, in return for a gracious smile, he would imagine himself welcomed to her arms. If he offered his hand, and she did not put her arms akimbo, and look like a very virago, he would return the next morning, and if he was again told of *friendship* merely, Tony would only express his astonishment, and say, "Why then did you give me such encouragement,—why did you look in that way?" Look in that way! Now the fact is, no matter which way Catherine might have looked, it would have been all the same to Tony. If she looked mild and placid, or fierce and acid; if she had been pensive and musing, or laughing and romping; had she looked out of her right eye athwart her nose, or out of her left athwart her shoulder, or had she not looked at all, "like Paddy, when he shut his eyes to peep in the glass, to see how he looked when asleep," Tony would have discovered ample cause for indulging in hope in each smile, frown, curl of the lip, or play of a muscle. But though, continuing in the same hopeless condition, he always consoled himself by saying,

> "She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew,
> My path I could hardly discern,
> So sweetly she bade me adieu,
> I thought that she bade me return."

Time still moved onward. And Catherine still attracted and received the admiration of all who beheld her. One day, as she was seated alone in her parlor, in a somewhat melancholy mood, (for it was a rainy, dreary day,) with a book in her hand, her back to the door, and her head leaning against the sash of the window, she began to hum to herself a little song a friend had lately given her. She would sing a line or two, and pause,—and then again would raise her mellow voice.

> "If he return not, ah, she said,
> I'll bid adieu to Hope to-morrow."

And this was sung with so much feeling, you could plainly see her heart had given utterance to its inmost sentiments. Her singing was so sweet, we might truly say,

> "It was the carol of a bird;
> It ceased, and then it came again,
> The sweetest song ear ever heard."

The notes however died away, and Kate still sat in a seeming reverie. When we are fairly in one of these musing moods, we will sit for hours, without being able to tell upon what object our eyes or thoughts have been so keenly rivetted. Our senses seem to be closed against ordinary impressions. At any rate, while Catherine continued thus leaning, some one walked lightly into the room, and discovering he was not noticed, gently placed his hands over her eyes without speaking.

"Now, cousin Tony," said Kate, "none of your tricks; I am not in a humor for trifling to-day." Tony was not satisfied with feeling cousin Katy's eyes, but turning her head gently back, was feasting on the face, which a little vexation had slightly ruffled. "I'll pay you for this," Tony," she said, in a sprightlier tone, "I know it is you, so let me go." Tony had often played this trick before. "I thought, after what passed," said Kate, and she was about saying something harsh, but checking herself, she added, "Never mind, Tony." "Indeed, Kate, it is not Tony," said the gentleman, releasing his prisoner.

Reader, you have seen blushes! Had you been with me that day, you would have witnessed "smiles playing with dimples, suffused with blushes, Aurora alone could rival." You would have seen surprise and joy chasing away sorrow from a pensive brow; and from the "joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem," you would have sworn that these were acknowledged lovers.

> "Oh, there are looks and tones that dart
> An instant sunshine through the heart."

Who do you think could have thus intruded and taken such a liberty, other than cousin Tony? It was our old friend Timothy Wilberforce, returned from his travels.

Any one of ordinary comprehension, who could have witnessed this meeting, and seen these looks, would have felt no hesitation in making affidavit to the fact, that Kate had not only never rejected Tim, but that they were upon *pretty reasonable terms.*

Some of my fair readers, I have no doubt, have already determined, if any engagement actually existed, that Tim was a cold, phlegmatic, inanimate being, or he would have kissed her at every hazard. I know one young lady, who jilted a beau, because he never offered to salute her,—she "had no idea of icicles"—not she. And I know another, who swears! (ladies never swear,) who "vows, 'pon honor, she would turn off any man under the sun, who would have the presumption to approach her with such an intention even." But if the doors were closed, blinds drawn, and they were all alone, and she was sure nobody could see them, I rather think it would not be quite as shocking as some people might imagine. The fact is, my dear madam, Tim was excessively remiss on this occasion, but he must be excused, because, just as he was in the very act, with one hand under Katy's chin, and the other at the back of her head, and just as her little lips began to crimson, in came Katy's dear old aunty! I take my oath, I would have gone the whole figure, and old aunt Tabby might have gone to the ——. (I beg pardon.) Tim and Kate took it out in looking, and

> "In the large dark eyes mutual darted flame,"

enough was said and felt to compensate the loss.

Now, you must understand, that for some cause, I never could divine what, aunt Tabby had taken up a mortal antipathy to our friend Tim; indeed, she was his evil genius, and she always managed to step in, at the very moment of all others, when her company was least desired. If he paid a morning visit, and the rest of the family kindly dropped off one by one, (each, by the bye, making a lame excuse for his or her absence,) just as Tim would draw up his chair close along side, and begin those endearments, which all know how to use, but few to express,

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"The gentle pressure and the thrilling touch,
The least glance, better understood than words,"

in would pop aunt Tabby, and down she would sit, like a cat at a hole, and sit there for hours. Oh how Tim's heart would sicken. If he made an evening call, and sat till all the family retired to repose, good aunt Tabby did not think it proper for young ladies to be left alone with young gentlemen; such things were not tolerated in her day. Thus did the old lady keep her nightly vigils, rattling away about ten thousand fooleries, and fretting honest Tim more than a legion of devils, and at last, after vainly spending the evening, the poor fellow would slowly depart, growling smothered curses:

"So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long galled by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
Stiff with fatigue, and freted sore with wounds:
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
'Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day,
Sour he departs, and quits the untasted prey."

Some readers will say, "what difference would it make if aunt Tabby was present?" I set all such down as utter boobies; for if any one could carry on a courtship, or after engagement could carry on a conversation with his intended, when the "Mother of Vinegar" was present, in the shape of an old maid, and that old maid a sworn enemy, I would unhesitatingly pronounce, that Cupid had nothing in the world to do with the matter.

Tim and Kate however, found opportunities, at other times, to elude even the vigilance of aunt Tabby, and the old lady finding matters were going on swimmingly, in spite of her interruptions and vigils, only became the more determined to break off the match, if it could by possibility be accomplished. The dear old lady never failed to whisper into Katy's ear, every idle slander that the fertility of her own mind enabled her to invent, or that she accidentally picked up among the malicious gossips of the neighborhood, and more than once Katy's faith had been shaken by her plausible inventions. Nevertheless, as yet, Tim was smoothly gliding on the unruffled wave of happiness; all was quiet and calm, and but a few days had elapsed since Kate appointed the period for the consummation of their nuptials.

On a former occasion, when Tim and little Molly were engaged, my readers will remember how Tim endeavored to break the matter to his mother. How he began with a desire to have the old house in which they lived, newly painted, and how, before they came to the conclusion to do so, the matter was suddenly terminated, by the unlucky intrusion of a small *friendly* epistle, which not only rendered it unnecessary to paint the house, but actually caused Tim to kick up more dust and soot, than could be effaced by the best coat of English lead that could be procured.

At the present juncture, the first intimation the old lady had of the matter, was afforded her by an army of carpenters, bricklayers, stone-masons and painters, scaling her house with ladders and scaffolds, and turning the whole concern, topsy turvy, from the garret to the cellar. Here ran the painters devils, rubbing every thing with sand paper; there shouted the bricklayer, "mortar! bricks here!" Here whistled the carpenter, and jarred the old timbers with his hammer, banging and whacking away with the force of a giant.

"In the name of common sense," said the old lady, "good people what do you mean?" If ever you saw a hen fluttering when a hawk made a sudden dart at one of her brood, you would have some idea of the old lady on this memorable occasion. It was as plain as the nose in her face, that something was to pay, and she half suspected what it was; but that Tim should go to work without any consultation was unaccountable, and more than that, it was unreasonable. She hallooed for Tim; he was not forthcoming. She asked the carpenter what he was about? "Mr. Wilberforce had ordered him to mend every thing that required mending." She inquired of the bricklayer what he was doing? "Mr. Wilberforce told him to cap the chimnies, relay the hearths and mend the whole concern." She asked the painter what he meant by all this preparation? "Mr. Wilberforce sent him to paint the house all over." "You must have made a mistake in the house," said Tim's mother. "No—there was no mistake. It was to be done, and in the best style, and in the shortest possible time." The old lady packed off the servants in all directions for Tim, and in the mean time continued fluttering about, stowing away this thing and that thing, into this hole and that cuddy, until she had fatigued herself into a perfect fever. At length, Tim arrived. "My dear son," said she, "what in the world has got into you? Do you mean to ruin yourself, Tim?" "Mother," says Tim, kindly, "I told you I was going to be married." "No you did'nt." "Well, I tell you so now, and I think our house wants a little furbishing." Now, the old lady had frequently of late, been charging Tim with being in love with Kate, and though he never exactly denied it, yet he never had admitted it; and though she had no decided objection to the match, yet she never had made up her mind to it, and therefore she seated herself and began to cry. She did'nt ask Tim, who he was to marry? Where the young lady lived? What she was like? Whether she had a fortune or not? But she sat down, as one bereft of all hope, and tuned up her pipes. Alas for Tim! He had been too precipitate. Such matters require some introduction.

The truth was, nothing could give the old lady so much happiness, as to contribute in any way to Tim's comfort and felicity, or to know that he was happy; but then, she and Tim had lived so long together, now that he was going to be married, it seemed to her as though she and he were to be divorced forever, and a thousand conflicting feelings rushed into her bosom. Tim asked his mother if she was dissatisfied with the match? "No," she said, in a tone of inextinguishable grief, and then burst forth into fresh weeping.

Now, gentle reader, I have told you that the painters were making terrible preparations for their work, and while Tim and his mother were engaged, as we have just seen,—he, endeavoring to soothe the old lady's unreasonable and ill-timed grief, and she, exhibiting as much woe as she could possibly have done, had Tim been wrapped in his winding sheet before her,—one of these aforesaid daubers kept continually passing in and out at the door, until he had heard enough to satisfy him that Tim was going to be married, and that the old lady was most vehemently opposed to the match. He had not heard her deny her opposition, but he had seen and heard her weepings and wailings, which con-

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vinced him that she would never consent to the match in the world. So, on his way home that day, he happened to meet his cousin Patsy Wiggins, and stopping her in the street,—"Did you know, cousin Patty, that young Mr. Wilberforce is going to be married?" said brushy. "But I tell you what, it has kicked up a terrible rumpus. I just left the old lady, breaking her heart about it, and poor Mr. Tim is in a peck of troubles." Brushy went his way, and so did cousin Patty, but meeting her dear friend Miss Deborah Dobbins, as she was gossiping about the neighborhood; "Ah, my dear Deb," says she, "have you heard the news? Old Mrs. Wilberforce says, she will see her son in his grave, before she will give her consent to his marrying, and what's more, Miss Catherine Turberville shall never darken her doors while her head is hot. You may rely upon it, they will have monstrous work of it." So off posted the friendly Deborah Dobbins, to visit her crony, good Miss Catherine's dear aunt Tabby. "Aunt Tabby," said Deb, "I am afraid I have bad news to tell you." "What is it child?" "I know it will *distress you* to hear it, but Mrs. Wilberforce has just heard that her son and your niece are engaged, and she has told her son, in the most peremptory manner, that her family shall never be disgraced by such a connexion—that your niece is beneath his notice, and if he does not break off the match immediately, he never more shall see her face. Now, Mr. Tim swears he will marry her in spite of all opposition, and so the whole house is in an uproar. If I were Kate, I'd let them know who was disgraced."—"Beneath them!" said aunt Tabby, turning up her nose until it nearly twisted over the back of her head—"Beneath them, indeed!" "Darken her doors!" "She disgraced by my niece!" "She!"

Gentle reader, you may readily imagine what else these good people said and devised; but while this tale was going the rounds, gathering as it rolled, Tim had entirely reconciled his mother to his intended marriage, and as he unfolded his little plans, for his own and her future comfort, the old lady cheered up and resumed her wonted good humor.

The next day, Tim as usual, called to see his dearest Catherine, but he was told she was not at home that morning. In the evening he called again. "Miss Catherine was so unwell, she had taken to her bed." Early the day after, Tim called to inquire how Catherine was. "Tell Miss Catherine," said Tim, "I called to see her, and hope she is better." Tim rambled about the lower part of the house. "Miss Catherine was not so well." In this way, Tim called for several days, vainly hoping to see his Kate, or at any rate to receive some kind word or message. At last, he was honored with the following letter.

"*Richmond, March 10th.*

"I hope Mr. Wilberforce will pardon me for having denied myself so often. At first, it was to me as painful as it could have been to him, but if he knew the reason which prompted the course I have adopted, he could not fail to applaud, what he now, no doubt, condemns. In determining not to see him again, I have consulted not only his peace, and the felicity of those dearest to him, but I am convinced, my own happiness also. My reasons would satisfy the most scrupulous—but as I cannot divulge them, I must bear the scoffs of the world, for the fickleness and coquetry which my conduct apparently justifies. I hope my friend will bear this blow with becoming fortitude. The determination I have made is painful to myself, but it is irrevocable. If it will afford my friend any satisfaction to know, that nothing that he has said or done, has produced this sudden change in my purposes, I freely acknowledge the fact. He is in every respect worthy of the best and loveliest. Forgive me, as freely as I acquit you. Our engagement is terminated.

CATHERINE TURBERVILLE."

Tim sat down,—his elbow on the table,—his head on his hand.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MY TONGS. BY ———.

During the very cold weather which ushered in our last spring, I was one night sitting in my dormitory, before a blazing fire, luxuriating in that most selfish of all pleasures, *vulgo* a "brown study." There was something so indescribably comfortable in my situation, that, although I had half a dozen unprepared lectures for the next morning staring me in the face, I found it a matter of utter impossibility to open a text book, still less to direct my attention even for the shortest time to its contents. Stretched in my capacious arm chair—my feet toasting before the aforesaid blazing fire—I lay listening with a dreamy sort of consciousness, to the continual, dull, unceasing hum of the falling snow. Regardless and entirely independent of the cold and storm without, my eyes fixed on the fanciful figures, changeable as the images of the Kaleidescope, which the burning coals assumed—in a word, settled in that position, a description of which has been so often attempted—and which every man who has one particle of soul about him has often and oftentimes enjoyed, I fell into a long train of reflections as absorbing and delightful as they were false and illusory. The future—the present—the past—castles in the air—my far distant home—were the most prominent and strongly marked images in the scenes which flitted across the magic mirror of my fancy.

"I thought about myself and the whole earth,
Of man the wonderful, and of the stars,
And how the deuce they ever could have birth;
And then I thought of earthquakes and of wars;
How many miles the moon might have in girth;
Of air balloons, and of the many bars
To perfect knowledge—of the boundless skies."

I know not how long I had been in this situation, when my dreaming was suddenly interrupted in a most singular manner. My tongs, which were but little removed from the direct line of my vision, seemed suddenly to become extremely uneasy. The simple, unoffending tongs, which, except when used, had quietly occupied their allotted station in the corner during the whole session, appeared to be seized with a strange propensity for locomotion, and at the same time to be altering the figure of their outward self in a manner singular, wonderful, unaccountable. The general appearance—the "*tout ensemble*" was, it is true, nearly the same, but still there seemed to have been effected a certain change, which attracted my wandering attention rather more immediately towards them. You may smile perhaps, and say that either I was rather light headed, or that I was neither more nor less than dreaming in reality. But there before my eyes, which were as wide awake

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as they are at this moment, upon the round knob which I had so often and so unceremoniously grasped, was as quaint and humorous a face as ever came from the pencil of Hogarth. A slight glance now gave me an insight into the whole figure. Imagine the long spindle legs cased in a pair of rusty looking "shorts"—the body, what little there was of it, surrounded by one of those comfortable old garments, which have been, not inaptly denominated quaker coats—and the rest of the clothing in strict keeping with a style which, all who can recollect, or even have heard much of the good old days of our grandfathers, will at once recognise. Just imagine, I say, this odd figure, thus garmented up, and you will form a good idea of the general appearance of my visiter—(For I cannot believe it was the same *bonâ fide* pair of tongs, which are now so peacefully reposing before me.) The first glance was sufficient for an introduction. A slight start on my side, and a familiar "at home" sort of nod on his—and all was settled. His first motion was to seat himself on my fender, where he deliberately crossed his legs—his first remark was on the subject that last engaged my thoughts. A voice sweet and delightful as the first *waking* notes of distant serenade, but perfectly full and distinct, stole over my enraptured senses.

"You will doubtless be surprised to learn that I have been *listening to your thoughts* for the last half hour. But know" said he, a little pompously I thought, "that if your breast had in it the imaginary window of Momus, your slightest meditations would not be more plain and open to inspection than they are to me now. They have been running rather in a scattered and unconnected manner, but like those of most young men, they are principally directed to your own future destiny and the choice you are to make with regard to your pursuits and efforts hereafter. In a word, as a matter of considerable importance to yourself, you are weighing the comparative advantages of political and literary fame. Both are sufficiently attractive, but to most young men, and particularly to those of your country, the former is especially enticing. Perhaps there are at times, doubts resting upon the minds of all men, whether these attractions are not far greater in anticipation than the reality would authorize. Even if these doubts were well founded, I would not attempt to damp your bright and delightful hopes, by pouring into your ears the dull, cold voice of a desponding prophesy. But such is not the case. The pleasure of possession is real, and though in our ignorance we sometimes decide, that when a balance is struck between the bitter and sweet, in that mixture called the enjoyment of honors, it is heavy in favor of the former—though we hear the pursuit after worldly honors daily decried as a chase after some gaudy and painted insect, which, when gained with difficulty, when grasped with all the fervor and delight of gratified success, vanishes from the sight and leaves nothing behind but the pain and agony of its sting—though men who have never enjoyed them, often condescend to pity their unhappy possessors—still do I assure you that possession *is* delightful—even as delightful perhaps as your wildest dreams may have painted it. The very eagerness with which all strive for it, who can do so with any probability of success—the unconquerable perseverance with which they hold it when obtained—are sufficient proofs that it *is* worth the pursuit, and well rewards the winner. But you have already decided on this point; perhaps your only doubts are, upon which of the two principal (and in the present peaceful days, I may almost say *only*,) roads to honor, will a man find the best reward for the necessary exertions required to obtain it.

"The Hill of Fame on which your attention is fixed, is divided into two summits. To the one every step of the path is plain, and open to your view. You are at once sensible of the enjoyments as well as the difficulties, which are found in the various parts of the ascent, while those who journey upward are seen by all from the moment they start. You perceive along this path the most delightful pleasures awaiting those who may be so happy as to reach them—and increasing in number as they rise. But you see dangers and difficulties of every kind interspersed among them and also increasing to the very top. The flowers when plucked have often a poisonous insect enclosed in them—the finest fruit grows upon precipices the most steep and frightful—or when gathered "turns to ashes in the mouth." Yet in spite of these dangers you see many rising free and uninjured, higher and higher, till they attain even to the summit. But here, though pleasures are more abundant, the dangers are likewise increased—though the flowers are more beautiful and more numerous, the fruit large, and more delicious—the poison is also more deadly, the precipices are higher, and the fall from them more certainly fatal. But still is that summit, bright and glorious as it is—the brilliant object on which is fixed the ardent, anxious, devoted gaze of all who toil up the sides of the mountain. This is the Hill of Political Fame. Now let us turn to the other; it presents us quite a different aspect; its sides and bottom are covered with a dim mist, through which no objects are distinctly seen; we can only perceive that the way, though extremely steep and laborious, is as free from the precipices and dangers of the first, as it is deprived of its pleasures and enticements. Those who are toiling on their way to its summit, have nothing to cheer them in their dreary task but the prospect of the bright vision above them—which like the beacon signal to the worn mariner, holds out comfort and repose—cheering and inspiring him with fortitude—nerving his limbs with new vigor, and instilling renewed hope into his heart. Nor *do* you see them assailed by many imminent perils; yet many faint and sink on their tedious way—and few, very few are so fortunate as to gain the bright summit which rears its head above—free from the shades and mists which envelope the skies—brilliant and glorious as its opposite neighbor, and at the same time undisturbed by its dangers. Even of those who do ultimately reach this rich goal of their hopes—this happy end of their labors—how very few enjoy their hard earned rewards—many of them supported alone by their hopes on their wearisome journey—fall as soon as they reach the top, and gain only after death the glorious distinction for which they spent—to which they devoted their lives. This is the Hill of Literary Fame.

"And now examine each and decide for yourself, which you will choose as the scene of your future efforts—choose, and pursue that choice with determination. One road alone can you follow. Some, it is true, have, when tired of the one, pursued the other for a time.

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But no man ever reached the top of both. You are then to decide in favor of *one*, and having decided, steadily to pursue it, or content yourself with remaining unnoticed in the crowd which fills the plain beneath. That you may form your decision more correctly, look into the history of those who have sought and gained pre-eminence, in either kind of fame. Let us then (laying aside our metaphors) judge from past history, and by that let your future course be decided. In the histories of those who have even stood highest as writers, poets, &c. you often find much calculated to disgust you with the pursuit which they followed—how little do you find to envy in the lot of the beggar Homer—the blind and half starved Milton—the miserable Otway dying, choked with the morsel of food which he had begged of a friend; Goldsmith, Johnson, &c. It is true, that in contrast to these we may name Newton, Bacon, Shakspeare, Byron, who succeeded in gaining during (and some of them early in) their lives the fame they so eagerly sought. But more numerous are the instances on record, where literary merit has been unrewarded except by posthumous renown. Of genius the most brilliant—of minds the most powerful, which have gained their hard earned mede of praise—when their bodies were mouldering in the grave—when the head which conceived, and the hand which penned their bright aspirations, as well as the heart which so ardently beat for glory and honor—have mingled with the dust, alike unmindful and indifferent to praise or reproach, to fame or obloquy. When the bright etherial spirit, which once so strongly throbbed for a "name among men," has taken its flight to a truer home, where the glory of this world is nothing—then is paid to the memory the honor which the man deserved—which would have made him so completely happy. His life perhaps was spent in grinding poverty, in misery and wretchedness, imbittered by that chill cold neglect of the world, which so withers the sensitive heart—for what? A name after death. Let us turn from this dismal picture, to the other. Here at least, are some substantial pleasures, however they may be alloyed by the attendant evils, dangers and difficulties. Here at least, honor is nearly always rendered, if bestowed at all, whilst it can be appreciated. And now let us see whether the dangers and difficulties I have mentioned, may not be really less than we were at first inclined to believe them, and whether with care they may not be almost entirely avoided. It is true, that he who once becomes a public servant, throws his character in the hands of every man, and lays himself open to the attacks of every scribbler. He is exposed to the malicious accusations of men, who are neither able nor anxious to see his actions in their true light; his slightest faults held up on high to become marks of scorn among men—buts at which every vindictive slanderer may wing a poisoned shaft—even his very virtues distorted and perverted till they become in appearance vices. This I grant, *is* the life which all public men must lead; but let not this picture startle you. If really innocent, he will rise above the abuse which is poured upon him. Confident in the great decision of a candid *world*, he is superior to this sort of scandal. And have we not reason to believe that here as in other cases, custom renders one indifferent to that which at first would make him miserable? And that the most sensitive mind may soon begin to look on these as troublesome insects, which may at the time incommode, but which should create no lasting disturbance. The best proof of this, as I have before told you is, that men who have succeeded at all in public life, will, however disagreeable it may appear, cling to it as strongly as if in this, lay the very light of their existence. How sweet it is to have one's name in the mouths of all—to be the theme of admiration and wonder with the crowd—to have power. But there is even a purer and better enjoyment. How perfect the pleasure which animates the bosom of the statesman when he knows that to his talents—to his efforts—millions are indebted for their greatest comforts—that a whole nation looks up to him as their benefactor—that through his means"———

My visiter had proceeded thus far, when a villainous log of wood became suddenly discontented with its situation and rolled out upon the hearth, scattering its sparks over me. Though deeply interested, my first and most natural impulse was to grasp the tongs and set every thing to rights. At the next instant my recollection returned and I carefully replaced them. But it was too late. I saw nothing before me but the cold and senseless instrument. The mild expression of the features was gone—the quaint old figure had vanished, and the faint sound of that sweet voice melted away on my ear, like the dying ring of a harp, leaving me alone and disconsolate in my solitary room.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO MRS. ———,

Whose husband was absent in the United States Navy. On seeing her in a gay company.

Canst thou forget, amidst the gay and heartless,
  One far away whom thou hast vowed to love?
Thou'rt lovely, and thou seemest pure and artless,
  And innocent and gentle as the dove.
Dost thou forget, or do thy blue eyes brighten
  Only with thoughts of his return to thee?
Dost thou the pains of absence seek to lighten,
  In scenes like this of mirth and revelry?

Ah, pause awhile, mid sounds of song and dancing,
  While thoughts of conscious beauty paint thy cheek,
While eyes, admiring eyes, around thee glancing,
  Volumes of warmest admiration speak—
Think, if 'tis well for one whose faith is plighted,
  To shine among the free unfettered gay—
Think, should those lovely eyes with smiles be lighted
  At homage which no heart but one should pay?

Oh keep those smiles, so full of light and gladness,
  To welcome one whom thou canst call thine own;
And may no darkling shade of gloom or sadness
  Come o'er thy life, thou bright and peerless one!

E. A. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Lines Written in an Album.

Eliza!—let thy generous heart
  From its present pathway part not:
Being every thing which now thou art,
  Be nothing which thou art not.

So with the world thy gentle ways—
  Thy unassuming beauty—
And truth shall be a theme of praise
  Forever—and love a duty.

E. A. P.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

GENERAL WARREN.

STORIES ABOUT GENERAL WARREN—By a Lady of Boston, 1835, pp. 112, 12mo.

The sneers of those grown up readers,—who may choose to sneer at a review of so very juvenile a book as this, we brave, for the sake of bringing it, and its subject, somewhat into notice—pointing out some phraseological errors—doing justice to its merits—and, above all, freshening the memories, if not informing the minds, of the less fastidious among our countrymen, as to a few of the incidents preceding and attending the commencement of that great struggle, of which the cherished remembrance conduces so much to preserve in American bosoms a catholic, American, liberty-loving spirit. These incidents will be found naturally to imbody themselves in a brief account of the life of General Warren, drawn chiefly from the volume above mentioned. Those who may incline to despise either so simple a book, or a narrative of (to them) such trite facts, as these of which we shall speak, are probably not aware how shallow and narrow is the knowledge existing through the country, and even in some minds that claim to be considered as *enlightened*, with regard to our own history. "Mr. President!"—recently, at a public dinner in Virginia, vociferated a young orator of the Milesian school—a lawyer, we took him to be—"Mr. President! I give you, sir, the memory of the gallant General Warren, who fell at the battle of LEXINGTON!" And but a few months before, a friend as dear to us as ourselves, and whose age and opportunities should certainly have made him know better, confounded *Sir William Berkeley*, Governor of Virginia in the times of Charles I and II, with Norborne Berkeley, Lord Botetourt, viceroy of George III, in 1769 and 1770! It would not surprise us, to hear a lawyer or a physician—still less a gentleman at large—talk of the burning of Charleston as simultaneous with the battle of Sullivan's Island, because Charlestown burned while the battle of Bunker Hill was fighting—as "John Bull in America" passes in half an hour from Boston, where the folk make wooden nutmegs, roast witches, and bake pumpkin pies, into Charleston, where they gouge and stab, drink mint juleps, eat young negroes, and feed old ones upon cotton seed.

The narrative before us is couched in a dialogue, between a mother and her two children; and, being obviously designed for gentlemen and ladies not much higher than mamma's rocking chair, has frequently an infantine simplicity of style, that makes us marvel at our own moral courage, in daring to serve up such a baby's mess. Convinced, however, that *children's reading* may afford both amusement and instruction to grown people, (witness "Early Lessons," "Frank," "The Parent's Assistant," "Sandford and Merton," and "Evenings at Home," *cum pluribus aliis;*) believing, at any rate, that among the palates for which it is our duty to cater, there are some youthful ones to which this dish may be both pleasant and useful; hoping, too, that by having her faults of composition noted, the authoress may be induced to cure, or "others in like cases offending" be moved to shun them, we make the venture. Indeed, not only the book's childishness of style, but many offences far more atrocious in a critic's eyes—sins against grammar, idiom, and good taste—are in great part redeemed by the good sense and justness of its reflections, the interesting tenor of its incidents, and the virtuous glow it is calculated to kindle. The sins are very many. "*Lay*," used for "*lie*," is wholly unwarranted—scarcely palliated—even by the example of Byron, in the Fourth Canto itself: for he was compelled by duress of rhyme; a coercion, which the most tuneful and the most dissonant are alike powerless to resist. "Mr. Warren, the father of Joseph, while walking round his orchard to see if every thing was in good order, as he was looking over the trees, *he* perceived," &c. Here is a nominative without any verb. There is a four or five fold vice in the second member of the following sentence, in which, as it stands, the writer may be defied to show a meaning: "It often happens that a mother is left with a family of young children, and is obliged to bring them up without the controlling power of a father's care; it is therefore the duty of every female so to *educate* her own mind, and *that* of her daughters, as to *enable* her, if she should be placed in this responsible situation, *to be able* to guide aright the minds of those under her care." *Enable* her *to be able! Educate* her own mind! and *that* of her daughters! Are they to be supposed to have but *one* mind among them, as the Sirens had but one tooth? The use of *educate* for *train*, is a match for the Frenchman's blunder, who, finding in the Dictionary that to *press* means to *squeeze*, politely begged leave to *squeeze* a lady to sing. "Enable HER." Enable whom? Why *herself* and *her daughters:* and she should have said so. Never, surely, was prosing, *bona fide*, printed prosing, to so little purpose. Again: "A mother should always possess.... *a firm principle* of action." Does she need *but one* firm principle of action? If so, it is to be hoped the next edition will say what that one is; for it must be valuable. A common blunder in the *times* of the infinitive mood, occurs repeatedly in this book: "How I should have admired *to have gone* to see her!" "It would have been a pity for us to *have followed* his example, and thus have *lessened*," &c.—"must have ardently desired *to have been* present"—"must have wished very much *to have seen*," &c. We cannot see the propriety of using the word "*admired*," as it is in one of these quotations. "Tell us if he did get in, and how he contrived to?" We protest against this fashion which our Yankee brethren are introducing, of making *to*, which is but the *sign* of the infinitive, stand for the infinitive itself. This is one of the few cases, in which we are for *going the whole*. "He began to *practice*"—"I know it was not *him*"—"he *whom* I told you was the first one"—"to respect, *was* added admiration and love"—"this tax bore very *heavy*"—"soldiers *which*"—"your country has much to hope from you, both in *their* counsels and in the field." These errors, a very moderate skill in orthography and syntax would have sufficed to avoid. Such a vulgarism as "*nowadays*," or such provincialisms as "pay *one single copper*," and "walked *back and forth* the room," (meaning *to and fro*, or *backwards and forwards* in the room) would not have occurred, if the author had remembered, that the *simplicity* which suits children's minds, is altogether different from *vulgarity*. There is such a thing as *neat* and *graceful* simplicity in writing, as well as in dress and manners. "They had contemplated making some attack on the British, or at least to endeavor to destroy their shipping." Contemplated *to* destroy! We will not further pursue this unwelcome

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ask; pausing, short of the middle of the book, and having already passed over several faults without animadversion. Let the author be entreated to get the aid of some friend who is master (if she is not mistress) of grammar and taste enough, to reform these and the other errors of her little work, and then give us a new edition, calling in all the copies of the first, that are within her reach.—And now to our tale.

Joseph Warren was born in 1741, in the village of Roxbury, one or two miles south from Boston, Mass. His father, a rich farmer, inhabited a house, the ruins of which are still visible; and was famous for raising the best fruit in that neighborhood. He was killed by a fall from one of his own apple trees, leaving a widow and four sons, of whom Joseph, the eldest, was 16, and John, the youngest, was 4 years old. This excellent woman appears to have much resembled the mother of Washington, in the skill and care with which she infused generous sentiments and virtuous principles into the bosoms of her children: and she reaped almost as richly as Mrs. Washington, the fruits of her labors. Her sons passed through life, all honored and loved, and more than one of them distinguished. Her nature seems to have had more of amiable softness than Mrs. Washington's; who, it must be confessed, blended something of the sternness with the purity and nobleness of a Spartan matron. Mrs. Warren's door was always open for deeds of hospitality and neighborly kindness. It is not easy to imagine a lovelier scene than one paragraph presents, of the evening of a well spent life, still warmed and brightened by the benign spirit, which had been the sun of that life's long day.

"In her old age, when her own children had left her "fireside, it was one of her dearest pleasures to gather "a group of *their* children, or of the children of others "around her. She did all in her power to promote "their enjoyment, and her benevolent smile was always "ready to encourage them. On Thanksgiving-day,* "she depended on having all her children and grand "children with her; and *until she was 80 years of age, "she herself made the pies with which the table was loaded!* "Not satisfied with feasting them to their heart's con- "tent while they were with her, she always had some "nice great pies ready for them to take home with "them."

Joseph's education, till his fourteenth year, was at the public school in Roxbury; one of those *common schools*, which, from the earliest times of New England, have been planting and nurturing in her soil the seeds and shoots of virtue and freedom. Even in boyhood, our hero was manly, fearless and generous: always taking the part of his weaker school-fellows against a strong oppressor—always the

> "village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
> The little tyrant of his fields withstood."

At fourteen, he entered Harvard University. His talents, perseverance, gentleness and courage, here gained him unrivalled popularity. That he did not acquire or preserve the regard of his fellow students by any base compliances with vice or disorder, the following incident shews.

Some of them had once resolved on some breach of the laws, which, from the sturdiness of his principles, they knew that young Warren would disapprove, and by his powerful influence probably prevent. They therefore met in an upper room of the college, to arrange their plans secretly; fastening the door against him. He found what they were about; and seeing the window of their room open, crept out, through a *scuttle door*, upon the roof—crawled to the eaves—and there, seizing a water-spout nearly rotten with age, he swung and slid down by it to the window, and unexpectedly sprang in amongst the conspirators. The spout, at the instant of his quitting it, fell with a crash to the ground, and was shivered to pieces. Only saying, in answer to the exclamations of astonishment that burst from his comrades, "it stayed up just long enough for my purpose," he commenced an expostulation against their intended misdemeanor, and *succeeded in diverting them from it.*

On leaving college, he studied medicine, and began to practise at the age of 23, just previously to a visit of the small pox to Boston, with those fearful ravages which usually attended its march, before the virtues of vaccination were known. Dr. Warren's judgment, tenderness, and skill, made him pre-eminently successful in treating the disease. And it is said, that his gentle and courteous deportment completely neutralized the usual tendency of such professional success, to enkindle the jealousy of his brethren. His mild features and winning smile, true indexes, for once, to the soul within, gained every heart; his knowledge and talents added respect to love. Thus, by the same qualities which had distinguished him at school and at college, did he acquire among his fellow townsmen an influence which no other man of his age and day possessed.

When the British Parliament and Crown began, in 1764, that course of unconstitutional legislation, which was destined, after eleven years of wordy war, to end in a war of blood, Dr. Warren was among the first to stand forth for the rights of America—to assert, and to labor in demonstrating to his countrymen, that the *power to tax them* (claiming, as they did, all the liberties of Englishmen) could not exist in a government of which no representatives of theirs formed a part. Fostered by him, and by others like him, the spirit of resistance to tyranny grew daily more strong. The inhabitants of the whole country, and especially of Boston, gave token after token of their fixed resolve, to spurn the chain which they saw preparing for them. In 1768, Col. Dalrymple with two royal regiments, reinforced afterwards by additional troops, entered that devoted town, with more than the usual "pomp and circumstance" of military bravado; and there remained in garrison, to repress what the king and ministry were pleased to call "the seditious temper" of the people. Never was attempt at restraint more impotent; nay, more suicidal. The curb, feebly and capriciously or unskilfully plied, served but to infuriate the noble animal it was meant to check and guide: and no wonder that the rider was at length unseated, and stretched in the dust. The New Englanders—we should rather say, the *Americans*—were too stubborn to be driven, and too shrewd to be circumvented. Every measure of tyranny, they met with an appropriate measure of resistance.

* *Thanksgiving-day* is in New England, what Christmas is in the Southern States and England. It is always in November, on a day fixed by Proclamation of the Governor of each State, in each year. Christmas, from the anti-Catholic zeal of the Puritan Pilgrims, is almost entirely neglected; being, with all its train of quips, cranks, gambols and mince-pies, thought to savor too strongly of popery.

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Tea had been brought from India, to be the vehicle of unconstitutional taxation. They threw part of it into the sea; another part they hindered from being landed; and the remainder they excluded from use, by mutual pledges to "touch not, taste not" "the unclean thing." Judges were sent over to judge them—creatures of the king—the panders of ministerial oppression. The people would not suffer them to mount the judgment seat—closed the court houses—referred all their differences to arbitrators chosen by the parties—and even so far tamed the spirit of litigation and disorder, as to make tribunals of any sort in a great degree needless.* Between the British troops and the Boston people, animosities soon ran high. The soldiers seized every opportunity to exasperate the people: the people assembled in mobs, to revenge themselves on the soldiers. Amidst these tumults, Dr. Warren repeatedly exposed his life to soothe and restrain his countrymen. His eloquent persuasions were generally successful. At first, the more violent would endeavor to repel him, and would clamor to drown his voice. "While they did this, he would stand calmly and look at them. His intrepidity, his commanding and animated countenance, and above all, their knowledge that he was on their side so far as it was right to be, would soon make them as eager to hear as he was to speak: and finally, they would disperse to their homes with perfect confidence that they could not do better than to leave their cause in such hands." Those who seek to restrain the excesses of contending factions, may always expect rough usage from both sides. Warren incurred the occasional displeasure of his own party; but he did not escape insult and outrage from the British. They often called him *rebel*, and threatened him with a rebel's doom. One day, on his way to Roxbury, to see his mother, he passed near several British officers, standing in the *Neck*, which joins the peninsula of Boston to the main land. Not far before him stood a gallows. One of the officers called out, "Go on, Warren, you will soon come to the gallows:" and the whole party laughed aloud. Walking directly up to them, he calmly asked, which of them had thus addressed him? Not one was bold enough to avow the insolence, and he left them, crest-fallen and ashamed.

Distinguished for his eloquence, our young physician was repeatedly called on to address the people, upon the great and soul-stirring topics of the times. Far the most interesting of these, was the Massacre of the Fifth of March. Our authoress has passed too slightly over this incident. Let us be a little more full.

Insults, recrimination, and outrage, between the soldiers and citizens, were at length, on the 5th of March, 1770, consummated, by the former's firing upon the latter in the streets of Boston, and killing five men—with circumstances shocking to humanity. After one of the slain (Mr. Gray,) had been shot through the body, and had fallen on the ground, a bayonet was pushed through his skull, and his brains fell out upon the pavement. This was the first bloodshed, consequent on the long festering irritations of the period. The officer (Capt. Preston) who gave the word "fire!" and six of the soldiers who had so fatally obeyed it, were in the ensuing October tried before a Boston jury: and, defended, in spite of obloquy, popular clamor, and the remonstrances of timid or prudent friends, by John Adams and Josiah Quincy, Jr., were even by that jury, *acquitted*. It grieves us that we cannot pause here, to bestow a merited tribute on the moral courage of the illustrious counsel who dared defend, on the steady justice of the tribunal that could acquit, and on the virtue and good sense of the multitude who, when the first paroxysm of natural excitement was over, could applaud that defence and approve that acquittal*—horrible as had been the deed—maddening as had been the antecedent circumstances. But though the killing happened not to be murder, (because the people had been the assailants,) still, the violent destruction of five human lives by an armed soldiery in the streets of a free and peaceful city, was too impressive an example of what mischiefs may come of standing armies and lawless government, to pass unimproved. It was determined to solemnize each anniversary of that day, by a public exposition of those mischiefs; by an oration, commemorative of the tragedy, and of those great principles, the disregard of which had led to its perpetration. Warren delivered two of these orations.† His first was on the 5th of March, 1772. It is not contained in the little book now before us, but we have seen it elsewhere: and on reading it, no one need be surprised at its having well nigh urged the people, even at that early day, to forcible measures. Its masterly argumentation is equalled by its burning appeals to the passions. All the four first of these orations had wrought so powerfully upon the public mind, that the British officers declared there should be no more of them: and that whoever undertook to deliver another, should do so at the peril of life. This menace daunted others, but only roused Warren. Not waiting to be *invited*, he *solicited the task* of addressing the people; and prepared himself accordingly for the fifth anniversary of the massacre—1775. Meanwhile, the givings out of the officers, and the rumors among the populace, imported mortal hazard to him if he should persist. He persisted but the more resolutely. Early in the day, the Old South Meeting House—which, as the scene of these orations, deserves, better than Faneuil Hall, to be termed the cradle of liberty—was crowded to its very porch. Many a devoted friend

* We have grouped together here, the events of several years, in the rapidity of our narrative. The dependence of the judges for their salaries on the *Crown*, instead of on the Colonial Legislatures, (whence we date their merited to be called *creatures* and *panders*,) began in 1772: and the tea was thrown into Boston Harbor, Dec. 16th, 1773.

* Mr. Adams was, at the time, 35 years old; Mr. Quincy only 20. They were both threatened with loss of friends, of popularity, and of all prospect of political preferment. The "Memoirs of Quincy" (by his son Josiah, once a prominent federal leader in Congress, now President of Harvard University,) contain a letter from his venerable father, earnestly expostulating upon the step. The young barrister's reply is also given—a triumphant vindication of the motives, and even of the prudence of his resolution, to undertake the defence. In the success of that defence, in the universal approbation which soon followed it, and in the professional and political advancement of the generous advocates, they found ample rewards for having breasted the storm of popular feeling, in obedience to the call of duty.

† The oration of 1771 was delivered by James Lovell; that of 1772 by Joseph Warren; of 1773, by Dr. Benjamin Church; of 1774, by John Hancock; of 1775, by Joseph Warren. These, and eight others of succeeding years, down to 1783, we have in Mr. H. Niles' inestimable collection of "Revolutionary Acts and Speeches."

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of Warren's was there, determined to see him safely through, or to fall in his defence. British officers and soldiers filled the aisles, the pulpit steps, and even the pulpit. Thinking that if he pushed through them to his place, a pretext might be seized for some disturbance, which would take from him and his audience the desirable degree of calmness, he procured a ladder to be placed outside, and by it, climbed through the window into the pulpit, just as all were expecting his entrance at the door. The officers quailed and receded, at his sudden appearance and dauntless air: while he, far from sure that his first word would not be answered by a bayonet-thrust or a pistol-shot, addressed the silent, breathless multitude. His countenance was lighted up with more than its usual glow of patriotic enthusiasm: but every other face was pale; every auditor could distinctly hear the throbbings of his own heart. The speech is given at length in the appendix to the work under examination; from the original, as we may conjecture, which, in the orator's own hand writing, is now in the possession of his nephew, Dr. John C. Warren. The opening was brief and simple: but in it we discern that curbed energy, that impassioned moderation—*une force contenue, une réserve animée*—so characteristic of a great mind, concentrating its powers for some gigantic effort: and as he passes on from the unaffected humility of his exordium "to the height of his great argument," we have bodily before our fancy's eye, a nobler personification of wisdom, courage, eloquence and virtue, than Homer has displayed in the form of Ulysses.

"My ever honored fellow citizens,

"It is not without the most humiliating conviction of "my want of ability, that I now appear before you; "but the sense I have, of the obligation I am under to "obey the calls of my country at all times, together "with the animating recollection of your indulgence, "exhibited upon so many occasions, has induced me "once more, undeserving as I am, to throw myself "upon that candor, which looks with kindness upon the "feeblest efforts of an honest mind.

"You will not now expect the elegance, the learning, "the fire, the enrapturing strains of eloquence, which "captivated you when a Lovell, a Church, or a Hancock spake: but you will permit me to say, that with "a sincerity equal to theirs, I mourn over my bleeding "country: with them I weep at her distress, and with "them, deeply resent the many injuries she has received "from the hands of cruel and unreasonable men."

Having laid down as axioms, the natural right of every man to personal freedom and to the control of his property, the orator sketched, with a master's hand, the history of English America: and, deducing the right of the colonists to the soil from their treaties with the Indians, and not from the grants of King James or King Charles, (whose pretended claims of right they undoubtedly despised—whose patents they probably accepted only "to silence the cavils of their enemies," and who "might with equal justice have made them a grant of the planet Jupiter,") he proved by unanswerable reasoning the rights of America, and painted in deep and living colors the usurpations and injustice of England. He traced the progress of these wrongs: he depicted the halcyon peace, the mutual benefactions, and the common happiness of the two countries, marred by successive and heightening aggressions—reaching, at length, that last aggravation short of civil war—the quartering of an insolent, hireling soldiery upon the people, to enforce submission to unjust and unconstitutional laws. The danger of standing armies, always, to liberty—the incompatibility of martial law with the government of a well regulated city—the certainty of disputes between the soldier and the citizen, especially when they are in each other's eyes, respectively, a rebel, and an instrument of tyranny—all made it but just to fear the most disagreeable consequences. "Our fears, we have seen," continued the orator, "were but too well grounded."

"The many injuries offered to the town, I pass over "in silence. I cannot now mark out the path which "led to that unequalled scene of horror, the sad remembrance of which takes full possession of my soul. "The sanguinary theatre again opens itself to view. "The baleful images of terror crowd around me, and "discontented ghosts, with hollow groans, appear to "solemnize the anniversary of the Fifth of March.

"Approach we then the melancholy walk of death. "Hither let me call the gay companion; here let him "drop a farewell tear upon that body, which so late he "saw vigorous and warm with social mirth; hither let "me lead the tender mother, to weep over her beloved "son: come, widowed mourner, here satiate thy grief! "behold thy murdered husband gasping on the ground; "and, to complete the pompous show of wretchedness, "bring in each hand thy infant children to bewail their "father's fate: take heed, ye orphan babes, lest, while "your streaming eyes are fixed upon the ghastly "corpse, *your feet slide on the stones bespattered with your "father's brains!* Enough! this tragedy need not be "heightened by an infant weltering in the blood of him "that gave it birth. Nature, reluctant, shrinks already "from the view; and the chilled blood rolls slowly "backward to its fountain. We wildly stare about, "and with amazement, ask, *who spread this ruin round "us?* Has haughty France, or cruel Spain, sent forth "her myrmidons? Has the grim savage rushed again "from the distant wilderness? Or does some fiend, "fierce from the depth of hell, with all the rancorous "malice which the apostate damned can feel, twang "her destructive bow, and hurl her deadly arrows at "our breast? No, none of these. It is the hand of "*Britain* that inflicts the wound! The arms of George, "our rightful king, have been employed to shed that "blood, when justice, or the honor of his crown, had "called his subjects to the field!

"But pity, grief, astonishment, with all the softer "movements of the soul, must now give way to stronger "passions. Say, fellow citizens, what dreadful thought "now swells your heaving bosoms? You fly to arms—"sharp indignation flashes from each eye—revenge "gnashes her iron teeth—death grins an hideous smile, "secure to drench his jaws in human gore—whilst hovering furies darken all the air! But stop, my bold, "adventurous countrymen; stain not your weapons "with the blood of Britons! Attend to reason's voice. "Humanity puts in her claim, and sues to be again "admitted to her wonted seat, the bosom of the brave. "Revenge is far beneath the noble mind. Many, perhaps, compelled to rank among the vile assassins, do, "from their inmost souls, detest the barbarous action. "The winged death, shot from your arms, may chance "to pierce some breast, that bleeds already for your "injured country.

"The storm subsides: a solemn pause ensues: you "spare, upon condition they depart. They go; they "quit your city: they no more shall give offence. Thus "closes the important drama.

"And could it have been conceived that we again "should see a British army in our land, sent to enforce "obedience to acts of Parliament destructive to our "liberty? * * * * * * * Our streets are again filled "with armed men; our harbor is crowded with ships "of war: but these cannot intimidate us: our liberty "must be preserved: it is far dearer than *life*—we hold

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"it even dear as our *allegiance*. We must defend it "against the attacks of *friends*, as well as *enemies*: we "cannot suffer even Britons to ravish it from us. No "longer could we reflect, with generous pride, on the "heroic actions of our American forefathers; no longer "boast our origin from that far famed island, whose "warlike sons have so often drawn their well tried "swords to save her from the ravages of tyranny;— "could we, but for a moment, entertain the thought of "giving up our liberty. The man who meanly will "submit to wear a shackle, contemns the noblest gift of "Heaven; and impiously affronts the God that made "him free."

Highly wrought as these passages may appear, they accorded, perfectly, with the minds to which they were addressed.

It may be doubted, if any scene of the kind ever possessed more of the moral sublime, than that which our young countryman presented,—daring thus, amidst armed and frowning enemies, to denounce them and their masters, and to speak forth the startling truths of justice and freedom, with the naked sword of tyranny suspended over his head. The rising of Brutus, "refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate," shaking his crimsoned steel, and hailing Tully aloud as the "father of his country"—Tully's own denunciations of Catiline, Verres and Anthony—or the more illustrious Philippics of Demosthenes—all remote from personal danger—the objects of their enmity and invective being absent, defenceless, or prostrate—cannot be compared, for moral sublimity, with the splendid boldness of Warren. And, whatever classical anathemas await us for it, we are heretical enough to venture the opinion, that for true *eloquence*, blendedly pathetic and argumentative, *his* oration outstrips any that we have read of Cicero's, and *equals* aught that we have seen of Demosthenes. To the most effective effusions of the latter, indeed, it bears the closest resemblance—rapid, condensed, inornate, impassioned: similar, too, in its result, if we consider the difference of their auditories—the one a mercurial mob, ever liable to be swayed by whim or convulsed by passion; the other a grave, reflecting people, who subjected every thing—feeling, imagination, and even the love of liberty—to REASON. The oratory of Demosthenes made the Athenians cry out, "Let us march against Philip!" When Warren ended, a glow of admiration and respect pervaded even the hostile bosoms around him; but the people of Boston were ready at once to abjure allegiance to Great Britain. For this, however, affairs were not yet ripe.

The celebrated Josiah Quincy, Jr. was at this time in England, on a mission of remonstrance and observation. His interesting letters, and more interesting journal, (for parts of which we are indebted to the "Memoirs" before referred to,) shewed his conviction that the pending disputes must come to the arbitrament of arms. His countrymen, he said, "must seal their cause with their blood." This, he was assured by Warren, (one of his warmest and dearest friends) they were ready to do. "It is the united voice of America" (Warren wrote him) "to preserve their freedom, or lose their lives in its defence." Warren was President of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. He writes thus to Quincy concerning it: "Congress met at Concord at the time appointed. About 260 members were present. You would have thought yourself in an assembly of Spartans, or ancient Romans, had you seen the ardor of those who spoke on the important business they were transacting." Quincy remained but six months in England, and then embarked for his home in an advanced stage of consumption: having, as he told the seaman who attended his sick bed, but one desire—that he might live long enough to have one more interview with Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren. His prayer was not granted. He died on ship board, just entering Cape Anne Harbor, on the 26th of April, 1775,* eight days after the battle of Lexington; where, unknown to him, his countrymen had already "sealed their cause with their blood."

Warren (now a brigadier general of the Massachusetts militia) was not unconcerned in that battle. Scouts of his had notified him on the 18th of April, that a detachment of troops was to march that night towards Concord: and then, remaining himself upon the watch, he saw Colonel Smith and 8 or 900 men embark for Charlestown. Knowing the stores and ammunition at Concord to be their object, he instantly sent messengers over the surrounding country, to give the alarm; and himself rode all night—passing so near the enemy, as to be more than once in great danger of capture. His messenger to Lexington was Col. Revere; who, on suddenly turning a corner as he passed through Charlestown, found himself close to a party of the British. In a moment he put his horse at full speed, dashed through them, and before they could well ascertain him to be a foe, was beyond the reach of the balls which they fired after him. It was his summons, that called forth the company of Lexington militia, upon whom, about sunrise on the 19th, was begun that bloody drama, of which the progress was to shake two continents, and the catastrophe to dissever an empire. Warren, sleepless and in motion throughout the night, hurried to the scene of action: and, when the enemy were retreating from Concord, he was among the foremost in hanging upon their rear, and assailing their flanks. By pressing them too closely, he once narrowly escaped death. A musket ball took off a lock of hair, which curled close to his head, in the fashion of that time.

When his mother first saw him after the battle, and heard of this escape, she entreated him with tears not again to risk a life so precious. "Where danger is, dear mother," he answered, "there must your son be. *Now* is no time for any of America's children to shrink from any hazard. I will see her free, or die."

An exchange of prisoners was soon afterwards agreed on, to be carried into effect at Charlestown. Generals Warren and Putnam with two select companies of Massachusetts troops, repaired thither for the purpose. Here was a touching scene. The British and American officers, on meeting once more as friends after the recent strife had so rudely sundered their long subsisting ties of hospitality and mutual kindness, melted with tenderness, and rushed into each other's arms. The soldiers

* Love for his country and her liberties, may be safely considered the ruling passion of this man's pure and splendid and too short life. He displayed it also "strong in death." His last reported words were in a letter to his family, dictated to his sailor nurse; in which he breathes a dying wish for his country. And his Will contains the following clause: "I give to my son, when he shall arrive to the age of 15 years, Algernon Sidney's Works, John Locke's Works—Lord Bacon's Works—Gordon's Tacitus, and Cato's Letters. May the spirit of Liberty rest upon him."

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caught the infection: and mingled tears, and hands cordially shaken, softened for awhile the rugged front of war. Putnam and Warren entertained the British as guests, as sumptuously as the occasion allowed.

A few days afterwards, Warren was appointed Major General of the Massachusetts forces: but still retained his post as President of the Provincial Congress. He seems to have combined, with rare felicity, the qualities of a civil and a military leader. Cool yet brave, gentle yet decided and firm, he was precisely fitted to teach and enforce order and discipline. Mingling in the ranks, and talking with individual soldiers as with brothers, he gained their love, and infused into them his own ardor and sanguine confidence. He acted with equal talent in civil council. He spent a part of each day in sharing the deliberations of the Congress, which sat now at Watertown, ten miles northwest from Boston. His labors ended there, he would gallop to the camp at Cambridge. When the American commanders deliberated upon the seizure and fortification of Dorchester Heights and Bunker Hill, with a view to strike at the enemy's shipping, or to anticipate them in a similar movement,—Warren opposed it. Our raw troops, he thought, were not yet ready to cope with the trained veterans of England. Putnam, then commander-in-chief at Cambridge, thought differently. Warren renewed his opposition before the committee of safety and the council of war: but when these bodies successively resolved upon the measure, he promptly gave his whole heart to promote its success; repeating his determination, to be, himself, ever at the post of greatest danger. On the 16th of June, when Col. Prescott received his orders, and marched with his thousand men to fortify Bunker's Hill, the session at Watertown was so protracted, that Warren could not leave it until late at night. So soon as he could, he prepared to join Prescott—despite the dissuasion of his friends. To their assurances, that most of the detachment, and especially he—daring and conspicuous as he was—would in all probability be cut off; and that he could not be spared so soon from the cause; he replied, "I cannot help it: I must share the fate of my countrymen. I cannot hear the cannon and remain inactive." Among the most intimate of these friends, was the afterwards distinguished Elbridge Gerry; with whom he lodged regularly in the same room, and, on that last night, in the same bed. To him;—when they parted after midnight, Warren uttered the sentiment—so truly Roman, and in this instance so prophetic—"*dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori.*" By day-break, he was at the camp in Cambridge; where, finding that the British had not shewn themselves, and sick with an aching head, from mental and bodily toil, he lay down, to snatch a little repose. But he was soon roused by tidings, that the enemy were in motion: and instantly rising, he exclaimed, "my headache is gone." Others doubted what the object of the enemy's threatened movement was. He at once saw it to be, the unfinished fortification upon Bunker Hill. The committee of safety (which sat in the house where he was) having resolved immediately to despatch a reinforcement thither, Warren mounted his horse, and with sword and musket, hastened to the scene of strife. He arrived just as the fight began, and seeking out General Putnam, (who was already there) desired to be posted where the service was to be most arduous. Putnam expressed his sorrow at seeing him, in a place so full of peril: "but since you have come," added he, "I will obey your orders with pleasure." Warren replied, that he came as a volunteer—to obey and fight; not to command. Putnam then requested him to take his stand in the redoubt, where Prescott commanded, and which was considerably in advance of the slighter defence, behind which Putnam and his men were stationed. On his entering the redoubt, he was greeted with loud huzzas: and Prescott, like Putnam, offered him the command. He again refused it; saying, that he was a mere volunteer, and should be happy to learn service from so experienced a soldier. We cannot, thrilling as they are to our recollections, undertake to narrate the well known particulars of that great day. But we commend the story, as told by the authoress before us, to the attention of our readers. Our business is with General Warren. He was constantly active; going through the ranks, cheering on his comrades, sharing their perils, and plying his musket against the advancing enemy. When the British had twice been driven from the height, with a thousand slain; when the exhaustion of powder and ball, leaving the Americans no means of resistance but clubbed guns, against fixed bayonets and fourfold numbers, necessarily made the third onset successful—Warren was the last to leave his station. The slowest in that slow and reluctant retreat, he struggled for every foot of ground; disdaining to quicken his steps, though bullets whizzed and blood streamed all around him. Major Small, of the British army, recognized him; and eager to save his life, called upon him for God's sake to stop, and be protected from destruction. Warren turned and looked towards him: but sickening at the sight and the thought of his slaughtered countrymen and of the lost battle, again moved slowly off as before. Major Small then ordered his men not to fire at the American General: but it was too late. Just as the order was given, a ball passed through his head; he fell, and expired.

His body lay on the field all the next night. When one who knew his person, told General Howe the next morning that Warren was among the slain, he would not believe it; declaring it *impossible* that the President of the Congress should have been suffered to expose himself so hazardously. An English surgeon, however, who had also known Warren, identified his corpse; and, to prove the daring of which he was capable, added, that but five days before, he had ventured alone into Boston in a small canoe, to learn the plans of the British; and had urged the surgeon to enter into the American service. General Howe declared, that the death of one such adversary balanced the loss of 500 of his own men. Warren's body was buried with many others, English and American, near the spot where he fell; whence, sometime afterwards, it was removed to the Tremont burying ground, and finally to the family vault under St. Paul's Church, in Boston. His brothers, at the first disinterment, knew his remains by an artificial tooth, by a nail wanting on one of his fingers, and by his clothes, in which he was buried just as he fell. His youngest brother, Dr. John Warren, at first sight of the body, fainted away, and lay for many minutes insensible on the ground. We draw a veil over the grief of his mother, when, after a torturing suspense

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of three days, the dreadful truth was disclosed to her. In General Warren's pocket, an English soldier found a prayer book, with the owner's name written in it. The soldier carried it to England, and sold it for a high price to a kind-hearted clergyman, who benevolently transmitted it to a minister in Roxbury, with a request that he would restore it to the general's nearest relation. It was accordingly given to his youngest brother, whose son, Dr. John C. Warren, still retains it. It was printed in 1559, in a character remarkably distinct, and is strongly and handsomely bound.

If our due space had not already been exceeded, we would include in this sketch several other interesting particulars, connected with its illustrious subject: but we must forbear.

There were ample contemporaneous testimonials to the merits of General Warren. Amongst others, was a vote of the general Congress, that a monument should be erected to his memory, "as an acknowledgment of his virtues and distinguished services;" and that his children should be supported at the public charge. Like the prayers of Homer's heroes, this vote was half dispersed in empty air: the other half took effect, so far as the annual payment of a moderate sum went, towards the maintenance and education of the children. It is not until she has mentioned this fact, that our authoress bethinks her of saying, that General Warren was married to an excellent and amiable woman, who died three years before him; and that he left four orphan children. So important an event in human life might surely have been earlier told, and more regardfully dwelt upon. We would fain have had something said of *his* domestic life, who filled so large a space in his country's eye; something to exemplify what we hold as an everlasting truth—that a good son and a true patriot is sure to make a true husband and a good father. Situated as she is, our authoress cannot fail, by reasonable diligence of inquiry, to learn many things, worthy of the improved edition which we hope to see, of her interesting and valuable, though so faulty production.

We, as one of the posterity whose gratitude and admiration General Warren so richly earned, can read in his destiny more than a fulfilment of the augury contained in the official account of the Battle of Bunker Hill, drawn up by the Provincial Congress. It speaks of him as "a man, whose memory will be endeared to his countrymen, and to the worthy in every part and age of the world, so long as VALOUR shall be esteemed among mankind." To VALOUR, we would add the lovelier and nobler names of COURTESY, GENEROSITY, and INTEGRITY.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO CHRISTIANA.

Sister, while life and joy are young,
While the sweet lyre of hope is strung,
Ere thou hast known a crowd of cares,
Earth's vain regrets and burning tears—
Ere the sick heart of grief is thine,
Or rapture's thrilling pulse decline—
Ere wounded pride and love shall tell
That thou hast served the world too well,
Turn thou to worship at the shrine
Of faith and holy love divine!
Bring all thy strength of feeling there;
Wait not to waste affection where
No harvest ever can repay
For all thou losest by delay.
Seek the bright path the saints have trod;
At his own altar worship God;
And find that peace whilst kneeling there
The world can neither give nor share.
Mourn thou with hope—with fear rejoice;
List to that small but awful voice,
Which tells us all things fade and die
To bloom no more beneath the sky.
Earth's brightest dreams soon melt away,
Her forms of loveliness decay—
And disappointment's chilling gloom
Blights all her flowers of fairest bloom;
But oh, remember, there is bliss
In a far better land than this:
Look thou beyond this world of care,
And hope a fadeless crown to wear.
Then may distress and sorrow come,
Thy soul can ever find a home!

E. A. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE FRIENDS OF MAN.

The young babe sat on its mother's knee,
Shaking its coral and bells with glee,
When Hope drew near with a seraph smile,
And kiss'd the lips that had spoke no guile,
Nor breath'd the words of sorrow.
Its little sister brought a flower,
And Hope still lingering nigh,
With sunny tress and sparkling eye,
Whisper'd of buds in a brighter bower
It might cull for itself to-morrow.

The boy came in from the wintry snow,
And mus'd by the parlor fire,—
But ere the evening lamps did glow
A stranger came with a thoughtful brow;
"What is that in your hand?" she said;
"My new-year's gift, with its covers red."
"Bring hither the book, my boy, and see
The magic spell of Memory;—
That page hath gold, and a way I'll find
To lock it safe in your docile mind:
For books have honey, the sages say,
That is sweet to the taste, when the hair is grey."

The youth at midnight sought his bed,
But ere he closed his eyes
Two forms drew near with a gentle tread,
In meek and saintly guise;
One struck a lyre of wondrous power,
With thrilling music fraught,
That chain'd the flying summer hour,
And charm'd the listener's thought—
For still would its tuneful cadence be,
"Follow me! Follow me!
And every morn a smile shall bring
As sweet as the merry lay I sing."

But when she ceas'd, with serious air
The other made reply,
"Shall he not also be my care?
May not I his pleasures share?

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Sister! Sister! tell me why?
Need Memory e'er with Hope contend?
Doth not the virtuous soul still find in both a friend?"

The youth beheld the strife,
And earnestly replied,
"Come, each shall be my guide—
Both gild the path of life:"
So he gave to each a trusting kiss,
And laid him down, and his dream was bliss.

The man came forth to run his race,
And ever when the morning light
Rous'd him from the trance of night,
When singing from her nest
The lark went up with a dewy breast,
Hope by his pillow stood with angel grace—
And as a mother cheers her son,
She girded his daily harness on.
And when the star of eve from weary care
Bade him to his home repair;
When by the hearth-stone where his joys were born,
The cricket wound its tiny horn,
Sober Memory spread her board,
With knowledge richly stor'd,
And supp'd with *him*, and like a guardian blest
His nightly rest.

The old man sat in his elbow-chair,
His locks were thin and grey—
Memory, that faithful friend was there,
And he in a querulous tone did say,
"Hast thou not lost with careless key
Something that I have entrusted to thee?"
Her pausing answer was sad and low,
"It may be so! It may be so!
The lock of my casket is worn and weak,
And Time with a plunderer's eye doth seek:
Something I miss, but I cannot say
What it is he hath stolen away—
For it seems that tinsel and trifles spread
Over the alter'd path we tread:
But the gems thou didst give me when life was new,
Look! here they are, all told and true,
Diamonds and rubies of changeless hue."

Thus, while in grave debate,
Mournful and ill at ease they sate,
Finding treasures disarranged, [chang'd,
Blaming the fickle world, when they themselves were
Hope, on a brilliant wing did soar,
Which folded neath her robe she long had wore,
And spread its rainbow plumes with new delight,
And hazarded its strength in a bold heavenward flight.

The dying lay on his couch of pain,
And his soul went forth to the angel train—
Yet when heaven's gate its golden bars undrew,
Memory walked that portal through,
And spread her tablet to the Judge's eye,
Heightening with clear response the welcome of the sky.
But at that threshold high,
Hope faltered with a drooping eye,
And as the expiring rose
Doth in its last adieu its sweetest breath disclose,
Laid down to die.

As a spent harp its symphony doth roll,
Faintly her parting sigh
Greeted a glorious form that stood serenely by:
"Earth's pilgrim I resign;
I cheered him to his grave—I lov'd him—he was mine;
Christ hath redeemed his soul—
Immortal Joy! 'tis thine." L. H. S.

Hartford, Con. Sept. 1835.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THOUGHTS.

Oh Britain! on thy far, far distant shores,
Mid scenes of grandeur, scenes with beauty fraught,
Oft do I wish to stray, when fancy pours
Her rainbow colors in the urn of thought.

Each crumbling tower, and each enchanted wood,
And every haunted glen by Poets sung—
Each mountain, forest, valley, field, or flood,
O'er which romance her magic veil has hung;

Thy "stately homes," the beautiful, the grand—
Each "breezy lawn," and each embowering tree,
In Albion clothed by nature's partial hand
In bloom and verdure—all I seem to see.

I picture to myself thy regal halls,
Where pomp and splendor hold an equal sway;
Thy palaces, within whose time-stained walls
Kings have been born, have lived, and passed away;

That ancient pile,* where gloom and silence keep
Their vigils o'er the great and honored dead—
Where princes proud, and gifted poets sleep,
Each laid forever in his narrow bed;

The spots that hallowed in thy history stand,
The graves of those whose mem'ries cannot die,
With living gems that still adorn thy land,
All, all appear to fancy's ardent eye.

Parent thou art of many a cherished son,
And many a daughter crowned with wreaths of fame,
Whose talents high, or virtues rare have won
An ever glorious, ever honored name.

A Milton's genius awfully sublime,
A Shakspeare's wit in nature's garments drest,
A Scott whose fame can only end with time,
Sprung from thy soil, and sleep within its breast.

A Campbell's pure and chastened flow of thought,
A Hemans' skill poetic flowers to twine,
A Bulwer's matchless page with interest fraught,
A Landon's love-tuned lyre, all—all are thine!

But oh, between my own blest land and thee
Old Ocean's wide and restless waters spread;
Thy gifted great I may not hope to see,
And on thy shores I know I ne'er shall tread.

Yet the free spirit roves where I would go,
To other climes, the beautiful and bright,
Through fields of air, o'er ocean's trackless flow,
Eager, unchecked and chainless in its flight!

E. A. S.

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* Westminster Abbey.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

KING PEST THE FIRST.

A TALE CONTAINING AN ALLEGORY—BY ——.

The Gods do bear and well allow in kings
The things which they abhor in rascal routes.
Buckhurst's Tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex.

About twelve o'clock, one sultry night, in the month of August, and during the chivalrous reign of the third Edward, two seamen belonging to the crew of the "Free and Easy," a trading schooner plying between Sluys and the Thames, and then at anchor in that river, were much astonished to find themselves seated in the tap-room of an ale-house in the parish of St. Andrews, London—which ale-house bore for sign the portraiture of a "Jolly Tar."

The room, it is needless to say, although ill-contrived, smoke-blackened, low-pitched, and in every other respect agreeing with the general character of such places at the period—was, nevertheless, in the opinion of the grotesque groups scattered here and there within it, sufficiently well adapted for its purpose.

Of these groups our two seamen formed, I think, the most interesting, if not the most conspicuous.

The one who appeared to be the elder, and whom his companion addressed by the characteristic appellation of "Legs," was also much the most ill-favored, and, at the same time, much the taller of the two. He might have measured six feet nine inches, and an habitual stoop in the shoulders seemed to have been the necessary consequence of an altitude so enormous.

Superfluities in height were, however, more than accounted for by deficiencies in other respects. He was exceedingly, wofully, awfully thin; and might, as his associates asserted, have answered, when sober, for a pennant at the mast-head, or, when stiff with liquor, have served for a jib-boom. But these jests, and others of a similar nature, had evidently produced, at no time, any effect upon the leaden muscles of the tar. With high cheek-bones, a large hawk-nose, retreating chin, fallen under-jaw, and huge protruding white eyes, the expression of his countenance, although tinged with a species of dogged indifference to matters and things in general, was not the less utterly solemn and serious beyond all attempts at imitation or description.

The younger seaman was in all outward appearance, the antipodes of his companion. His stature could not have exceeded four feet. A pair of stumpy bow-legs supported his squat, unwieldy figure, while his unusually short and thick arms, with no ordinary fists at their extremities, swung off, dangling from his sides like the fins of a sea-turtle. Small eyes, of no particular color, twinkled far back in his head. His nose remained buried in the mass of flesh which enveloped his round, full, and purple face; and his thick upper-lip rested upon the still thicker one beneath with an air of complacent self-satisfaction, much heightened by the owner's habit of licking them at intervals. He evidently regarded his tall ship-mate with a feeling half-wondrous, half-quizzical; and stared up occasionally in his face as the red setting sun stares up at the crags of Ben Nevis.

Various and eventful, however, had been the peregrinations of the worthy couple in and about the different tap-houses of the neighborhood during the earlier hours of the night. Funds even the most ample, are not always everlasting: and it was with empty pockets our friends had ventured upon the present hostelrie.

At the precise period then, when this history properly commences, Legs, and his fellow Hugh Tarpaulin, sat, each with both elbows resting upon the large oaken table in the middle of the floor, and with a hand upon either cheek. They were eyeing, from behind a huge flagon of unpaid-for "humming-stuff," the portentous words "No Chalk," which to their indignation and astonishment were scored over the door-way by means of that very identical mineral whose presence they purported to deny. Not that the gift of decyphering written characters—a gift among the commonalty of that day considered little less cabalistical than the art of inditing—could, in strict justice, have been laid to the charge of either disciple of the sea; but there was, to say the truth, a certain twist in the formation of the letters—an indescribable lee-lurch about the whole—which foreboded, in the opinion of both seamen, a long run of dirty weather; and determined them at once, in the pithy words of Legs himself, to "pump ship, clew up all sail, and scud before the wind."

Having accordingly drank up what remained of the ale, and looped up the points of their short doublets, they finally made a bolt for the street. Although Tarpaulin rolled twice into the fire-place, mistaking it for the door, yet their escape was at length happily effected—and half after twelve o'clock found our heroes ripe for mischief, and running for life down a dark alley in the direction of St. Andrew's Stair, hotly pursued by the landlord and landlady of the "Jolly Tar."

* * * * * *

At the epoch of this eventful tale, and periodically, for many years before and after, all England, but more especially the metropolis, resounded with the fearful cry of "Pest! Pest! Pest!" The city was in a great measure depopulated—and in those horrible regions, in the vicinity of the Thames, where amid the dark, narrow, and filthy lanes and alleys, the Demon of Disease was supposed to have had his nativity, awe, terror, and superstition were alone to be found stalking abroad.

By authority of the king such districts were placed *under ban*, and all persons forbidden, under pain of death, to intrude upon their dismal solitude. Yet neither the mandate of the monarch, nor the huge barriers erected at the entrances of the streets, nor the prospect of that loathsome death which, with almost absolute certainty, overwhelmed the wretch whom no peril could deter from the adventure, prevented the unfurnished and untenanted dwellings from being stripped, by the hand of nightly rapine, of every article such as iron, brass, or lead-work, which could in any manner be turned to a profitable account.

Above all, it was usually found, upon the annual winter opening of the barriers, that locks, bolts, and secret cellars had proved but slender protection to those rich stores of wines and liquors which, in consideration of the risk and trouble of removal, many of the numerous dealers having shops in the neighborhood had consented to trust, during the period of exile, to so insufficient a security.

But there were very few of the terror-stricken people who attributed these doings to the agency of human hands. Pest-Spirits, Plague-Goblins, and Fever-Demons were the popular imps of mischief; and tales so

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blood-chilling were hourly told, that the whole mass of forbidden buildings was, at length, enveloped in terror as in a shroud, and the plunderer himself was often scared away by the horrors his own depredations had created; leaving the entire vast circuit of prohibited district to gloom, silence, pestilence, and death.

* * * * * *

It was by one of these terrific barriers already mentioned, and which indicated the region beyond to be under the Pest-Ban, that, in scrambling down an alley, Legs and the worthy Hugh Tarpaulin found their progress suddenly impeded. To return was out of the question, and no time was to be lost, as their pursuers were close upon their heels. With thorough-bred seamen to clamber up the roughly fashioned plank work was a trifle; and, maddened with the twofold excitement of exercise and liquor, they leaped unhesitatingly down within the enclosure, and holding on their drunken course with shouts and yellings, were soon bewildered in its noisome and intricate recesses.

Had they not, indeed, been intoxicated beyond all sense of human feelings, their reeling footsteps must have been palsied by the horrors of their situation. The air was damp, cold and misty. The paving stones loosened from their beds, lay in wild disorder amid the tall, rank grass, which sprang up hideously around the feet and ancles. Rubbish of fallen houses choked up the streets. The most fetid and poisonous smells every where prevailed—and by the occasional aid of that ghastly and uncertain light which, even at midnight, never fails to emanate from a vapory and pestilential atmosphere, might be discerned lying in the by-paths and alleys, or rotting in the windowless habitations, the carcass of many a nocturnal plunderer arrested by the hand of the plague in the very perpetration of his robbery.

But it lay not in the power of images, or sensations, or impediments like these, to stay the course of men who, naturally brave, and at that time especially, brimful of courage and of "humming-stuff," would have reeled, as straight as their condition might have permitted, undauntedly into the very jaws of the Archangel Death. Onward—still onward stalked the gigantic Legs, making the desolate solemnity echo and re-echo with yells like the terrific warwhoop of the Indian: and onward—still onward rolled the dumpy Tarpaulin, hanging on to the doublet of his more active companion, and far surpassing the latter's most strenuous exertions in the way of vocal music by bull-roarings *in basso*, from the profundity of his Stentorian lungs.

They had now evidently reached the strong hold of the pestilence. Their way at every step or plunge grew more noisome and more horrible—the paths more narrow and more intricate. Huge stones and beams falling momentarily from the decaying roofs above them, gave evidence, by their sullen and heavy descent, of the vast height of the surrounding buildings, while actual exertion became necessary to force a passage through frequent heaps of putrid human corpses.

Suddenly, as the seamen stumbled against the entrance of a gigantic and ghastly-looking building, a yell more than usually shrill from the throat of the excited Legs, was replied to from within in a rapid succession of wild, laughter-like, and fiendish shrieks.

Nothing daunted at sounds which, of such a nature, at such a time, and in such a place, might have curdled the very blood in hearts less irrecoverably on fire, the drunken couple burst open the pannels of the door, and staggered into the midst of things with a volley of curses. It is not to be supposed however, that the scene which here presented itself to the eyes of the gallant Legs and worthy Tarpaulin, produced at first sight any other effect upon their illuminated faculties than an overwhelming sensation of stupid astonishment.

The room within which they found themselves, proved to be the shop of an undertaker—but an open trap-door in a corner of the floor near the entrance, looked down upon a long range of wine-cellars, whose depths the occasional sounds of bursting bottles proclaimed to be well stored with their appropriate contents. In the middle of the room stood a table—in the centre of which again arose a huge tub of what appeared to be punch. Bottles of various wines and cordials, together with grotesque jugs, pitchers, and flagons of every shape and quality, were scattered profusely upon the board. Around it, upon coffin-tressels, was seated a company of six—this company I will endeavor to delineate one by one.

Fronting the entrance, and elevated a little above his companions, sat a personage who appeared to be the president of the table. His stature was gaunt and tall, and Legs was confounded to behold in him a figure more emaciated than himself. His face was yellower than the yellowest saffron—but no feature of his visage, excepting one alone, was sufficiently marked to merit a particular description. This one consisted in a forehead so unusually and hideously lofty, as to have the appearance of a bonnet or crown of flesh superseded upon the natural head. His mouth was puckered and dimpled into a singular expression of ghastly affability, and his eyes, as indeed the eyes of all at table, were glazed over with the fumes of intoxication.

This gentleman was clothed from head to foot in a richly embroidered black silk-velvet pall wrapped negligently around his form after the fashion of a Spanish cloak. His head was stuck all full of tall, sable hearse-plumes, which he nodded to and fro with a jaunty and knowing air, and, in his right hand, he held a huge human thigh-bone, with which he appeared to have been just knocking down some member of the company for a song.

Opposite him, and with her back to the door, was a lady of no whit the less extraordinary character. Although quite as tall as the person who has just been described, she had no right to complain of his unnatural emaciation. She was evidently in the last stage of a dropsy; and her figure resembled nearly in outline the shapeless proportions of the huge puncheon of October beer which stood, with the head driven in, close by her side, in a corner of the chamber. Her face was exceedingly round, red, and full—and the same peculiarity, or rather want of peculiarity, attached itself to her countenance, which I before mentioned in the case of the president—that is to say, only one feature of her face was sufficiently distinguished to need a separate characterization: indeed, the acute Tarpaulin immediately observed that the same remark might have applied to each individual person of the party; every one of whom seemed to possess a monopoly of some particular

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portion of physiognomy. With the lady in question this portion proved to be the mouth. Commencing at the right ear, it swept with a terrific chasm to the left—the short pendants which she wore in either auricle continually bobbing into the aperture. She made, however, every exertion to keep her jaws closed and look dignified, in a dress consisting of a newly starched and ironed shroud coming up close under her chin, with a crimped ruffle of cambric muslin.

At her right hand sat a diminutive young lady whom she appeared to patronize. This delicate little creature, in the trembling of her wasted fingers, in the livid hue of her lips, and in the slight hectic spot which tinged her otherwise leaden complexion, gave evident indications of a galloping consumption.

An air of extreme *haut ton*, however, pervaded her whole appearance—she wore in a graceful and *degagé* manner, a large and beautiful winding-sheet of the finest India lawn—her hair hung in ringlets over her neck—a soft smile played about her mouth—but her nose, extremely long, thin, sinuous, flexible, and pimpled, hung down far below her under lip, and, in spite of the delicate manner in which she now and then moved it to one side or the other with her tongue, gave an expression rather doubtful to her countenance.

Over against her, and upon the left of the dropsical lady, was seated a little puffy, wheezing, and gouty old man, whose cheeks hung down upon the shoulders of their owner, like two huge bladders of Oporto wine. With his arms folded, and with one bandaged leg cocked up against the table, he seemed to think himself entitled to some consideration.

He evidently prided himself much upon every inch of his personal appearance, but took more especial delight in calling attention to his gaudy colored surcoat. This, to say the truth, must have cost no little money, and was made to fit him exceedingly well—being fashioned from one of the curiously embroidered silken covers appertaining to those glorious escutcheons which, in England and elsewhere, are customarily hung up in some conspicuous place upon the dwellings of departed aristocracy.

Next to him, and at the right hand of the president, was a gentleman in long white hose and cotton drawers. His frame shook in a ludicrous manner, with a fit of what Tarpaulin called "the horrors." His jaws, which had been newly shaved, were tightly tied up by a bandage of muslin; and his arms being fastened in a similar way at the wrists, prevented him from helping himself too freely to the liquors upon the table; a precaution rendered necessary, in the opinion of Legs, by the peculiarly sottish and wine-bibbing cast of his visage. A pair of prodigious ears, nevertheless, which it was no doubt found impossible to confine, towered away into the atmosphere of the apartment, and were occasionally pricked up, or depressed, as the sounds of bursting bottles increased, or died away, in the cellars underneath.

Fronting him, sixthly and lastly, was situated a singularly stiff-looking personage, who, being afflicted with paralysis, must, to speak seriously, have felt very ill at ease in his unaccommodating habiliments. He was habited, somewhat uniquely, in a new and handsome mahogany coffin.

The top or head-piece of the coffin pressed upon the scull of the wearer, and extended over it in the fashion of a hood, giving to the entire face an air of indescribable interest. Arm-holes had been cut in the sides, for the sake not more of elegance than of convenience—but the dress, nevertheless, prevented its proprietor from sitting as erect as his associates; and as he lay reclining against his tressel, at an angle of forty-five degrees, a pair of huge goggle eyes rolled up their awful whites towards the ceiling in absolute amazement at their own enormity.

Before each of the party lay a portion of a scull which was used as a drinking cup. Overhead was suspended an enormous human skeleton, by means of a rope tied round one of the legs and fastened to a ring in the ceiling. The other limb, confined by no such fetter, stuck off from the body at right angles, causing the whole loose and rattling frame to dangle and twirl about in a singular manner, at the caprice of every occasional puff of wind which found its way into the apartment. In the cranium of this hideous thing lay a quantity of ignited and glowing charcoal, which threw a fitful but vivid light over the entire scene; while coffins, and other wares appertaining to the shop of an undertaker, were piled high up around the room, and against the windows, preventing any straggling ray from escaping into the street.

It has been before hinted that at sight of this extraordinary assembly, and of their still more extraordinary paraphernalia, our two seamen did not conduct themselves with that proper degree of decorum which might have been expected. Legs, having leant himself back against the wall, near which he happened to be standing, dropped his lower jaw still lower than usual, and spread open his eyes to their fullest extent: while Hugh Tarpaulin, stooping down so as to bring his nose upon a level with the table, and spreading out a palm upon either knee, burst into a long, loud, and obstreperous roar of very ill-timed and immoderate laughter.

Without, however, taking offence at behavior so excessively rude, the tall president smiled very graciously upon the intruders—nodded to them in a dignified manner with his head of sable plumes—and, arising, took each by an arm, and led him to a seat which some others of the company had placed in the meantime for his accommodation. Legs to all this offered not the slightest resistance, but sat down as he was directed—while the gallant Hugh removing his coffin-tressel from its station near the head of the table, to the vicinity of the little consumptive lady in the winding-sheet, plumped down by her side in high glee, and, pouring out a scull of red wine, drank it off to their better acquaintance. But at this presumption the stiff gentleman in the coffin seemed exceedingly nettled, and serious consequences might have ensued, had not the president, rapping upon the table with his truncheon, diverted the attention of all present to the following speech:

"It becomes our duty upon the present happy occasion"————

"Avast there!"—interrupted Legs looking very serious—"avast there a bit, I say, and tell us who the devil ye all are, and what business ye have here rigged off like the foul fiends, and swilling the snug 'blue ruin' stowed away for the winter by my honest shipmate Will Wimble the undertaker!"

At this unpardonable piece of ill-breeding, all the

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original company half started to their feet, and uttered the same rapid succession of wild fiendish shrieks which had before caught the attention of the seamen. The president, however, was the first to recover his composure, and at length, turning to Legs with great dignity, recommenced.

"Most willingly will we gratify any reasonable curiosity on the part of guests so illustrious, unbidden though they be. Know then that in these dominions I am monarch, and here rule with undivided empire under the title of 'King Pest the First.'

"This apartment which you no doubt profanely suppose to be the shop of Will Wimble the undertaker—a man whom we know not, and whose plebeian appellation has never before this night thwarted our royal ears—this apartment, I say, is the Dais-Chamber of our Palace, devoted to the councils of our kingdom, and to other sacred and lofty purposes.

"The noble lady who sits opposite is Queen Pest, and our Serene Consort. The other exalted personages whom you behold are all of our family, and wear the insignia of the blood royal under the respective titles of 'His Grace the Arch Duke Pest-Iferous'—'His Grace the Duke Pest-Ilential'—'His Grace the Duke Tem-Pest'—and 'Her Serene Highness the Arch Duchess Ana-Pest.'

"As regards"—continued he—"your demand of the business upon which we sit here in council, we might be pardoned for replying that it concerns and concerns *alone* our own private and regal interest, and is in no manner important to any other than ourself. But in consideration of those rights to which as guests and strangers you may feel yourselves entitled, we will furthermore explain that we are here this night, prepared by deep research and accurate investigation, to examine, analyze, and thoroughly determine the indefinable spirit—the incomprehensible qualities and nare of those inestimable treasures of the palate, the wines, ales, and liqueurs of this goodly Metropolis: by so doing to advance not more our own designs than the true welfare of that unearthly sovereign whose reign is over us all—whose dominions are unlimited—and whose name is 'Death.'"

"Whose name is Davy Jones!"—ejaculated Tarpaulin, helping the lady by his side to a scull of liqueur, and pouring out a second for himself.

"Profane varlet!"—said the president, now turning his attention to the worthy Hugh—"profane and execrable wretch!—we have said, that in consideration of those rights which, even in thy filthy person, we feel no inclination to violate, we have condescended to make reply to your rude and unseasonable inquiries. We, nevertheless, for your unhallowed intrusion upon our councils, believe it our duty to mulct you and your companion in each a gallon of Black Strap—having drank which to the prosperity of our kingdom—at a single draught—and upon your bended knees—you shall be forthwith free either to proceed upon your way, or remain and be admitted to the privileges of our table according to your respective and individual pleasures."

"It would be a matter of utter impossibility"—replied Legs, whom the assumptions and dignity of King Pest the First had evidently inspired with some feelings of respect, and who arose and studied himself by the table as he spoke—"it would, please your majesty, be a matter of utter impossibility to stow away in my hold even one-fourth of that same liquor which your majesty has just mentioned. To say nothing of the stuffs placed on board in the forenoon by way of ballast, and not to mention the various ales and liqueurs shipped this evening at different sea-ports, I am, at present, full up to the throat of 'humming-stuff' taken in and duly paid for at the sign of the 'Jolly Tar.' You will, therefore, please your majesty, be so good as take the will for the deed—for by no manner of means either can I or will I swallow another drop—least of all a drop of that villainous bilge-water that answers to the hail of 'Black Strap.'"

"Belay that!"—interrupted Tarpaulin, astonished not more at the length of his companion's speech than at the nature of his refusal—"Belay that you lubber!—and I say, Legs, none of your palaver! *My* hull is still light, although I confess you yourself seem to be a little top-heavy; and as for the matter of your share of the cargo, why rather than raise a squall I would find stowage-room for it myself, but"———

"This proceeding"—interposed the president—"is by no means in accordance with the terms of the mulct or sentence which is in its nature Median, and not to be altered or recalled. The conditions we have imposed must be fulfilled to the letter, and that without a moment's hesitation—in failure of which fulfilment we decree that you do here be tied neck and heels together, and duly drowned as rebels in yon hogshead of October beer!"

"A sentence!—a sentence!—a righteous and just sentence!—a glorious decree!—a most worthy and upright, and holy condemnation!"—shouted the Pest Family altogether. The king elevated his forehead into innumerable wrinkles—the gouty little old man puffed like a pair of bellows—the lady of the winding sheet waved her nose to and fro—the gentleman in the cotton drawers pricked up his ears—she of the shroud gasped like a dying fish—and he of the coffin looked stuff and rolled up his eyes.

"Ugh!—ugh!—ugh!"—chuckled Tarpaulin without heeding the general excitation—"ugh!—ugh!—ugh!——ugh!—ugh!—ugh!—ugh!—ugh!—ugh!" "I was saying," said he,—"I was saying when Mr. King Pest poked in his marling-spike, that as for the matter of two or three gallons more or less Black Strap, it was a trifle to a tight sea-boat like myself not overstowed—but when it comes to drinking the health of the Devil—whom God assoilzie—and going down upon my marrow bones to his ill-favored majesty there, whom I know, as well as I know myself to be a sinner, to be nobody in the whole world but Tim Hurlygurly, the organ-grinder—why! its quite another guess sort of a thing, and utterly and altogether past my comprehension."

He was not allowed to finish this speech in tranquillity. At the name of Tim Hurlygurly the whole Junto leaped from their seats.

"Treason!"—shouted his Serenity King Pest the First.

"Treason!"—said the little man with the gout.

"Treason!"—screamed the Arch Duchess Ana-Pest.

"Treason!"—muttered the gentleman with his jaws tied up.

"Treason!"—growled he of the coffin.

"Treason! treason!"—shrieked her majesty of the

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mouth; and, seizing by the hinder part of his breeches the unfortunate Tarpaulin, who had just commenced pouring out for himself a scull of liqueur, she lifted him high up into the air, and dropped him without ceremony into the huge open puncheon of his beloved ale. Bobbing up and down, for a few seconds, like an apple in a bowl of toddy, he, at length, finally disappeared amid the whirlpool of foam which, in the already effervescent liquor, his struggles easily succeeded in creating.

Not tamely however did the tall seaman behold the discomfiture of his companion. Jostling King Pest through the open trap, the valiant Legs slammed the door down upon him with an oath, and strode towards the centre of the room. Here tearing down the huge skeleton which swung over the table, he laid it about him with so much energy and good will, that, as the last glimpses of light died away within the apartment, he succeeded in knocking out the brains of the little gentleman with the gout. Rushing then with all his force against the fatal hogshead full of October ale and Hugh Tarpaulin, he rolled it over and over in an instant. Out burst a deluge of liquor so fierce—so impetuous—so overwhelming—that the room was flooded from wall to wall—the loaded table was overturned—the tressels were thrown upon their backs—the tub of punch into the fire place—and the ladies into hysterics. Jugs, pitchers, and carboys mingled promiscuously in the *melee*, and wicker flagons encountered desperately with bottles of junk. Piles of death-furniture floundered about. Sculls floated *en masse*—hearse-plumes nodded to escutcheons—the man with the horrors was drowned upon the spot—the little stiff gentleman sailed off in his coffin—and the victorious Legs, seizing by the waist the fat lady in the shroud, scudded out into the street followed under easy sail, by the redoubted Hugh Tarpaulin, who, having sneezed three or four times, panted and puffed after him with the Arch Duchess Ana-Pest.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EARLY ADVENTURES.

Dissolve frigus—lignum super focus large reponens.—*Horace.*

Towards the end of a raw and blustering day in October, I was comfortably seated in my easy chair before a blazing fire, which diffused a cheerful light and a genial warmth through the apartment. My feet, cased in morocco slippers, rested on a footstool, whilst I carelessly sipped a glass of Madeira, supplied from a decanter which reared its rosy form on a table hard by. To an eye-witness I must have seemed the picture of comfort and happiness. On turning to help myself to another glass of the nectar-like fluid that glistened so temptingly by the ruddy light, my eye caught the gold edge of a note which lay on the table, half concealed by a book, and which, upon perusal, I discovered to contain a polite invitation from a wealthy and fashionable acquaintance to spend the next evening at her house. The emphatic N. B. "*Mrs. M. would be glad to see her friends in fancy dresses,*" soon brought to my experienced mind the nature of the *fête* to which I had the honor of an invitation. I arose to consult my prints and books to discover the most appropriate costume wherein to conceal my noble self. But not being able to suit exactly my somewhat fastidious taste, I resolved to consult the accomplished, beautiful, talented, and "last but not least," the wealthy Miss ———, who performed on the piano like another Handel, and tripped it on the light fantastic toe, with almost as much ease and grace as the fairy Taglioni. I had long looked on Miss ——— with affection—or perhaps love: and I had the vanity to suppose my feelings were reciprocated. But of the latter surmise I could only judge by "circumstantial evidence"—for the Cerberus-like vigilance of the matron under whose protection she lived, (and who had married my father's brother,) prevented me from forming any correct judgment of the extent of her affection for me—or if she possessed any, from taking advantage of it. The old lady (my aunt) who had found the yoke of Hymen not so easily borne, and who knew by experience the hazard that was to be encountered in forming matrimonial connexions, zealously opposed the various attempts I made to win the heart of the mistress of my adoration. Seeing all my designs frustrated, and my schemes overthrown by the superior knowledge and oversight of my feminine antagonist, I resolved, like a prudent general, to "beat a retreat," while it was in my power to effect one without loss of force or reputation. Nevertheless, I deemed it not imprudent to make one vigorous effort to obtain the five thousand dollars a year, along with the person of Miss ———, before I retired from the contest. Fraught with this intention, I resolved to visit Miss ——— immediately, to consult her about *something* beside the *fancy dress.* Having exchanged the gown in which I had been so luxuriously enveloped, for a dress coat, cut by the inimitable hands of Nugee, and attired the rest of my person in the most approved style, I sallied forth to the residence of my charmer.

The wind had gradually subsided during the last half hour, until it had nearly died away. The fresh air, with the exercise of walking, produced that racy and dancing stir of the blood, which all action, whether evil or noble in its nature, raises in our veins. The full moon now rose in all the splendor of its matchless beauty, and bathed in silvery light the gorgeous piles of snow-white clouds that calmly reposed on the surface of the dark blue sky. The walk was too pleasant to be of long duration, and before it seemed a moment had elapsed, I found myself on the marble steps of the house to which I had been directing my course. At my aristocratic pull of the door-bell, a servant immediately made his appearance, and to my inquiry if Mrs. D—— was at home, he answered in the negative. "Did Miss ——— accompany her, or did she remain?" said I in a hesitating tone of voice. "*She* is within," said the servant, and he forthwith ushered me in. In a few moments Miss ——— entered the room, looking as fresh and beautiful as Aurora "when first she leaves her rosy bed." It is useless to trespass upon the patience of the reader by giving a prolix account of a scene he has read of in every novel, romance, or tale, that has been written since the time of Clovis. Be it sufficient to say, that with "accents sweet" I poured forth the impassioned tale of my love—and with all that eloquence which love (and the hope of the five thousand per annum only) could have inspired. My suit was accepted; and to escape the vigilance of my aunt, it was agreed that she should attend the fancy ball the next evening, habited in the costume of a "Novice," at which place I should meet her as Young

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Norval. Soon as the clock should toll the hour of twelve we should leave the "festive scene," while all would be too busy to notice our departure. Immediately we were to repair to the residence of my aunt, when, after changing our dresses for some more suitable, we should hasten to a country seat about twenty miles distant, possessed by a near relative of mine, where we should be united in the holy band of matrimony.

This arrangement being made, with a heart buoyant with hope, and an elastic tread, I soon regained my apartment. And

> "Now the latter watch of wasting night
> And setting stars to sweet repose invite;"

but the high excitement under which I had been, banished

> "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

from my pillow.

* * * * * *

Comformably to the plan arranged between Miss ——— and myself, I drove to Mrs. M——'s at the usual hour, and halted some distance from the house, in the rear of about a hundred carriages. The rooms were already full when I entered—and after being announced in character and introduced to the lady of the house, I mingled with the motley crowd.

For the first hour the scene was grotesque in the extreme. The guests paraded the rooms with all the gravity of well-bred persons of the sixteenth century, looking stiff and very uncomfortable in their ill-adjusted habiliments. At the announcement of supper the prospect for pleasure brightened, and the guests felt themselves more at home. The gaudy figures moving about in the full blaze of the numberless chandeliers, produced a brilliant effect; and the various characters mingling together, made a splendid show of the burlesque. Here a "Red Man" from the "Far West," with his beautifully variegated moccasins, and a glass of "golden Sherry" in his hand, was descanting on the beauties of the latest tie with a superb "Spanish Cavalier," who haughtily fingered his jet black moustache, and sipped his Sherbet. Next him stood a "Knight of Malta," with his magnificent stars and diamonds, in close converse with a "Peasant Girl." The "Arch Bishop" set the whole table in a roar by his jokes; and "His Holiness" the Pope, giggled with "Anne Boleyn" over an ice-cream. The Jew was detected with ham-sandwich; while "King Lear" forgot the ingratitude of his daughters over champagne.

I finding the assignated time approaching, detached myself from the brilliant crowd around the supper table, and took a seat on a sofa in the next *room*. I had not been seated many minutes before I perceived "The Novice" approaching, and at that instant a clock near me tolled the midnight hour. I dashed up to the object of my search, and observing it was now time to go, she immediately took my arm, and we marched out. At the door I handed her into a carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive as rapidly as possible to —— street. In a few moments we arrived at the house, and seeing her rather slow, I requested her to unveil, as we had no time to lose. Slowly she raised her hand, and removing the dark veil from her face, disclosed the features of—*my aunt*. Overwhelmed with rage and disappointment I rushed from the house, and meeting one of the servants, learned that Miss ——— had suddenly heard of the death of a relative to whom she was much attached, and had been unable to attend the ball. It appears she had written to me, but the note, by some unpardonable negligence of the domestic to whom it was entrusted, had never been delivered. Learning these particulars I hurried down the street, and seeing a stage-coach standing before a hotel door, I leaped into it, and drove off. The motion of the carriage produced a dull, heavy sensation on my frame, and at length I fell asleep. I was aroused from my slumber by the sounds of laughter, and soon discovered that it arose from my fellow-passengers, who were diverting themselves at the oddity of my appearance and dress. Some took me for a madman. But one old gentlemen in pepper and salt dress, and with a red nose, assured the company that I was some theatrical character who had eloped from his creditors. Never was he of the "Grampian Hills" worse treated. At length I arrived at an inn, where I procured a suit of clothes, and resolved either to commit suicide, or drown my cares in a bottle of *Champagne*. J. C.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SHADOW. A FABLE—BY ——.

Ye who read are still among the living, but I who write shall have long since gone my way into the region of shadows. For indeed strange things shall happen, and many secret things be known, and many centuries shall pass away ere these memorials be seen of men. And when seen there will be some to disbelieve, and some to doubt, and yet a few who will find much to ponder upon in the characters here graven with a stylus of iron.

The year had been a year of terror, and of feelings more intense than terror for which there is no name upon the earth. For many prodigies and signs had taken place, and far and wide, over sea and land, the black wings of the Pestilence were spread abroad. To those, nevertheless, cunning in the stars, it was not unknown that the Heavens wore an aspect of ill; and to me, the Greek Oinos, among others it was evident, that now had arrived the alternation of that seven hundred and ninety-fourth year when, at the entrance of Aries, the planet Jupiter is conjoined with the red ring of the terrible Saturnus. The peculiar spirit of the skies, if I mistake not, greatly made itself manifest, not only in the physical orb of the earth, but in the souls, imaginations, and meditations of mankind.

Over some flasks of the red Chian wine, within the walls of a noble hall, in a dim city by the melancholy sea, we sat, at night, a company of seven. And to our chamber there was no entrance save by a lofty door of brass: and the door was fashioned by the artizan Corinnos, and being of rare workmanship was fastened from within. Black draperies, likewise, in the gloomy room shut out from our view the moon, the lurid stars, and the peopleless streets—but the boding and the memory of Evil, they would not be so excluded. There were things around us and about of which I can render no distinct account—things material and spiritual. Heaviness in the atmosphere—a sense of suffocation—anxiety—and above all, that terrible state of existence which the nervous experience when the senses are keenly living and awake, and meanwhile the powers of

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thought lie dormant. A dead weight hung upon us. It hung upon our limbs—upon the household furniture—upon the goblets from which we drank; and all things were depressed, and borne down thereby—all things save only the flames of the seven iron lamps which illumined our revel. Uprearing themselves in tall slender lines of light, they thus remained burning all pallid and motionless; and in the mirror which their lustre formed upon the round table of ebony at which we sat, each of us there assembled beheld the pallor of his own countenance, and the unquiet glare in the downcast eyes of his companions. Yet we laughed and were merry in our proper way—which was hysterical; and sang the songs of Anacreon—which are madness; and drank deeply—although the purple wine reminded us of blood. For there was yet another tenant of our chamber in the person of young Zoilus. Dead, and at full length he lay, enshrouded—the genius and the demon of the scene. Alas! he bore no portion in our mirth, save that his countenance distorted with the plague, and his eyes in which Death had but half extinguished the fire of the pestilence, seemed to take such interest in our merriment as the dead may take in the merriment of those who are to die. But although I, Oinos, felt that the eyes of the departed were upon me, still I forced myself not to perceive the bitterness of their expression, and, gazing down steadily into the depths of the ebony mirror, sang with a loud and sonorous voice the songs of the son of Teios. But gradually my songs they ceased, and their echoes rolling afar off among the sable draperies of the chamber became weak, and indistinguishable, and so fainted away. And lo! from among those sable draperies where the sounds of the song departed, there came forth a dark and undefined shadow—a shadow such as the moon when low in Heaven might fashion from the figure of a man: but it was the shadow neither of man, nor of God, nor of any familiar thing. And quivering awhile among the draperies of the room, it at length rested in full view upon the surface of the door of brass. But the shadow was vague, and formless, and indefinitive, and was the shadow neither of man nor God—neither God of Greece, nor God of Chaldæa, nor any Egyptian God. And the shadow rested upon the brazen doorway, and under the arch of the entablature of the door, and moved not, nor spoke any word, but there became stationary and remained. And the door whereupon the shadow rested was, if I remember aright, over against the feet of the young Zoilus enshrouded. But we, the seven there assembled, having seen the shadow as it came out from among the draperies, dared not steadily behold it, but cast down our eyes, and gazed continually into the depths of the mirror of ebony. And at length I, Oinos, speaking some low words, demanded of the shadow its dwelling and its appellation. And the shadow answered, "I am SHADOW, and my dwelling is near to the Catacombs of Ptolemais, and hard by those dim plains of Helusion which border upon the foul Charonian canal." And then did we, the seven, start from our seats in horror, and stand trembling, and shuddering, and aghast: for the tones in the voice of the shadow were not the tones of any one being, but of a multitude of beings, and, varying in their cadences from syllable to syllable, fell duskily upon our ears in the well remembered and familiar accents of a thousand departed friends.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

CURSE OF THE "BETRAYED ONE."

A FRAGMENT—BY HUGH BLAIR.

They moved her couch, that the whispering breath
  Of evening might come with its balmy sigh,
And fan her brow, e'er the film of death
  Spread over her dark and beautiful eye.

But she heeded not the whispering wind,
  For her burning thoughts afar were roaming;
Madness had seized on her wretched mind,
  And her high brow throb'd, and her lips were foaming!

And the beautiful curls of her sable hair
  Streamed wildly over her fevered pillow—
And her bosom heaved in its whiteness there,
  As the breeze heaves up the snowy billow—

And her teeth with convulsive grasp were set,
  And her eye burned bright as a beam of day—
She twined her hand in her locks of jet,
  And tore their glittering curls away!

And she screamed with a wild, convulsive shriek,
  Then uttered a low protracted groan—
As ye've heard the wind thro' your lattice break,
  And die away with a hollow moan.

But at length, through the evening's gathering gloom,
  Her voice came forth from the riven chords
Of her broken heart, as from a tomb!
  And she utter'd these wild and fearful words:

"I've loved thee, man, with an ardent love;
I've sworn it by each orb above—
By the glorious Sun when he sank to rest,
And lit with his beams the glowing west—
By the pallid Moon, when her silver beam
Danced gladly o'er yon murmuring stream,
Upon whose verdant banks with you
I've stood that holy orb to view—
And by every lamp which the dusk of even
Hung out in the glittering arch of heaven.
I cannot *now* deny the flame
Which has wasted thus my wretched frame—
For I've told it thee by many a word
  Which came from the core of my bleeding heart,
As you touched each thrilling, aching chord,
  By that hellish power, thy fiendish art.
I've told it thee by many a sigh,
By many a tear in my weary eye,
By many a sob, and many a groan,
Which burst from the lips of thy '*lovely one*'—
And I've told it thee by the burning streak
Which so often lit my fevered cheek,
As you played with each glittering curl of jet
That waved on the neck of '*Thy Martinette!*'
Come hither thou fiend and gaze upon me;
  Behold the wreck of thy hellish power—
Come hither, I have a *blessing* for thee,
  Which thou shalt hear in my dying hour.

"That maiden, she of the lovely face,
Who holds in thy heart *my* wretched place,
Shall become thy bride, and her first born son
Be a monster, hideous to gaze upon!
And the sight of the thing shall drive her mad!

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And while she's screaming in accents wild,
She shall call upon thee in tones most sad,
Thyself to murder her hideous child!
Oh, she shall shriek in her wild despair,
And her phrensied eye, with a fearful glare,
Full on thy faithless face shall gleam—
And with lips of foam and teeth close set,
Her voice full in thy ear shall scream,
'Remember the curse of *thy Martinette!*'
And with fingers of blood she shall rend her cheek—
And those lips which now in their freshness part,
Shall utter as wild and terrific a shriek
As ever yet burst from my broken heart;
And her every shriek and her every groan
Shall wither thy heart, thou faithless one!
And thus she shall die, ere reason's dawn
The veil from her wildered soul hath drawn.
But her blasted babe, that hideous thing,
Shall live—and its frightful presence shall bring
Galling thoughts, which shall have the power
To blast thy every peaceful hour!
By its blasted form thou shalt never forget
The dying curse of *thy Martinette!*"

She spoke, and sunk back on her dying bed,
And the blood gushed forth from her lips of foam!
They raised her again—but the spirit had fled
Away, away to its secret home!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO MRS. B. G. S.

When Summer sheds her soft perfume
The bowers among—
When all the earth is rich in bloom,
The sky in song—
When evening's golden clouds like shadows flee,
Turn for an instant then your thoughts on me.

When Winter in her frozen zone
Robs earth of green—
When only Friendship can atone
For what has been—
When round the hearth your other friends you see,
It is the hour I love—think then of me.

In days of bliss when hope is nigh,
And life is dear,
Your heart with joy elate beats high,
And friends are near—
Forget not there is one will ever be
Glad of thy gladness; cast a thought on me.

And when the darksome days
Of age or ill
The bright and cheering rays
Of hope shall chill,
Think there is one whose love can never be
Changed with Time's changes—oh remember me.

E. A. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE SEA BIRD'S REVEL.

BY GILES McQUIGGIN.

Look out upon the ocean wave—
Look from the lonely shore;
See how the mountain billows rave,
Hark how the waters roar!

Darkly hangs the tempest cloud,
From windward to the lee;
The thunder mutters hoarse and loud
Above the foaming sea.

'Tis nature in her revel hour—
She sweeps a stormy wing;
Old Ocean trembles at her power,
As wild his surges fling.

The sea bird rides upon her wrath,
Rocks on the tempest's ire—
Surveys the lurid lightning's path,
And shouts amid its fire.

The proud bird breasts the storm alone,
Mounts through its misty height—
The summit is his lofty throne,
The thunder his delight.

While gazing on the horrors round,
His burning eye-balls glare;
King of the storm, with lightnings crown'd,
He fears no terrors there.

When he for very gladness shrieks,
It deafens ocean's roar—
O'er nature in her wildest freaks
The proud storm king may soar.

Ride on aerial charioteer,
The tempest hails thy form;
Thou lov'st a sky forever clear,
Go seek it through the storm.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

I MET THEE BY MOONLIGHT ALONE.

BY M. S. LOVETT.

Air—"Oh! meet me by moonlight alone."

I met thee by moonlight alone,
The blue sky was cloudless above;
And dew-gems around us were thrown,
To gladden our meeting of love.

I met thee by moonlight alone,
My heart trusting wholly to thee:
Was it prudent? Alas! I will own
That I asked not, for *thou* wast with me.

How buoyant my heart, and how sweet
The zephyrs that waved through my hair!
Low murmured the stream at my feet,
Its tale to the summer-night air.

But ah! did the sky cease to smile?
The Moon—were her silver rays gone?
Did *each* beauty but tarry the while
We met—love, by moonlight alone?

Oh no, for the sky is still bright,
The dew-drops still nightly have shone:
On *me* fell the darkness and blight:
I met thee by moonlight alone!

And the pale Moon while wand'ring above,
Oft hears its sad votaries own,
That too often the Altar of Love
Is lighted by moonlight alone.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LETTERS FROM A SISTER.

LETTER TWENTY-FIRST.

Places of Protestant Worship in Paris—History of Mr. Lewis Way an English Divine.

PARIS, ———.

Dear Jane:

Here is an interesting narrative to amuse you, which I have just heard related. In the *Champs Elysées*, there stands a beautiful protestant chapel, where we attend divine service almost every Sabbath; if we do not go there, we repair to the oratorio, a protestant church in the Rue St. Honoré, or to the English Ambassador's, where there is public worship every Sunday, or to another temple consecrated to our form of worship, (the Church of the Visitation,) in the Rue Saint Antoine. Bishop Luscombe officiates at the oratorio, and Mr. Wilkes, a Presbyterian clergyman, assembles his congregation in an upper apartment adjoining the church. The history in question is that of the Rev. Mr. Lewis Way, who owns the chapel in the Champs Elysées and preaches there; he is extremely eloquent and energetic, and speaks plain truths to his flock without hesitation, when necessary. It is said that when a youth he had an ardent desire to be educated for the church, but his parents being extremely poor, and not having any relatives to assist him, he became a student of law at the temple, and was one morning proceeding to his labors, when he observed his own name inscribed on the door plate of a handsome dwelling. He immediately ascended the steps and requested to speak with the master of the house, and on his appearance, after apologizing for the liberty he was taking, told his story, represented his forlorn situation, and begged to be informed if there was any relationship between them. On comparing notes he found there was *not* and was taking leave, but the gentleman, who was an odd old bachelor, insisted on his prolonging his visit, and in the interim, sent a trusty servant to inquire his character of the lawyer under whom he studied, and who happened to be the one whom he (Mr. Way, *Senior*,) usually employed. The lawyer's answer was highly creditable to his pupil, and from that moment the old gentleman adopted him, enabled him to take orders, and dying soon afterwards, bequeathed him a fortune of 300,000 pounds sterling. The sudden accession of such wealth affected his brain, and he was crazy for several years. Now, *I* think he must have been so, when he introduced himself so strangely to his benefactor; but be that as it may, on regaining his senses, he resolved to make Paris his future home, and to devote his time to the protestants in that city. He accordingly came over here, purchased the hotel Marbœuf his present abode, and converted a portion of it into the tasteful little chapel, where he addresses and edifies a numerous congregation on all holy days. The seats of the chapel are covered with cerulean velvet, the windows ornamented with paintings, and there is a good organ, upon which one of his daughters (for he has married and has several children,) always performs. A shady and pleasant garden adds to the beauty and comfort of the place. And thus ends my story, for the truth of which remember I do not vouch. But as I have had it told to me,—so I have detailed it unto thee; and with this flourishing rhyme conclude.

Yours, LEONTINE.

LETTER TWENTY-SECOND.

Excursion to Lagrange—Count de Tracy and Madame La Fayette—Theatre of Monsieur Compte—Chinese Baths.

PARIS, ———.

I thank you beloved sister! for your affectionate letter of the — instant, and shall not delay answering it, for I am impatient to inform you of our recent agreeable excursion to Lagrange. On Friday, we availed ourselves of the kind General's invitation, and rising very early, commenced our journey to his castle. We partook of coffee, eggs, and bread and butter, at a village some leagues hence, and having rested the horses, went on so rapidly as to reach Lagrange in time for dinner; met with a cordial reception from all the family, and were introduced to several distinguished guests. Among these, were the venerable Count de Tracy and the celebrated Monsieur Constant. The former is the father of Madame G. Lafayette, and a charming old gentleman he is. The latter, the intimate friend of Madame de Stael and the leader of the liberal party in the Chamber of Deputies, I have described to you in a previous letter. Madame George Lafayette is the presiding hostess of Lagrange, and has uncommonly affable and affectionate manners; indeed the whole family (as I have already remarked) are extremely amiable, and so charitable, that many poor persons in their neighborhood are supported by their bounty. Madame Lafayette Senior, you know, died of a malady contracted by her, in the damp and noxious dungeon of Olmutz, while she shared her husband's captivity. Her memory is deservedly venerated by him, and I am told that he cannot speak of her, without shedding tears of sorrow and gratitute, at the recollection of her sufferings and self-sacrifice for his sake. He shewed us a miniature of their jailor, which was taken by his eldest daughter, Madame de Maubourg, during their imprisonment, in the following singular manner. She drew it first on her thumb nail with a *pin*, not being allowed a pencil or paper; however, having found means to obtain a piece of crayon and a blank leaf from a book, she copied the head sketched on her nail, and as the resemblance was striking, her father has since had it painted in oil colors, by an artist, who has enlarged the design; by portraying the old Cerberus with a huge bunch of keys, and in the act of unlocking the prison door. It is quite an interesting little picture.

I will now describe the farm, for we examined all parts of it. Order and neatness reign throughout the domain, and the General himself sees that nothing is neglected. He has a numerous flock of merino sheep, well guarded by a shepherd and two faithful dogs. Their sagacity and vigilance are remarkable; if one of the flock separated itself from the others only a few feet, these dogs would observe it in an instant, and hasten to drive back the wanderer to its place, which they always did with evident tenderness. The horses, cows and swine were in a thriving condition, looking contented, fat and sleek. The poultry yard contains foreign as well as domestic fowls; they are accommodated according to their habits, and form an amusing spectacle. The regulations of the kitchen, the dairy, the ice-house, stables and pig-styes, are admirable, and you may tell Albert that I advise him to come over and take a lesson in such useful arrange-

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ments, though I will answer for it, *you* entertain so exalted an opinion of his knowledge on all subjects, that you deem more acquirements or improvements unnecessary. "Mais revenons au Chateau." It is a stone building enclosing three sides of a square court, There are five towers, one at each corner, and the fifth in the centre of the left side of the castle, as you enter through a large arch which leads into the square court; it is surrounded by a thickly spreading ivy, which was planted by our great statesman, Charles James Fox, more than twenty years ago, while on a visit to Lagrange. You approach the arch by a bridge, thrown over a moat, bounding two sides of the castle, and terminating in a small lake. Here may sometimes be seen floating an American boat, that in 1824 beat an English one, in a race on the water at New York, and was afterwards presented to the good General. He is adored by the Americans and quite devoted to them and their interests. His drawing room is decorated with the portraits of their Presidents, and in an adjoining room may be seen in golden frames, their declaration of independence and the farewell address of Washington; also, the colors of the "Brandywine," the ship they sent out with him when he returned from an excursion to their country four years ago. These colors were presented to him by the officers of that vessel, and the midshipmen gave him as a testimony of their respect, a handsome silver urn, with an appropriate inscription. The library and a cabinet of curiosities, are likewise supplied with American productions. In the first, are beautiful engravings of various parts of the United States, some American works and the cane of Washington; and in the second, divers odd articles of Indian manufacture. On Saturday we took leave of La Grange and its inmates; their kindness and attention to us, and the pleasure we derived from our visit to them, we can never forget; they will be associated with our most agreeable reminiscences of France. Last night we went to the theatre of Monsieur Compte, where all the performers are children; the little creatures acted remarkably well and with great spirit, and we were highly diverted. Monsieur Compte is considered the best ventriloquist in Europe. Edgar and Sigismund have been taking lessons in swimming; there are several excellent schools here for teaching the art, and one for *ladies;* and Marcella, Leonora and myself had serious thoughts of entering as pupils, but finally concluded we had enough of *water works* at the delightful "Chinese Baths," on Wednesdays and Saturdays, our regular bathing days, when we usually rise extremely early, so as to accomplish our purpose, and get back in time for breakfast. The "Chinese Baths" are so called, because the building containing them, is in the Chinese style; in front is a parterre of flowers, and beyond this masses of artificial rocks, with a couple of Chinese figures among them; the whole arrangement is singular and picturesque. The H——'s have returned to town for a few weeks, and we are engaged to pass this evening with them. I do not covet going however, for their parties are said to be very stiff.

With our usual affectionate greetings to aunt Margaret, Albert, and yourself, I conclude.

LEONTINE.

LETTER TWENTY-THIRD.

A sociable evening at the ex-Minister's of the Marine—Museum of Artillery—Bay Market—Corn Market—St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

PARIS, ———.

Dear Jane:

Our stay here is drawing to a close and consequently during the last ten days, we have been so occupied in shopping, visiting and *sight-seeing*, that I have found it impossible to write; but here is a rainy day and I take advantage of it to resume our correspondence. We called yesterday to take leave of Monsieur and Madame de N———, and they looked happier, I assure you, in their own residence in the Faubourg du Roule, than they did when inhabiting the sumptuous edifice of the "Admiralty," on the place "*Louis Quinze.*" I suppose you have learnt from the newspapers that Monsieur de N——— thought it prudent to resign his office, and has been succeeded by Monsieur ———.

We found him and Madame de N——— surrounded by friends, who had accidentally dropped in as well as ourselves, and the evening being sultry, the company were regaled with delicious *sorbets* and iced creams. *Ecarté* was soon introduced among the elder gentry, and several of Mr. de Neuville's young nieces being there, our brothers and two other youthful beaux, the girls and myself joined them in playing "Tierce" and Blindman's-buff in the saloon. We enjoyed ourselves thus, till quite a late hour. One of the most curious and interesting places that has recently attracted our attention, is the "Museum of Artillery," in the street of the University. It is the depôt of a great variety of antique armor, ordnance and implements of war, and among the first we beheld the coat of mail of many a famous champion and that of Joan of Arc, which we thought uncommonly large to fit a woman. Every article is kept beautifully neat and bright, and a number of the things are labelled, which saves the trouble of a guide to explain their names and use. Another most singular place we have seen is the "*Marché du Vieux Linge,*" or "rag fair." This is an enormous building divided into four halls, containing 800 stalls or petty shops. And oh! the queer articles that are in these shops!—tawdry second hand hats and dresses—old shoes, old gloves, old ribbons, old trunks, old carpets, bedding, chairs, and other furniture. These castaways are vamped up for sale, and wo betide the unfortunate wight whose path lies through or near the market; he is sure to be assailed and deafened with loud importunities from every quarter, to "come and buy," and may think himself lucky if he be not seized and absolutely forced into some of the stalls, to behold their wonders. *We* went out of mere curiosity and were glad to hurry out as quickly as our feet could carry us, the people were so rude and presuming. The "Halle au Blé," or "corn market," well merits examination. It is a large circular edifice of stone, enclosing one immense hall with a vaulted roof of sheet iron supported on an immense framing of cast iron; from a window in the centre of which the light descends. The bags of corn are heaped in enormous masses at regular distances, and through the myriad of narrow passages formed by these you thread your way. To-day we visited the venerable church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the bell of which tolled the signal for the Catholics to commence their direful murders on the eve of St. Bartholomew, in 1572. It was

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once rich in pictures and statues; at present, it is remarkable only for its antiquity and the curious carving around its portal. Its founder was the cruel and superstitious Childebert, and two statues of stone, near the entrance, are said to represent him and his wife. On the *fête de* Dieu, the royal family walk there in procession from the palace of the Tuilleries, to hear mass. They are magnificently arrayed and attended by a concourse of priests and soldiers, and by a band of females clad in white, who strew roses in their path. From St. Germain, we hastened to the palace of the fine arts on the quay Conti. For an account of it, you must wait till my next letter reaches you; this, you perceive, is almost full, so while I have room, I had better insert the name of your attached LEONTINE.

—

LETTER TWENTY-FOURTH.

Packers—The Muette de Portici—The Whale—Place Louis Quinze—Manufacture of Chocolate—Iced Creams—Champs de Mars—Racing—Palace of the Fine Arts and Royal Academy or Institute.

PARIS, ———.

"What! again at your pen Leontine?" inquires Marcella, "assuredly you are a most indefatigable scribe or an exceedingly devoted sister!" "Leave out the *or*," I answer, "for I am *both*." You, dearest Jane, can bear witness to the truth of my assertion, and I hope it will ever be my pride to merit the second appellation. Indeed it would be shameful if I did not endeavor to deserve it, as you continually set me the example. This will be my last letter from Paris, for the signals of our departure are resounding through the saloon, from the hammers of the packers there busily engaged. Here, for five francs, you may have your fine dresses and hats, &c. &c. safely and neatly arranged for travelling, by men who thus gain their living, and it is surprising with what adroitness and fitness they adjust each article, depositing more in *one* box or trunk than we could in *two*, and fixing every thing so securely that it cannot get injured, no matter how violent the motion of the carriage may be. On Wednesday, we shall set out for the borders of the Rhine. Papa has determined to proceed to Strasbourg and thence descend the river as far as Nimueguen, where we shall abandon the steamboat for the stage and commence our tour through Holland. How I shall regret to part with the Danvilles! Poor Edgar, it will cost him a severe pang to bid farewell to Marcella, though I verily believe she has refused him, judging from certain indescribable, but very *expressive* symptoms in their recent behaviour towards each other. Alas! we shall probably never see her again. Mr. Danville has promised to rejoin us at Morven Lodge, about the period of your marriage. Papa without assigning the reason of his request has urged him to be with us there by the 10th of April, but I have been so loquacious as to explain all to Leonora, and we have decided on acting as bride's maids, which you must own is extremely kind. Pray don't scold me in your next, for tattling, and don't tell Albert of my volubility; you know, he always insists that the stale and foolish saying, "a woman cannot keep a secret," is correct, and he would be sure to crow over my frailty. This evening we are going to see the opera of the "*Muette de Portici*," in which there is a representation of Mount Vesuvius in a state of eruption, and the imitation is considered excellent and wonderful. Our party will be large, but I suspect not gay, for the reflection, that in two days we shall be far separated, will doubtless cast a gloom over the mind of each. As for me, I cannot bear to dwell upon the subject in thought or word, so will hasten to another. Who should drop in upon us yesterday evening, while we were at tea, but Ernestus Blanford, and he rendered himself doubly welcome by delivering your despatches. Thank you for my share of them and for the beautiful embroidered reticule. Mamma is much pleased with her's. Really, you are cunningly skilled in producing, *Love in a Mist*, *Heart's Ease and Bachelor's Buttons*; may you be as successful in creating the first and second in the hymeneal state; for the third, there will then be no demand. Our father and brothers desire their acknowledgments for the watch guards you wove them, and Sigismund bids me say, that if the chains with which you have encircled Albert are as soft and silken as those just received, he is no longer amazed at his tame submission to thraldom. We took a farewell drive through the city this morning, and visited the whale now exhibiting on the place "Louis Quinze," in a neat edifice erected for its reception; and what do you think of their having converted the poor dead monster into a reading room. It is a fact, that the interior of the carcass is decorated and furnished for that purpose, and is the resort of the newsmonger as well as the curious! It was on the place "Louis Quinze," (from the centre of which, the view of palaces, avenues, colonnades and bridges, is superb) that the royal martyrs and thousands of other victims of the reign of terror, met their fate, at the foot of a statue of Liberty, erected during that bloody period on the ruins of an equestrian statue of Louis XV. This was overthrown by the remorseless revolutionists, although it was universally regarded as an exquisite piece of sculpture, (especially the horse) and was the chêf d'œuvre of Bouchardon. Issuing like Jonah from the whale, but probably with less *velocity*, we went to the Bazaar to purchase some rolls of sweet chocolate, which we are advised to carry with us, as being agreeable and wholesome to eat early in the morning, when travelling a long distance to breakfast. While the woman who sold it was tying up the package, we questioned her about the conflagration of the old Bazaar, that happened several years ago, and among other things she told us that two Anacondas, confined in a room of the building, perished in the flames, and during their torments shrieked like human creatures. It is quite amusing to remark the variety of forms into which chocolate is cast here. Tiny boots and shoes, pots and kettles, bugs and nuts, little men and little women, and numerous other objects are represented by the ingenious manufacturer of that luxury. As for the bugs with their wire legs, and the divers sorts of nuts, you can distinguish them from real ones, only by the touch or taste. While on the subject of eatables, let me mention the peculiar manner in which iced creams are served at balls and parties. Each kind is moulded into the shape of the fruit with which it is flavored, and frequently a peach or apple dexterously tinged with red, to render the semblance of nature more complete. The plates containing them are usually in the form of a golden grape leaf, the stem turned up constitutes a handle, and golden spoons accord with the burnished leaf. When an entertainment is given, it is

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only necessary for the master or mistress to send a mandate for the requisite number of ices, to Tortoni, Hardi, or any other adept in the *freezing* art, and at the appointed hour they arrive, disposed in the tasteful order just described.

We have lately witnessed a race on the "Field of Mars," the spot appropriated to such sports and to military parades. It is a vast plain, in front of the military school, and is capable of admitting the evolutions of 10,000 soldiers within its boundaries. These consist of rows of trees and a verdant bank, or a wide wall of turfed earth, which affords a safe and convenient station for the spectators of the scene below. The race road is immediately beneath the bank, and separated from the area of the plain by stone pillars connected with iron chains—beyond these the carriages and horsemen are ranged. We observed several ladies dashing about on horseback at a fearless rate, and among them the pretty Mrs. W. the Yankee wife of a rich banker. On one side there was a pavillion wherein we procured seats, and the royal family occupied another near it, which had been prepared for them. The little duke of Bordeaux and his youthful sister, were in extacies whenever the horses ran by. The chief contention was between a courser of Monsieur Casimir Perier and one belonging to Lord Seymour. The French steed gained the victory much to the delight of the populace. But some Englishmen surmised that if Purdy had been there, matters would have ended differently. I asked Mr. Danville who they meant by Purdy, and he informed me that he is a countryman of ours, who once distinguished himself in America, (at the city of New York, I think he said,) by mounting a famous horse, *ycleped Eclipse*, and wresting the palm from Henry, a celebrated racer of the South. At present I must fulfil my promise of describing to you the "palace of the arts," anciently termed the college of the four nations, because it was designed by its founder Cardinal Mazarin, for the reception of pupils from among the four nations subdued by Louis the great. It is a handsome structure, extending for many yards along the borders of the Seine. Its designation has been changed and it is now used by the "Royal Academy or Institute," for their private meetings and general assemblies. This corps of Savans was established in the reign of Louis, and is composed of the élite of the philosophers, artists and literary men of the kingdom. They correspond with the literati of all countries, and have done much in the cause of literature and the arts and sciences. They have ranged themselves into four classes; the first is devoted to the improvement of natural philosophy, chemistry and mathematics, and is denominated the "Academy of Sciences;" the second makes the language and literature of France its care, and is called the "French Academy;" the third applies itself to history and ancient learning, and bears the title of the "Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres," and the fourth, the "Academy of the Fine Arts," is employed on music, painting, sculpture and architecture. The classes meet separately once a week, and hold each general annual association, in the months of March, April, July and October; at which times prizes are awarded by the Academy of the Fine Arts, to such as deserve them; who are afterwards permitted to repair to Rome and remain there some years to improve themselves in their vocations, the government paying their expenses. The hall in which the general meetings are held, was formerly a chapel; beneath it Cardinal Mazarin lies buried. The members wear a costume of black and green, and the successful candidates are sometimes crowned with wreaths of laurel. The hall and several apartments leading to it, are decorated with statues of various distinguished characters,—as Bossuet, Fenelon, Sully, Pascal, Descartes, Rollin, Molière, and others, whose names are venerated by the learned and good. The post hour has arrived, so farewell to my "bonny Jean"—we shall soon be still farther from you, but any where and every where I shall still be your devoted sister

LEONTINE.

The following specimen of a translation of Homer's Iliad, by the late William Munford, is now ushered before the public for the first time. We have been permitted to make this extract from the work, and will continue to present our readers with other specimens in our succeeding numbers. It is needless to say to our Virginia readers who the author was, for he was known to the state at large, not only as one of the best of men, but as a most laborious public servant, and as a scholar of deep research and profound learning. His fame as a poet depends upon the reception which this translation may meet with. Of the work, the author himself has expressed the hope, that "the *lovers* of HOMER will not be unwilling to behold their favorite author arrayed in such various suits of apparel, as may be furnished by artists of different tastes. Pope has equipped him in the fashionable style of a modern fine gentleman;—Cowper displays him (like his own Ulysses) 'in rags unseemly,' or in the uncouth garb of a savage. Surely, then, there is room for an effort to introduce him to the acquaintance of my countrymen, in the simple, yet graceful and venerable costume of his own heroic times. The design, at least, will be admitted to be good, however imperfect the execution."

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

The Scene between Hector and Andromache.

BOOK VI.

This said, the chief of heroes, Hector, thence
Departing, soon his splendid palace reach'd
And courts commodious:—but he found not there
His white-arm'd princess, fair Andromache;—
For, with her child and maid of graceful garb,
She stood in Ilion's tower, moaning sad,
Weeping and sighing.—Finding not within
His blameless wife, he on his threshold stood,
And of his servants, thus inquiry made.
Be quick, and tell me truly; whither went
My lovely consort, fair Andromache?—
To any of my sisters, did she go;—
Or brother's wives;—or to Minerva's fane,
Where other Trojan dames with flowing hair,
The dreadful Goddess by their prayers appease?
His household's faithful governess replied;—
Oh Hector, (since thou bidst me tell thee true,)
To none of all thy sisters did she go,
Or brother's wives;—nor to Minerva's fane,
Where other Trojan dames with flowing hair,
The dreadful Goddess by their prayers appease;—
But she is gone to Ilion's lofty tower,

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Urg'd by the direful news, that in the field
The Trojans suffer much, and Greeks prevail.
Alarm'd and seeming frantic, to the wall
She hurried, and the nurse her infant bore.
So spake the prudent dame.—Impetuous, thence
Great Hector rush'd, retracing (through the streets
With beauteous buildings grac'd,) his former way.
But, through the spacious city, when he reach'd
The Scœan portals, whence into the field
He meant to hasten, there his faithful wife
Andromache, to meet her Hector ran;—
His wife with wealthy dowry, daughter fair
Of fam'd Eëtion,—chief magnanimous,
Who dwelt, in Hypoplacus' sylvan land,
At Hypoplacian Thebes,—Cilicia's king;—
His daughter wedded Hector great in arms,
And now to meet him sprang:—with her the nurse,
Who, in her bosom, bore the tender babe,
Their only son, and joy of Hector's heart,—
Who, bright in youthful beauty, like a star
Resplendent shone.—Scamandrius was the name
That Hector gave him;—others call'd the boy
Astyanax, in honor of his sire,
Sole guard and bulwark of the suff'ring town.
He smil'd in silence, gazing on his son!—
But sad Andromache beside him stood,
With anxious fondness shedding tender tears:
She, sorrowing, clasp'd his hand, and thus she spake:
Ah, rashly brave! thy courage will thyself
Destroy:—nor dost thou pity this thy son
In helpless infancy, and me thy wife,
Unhappy, doom'd a widow soon to be;
For soon the Greeks will slay thee,—all combined
Assailing:—but for me, of thee bereft,
Better it were to sink beneath the ground;—
For no relief or solace will be mine
When thou art dead; but unremitting grief.—
No more have I a father;—now no more
My honor'd mother lives.—Achilles slew
My father, and laid waste Cilician Thebes,
His town, well-peopled, grac'd with lofty gates.
He slew Eëtion;—yet, with rev'rence touch'd,
Despoil'd him not, but burn'd the breathless corse
With all it's splendid armor, and, above
It's ashes, heap'd a monument of earth.
The mountain nymphs, of Ægis-bearing Jove
Immortal daughters, planted round the tomb
A grove of elms, in honor of the dead.—
My brethren, too,—seven gallant heroes,—all
In one sad day, to Pluto's dark abode
Went down together; for the swift and strong
Achilles slew them all, among their herds
And fleecy flocks.—My mother, who had reigned
The queen of Hypoplacus' sylvan land,
Was hither brought, with other spoils of war,
And, for a ransom infinite, releas'd;—
But, home return'd, within her father's halls,
Diana's arrow pierc'd her mournful heart.—
Yet, Hector, thou alone, art all to me;—
Father, and honor'd mother, brother too;—
My husband dear, and partner of my youth.
Oh then, have pity now, and here remain
Upon this tower; lest thy hapless son
An orphan, and thy wife a widow be.—
The people, station at the fig-tree, where
The town is most accessible, and wall
May be ascended:—there, a fierce assault,
The bravest of our foes have thrice essayed;—
The two Ajaces, fam'd Idomeneus,
Th' Atridæ also, and the mighty son
Of Tydeus;—whether by some soothsay'r mov'd
In heavenly tokens skill'd, or their own minds
Impelling them with animating hope.
To her the mighty Hector made reply:—
All thou hast said, employs my thoughtful mind.
But, from the Trojans, much I dread reproach,
And Trojan dames whose garments sweep the ground,
If, like a coward, I should shun the war:—
Nor does my soul to such disgrace incline;
Since, to be always bravest, I have learn'd,
And with the first of Troy to lead the fight;—
Asserting so, my father's lofty claim
To glory, and my own renown in arms:—
For well I know, in heart and mind convinc'd,
A day will come, when sacred Troy must fall,
And Priam, and the people of renown'd
Spear-practis'd Priam!—Yet, for this to me
Not such concern arises;—not the woes
Of all the Trojans;—not my mother's griefs;—
Not royal Priam's, nor my brethren's death,
Many and brave, (who, slain by cruel foes,
Will be laid low in dust,)—so wring my heart,
As thy distress, when some one of the Greeks
In brazen armor clad, will drive thee hence,
Thy days of freedom gone, a weeping slave!—
Perhaps, at Argos, thou may'st ply the loom
For some proud mistress, or may'st water bring
From Messa's or Hyperia's fountain;—sad,
And much reluctant, stooping to the weight
Of hard necessity; and some one, then,
Seeing thee weep, will say—"behold the wife
Of Hector, who was first in martial might
Of all the warlike Trojans, when they fought
Around the walls of Ilion!"—So will speak
Some heedless passer by, and grief renew'd
Excite in thee, for such an husband lost,
Whose arm could slavery's evil day avert.
But me, may then an heap of earth conceal
Within the silent tomb, before I hear
Thy shrieks of terror and captivity.
This said, illustrious Hector stretched his arms
To take his child; but, to the nurse's breast
The babe clung crying, hiding in her robe
His little face;—affrighted to behold
His father's awful aspect;—fearing too,
The brazen helm, and crest with horse-hair crown'd,
Which, nodding dreadful from its lofty cone,
Alarm'd him!—Sweetly, then, the father smil'd,
And sweetly smil'd the mother!—Soon the chief
Remov'd the threat'ning helmet from his head,
And plac'd it on the ground, all-beaming bright.
Then, having fondly kiss'd his son belov'd,
And toss'd him playfully, he thus, to Jove
And all th' immortals, pray'd:—Oh grant me, Jove,
And other powers divine, that this my son
May be, (as I am,) of the Trojan race
In glory chief!—So let him be renown'd
For warlike prowess, and commanding sway,
With power and wisdom join'd; of Ilion king!
And may his people say, "This chief excels

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His father, greatly ;" when, from fields of fame
Triumphant he returns, bearing aloft
The bloody spoils, (some hostile hero slain,)
And his fond mother's heart expands with joy.
He said, and plac'd his child within the arms
Of his beloved spouse :—she him receiv'd,
And softly on her fragant bosom laid,
Smiling with tearful eyes.—To pity mov'd,
Her husband saw :—with kind consoling hand
He wip'd the tears away, and thus he spake.
My dearest love! grieve not thy mind for me
Excessively !—no man can send me hence
To Pluto's hall, before th' appointed time ;—
And surely, none, of all the human race,
(Base, or e'en brave,) has ever shunn'd his fate ;
His fate fore-doom'd when first he saw the light.
But now, (returning home,) thy works attend,
The loom and distaff, and command thy maids
To household duties ;—while the war shall be
Of *men* the care ;—of all indeed,—but most
The care of *me*, of all in Ilion born.
So saying, Hector glorious chieftain took
His crested helm again.—His wife belov'd
Homeward return'd ; but often turned her head,
With retrospective eye, and tears profuse.
At length she reach'd the palace of her lord,—
The stately palace with commodious rooms,
Of Hector terror of his foes, and found
Her num'rous maids within ; among them all,
Exciting sorrow !—They, with doleful cries,
Hector (tho' living still) as dead, bewailed,
In his own house ;—expecting never more
To see the chief, returning from the war,
Escap'd the strength and valor of the Greeks.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE DOOR-LATCH.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.

"Go back and shut that door!" roared I in a voice of thunder.

"How can you, my dear," said Julia, with a supplicating glance, "speak *so very* loud, when I have just told you that my head is bursting with pain."

"Because," said I, "I can bear it no longer. It is now ten years since we moved into this room, and ten times every day have I been compelled to get up and shut that door after one and another. I have talked—and talked—but it is all of no use: the door still stands wide open, and I cannot bear it—No! and I *wont* bear it any longer—I'll sell the house sooner than endure it another week."

Her tiny white hand was pressed against her throbbing forehead, as I finished the sentence with a glance at her of undissembled sternness, and the mild look of patient suffering and imploring submission with which she returned my angry frown—it cut me to the heart! I could read my own death warrant at this very hour with less of pain than I felt at that moment, as she raised her blue eyes glistening with suppressed tears, and with all the innocence and affection of an expiring saint, begged me in the silent eloquence of nature to spare her whom I had promised to "cherish and to love."

"I have never seen you troubled," said she, (uncomplaining spirit! there was no emphasis—no! not the *least*, on the word *troubled!*) "I have never seen you troubled at any thing except that door—and gladly would I remedy it, but you know that I cannot. Were a very little filed from the inside of the catch it would shut without difficulty——I should never think of it," added she after a pause, "on my own account, but it causes *you* so much vexation."

It was true as she had said, that I had felt more anger in consequence of that unfortunate door than all the other untoward events which I had experienced from the time of my marriage. A *heavy* loss—a *sore* disappointment—a *great* calamity, I could endure with composure. The trial required philosophy for its support, and the exercise of philosophy was a gratification to pride. But a door-latch! What occasion could that give for philosophy? None, and therefore I let it gall me *to the quick!!!* It was, as I observed, so easy to shut it, with a little care—such a *little* thing, if only attended to. "True!" whispered Philosophy in my ear, "but such a 'little thing' to get angry about! such a 'little thing' to make you miserable for an hour every day! for shame, Mr. Plowman!" To tell the truth I did begin to feel a little ashamed when I recollected how much unhappiness it had caused not only myself—but *through* me my dearer wife.

"I declare, my dear!" said I, "that if that door-latch had only been filed ten years ago, it would have saved each of us one year of pain before this time!"

Thomas had brought in a file before my speech was finished, and in a few moments the door shut as easily and firmly as ever door did. I swung it a few times on the hinges with an air of triumph, and I verily believe that the work of that single moment conferred more happiness on Julia as well as myself, than all his blood-bought triumphs ever yielded to the conqueror.

"The root of bitterness," said I, "is removed at last, and I can only wonder at my own stupidity in not thinking of the simple remedy before—but Heaven forgive me! I had entirely forgotten your headache: the sound of that file must have been *torture* to you!"

She smiled sweetly as she leaned her head on my shoulder, declaring—although her forehead burnt my hand, and the blood was *raging* through her veins, that it was "quite cured, *since the door shut so easily!!*" Uncomplaining, devoted, self-sacrificing treasure of my heart! How could I do less than clasp her to my bosom and swear to cherish her with tenfold care, and pray—while I kissed away the tear from her eye—that my own cruel thoughtlessness might never fill its place with another.

Such pleasure was too rare and valuable to be interrupted at the moment of its birth—so I took my arm chair from the corner, and sitting down at the side of Julia, who, while she held my hand, looked me in the face with very much of that expression of innocent delight, which so rarely survives childhood. I pursued my cogitations somewhat in the following order. "Life is made up of moments. Our happiness or unhappiness during any one of these moments depends almost invariably upon the merest *trifles*. If these momentary trifles are in the scale of happiness, life is happy. Take care then of trifles, and *great* events will take care of themselves. (Somewhere about here I began to think *aloud!*) I lost a grandfather—an amiable, excellent,

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and most affectionate grandfather—and my grief was *great*. Nevertheless, I do believe that if the *hard bottomed* chair, [N. B. It was of white oak.] in which I have sat for the last eight—yes! nine years—if this chair had but been well covered with a good, soft sheepskin—that sheepskin—purchased at the cost of ninepence,—would have saved me from a greater grief than the death of my grandfather!"

"It is a mortifying reflection," said Julia, interrupting my soliloquy, "and one which at first thought would seem to speak little for your heart—yet a true one perhaps; and not more true with you than with many others."

"And still," said I, "I am without the sheepskin. Why? Because the pain endured in a single moment is so trifling that if we do not take the trouble to add all the moments together and look at the pain *in the aggregate*, one would hardly turn his hand upside down to be freed from it."

"But why not purchase the sheepskin, now that you *have* added the moments together?" said she.

"After all my reflection I should never have thought of that but for you. But a sheepskin! It will never do! A green velvet cushion may answer instead; and as the old one in your rocking chair seems to be somewhat worn I must even buy another for you."

"Oh! *green* velvet by all means!" said she. "It will correspond so well with the carpet and the new hearth rug which you promised me a month since. That was to have *green* for its border, you know."

I could not withstand the hint, and brought in the rug with the cushions that evening--and, to one who has ever *seen* my wife, I need not say that the smile that lit up her face and beamed from her eye was worth the price of a thousand. G.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

DESART GRIEF.

BY LUCY T. JOHNSON.

There are no dews in desart lands—
  No showers refresh their skies;
But oft the winds sweep o'er their sands,
  And breathe their voiceless sighs
Thro' depths profound, where naught hath been
To glad the ever wearied scene.

So weeps the soul in ripened years,
  Mid life's turmoil and grief;
When the last fount of balmy tears
  Hath lent its last relief,—
And when the lips oft pour their sighs
O'er blighted hopes and broken ties.

O! in this world so full of tears,
  There is not one for me—
The fountain of my early years,
  Of heavenly drops so free,
Hath ceased to pour its natal tide
When cares oppress, or ills abide.

Where is the balm to Israel blest,
  That Gilead gave of yore?
Can it not sooth the heart to rest
  As it hath done before?
Methinks I hear a voice doth say—
Pray thou, in fervent meekness pray.

'Tis done—that prayer was not in vain;
  Its incense reached to heaven;
And sweet's the joy that springs again
  In chaste emotion given.
Flow on, flow on, ye balmy tears,
As ye have flow'd in other years.

So falls the dew on desart sands,
  And showers refresh their skies,
When from the founts of distant lands
  Some grateful mist may rise,
And pour its fresh'ning breath at last
On all the melancholy waste.

Elfin Moor, Va. September 1835.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SONG OF THE PIRATE'S WIFE,

ON HER PASSAGE FROM CORUNNA TO NEW YORK.

Air—"Meeting of the Waters."

"The wife of the Spanish Pirate, Bernardo de Soto, hearing in Corunna, in Spain, of the trial and condemnation of her husband in Boston, immediately freighted a small schooner, and leaving her three children, sailed for Boston. She visited Washington to intercede for her husband, returned to New York, and hastened to Boston to afford him the solace of her presence."

Adieu to the shores of my dear native clime,
The land of the olive and pale-tinted lime!
Your bright orange tree, and your clustering vine,
No pleasure can yield to this sad soul of mine.

I go from the land of my dear cottage-home—
My babes, they are there—from my babes I must roam;
A mother's fond heart, it hath bid them adieu,
And fatherless children left motherless too.

That cheek, from my own I have torn it away,
Unlock'd the dear arms that would force me to stay;
All eloquent, vainly, the big tears did flow,
The heart of the wife bade the mother to go.

Blow breezes! blow breezes! fill kindly the sail—
My panting heart leaps at the voice of the gale;
Swift onward! swift onward! his doom may be seal'd,
Unheard my petition, my love unreveal'd.

They're gone, the bright shores of my dear native clime,
The land of the olive and pale-tinted lime—
All tearless, bright shores, I can see you depart,
For stronger than death is the love of my heart.

The stain of his hands, though the crimson of blood,
That may not be blanch'd with the deep ocean-flood—
The sin of his soul against mercy and truth
Cannot wean from the pirate the wife of his youth.

For mercy! for mercy!—to offer my plea,
Nor ocean nor land can have terrors for me;
From country and home I can heedlessly part—
The cell of the pirate is home to my heart.

There's pardon! there's pardon! and long shall his life,
Unsullied by crime, be the bliss of his wife—
And blessed, thenceforward, most blessed shall be
The home of Senora, beneath the lime tree.

ELIZA.

Maine.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

ANOTHER VISIT TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS

OR THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY HUMBUG, ESQ.

A new version of an old story.

Too much rest is rust,
There's ever cheer in changing;
We tyne by too much trust,
So we'll be up and ranging. *Old Song.*

In order to recommend myself and the article, which, to use the fashionable phraseology, is now being prepared for the Messenger, to the favorable consideration of its readers, I beg leave to premise that I am a gentleman of good education and respectable talents—that I am in circumstances of ease and leisure, and what is a still stronger recommendation at the present alarming crisis, I am both from conviction and expediency, a decided anti-abolitionist. You must know, Mr Editor, that besides having been afflicted all my life with that rabid propensity, which in classical dialect is called *cacoethes scribendi*, I have been troubled with another inconvenient and rather expensive malady, which I shall call the *cacoethes perigrinantis*, by which I mean, that about the time of the dog-days I am generally beset by an unconquerable desire for locomotion, an irresistible propensity to change my place of abode and all its multiform incidents and relations, and to launch forth as it were into a new creation—to look abroad upon Nature and Nature's works, and to contemplate my fellow-worms in some of their new antics and attitudes.

Accordingly, during the late summer, attracted by the fame of the Virginia Springs and the salubrious region in which they lie, I deposited my frame (none of the smallest) in one of those republican vehicles called a mail coach, a true and happy invention by the way, for bringing discordant spirits into close communion with one another—an admirable machine for levelling all artificial distinctions—a kind of itinerant temple where Patrician and Plebeian, both masculine and feminine, where mountebank and statesman, puritan and profligate, and all the moods and genders of character may nestle together and worship at the same altar of democracy. But for certain drawbacks and inconveniences which will readily suggest themselves to the reader—such as the dangers of dislocation and fracture, and sundry annoyances too tedious to mention—a man of observation like myself would find it as agreeable to spend his summers in a stage coach as any where else. It is a kind of moral Kaleidescope, where at every turn some new combination or some curious variety in human character is presented to the eye. It above all imparts a refreshing hilarity to the spirits, which are too apt to stagnate when chained down to one solitary spot on the earth's surface. But this is a digression. Having deposited myself in the vehicle as before mentioned, I shall not entertain the reader as is the custom with some of the more learned fraternity of tourists, by long and elaborate details of the several points of arrival and departure—by curious and profound dissertations upon the philosophy of a coach wheel revolving upon its axis—nor by beautiful and extatic bursts about the blue skies and verdant meadows and lofty forests. Suffice it to say, that I found myself on the evening of an August day, on the summit of the Warm Spring Mountain which overlooks the first thermal fountain in the Pilgrim's path to Hygeia. Here I commence my adventures. This is the starting point of my story, and it is henceforth of course that I shall expect my gentle reader to sharpen his attentive faculty—and as Mark Anthony said to his countrymen at Cæsar's funeral, "lend me his ears." Gently and by slow degrees had we surmounted the ascent of this celebrated mountain, (celebrated at least in the Old Dominion and by all travellers to the Springs,) and now we were about to pass down into the valley of the warm waters. Kind reader, if your steps have never led you thither, I must inform you that the descent on the western side is most exceedingly and *unaccommodatingly* abrupt. The pilot, however, *alias* driver, who in this instance at least entertained some regard for his living freight, used the precaution of *locking*, to speak technically, or rather of *shoeing* one of his hinder wheels—but no sooner had the yet untired steeds commenced their downward course, (the coach with its ton weight at least of flesh and bone rapidly following,) than spang went the lock chain asunder! and away flew the mettlesome animals as fast as their heels would carry them. *Now*, we plunged onward as if driving through the mountain forest,—then, suddenly turning, rolled at some distance on the margin of a frightful precipice, each moment expecting to be dashed headlong down its angry side. Here gliding as swiftly as an arrow over a tolerably smooth surface, and there jolting and rattling over some rocky gutter, which communicated its jarring vibration to each sensitive nerve—and then what confusion and consternation within! There was my unlucky self, for example, tossed to and fro, in a manner which reminded me of poor Sancho in the memorable blanket scene. First thrown in one direction, I found one of my elbows actually goring the side of a stout nullifier from the Palmetto State—then hurled to the opposite point of the compass by another pitch of the coach, I found myself in the act of suffocating a little New Yorker, whom I took to be an abolitionist. Next, by another cross movement, I detected myself almost in the lap of a fat middle aged lady, who weighed at least thirty pounds more than myself, and presently I came almost in contact with the lips of a rosy cheeked damsel of seventeen, who was about to make her *debut* at the White Sulphur. And then what a crowding and jostling of knees, and what a thumping and bruising of shins! The ladies screamed—the nullifier roared and threatened, and the little Manhattaner protested that in case of any serious accident to the party, the coroner's inquest would be murder in the first degree against both the driver and proprietor. As for me, I confess that my thoughts were multitudinous and not very delightful. First I thought of Capt. John Gilpin, and wished most heartily that I might come off as well as that renowned officer of the London militia—then I thought of that silly old fellow Phœbus, who from paternal weakness alone committed the reins of his golden chariot to a foolish boy, and lastly I was harrowed in imagination at the terrible idea of Ixion revolving forever on his infernal wheel. Neither did I forget that classical sentence which flashed across my memory, and which I fear is too true in more senses than that in which the poet used it—

Facilis descensus Averni, &c.

Fortunately, however, the genius of terror passed over us without exacting any of the usual sacrifices of broken bones and dislocated limbs, and in a short time

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our Palinurus (who to do him the justice performed his part handsomely) landed us in front of the spacious portico of the Warm Spring Hotel.

Every person in the world (I mean that portion of the world which goes to the Virginia Springs,) who knows any thing of the great hotel at which we stopped—knows that it is kept by Col. Fry—one of the most polite, accommodating and facetious landlords that ever lived from the time of "Mine Host of the Garter" down to the present day. He will not only give you the best which his ample house affords, but he is always ready to say a good thing with a good grace, in order, I suppose, to put his guests in the most comfortable humor imaginable. The visitors to the Springs however never remain long at the Colonel's Caravansera at the commencement of the season. Those who come from the north and east generally give "mine host" a passing salutation attended by a stout promise to devour his substance as they return from their merry circuit. He on the other hand is not backward in hastening their return somewhat after the following manner. "After being well charged, gentlemen, with Calwell's sulphur—well *salted* by Erskine and Caruthers—your pulsations equalized—and your expectations realized by Burke—your palates feasted and *sweetened* at the bubbling fountain of friend Rogers—and your carcases *boiled* and sweated by Dr. Goode—you may then safely return and be *fried* under my special direction." All this terrible process it seems I was destined to undergo, and accordingly I gave my valedictory blessing to the Colonel, who take him for all in all is "a fellow of infinite jest and most excellent humor." Being again reconciled to my mail coach, notwithstanding recent alarms, I soon found myself alighted in the spacious lawn of the far-famed *White Sulphur Springs*. All who visit the mineral region are bound by a law more absolute than that of gravitation to wend to this favorite spot. It is the great magnet which alike attracts the way worn valetudinarian and the votary of fashion. Imagination depicts it as the very elysium of hope and the paradise of enjoyment! It is the *Almacks* of watering places, where all the dignitaries of the land—the learned and unlearned—the young, the gay and the beautiful, submit to humiliation and sacrifice, in order to gain admission. The multitudes who thronged the porches of the pool of Bethseda, looked not with more anxiety for the coming of the angel who troubled the waters, than do the hundreds who crowd around King Calwell's throne, await the approving smile (the *Introito*) of his principal Secretary of State. Woe be unto the luckless wight who is found at a crisis of pressure, in a public conveyance,—who does not bring along with him a flaming equipage and attendants; he is laid on the shelf, or to use the customary phrase, is *turned off* with the same *sang froid* with which a Netherlander smokes his pipe, or a Westerner shoots his rifle. To me, however, the stars were propitious, and when the little Grand Vizier tipt me the nod of assent, I followed the guide to my dormitory with as light a heart and elastic a step as if I had been appointed an ambassador with full powers. What became of my stage companions I did not stop to inquire. I was indeed so much elated with my own good fortune that for once I forgot my usual benevolence, and it was not until the next morning that I learned that a due proportion of them were sentenced to perform quarantine in the neighborhood. Here then, said I to myself, have I at last reached the goal of my desires! This is the spot where so many thousands are sighing to come without being gratified—where so many love sick city nymphs and whiskered beaux are panting to try their luck in the wheel of life's lottery. What a lucky dog am I to have gained admittance into this region of delight!

I continued to soliloquize in this rapturous strain, until Blackamore (it was night fall on my arrival) conducted me to my chamber,—where, being somewhat fatigued, I proposed to retire at an early hour and to rise with the morning sun, renovated and refreshed for all the countless enjoyments of the next day. The serene current of my thoughts was, to be sure, somewhat ruffled, when on reaching my apartment I found it to be a quadrangle of about eight feet dimensions, with a cot and mattress on each side of the door arranged for two lodgers. A couple of chairs, a wash stand, and a fractured mirror about the size of the Jack of Spades, constituted the sum total of the furniture. "My worthy descendant of Ethiop!" I exclaimed, "here is some mistake! Do you take a gentleman of my size and respectability into a room not larger than a closet? No fire either to warm my limbs in the chilly night air of these mountains? I will forthwith complain to the Prime Minister!"

"Lod masser," answered Syphax, or Juba or Jugurtha, (I forget his name) "complaining will do no more good than saying nothing at all. Take a nigger's advice and keep quiet—for you ought to remember, sir, that mass Calwell *don't charge not a cent for board nor lodging*."

"Thou son of old Sycorax!" I replied fiercely, "do you take me for a strolling mendicant? I will teach you and your master too, and his Grand Vizier to boot, that I expect to pay for my accommodations, and must therefore have them to my taste."

"You're a high larned gentleman," said old Cato, (I think Cato was the name) "but nigger speaks the truth for all that. Mass Calwell not charge a four pence ha'-penny for eating and sleeping, but he charge *eight dollars a week for use of de water*."

Notwithstanding that I was upon the verge of permitting the organ of my destructiveness to preponderate over that of my benevolence, I could not forbear smiling at the old negro's logic. "Eight dollars a week for water!" exclaimed I—"A fellow might drink his pint a day of the very best London particular for one half of that sum—Well, sir, we will try this precious elixir to-morrow morning. In the meantime, thou worthy descendant of Ham, I shall be inexpressibly obliged to you if you will lead me down to the drawing room, in order that I may warm these wearied and rheumatic limbs before retiring to rest."

"Drawing room, sir," said old Cato, "I believe there is no such thing in the whole establishment. If folks want *warming* here they must go to mass Plumb's bar room, which is way down in the cellar."

"Bar room, sir!—Bar room!" I retorted, "can it be possible that men, rational men, can abandon the Spring—nature's own sweet medicinal compound, for those deleterious mixtures—those pernicious products of the corrupt art of distillation?" I forgot however that Cato had not entered into all the elaborate views and recon-

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dite reasonings of the Temperance Society—and I forthwith checked the rein of my imagination. I found that the best that I could do under all circumstances, was to betake myself to rest, and although I must confess that I had descended some few rounds on that golden ladder, which like Jacob's of old, I verily believed had led to the seventh heaven,—I consoled myself with the hope that *to-morrow*—delightful to-morrow—would spread a new and brighter coloring over my prospects. Cato being dismissed, I retired and slept soundly for the space of two hours at least; at the expiration of which time, I was suddenly startled by a noise immediately underneath me, which to my classical fancy seemed to resemble the shrieks of the ancient Bacchæ, the Priestesses of the Vine-loving God. Let that however pass! There was a mixture of music in it, or of something intended for music, which kept me in a tolerable humor and smoothed over those porcupine points which began to shoot forth at the unpleasant disturbance to my repose. The mystery was soon solved. Cato by direction of the Prime Minister, had placed me directly over the ball room—a most confounded location to be sure for a man fond of sleep—but still I thought that every one was bound to make some sacrifice in order to promote the enjoyments of others. "Tired nature's sweet restorer," lulled me once more into oblivion as soon as the clamor and screeching (for music it was not) had somewhat subsided. Again had the leaden God touched me with his wand, and again were my slumbers invaded by the arrival of my fellow lodger at midnight. *I began to descend a few more rounds on my golden ladder.* I thought of Sancho's exclamation, "Blessed is the man who first invented sleep!"—but what, thought I, is the invention worth if a man cannot use it even in this free country.

Morning at last dawned—but oh! what a morning? The rain fell in torrents—and the wind came whistling down the mountain hollows as if old Æolus had resolved that his voice should be distinctly heard and his strength clearly understood. What was I to do? To walk abroad was impossible—so I even resolved to lay quietly ensconced in my cot, *hard* as it was, until my fellow lodger, who was one of the Saturnine breed, should take his departure, and the merry bell should invite me to breakfast. My naturally sweet temper had become a little soured at my various discomforts—but my appetite was keen, and I thought with the immortal dramatist, that "when the veins are unfilled, we are neither apt to give nor forgive." When the hour arrived, I hastened with the aid of umbrella and cloak to the banquetting hall. The crowd had assembled in the long portico awaiting the signal of admission. A few only of the fairer part of creation were interspersed, and they—were any thing but fair. I presumed that the more delicate and fragile of the sex would not encounter "the peltings of the pitiless storm." The doors being opened, the multitude rushed in. What a resistless force thought I, is caused by the concurrent movement of 400 human appetites about to engage at the breakfast table. It was a new discovery in mechanical philosophy, and I felt confident that the *momentum* was at least equal to a hundred horse power. "Body of Bacchus!" as the Italians say, what a furious set-on there was! I sat at one end o' the table in silent consternation! At length I ventured to ask one waiter for a hot cup of coffee—of another I civilly requested a chop—and a third I respectfully solicited to hand me a roll. I might as well have addressed my language to the door post. The menials rushed by me like a whirlwind. It seems, as I afterwards learned, that every mother's son of them had been bribed to wait on particular gentlemen; and if I had screamed at them loud enough to rupture a blood vessel, the knaves would have been as deaf as adders. At length I addressed myself to a juvenile looking man who was sitting not far to my right, and who though young in years was evidently a veteran in that sublime science called *Number One;* for I perceived that by a good understanding with the members of the Kitchen Cabinet and the black Alguazils of the breakfasting room, he had gathered around him as many tit-bits as would have feasted a London Alderman. "Pray sir," said I, "will you be so kind as to help me to one of those extra dishes in your vicinity!" The youngster looked at me with perfect amazement. I might as well have asked him for one of his wisdom teeth! By the by, I am not certain that he had cut either of them,—at all events I was confident of one thing, and that was, that the youth had never graduated in good manners. So I let him pass. But why relate my melancholy and fruitless efforts and my innumerable rebuffs at the table. There I had to sit a full three quarters of an hour at least, before my longing appetite was appeased. *Regaled* it was not,—unless a cold mutton chop which retained the flavor of the wool, and a cup of decoction compounded by the rule of three grains of coffee to a gallon of water—can be said to constitute the highest felicity of eating.

I arose from the table and *descended a few more rounds on my gilded ladder of hope.* What was I to do? The rain continued to fall in such torrents that Neptune himself could not have surpassed them, had he held his throne in the clouds. Cato had informed me the over night that there was no drawing room—and I was cold—my limbs were shivering. I resolved to visit the subterranean regions of the bar room and post office. There, to my unutterable grief, I found groups of individuals gathered together in such motley disorder, and withal forming so complete a blockade to every avenue approaching the fire—that I stood like a statue of despair. A cluster on my right were discoursing in grandiloquent style on the recent discoveries in the moon—another on my left were discussing the attempted assassination of the King of the French—a third were denouncing the whole army of abolitionists and lamenting that Tappan and Thompson did not find it convenient to visit the White Sulphur Springs—a fourth were denouncing the vengeance of Judge Lynch against the *Chevaliers D'Industrie*—anglicè black legs,—a fifth were pouring a volley of exterminating epithets upon the head of Amos Kendall and the Little Magician; and a sixth, did not even spare his majesty King Calwell himself and his minister of the home department, for putting them in *Fly Row* to be devoured by those *cantackerous** vermin, the fleas. I forgot that there was a seventh circle standing near Mr. Plumb's cabinet—who were very intently engaged at the early hour of ten—not in discussing domestic or foreign politics—lunar discoveries or abolition—but with all the ardor which distinguished the disputants on those several topics,

* See Mr. Forsyth's Speech in the United States Senate.

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were trying experiments upon a quart glass of genuine ice-crowned mint julep; and judging from the rapid fall of the fluid in the vessel which contained it, I thought that their experiments were likely to prove very successful. Unhappy me, that I was unable to participate in any of these conversational or bibaceous enjoyments! "I will not despair," thought I to myself, as between the hours of eleven and twelve the elements had ceased their strife, and a few spots of azure were already visible in the clouded vault. Presently the monarch of day himself peeped out from behind the black curtain which had hidden his shining countenance. I looked out and saw multitudes hastening to the Spring. This, said I, is the grand climacteric of my happiness!—now will I revel in the joys of that ambrosial fount which will console me for the sorrows of disappointment. The statue of the Nymph Hygeia* which surmounted the dome of the Spring house, looked more white and beautiful, as refreshed by the morning's shower bath she reflected the beams of her venerable grandsire.† Down I went to the Spring—and whilst the throng which preceded me were eagerly quaffing the delicious beverage, I had leisure to survey their countenances and to gather materials for reflection. It was evident that upon the pallid cheeks of some, wasting consumption had fixed her fatal seal. Others bore the jaundiced and cadaverous marks of obstructed bile. A few were the hobbling victims of hereditary or acquired gout, and were either suffering for the sour grapes which their fathers devoured, or paying the penalties of their own luxurious indulgence. By far the greater portion however had the ruddy complexions and smiling countenances of health. "Wonderful elixir!" said I to myself—"incomparable panacea! which not only cures all diseases, but is even beneficial to health itself." I hastened to dip my glass in the flowing nectar, and realize my fond anticipations. Alas! alas! the saying of the wise man of Greece rushed upon my memory—"*Desire nothing too much!*" My dream of bliss was suddenly dispelled! Instead of nectar, I smelt and tasted a mixture of brimstone and eggs in a state of putrescency! What an extinguisher to my air-built hopes and delusive fancies! And is it for this, I exclaimed within myself, that hundreds and thousands toil up craggy precipices and swelter under August suns? *Is it worth eight dollars per week to partake of this "villainous compound?"* Must we sacrifice home and comfort, and real enjoyment, in order to *sacrifice* also to this heathen block‡ which sits upon the top of the dome? Reason, prudence and common sense forbid it! I left the Spring with a degree of disappointment bordering upon despair! In the fulness of time the dinner bell tolled. It was indeed the knell of sorrow rather than the merry peal which invites to innocent enjoyment. Shall I describe that dinner?—no, not for a thousand dinners, "with all their appliances and means to boot;"

> 'I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
> Whom you all know are *honorable* men."

Neither will I describe what occurred "about the sixth hour when men sit down to that nourishment they call supper." I went to my apartment, all desolate and fireless as it was, to prepare for the *Ball.*

* * * * * *

(*To be continued.*)

* The gift of Mr. Henderson, a wealthy gentleman of New Orleans.

† Hygeia was the daughter of Æsculapius, and was granddaughter of Apollo or the Sun.

‡ Mr. Henderson's White Lady was no doubt a liberal donation; but alas! it is nothing but a block of painted wood.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

JOSEPHINE.

Suggested by a Scene in the Memoirs of the Empress Josephine.

In sorrow's stern and settled gloom,
The father sat—the silent tomb
Enclosed his earthly joy and pride;
His son, his only son had died.
His bosom heaved no natural sighs—
No tears relieved his burning eyes;
Alive to love's sweet voice no more,
The look of dark despair he wore:
Unmoved and hopeless, heeding not
Soft words of comfort, he forgot
That yet a source of joy remained--
That earth a blessing still contained.

Fair Buonaparte the mourner sought,
By pure maternal feelings taught—
Saw with an angel's pitying eye
His deep and hopeless agony.
She led, in all her beauty's pride,
His blooming daughter to his side;
To her kind heart his babe she press'd,
And kneeling thus before Decrest,
Seemed a bright spirit from above
Sent on some embassy of love.
Surprised and startled at the view,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
While tears, the balmy dew of grief,
Gave to his bursting heart relief--
And conscious, once again he blessed,
And clasped his children to his breast.

Yes, Josephine—'twas thine to feel
The joys of sympathy--to heal
The wounded heart,—while he whose fate
Heaven linked with thine, was *called* the great,
Thine was true greatness of the soul,
Swayed by pure virtue's soft control:
Patient in sorrow--meek in power--
Beloved e'en to thy latest hour—
Thou hadst a bliss he could not know,—
Thou ne'er hadst caused a tear to flow.*
While victory's wreath his temples bound,
Thou wast with brighter honors crowned;
For by the poor thy name was blessed,
And thy sweet influence confessed
By him whose proud, ambitious mind,
Scarce earth's vast empire had confined.
Thou wast his solacer in care,
His triumphs thou didst fondly share—
And even when exiled from his throne,
Thy faithful heart was all his own.
A happier lot than his was thine!
Brighter thy name on Mem'ry's shrine!—
Whilst blood-stained laurels o'er him wave,
Love placed the marble on thy grave!† E. A. S.

* In her last hours she said, that "she had never caused a single tear to flow."

† Her tomb was erected by her children.

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO CLAUDIA.

Oh! dost thou remember that gladsome hour,
When I bowed the knee to thee,
And feigned the love of thy captive knight,
In playful mimicry?—
When the chiding word, on thy trembling lip,
Died, faintly murmuring, there,
And the ill-feigned smile, on thy blushing cheek,
Was drown'd in a bursting tear?

Ah! little thou think'st of the years of pain
I've paid for that giddy hour,
And the anxious thoughts that have ever lain
In its memory's magic power:
Yet, with all its sorrow, and all its care—
Its dreary and hopeless woe—
I'd not, its luxury of despair,
For the wide world's hopes forego.

'Tis my bosom's dearest and purest shrine,
And fountain of holiest thought,
Where all that is sacred or divine,
Is in deep devotion brought.
That smile and tear are the relics there—
Embalmed in tears of mine—
And the image that claims each fervent prayer,
Is that bright, fair form of thine.

Thou wast then just op'ning to life's gay bloom,
Like springtide's sweetest gleam;
And I played with thee, without thought of gloom,
Or of startling "Love's young dream."
'Twas the last glad hour of my mirthful youth—
My parting hour with thee—
And of thy sweet smile of light and truth,
'Twas the last I'll ever see.

Since, many a care-cloud of dark'ning blight
Hath shaded my youthful brow;
And many a sorrow of deadly weight,
Lies cold on my bosom now.
I've tested the falsehood of life's whole scope,
And heed not the clouds that lower;
But, mid all the wrecks of my early hope,
I cling to that parting hour.

Oft, from the dance, and its wild delight,
The world, and its hollow glee,
I've fled to the silence of moonlit night,
To live o'er that hour with thee.
'Tis the one bright spot in this wide, wide waste,
That blooms in its beauty yet;
And to that I'll turn, while life shall last,
From the world's whole love and hate.

Augusta, Ga.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

CANTILENA AMATORIA.

BY GILES McQUIGGIN.

Not love thee, Lelia! ask the rocks
That gird the mountain stream;
Whereon I've knelt and notch'd thy name,
By Cynthia's borrowed beam.
Not love thee! ask the moss that spreads
From Wye-head to the tide,
How oft I've roved at midnight's noon,
And thought of thee and sigh'd.

The ravine winding through the wood,
The terrace walk, the grove,
Are all the faithful witnesses
Of my enduring love.
Night's latest star can tell the times
I've watch'd it as it rose,
When none but it, lone wanderer,
Was watcher of my woes.

Pale Cynthia! how I've gaz'd on thee,
And thought of her whose frown
To sorrow's deepest ecstasy
Had borne my spirit down.
Her doubt is worse than death to one
Whose all of earthly bliss
Is in the smile that gives her love
In sweet return for his.

Not love thee, Lelia! witness Heaven,
How oft before thy throne,
I've bent in humble attitude,
To worship thee alone;
And her dear image intervened
Between my thoughts and thee:
Forgive the sin, her sacred form
Seemed dear as *thou* to me.

Not love thee! when the life-blood chills
That warms my system now—
And to the monster's mandate all
My body's powers must bow,—
Then Lelia thou shalt just begin
A holier love to share;
And if there are blest homes on high,
We'll meet and feel it there.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Mephistopheles in England, or the Confessions of a Prime Minister, 2 vols. *Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.* In a long poetical dedication this book is inscribed "to the immortal spirit of the illustrious Goethe"—and the design, title, and *machinery* are borrowed from the Faust of that writer. The author, whoever he may be, is a man of talent, of fine poetical taste, and much general erudition. But nothing less than the vitiated state of public feeling in England could have induced him to lavish those great powers upon a work of this nature. It abounds with the coarsest and most malignant satire, at the same time evincing less of the power than of the *will* for causticity—and being frequently most feeble when it attempts to be the most severe. In this point it resembles the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. The most glaring defect, however, in the structure of the book is its utter want of *keeping*. It appears, moreover, to have no just object or end—unless indeed we choose to consider *that* its object which is the object of the *hero proper* himself—"the hell-doomed son of Sin and Death Mephistopheles"—to cherish and foster the malice, the heart-burnings, and all evil propensities of our nature. The work must, therefore, as a whole be condemned, notwithstanding the rare qualities which have been brought to its composition. To prove that these qualities exist in a very high degree in the writer

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...phelès, it would only be necessary to spread ...ders the scene of the Incantation in the ... is replete with imagination of the most ethe-...—is written with a glow and melody of lan-...ether inimitable—and bears upon every sen-...impress of genius. It will be found a season-...f from the mingled coxcombry, pedantry, and ...make up the body of the book. But we will ...ourselves at present to an extract of a far differ-...nce, as affording a better exemplification of what ...previously said.

...en the acts the curtain rose for a *divertisement*. ...the incomparable Taglioni made her appear-...She was greeted with the loudest demonstrations ...larity from her numerous patrons, which she ac-...ed by several graceful courtesies. 'Behold! ...phistopheles, directing my attention to the evo-...of the dancer, the progress of civilization. If all ...were not so graceful it would be indecent, and that ...an exhibition has a moral tendency is more than ...ful. Look at that young girl in the pit. She has ...sufficient to crimson her face, neck, and shoulders ...a blush of shame, and she hides her head from a ...which has shocked her sense of decency. There ...no affectation there. She is an innocent girl fresh ...the country who never saw a ballet in her life. ...all the rest, man, woman and child, gaze on de-...lighted. Every glass is raised the more closely to watch the motions of the figurante. Look!—she makes a succession of vaults, and her scanty drapery flying above her hips discloses to her enraptured admirers the beauty of her limbs. A thousand hands beat each other in approbation. Now she pirouettes, and observe the tumult of applause which follows. She stands on her left foot, on the point of her great toe nail, extending her right leg until the top of her foot is in a parallel line with the crown of her head. In this position she bends with an appearance of the greatest ease, till her body nearly touches the ground, and then gradually rises with the same infinite grace amid enthusiastic bravos and ecstatic applause. Now on her tip-toe, her right leg still extended, she moves slowly round, liberally extending to all her patrons within sight the most favorable opportunity of scrutinizing the graces of her figure, while the whole house testify their infinite gratification at the sight by every species of applause. Again she comes from the back of the stage, turning round and round with the speed of a tetotum but with an indescribable and fascinating grace that seems to turn the head of every young man in the theatre. During the storm of approbation which ensues she stands near the footlights, smiling, courtseying, and looking as modest as an angel. Then comes Perrot, who is as much the idol of the ladies as Taglioni is the goddess of the gentlemen. He leaps about as if his feet were made of India rubber, and spins around as if he intended to bore a hole with his toe in the floor of the stage. Then a little pantomime love business takes place between the danseur and the danseuse, and they twirl away, and glide along, and hold eloquent discourse with their pliant limbs; and the affair ends by the gentleman clasping the lady round the waist, while he, bending his body in the most graceful attitude, so that his head shall come under her left arm, looks up in apparent ecstacy into her smiling face as the lady raised high above him on the extreme point of her left foot, extends her right hand at right angles with her body, and looks down admiringly upon her companion. Thus grouped the curtain drops, and every one cries *bravo!* thumps the floor with his stick, or beats his palms together till such a din is raised as is absolutely deafening.'

"'She is a charming dancer,' I observed.

"'Yes'—replied he—'she understands the philosophy of her art better than any of her contemporaries: it is to throw around sensuality such a coloring of refinement as will divest it of its grossness. For this she is paid a hundred pounds a night, and is allowed two benefits in the season which generally average a thousand pounds each. While you are thus liberal to a dancer, some of the worthiest of your ministers of religion receive about fifty pounds per annum for wearing out their lives for the good of your souls; and many of your most exalted men of genius are left to starve. Such is the consistency of human nature.'"

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The District School, or National Education, by J. Orville Taylor. Third Edition. Philadelphia: Carey Lea & Blanchard. This work has met with universal approbation, and is worthy of it. The book was first published only a short time ago, and the third impression will speedily be exhausted, as parents have a direct personal concern in the matter, and in the important truths, duties, and responsibilities, herein pointed out. Mr. Taylor is entitled to the gratitude of his countrymen for that beneficial impulse which his work has been, and will be the means of giving to the great cause of General Education. "If a parent," says Mr. Taylor, "does not educate his child—the world will." We sincerely hope so. As the *District School* now appears it has been entirely re-written, and such alterations and additions made as the experience of the author suggested. We heartily wish it all the success it so eminently deserves.

—

The New England Magazine for September is unusually rich. Among its numerous and very excellent articles we would particularly notice a paper called "My Journal"—and more especially Scraps of Philosophy and Criticism from a recent work of Victor Hugo's. One of these Scraps *on Style*, we are sure we shall be pardoned for extracting.

"If the name here inscribed were a name of note—if the voice which speaks here were a voice of power—we would entreat the young and brilliant talents on which depends the future lot of a literature for three ages so magnificent to reflect how important is their mission, and to preserve in their *manner* of writing the most worthy and severe habitudes. The Future—let them think well of it—belongs only to the masters of *style*. Without referring to the admirable works of antiquity, and confining ourselves to our National Literature, try to take from the *thought* of our great writers the expression which is peculiar to it. Take from Moliere his lively, ardent, frank, and amusing verse, so well made, so well turned, so well finished—take from Lafontaine the simple and honest perfection of detail—take from the phrase of Corneille the vigorous muscle, the strong cords, the beautiful forms of exaggerated vigor, which would have made of the old poet half Roman, half Spanish, the Michael Angelo of our tragedy if the elements of genius had mingled as much fancy as thought—take from Racine that touch in his style which resembles Raphael, a touch chaste, harmonious, and repressed like that of Raphael, although of an inferior power—quite as pure but less grand, as perfect though less sublime—take from Fenelon, the man of his age who had the best sentiment of antiquity, that prose as melodious and severe as the verse of Racine of which it is the sister—take from Bossuet the magnificent bearing of his periods—take from Boileau his grave and sober manner at times so admirably colored—take from Pascal that original and mathematical style with so much appropriateness in the choice of words, and so much logic in every metaphor—take from Voltaire that clear, solid, and indestructible prose, that crystal prose of Candide, and the Philosophical Dictionary—take from all these great writers that simple attraction—*style*: and of Voltaire, of Pascal, of Boileau, of Bossuet, of Fenelon, of

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Racine, of Corneille, of Lafontaine, of Moliere—of all these masters what will remain? It is *style* which insures duration to the work, and fame to the poet. Beauty of expression embellishes beauty of thought, and preserves it. It is at the same time an ornament and an armor. *Style* to the idea is like enamel to the tooth."

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The Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences, edited by Daniel Drake, M. D. Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Cincinnati College, and formerly Professor of the same in Transylvania University, and the Jefferson Medical College. Doctors C. R. Cooper and S. Reed, Assistant Editors and Proprietors. Vol. IX, No. 33. We have received this Journal with the greatest pleasure, and avail ourselves of the present opportunity to express our opinion concerning it. It is an invaluable addition to our Medical and Scientific Literature, and at the same time one of the very cheapest publications in the country, each number containing 168 pages of closely printed matter, and the subscription price being only $3 per annum. The work is issued on the first day of July, October, January, and April, and has lately been incorporated with the Western Medical Gazette. We sincerely wish the publication every possible success—for it is well worthy of it. Its typographical and mechanical execution altogether are highly creditable to Cincinnati, and the able and well known collaborators, a list of whose names is upon the opening page of each number, and whose editorial offices are engaged in the service of the Journal, will not fail to impart a sterling character and value to the Medical, as well as purely Literary portions of the work. We take the liberty of extracting from page 79, of the present number, (that for July) an interesting account of a cure of partial spontaneous combustion, occurring in the person of Professor H. of the University of Nashville. The portion extracted is contained in a Review of *An Essay on Spontaneous Combustion, read before the Medical Society in the State of Tennessee, at their annual meeting in May* 1835. *By James Overton, M. D.*

"Prof. H., of the University of Nashville, is a gentleman 35 years old, of middle size, light hair, hazle eyes, and sanguinolymphatic temperament; he has been extremely temperate as to alcoholic stimulation of every kind; led a sedentary and studious life; and been subject to a great variety of dyspeptic affections. On the 5th of January, 1835, he left his recitation room at 11 o'clock, A. M., and walked briskly, with his surtout buttoned round him, to his residence, three quarters of a mile. The thermometer was at 8°, and the barometer at 29.248—the sky clear and calm. On reaching home he engaged in meteorological observations, and in 30 minutes, while in the open air about to record the direction of the winds—

"'He felt a pain as if produced by the pulling of a hair, on the left leg, and which amounted in degree to a strong sensation. Upon applying his hand to the spot pained, the sensation suddenly increased, till it amounted in intensity to a feeling resembling the continued sting of a wasp or hornet. He then began to slap the part by repeated strokes with the open hand, during which time the pain continued to increase in intensity, so that he was forced to cry out from the severity of his suffering. Directing his eyes at this moment to the suffering part, he distinctly saw a light flame of the extent, at its base, of a ten cent piece of coin, and having a complexion which nearest resembles that of pure quicksilver. Of the accuracy in this latter feature in the appearance of the flame, Mr. H. is very confident, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances amidst which the observation must have been made. As soon as he perceived the flame, he applied over it both his hands open, united at their edges, and closely impacted upon and around the burning surface. These means were employed by Mr. H. for the purpose of extinguishing the flame by the exclusion of the contact of the atmosphere, which he knew was necessary to the continuance of every combustion. The result was in conformity with the design, for the flame immediately went out. As soon as the flame was extinguished, the pain began to abate in intensity, but still continued, and gave the sensation usually the effect of a slight application of heat or fire to the body, which induced him to seize his pantaloons with one of his hands and to pinch them up into a conical form over the injured part of the leg, thereby to remove them from any contact with the skin below. This operation was continued for a minute or two, with a design of extinguishing any combustion which might be present in the substance of his apparel, but which was not visible at the time. At the beginning of the accident, the sensation of injury was confined to a spot of small diameter, and in its progress the pain was still restricted to this spot, increasing in intensity and depth to a considerable extent, but without much if any enlargement of the surface which it occupied at the beginning. A warmth was felt to a considerable distance around the spot primarily affected, but the sensation did not by any means amount in degree to the feeling of *pain*. This latter sensation was almost, if not entirely confined to the narrow limits which bounded the seat of the first attack, and this sensation was no otherwise modified during the progress of the accident, than by its increasing intensity and deeper penetration into the muscles of the limb, which at its greatest degree seemed to sink an inch or more into the substance of the leg.

"'Believing the combustion to have been extinguished by the means just noticed, and the pain having greatly subsided, leaving only the feeling usually the effect of a slight burn, he untied and pulled up his pantaloons and drawers, for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of the part which had been the seat of his suffering. He found a surface on the outer and upper part of the left leg, reaching from the femoral end of the fibula in an oblique direction, towards the upper portion of the grastrochnemi muscles, about three-fourths of an inch in width, and three inches in length, denuded of the scarfskin, and this membrane gathered into a roll at the lower edge of the abraded surface. The injury resembled very exactly in appearance an abrasion of the skin of like extent and depth, often the effect of slight mechanical violence, except that the surface of it was extremely *dry*, and had a complexion more livid than that of wounds of a similar extent produced by the action of mechanical causes.' pp. 25-26.

"His drawers, composed of silk and wool, immediately over the abraded skin, were burnt entirely through, but the scorching had not extended in the slightest degree beyond. The pantaloons, made of broadcloth, were uninjured; but over the affected spot, the extremities of the wool were tinged with a kind of dark, yellowish matter, which could be easily scraped off with a knife.

"'Considering the injury not to be of a serious character, Mr. H. bestowed upon its treatment no particular care or attention, but pursued his usual avocations within doors and in the open air, which was very cold, until the evening of the succeeding day. At this time the wound became inflamed and painful, and was dressed with a salve, into the composition of which the rosin of turpentine entered in considerable proportion. This treatment was continued for four or five days, during which time the wound presented the usual aspect of a burn from ordinary causes, except in its greater depth and more tardy progress towards cicatrization, which did not take place till after thirty-two days from the date of the infliction of the injury. The part of the ulcer which healed last was the point of inception and

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intensity of the pain at the time of attack, and which point was evidently the seat of deeper injury than any other portion of the wounded surface. About the fifth day after the accident, a physician was requested to take charge of the treatment, and the remedies employed were such chiefly, as are usual in the treatment of burns from other causes, except that twice a week the surface of the ulcer was sprinkled over with calomel, and a dressing of simple cerate applied above it. In the space between the wound and the groin there was a considerable soreness of the integuments to the touch, which continued during the greatest violence of the effects of the accident, and then gradually subsided. The cicatrix is at this time, March 24th, entire; but the surface is unusually scabrous, and has a much more livid aspect than that of similar scars left after the infliction of burns from common causes. The dermis seemed to have been less perfectly regenerated than is usual from burns produced by ordinary means, and the circulation through the part is manifestly impeded, apparently in consequence of atony of its vessels, to an extent far beyond any thing of a similar nature to be observed after common burns.'" pp. 27–28.

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The Classical Family Library. Numbers XV, XVI, and XVII. Euripides translated by the Reverend R. Potter, Prebendary of Norwich. Harper & Brothers, New York. These three volumes embrace the whole of Euripides—Æschylus and Sophocles having already been published in the Library. A hasty glance at the work will not enable us to speak positively in regard to the value of these translations. The name of Potter, however, is one of high authority, and we have no reason to suspect that he has not executed his task as well as any man living could have done it. But that these, or that any poetic versions can convey to the mind of the merely general reader the most remote conception of either the manner, the spirit, or the meaning of the Greek dramatists, is what Mr. Potter does not intend us to believe, and what we certainly should not believe if he did. At all events, it must be a subject of general congratulation, that in the present day, for a sum little exceeding three dollars, any lover of the classics may possess himself of complete versions of the three greatest among the ancient Greek writers of tragedy.

Ardent admirers af Hellenic Literature, we have still no passion for Euripides. Truly great when compared with many of the moderns, he falls immeasurably below his immediate predecessors. "He is admirable," says a German critic, "where the object calls chiefly for emotion, and requires the display of no higher qualities; and he is still more so where pathos and moral beauty are united. Few of his pieces are without particular passages of the most overpowering beauty. It is by no means my intention to deny him the possession of the most astonishing talents: I have only stated that these talents were not united with a mind in which the austerity of moral principle, and the sanctity of religious feelings were held in the highest honor."

The life, essence, and characteristic qualities of the ancient Greek drama may be found in three things. First, in the ruling idea of Destiny or Fate. Secondly, in the Chorus. Thirdly, in Ideality. But in Euripides we behold only the decline and fall of that drama, and the three prevailing features we have mentioned are in him barely distinguishable, or to be seen only in their perversion. What, for example is, with Sophocles, and still more especially with Æschylus, the obscure and terrible spirit of predestination, sometimes mellowed down towards the catastrophe of their dramas into the unseen, yet not unfelt hand of a kind Providence, or overruling God, becomes in the handling of Euripides the mere blindness of accident, or the capriciousness of chance. He thus loses innumerable opportunities—opportunities which his great rivals have used to so good an effect—of giving a preternatural and ideal elevation to moral fortitude in the person of his heroes, by means of opposing them in a perpetual warfare with the arbitrations and terrors of Destiny.

Again; the Chorus, which appears never to have been thoroughly understood by the moderns—the Chorus of Euripides is not, alas! the Chorus of his predecessors. That this singular, or at least apparently singular feature, in the Greek drama, was intended for the mere purpose of preventing the stage from being, at any moment entirely empty, has been an opinion very generally, and very unaccountably received. *The Chorus was not, at any time, upon the stage.* Its general station was in the orchestra, in which it also performed the solemn dances, and walked to and fro during the choral songs. And when it did not sing, its proper station was upon the *thymele*, an elevation somewhat like an altar, but with steps, in front of the orchestra, raised as high as the stage, and opposite to the scene—being also in the very centre of the entire theatre, and serving as a point around which the semi-circle of the amphitheatre was described. Most critics, however, have merely laughed at the Chorus as something superfluous and absurd, urging the folly of enacting passages supposed to be performed in secret in the presence of an assembled crowd, and believing that as it originated in the infancy of the art, it was continued merely through caprice or accident. Sophocles, however, wrote a treatise on the Chorus, and assigned his reasons for persisting in the practice. Aristotle says little about it, and that little affords no clew to its actual meaning or purpose. Horace considers it "a general expression of moral participation, instruction, and admonition;" and this opinion, which is evidently just, has been adopted and commented upon, at some length, by Schlegel. Publicity among the Greeks, with their republican habits and modes of thinking, was considered absolutely essential to all actions of dignity or importance. Their dramatic poetry imbibed the sentiment, and was thus made to display a spirit of conscious independence. The Chorus served to give verisimilitude to the dramatic action, and was, in a word, *the ideal spectator.* It stood in lieu of the national spirit, and represented the general participation of the human race, in the events going forward upon the stage. This was its most extended, and most proper object; but it had others of a less elevated nature, and more nearly in accordance with the spirit of our own melo-drama.

But the Chorus of Euripides was not the true and unadulterated Chorus of the purer Greek tragedy. It is even more than probable that he did never rightly appreciate its full excellence and power, or give it any portion of his serious attention. He made no scruple of admitting the *parabasis* into his tragedies*—a license which although well suited to the spirit of comedy, was entirely out of place, and must have had a ludicrous ef-

* The *parabasis* was the privilege granted the Chorus of addressing the spectators in its own person.

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fect in a serious drama. In some instances also, among which we may mention the Danaidæ, a female Chorus is permitted by him to make use of grammatical inflexions proper only for males.

In respect to the Ideality of the Greek drama, a few words will be sufficient. It was the Ideality of conception, and the Ideality of representation. Character and manners were never the character and manners of every day existence, but a certain, and very marked elevation above them. Dignity and grandeur enveloped each personage of the stage—but such dignity as comported with his particular station, and such grandeur as was never at *outrance* with his allotted part. And this was the Ideality of conception. The cothurnus, the mask, the mass of drapery, all so constructed and arranged as to give an increase of bodily size, the scenic illusions of a nature very different, and much more extensive than our own inasmuch as actual realities were called in to the aid of art, were on the other hand the Ideality of representation. But although in Sophocles, and more especially in Æschylus, character and expression were made subservient and secondary to this ideal and lofty elevation—in Euripides the reverse is always found to be the case. His heroes are introduced familiarly to the spectators, and so far from raising his men to the elevation of Divinities, his Divinities are very generally lowered to the most degrading and filthy common-places of an earthly existence. But we may sum up our opinion of Euripides far better in the words of Augustus William Schlegel, than in any farther observations of our own.

"This poet has at the same time destroyed the internal essence of tragedy, and sinned against the laws of beauty and proportion in its external structure. He generally sacrifices the whole to the effect of particular parts, and in these he is also more ambitious of foreign attractions, than of genuine poetical beauty."

The Early Naval History of England. By Robert Southey, L. L. D. Poet Laureate. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. The early naval history of England, and by so fine a writer as Southey undoubtedly is, either in poetry or prose, but more especially in the latter, cannot fail of exciting a lively interest among readers of every class. In the subject matter of this work we, as Americans, have moreover a particular feeling, for it has been often remarked that in no national characteristic do we bear a closer analogy to our progenitors in Great Britain than in the magnificence and glory of our many triumphs both over and upon the sea. To those who know Southey well, and we sincerely hope there are not a few of our readers who *do* know him intimately, through the medium of his writings at least, we shall be under no necessity of giving any assurance that the History of which we are now speaking, is a work of no common merit, and worthy of all their attention. Southey is a writer who has few equals any where, either in purity of truly English prose, or in melody of immortal verse. He is great in every department of Literature which he has attempted. And even did we feel inclined at present, with his very happily executed Naval History before us, to quarrel with some of his too zealous friends for overrating his merely poetical abilities, we could not find it in our hearts to place him second to any one—no, not to our own noble Irving in —— we will not use the term classical, but prefer repeating our former expression—in *truly English*, undefiled, vigorous, and masculine prose. Yet this the North American Review has ventured to do, not having, we think, before its eyes the fear of flat and positive contradiction from all authorities whose opinions are entitled to consideration. Comparisons of this nature, moreover, rarely fail of *appearing*, even although they really *be not*, invidious; and in the present instance we are really aware of no reason, or rather of no possibility for juxta-position. There are no points of approximation between Irving and Southey, and they cannot be compared. Why not say at once, for it could be said as wisely, and as satisfactorily, that Dante's verse is superior to that of Metastasio—that the Latin of Erasmus is better than the Latin of Buchanan—that Bolingbroke is a finer prose writer than Horne Tooke, or coming home to our own times, that Tom Moore is to be preferred to Lord Brougham, and the style of N. P. Willis to the style of John Neal? We mean to deal, therefore, in generalities, when we disagree with Mr. Everett in what he has advanced. Irving is *not* a better prose writer than Southey. We know of no one who is. In saying thus much we do not fear being accused of a deficiency in patriotic feeling. No true—we mean no sensible American will like a bad book the better for being American, and on the other hand no sensible man of any country, who pretends to even common freedom from prejudice, will esteem such a work as the Naval History of Great Britain the less for being written by a denizen of any region under the sun.

The Gift: A Christmas and New Year's Present for 1836. *Edited by Miss Leslie. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey and A. Hart.*—We are really sorry that we have no opportunity of noticing this beautiful little Annual at length, and article by article, in our present number: and this the more especially as the edition is even now nearly exhausted, and it will be hardly worth while to say any thing concerning the work in our next, by which time we are very sure there will not be a copy to be obtained at any price. The Gift is highly creditable to the enterprise of its publishers, and more so to the taste and talents of Miss Leslie. This we say *positively*—the ill-mannered and worse-natured opinion of the Boston Courier to the contrary notwithstanding. Never had Annual a brighter galaxy of illustrious literary names in its table of contents—and in no instance has any contributor fallen below his or her general reputation. The embellishments are *not all* of a high order of excellence. The Orphans, for example, engraved by Thomas B. Welch from a painting by J. Wood, is hard and scratchy in manner, and altogether unworthy of the book—while the head of the child in the Prawn Fishers, engraved by A. W. Graham from a painting by W. Collins, R. A. has every appearance of a cabbage. But the portrait of Fanny Kemble by Cheney, from Sully, is one of the finest things in the world, notwithstanding a certain wiriness above the hair. The likeness is admirable—the attitude exquisite—and the countenance is beaming all over with intelligence. The gem of the book, however, is the Smuggler's Repose, engraved by W. E. Tucker from a painting by J. Tennant. We repeat it, this is absolutely a gem—such as any Souvenir in any country might be proud to possess, and sufficient of itself to stamp a high character upon the Gift.

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